

22nd June 2011
Issue No. 740



OPINION

Rhys Treharne
dissects the race
to be the next
Chancellor

p9



CULTURE

Celebrating
May Week
indolence in
style

p16



SPORT

Full coverage of
May Bumps joy
for Caius and
Downing

p32



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24 >

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VARSITY



EDITORIAL

There are many things wrong with May Week; not least that it is held in June. When, earlier in the year, Cambridge students took up residence in Senate House in protest against the steep rise in tuition fees, there was an undeniable murmur amongst commentators over the question why. With both Oxford and Cambridge popularly seen as ‘universities for toffs’ as one asinine comment on the *Guardian’s* website put it, the University and its student body should be astute and aware of the image it projects to the world.

This year, 59.3% of places offered were to students from state schools – a rise from 2010 but, despite a huge budget being poured into various access schemes at both college and university level, this figure still comes nowhere near to the 93% of pupils that receive state education. The question then forms; why does Oxbridge still struggle to dispel its ‘toff’ reputation?

Every year the media pounce on our decadent after exam celebrations and every year their expectations are fulfilled. Post ball revellers parading top hats and high heels home at daybreak make for the perfect image to fit the ‘Brideshead’ perception. Boat Club blazers, deck shoes and streets littered with Pimms bottles and drunken students probably do not do anything to help. Along with the combined organised carnage of Caesarian and Suicide Sundays, it is no surprise that when it came to standing up against the rise to £9000 tuition fees, the juxtaposition is problematic. Can students who are happy to spend hundreds of pounds on tickets to balls (or thousands in the case of some charitable eBay-ers) legitimately complain about a rise in tuition fees which will paid back when they start to earn?

The answer is yes. We have been taught to believe that education should be open and available and if a starting debt of £27,000 risks putting off those who are most deserving but can least afford it then we must be doubly careful about the image of excess and decadence that accompanies it in Cambridge.

Having plugged aware until the early hours in the library all term there is no doubt that May Week provides a deserved finale to the year. What we must remember as we fall into our beds with tired feet and sore heads is that it also casts a damaging shadow of elitism over our university - one that we must prepared to temper at all costs.



EMAILS, LETTERS & TWEETS

HUMANITY VALUE

Dear Sir,
I am a research scientist in Greece (with some years’ experience in Cams back in the late 80’s) with a daughter studying English Lit at St John’s, so your article “New College, New Problems” was a very interesting read indeed. But while I wholeheartedly agree that “...New College simply succumbs to – nay, supports – this commoditisation of education “, what is the pragmatic, realistic alternative available under the current circumstances?

I mean, accepting that your Tory government (coalition with LibDems is only in name), has already reduced humanities funding to bare bones, what other choices do students have to get a top notch education in Humanities? Even CU is cutting departments to cope! The Modern Greek department at CU is going to close down by 2013 and I am sure others, not commoditisable enough, are to follow. The only realistic alternatives are for the Unis to subsidise them internally (which most can’t afford to anymore) or charge full fees, like NCH is attempting to do, sugaring the bitter pill by offering contact with some very good current thinkers. I really can’t see any other alternative, can you?

I am a researcher in science/engineering but I agree that it is indeed a very sad day when Humanity courses are seen as not valuable enough.

George Vekinis
via website

RIGHTS OF REPLY

Dear Sir,
Irrespective of the piece’s conclusion (and ignoring its flagrantly insultingly dehumanisation of the protesters), I consider Hugo Schmidt’s argument (‘Protests against New College are ignorant and belligerent’, online) to be shoddily constructed. The implication of the piece seems to be that questionable actions of a minority somehow alter the validity or morality of the actions of Grayling and his associates, which of course, they do not. They may undermine the movement, as the editorial introduction suggests, but this is not his claim.

On a different note, I also take objection

to his suggestion that the mantra ‘Education is a right, not a privilege’ is indicative of ‘logical and moral incoherence’. The old Soviet Block and Saudia Arabia certainly agree with him - but this country and forty-seven others voted in favour of adopting the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in 1948, which includes the ‘right to education’ (including ‘fair and equitable access’ to Higher Education) in Article 26. It also features in Articles 13 and 14 of the International Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights, signed and ratified by the United Kingdom in 1966.

Charlie Draper
via website

INSULTS AND INJURY

Dear Sir,
Hugo Schmidt’s article reads as a parody of upper class reactionary bigotry, and is so far from the truth it would be laughable if people didn’t take it at face value.

I was there, sat at the back. His time was not wasted for 40 minutes. The talk was scheduled to begin at 730, and in the end began at just before 8pm. Furthermore I don’t see how the protesters wasted his money, as the talk went on for as long as it would have had the interruption never happened. If anything he got greater value for money, a ‘warm up act’ as one of the men on stage decided to put it. He’s telling lies to further his own snobbish ends.

His use of dehumanising language is deeply insulting - what difference does it make if somebody’s eyes are close together, or if they have larger muscles than he considers acceptable? Does this make them any less human or deserving of respect? The fact he turns to the Island of Dr Moreau to characterise the protesters is a disgusting instance of othering anyone who doesn’t share his point of view (and, frankly, what I’d expect from a fan of Dawkins and his ilk), and does humanism a disservice.

Rees Nicolas Arnott-Davies
via website

DIGITAL DIGEST

Just a few of blogs.varsity.co.uk’s Easter term highlights...



VERIFIED *Beyond Trump*

Barack Obama wrote a book called ‘The Audacity of Hope’; Donald Trump wrote one called ‘Think Big and Kick Ass in Business and Life.’ David Westcott considers the meaning of these two very different visions of American political life



VETEMENTS *State-of-the-garb: The Elite*

With luxury labels becoming more universally available whether as the real deal or not and brands selling lifestyle as much as clothes, Tanne Spielman explains why fashion is still a mark of social and political inequality



VARSITECH *A Note on Hacking*

So hacking is bad, right? Bad for the big software corporations particularly? James Vincent argues for its bravura creativity and its elegance. And he explains why the likes of Microsoft have decided to embrace the ‘homebrew hackers’



VICE *The Politician’s Wife*

With the media in love (mostly) with Michelle Obama and Sam Cam with her fingers in many pies, Alice Tyler praises Vicky Pryce for challenging the meek status of the politician’s wife.

YOU, THE COMMENTATOR

A pick of the week’s comments from the website

“How is it that these events are allowed to go into the early hours of the morning when pubs that have live music at a fraction of the volume have to stop at 11:00pm?”

John Hammond

“The guy is a fruitcake” Jamie Black, on Michael Mansfield QC

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Josef Pitt-Rashid, Miss Lara
Prendergast, Miss Alice
Hancock & Miss Charlotte Wu

May Week: in pictures



May Week
in Weather


FRI 17


SAT


SUN


MON


TUE


WED


THU


FRI 24

Cambridge Spies



The gossip's all been told before; The guy's a lad, the girl's a whore. So this here story's, much less gorey. No shags, no shame - perhaps too tame: One lucky reveler left her ball, Drunk, disheveled - vommed and all. But at her back gate there was a snag, No key to be found in her bag. So what's a tipsy gal to do, But run to the next college's loo. To a neon thong she stripped down, Planning to swim the Cam through town. But in her dazed, "happy" state, Walking past a gyp room, she took the bate. Unbeknown to her host, Decided to help herself to toast. Now we've all done this before, Fallen asleep and remembered no more, Until awoken by a blaring sound, With thick black smoke all around. Didn't make it to the river, let alone her set, Porters livid at the sight they met.

There once was a hunky grad-uand, Who at the dating game tried his hand. Three years on, hadn't found the one, Vowed to find her before he's done. An advent calendar he bought himself, There it stands atop his shelf. Each lass he courted throughout this year, Was marked by one treat from here. One, two, three...to twenty-two, Cinderella, come! He's got your shoe. Will see more game, than any blue, But he wants the real deal too. Dated girls from the same pack, Even flaunted it posing as a hack. Yet the end nears next week, Come forth you girls, who true love seek.

This week in June's been quite a lark, but on some names left quite a mark. The stars of this tale face quite a blow...job a Spy has to do, though. Don't let these heads go down on your estimation, as we proceed on this oral expedition. The starting line last Friday night; sporting folk out with full might. They put on quite the bash - booze and drink and bevs and lash. The only minor hiccough though, was when the lights dimmed much too low. Not a planned, atmospheric surprise but a power cut, I surmise. Ten minutes under the veil of dark, was quite enough for one lucky shark. This chap and one lady brusque, made the most of the fleeting dusk. To her knees, down she went - Oh, I cannot utter what came as she bent. But at what came you can easily guess. Just pity he who cleared that mess.

Michaelmas The year

Unprecedented rise in Student activism

Michaelmas 2010 saw an eruption of student activism in response to the Coalition Government's higher education policies, which proposed cuts to funding and the raising of fees to £9,000.

This culminated in the occupation of the Old Schools, which lasted 11 days.

Opinions on the message and the methods of the protests were and remain divided.

Hugo Schmidt argues: "Were I to try to barge into the Old Schools, I would be liable to rebuke and punishment and wouldn't find much sympathy if I did. If a large mob decides to do the same, it is accepted and even praised. I think that a line was crossed that day, that made the subsequent riots and thuggery inevitable. I think that this was also the point at which the campaign of the NUS began to fail; that and the mawkish self-pity of the most privileged fraction of a privileged fraction pretending that they are somehow the downtrodden few."

Conversely, Seán Hewitt believes that "the occupation of the Old Schools was definitely a bold move, but it was a necessary one given the circumstances. Its biggest success was probably in allowing a place in which academics, staff, students and the public could discuss the action that needed to be taken, but the space provided more than that: in bringing like-minded (and unsure) people together from across Cambridge, the Occupation created a sort of micro-society of people determined to uphold values of mutual respect and equality. The overall successes and failures of the Occupation, then, should not be seen in terms of the passing of the bill in Parliament, but in the fact that it drew the University's, and the public's, attention to a movement of people who value individual thought and the right for education, encouraging and welcoming participation from everyone whose voice had (so they thought) been stifled."



Union member banned



The Cambridge Union Society was embroiled in controversy after President James Counsell banned a member for life for allegedly verbally abusing a speaker at a debate.

Gabriel Latner, a second-year Law student at Peterhouse, was given the ban after he refused to apologise to fellow proposition speaker Lauren Booth for making a comment deemed inappropriate at the Union debate, 'This House believes Israel is a rogue state'.

According to Latner, the incident began when he told Booth that he was Jewish and had volunteered with the Israeli Army. Latner believed this information contributed to Booth's unease.

On Booth's request, Latner was moved from first to second speaker for the proposition. Before getting up to speak, he turned to Booth and said, "I am going to nail you to the fucking wall up there".

Latner's membership was later reinstated, and he ran for President.

UL lends to Undergraduates

At the beginning of the academic year, the University Library announced that all undergraduates would be able to borrow up to five books from the UL for a period of two weeks. Under the old policy only third years, graduate and postgraduate students and affiliated undergraduates were allowed to borrow books. The prospect of having more students in competition for the UL's limited resources alarmed some, whilst others welcomed the change, as it makes access to books more flexible for undergraduates.

Anna Jarvis, the University Librarian, said: "The UL is pleased to extend borrowing to all Cambridge undergraduate students. We hope that they will benefit from gaining familiarity in the use of a great research library from early in their student life."

Jack Jeffries, a second year English student at Emmanuel argued that since borrowing had been extended, the UL has "lost all of its redeeming features".



Corpus JCR disaffiliation

Corpus Christi College JCR voted to disaffiliate from the Cambridge University Students' Union (CUSU).

71 per cent of Corpus undergraduates voted for disaffiliation from the University's student union and 149 students voted in total.

The postgraduate MCR also voted to disaffiliate, with 81 per cent of students opting out of membership of CUSU.

This makes Corpus JCR the only JCR in the University to be disaffiliated, although Magdalene and Down-

ing Colleges' MCRs have also done so. The last time a JCR disaffiliated from CUSU was in March 2006 when Trinity College Students' Union voted to disaffiliate by a margin of only six votes.

The President of Corpus JCR, Rhys Grant, said that the Committee had not received clear information "as to what affiliation fees are used for and what CUSU does for JCR/MCR committees. We needed some clear reasons as to why we should stay affiliated".



Queens' imbalance

Students at Queens' expressed unease after an unusually high gender imbalance was found amongst the incoming first-years.

As it celebrates 30 years of women being admitted to the College, Queens' male first-years outnumber their female peers by 107 to 50.

According to one female Queens' first-year, the gender imbalance had an effect on the College dynamic. "You definitely notice it around College. There are fewer girls about, which I'm not really used to."

CUP cub

Cambridge University Press (CUP) adopted a giant panda cub in an attempt to improve relations with potential Chinese clients.

The panda cub, named Jian Qiao, was adopted for life, a commitment of roughly £2,500 a year for the extent of its life, usually around 20 years.

Cambridge University Press were positive about the investment - Chief Executive Stephen Bourne said the adoption was "part of the 'wider commitment to do all we can to protect the environment'".

Dean stories damned

The Dean of Churchill College condemned tabloid coverage of the College's disciplinary reports as "sensational".

In a statement to *Varsity*, Dr Gopal clarified that, contrary to reports in the *Daily Mail* and *The Times of India*, she did not "complain" to the College following an incident in which she was propositioned by a former student.

"A drunk former student who did not know me made some inappropriate remarks when I came down to investigate noise late at night."

Trinity wine cellar

Trinity College revealed that its wine collection is worth £1.67 million in a recent Freedom of Information request.

The College's collection comprises more than 25,000 bottles.

The findings mean that Trinity's wine cellar is worth almost twice as much as the Government's collection, which was valued at £870,000 during the summer.

The College has been storing wine in the cellars for centuries and currently their oldest bottles date back to 1947.

in news

Lent

Student Protests



Bursary protests

Protests continued into the new term as the fallout from the changes to higher education funding continued to spread. After university officials reduced the levels of bursaries available to students and refused to allow the debate of a Grace on the issue, around 800 students attended a protest in the centre of town, and protesters set up a camp on the Senate House lawn. This represented the first and only major success for the protesters, as the University changed their bursary provision in response.

Tully elected as CUSU President in March elections

Gerard Tully was elected as the new President of CUSU after close to record turn-out in the student union's sabbatical elections. The Trinity Hall undergraduate was competing against Sam Wakeford and Adam Booth. Tully defeated Booth and pushed Wakeford into third place. Under the Single Transferrable Vote system, Tully won in the final round with 1,635 votes, 500 more than his nearest contender Booth. Turnout for the CUSU elections, which is often notoriously low, was 4,211 or approximately 23 per cent of the student population. This represents substantial improvement on previous years.

Harriett Flower was voted CUSU Coordinator, and Rosa O'Neill won Student Support Officer. Morgan Wild and Ruth Graham, who both ran unopposed, were elected to Education Officer and Women's Officer, respectively. Taz Rasul, who already runs a website providing a free Personal Statement proof-reading service to prospective Cambridge applicants, has become the new Access Officer. Rasul faced criticism from TCS News Editor, James Burton, who described the website as "a very bad thing". Despite this, she still managed to beat three other contenders for the position.



JCR's 'latent sexism'

A *Varsity* investigation revealed that recent JCR presidential elections created a gender imbalance in positions of college leadership. After a wave of JCR and CUSU presidential hustings, *Varsity* found that men lead almost 80 per cent of student college councils. Of the 28 Colleges that accept both male and female applicants, 22 of the JCR presidents are male, which draws into question whether there are inherent issues with political popularity in the Cambridge student body.

Donation dodging

Many students refused to pay an optional donation added to May Ball ticket prices, undermining a new fund-raising initiative set up by the cross-college May Ball Committee. A May Ball Presidents' Committee was set up to improve collaboration between different Colleges. This year a number of May Balls donated money collectively towards East Anglia's Children's Hospices (EACH). However many students opted out of the charitable addition.

Duke of Cambridge

Prince William took the title of Duke of Cambridge after his wedding to Kate Middleton, on 29th April at Westminster Abbey. William's dukedom is one of three titles bestowed by the Queen to honour his marriage; he also took the titles Earl of Strathearn and Baron Carrickfergus. Speculation about the Prince's title had been mounting since the announcement of his engagement in November. Other possibilities touted included the Duke of Clarence, Connaught, Sussex or Windsor.

PRESS CUTTINGS

The pick of the week's news

BALL RUPTURES PIPE

A rupture of the gas main in Trinity's Neville's Court, following preparation for their May Ball held on Monday evening, inconvenienced Trinity students last week. As a result of the rupture the gas supply to the boiler was curtailed leading to no hot water or heating for students living in Great Court, Bishop's Hostel, New Court or Neville's Court. Whilst backup electrical immersion heaters were provided for most areas, some areas, including the Master's Lodge and A and B Staircases in Great Court were left without, forcing evacuation of affected students and guests. An email sent to all Trinity students outlined that "a ground penetrating radar survey was carried out prior to commencing the set up [of the Ball infrastructure]" but the plastic piping was not picked up by this.

RIVER CAM DANGER

An email has been sent to students warning them against jumping in the river Cam following a "worrying number of cases" of acute diarrhoea and vomiting. According to the email at least two cases have involved hospitalisation as a result of students falling or jumping into the Cam, and the symptoms have been "harsh if transitory". The email goes on to warn against the "potential for contracting the life-threatening Weil's disease" and the risk of injury from the "unusual sub-surface debris".

COMMERZBANK 

Here's to a great summer –
and a bright future

Meet us on 12 October at the Banking and Finance recruitment fair or join us on 27 October at 7pm for our company presentation at the University Arms Hotel

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Achieving more together

'Bin Laden's presence was a slip-up'

Elsbeth Carruthers talks to Pervez Musharraf about Pakistan's past, present and future, his place within the country and its place in the world



ANDREW GRIFFIN

General Pervez Musharraf is a man with a plan – of sorts. Since the launch of his new political party last year and his repeatedly stated intention to return to political life in Pakistan, the former president of Pakistan has received an arrest warrant for involvement in the assassination of Benazir Bhutto from one court, charges of treason from another, and has witnessed a fresh deterioration in Pakistan's relations with the West. A far cry from the days when Musharraf stood beside George Bush and Condoleezza Rice and announced his whole-hearted support for the War on Terror.

Yet to hear him talk about a post-Bin Laden Pakistan, is to get a sense that nothing is irreparable.

The recent news that Pakistani intelligence have detained five men alleged to be CIA informants who helped spy on the Bin Laden compound in Abbottabad is the latest sign of the growing strain between the two countries. Musharraf is quick to echo the near-universal assessment that relations have worn thin: "They are at their lowest, I think...it's

Musharraf is optimistic about the future. "One thing I am sure of, the controversy, the tension, is because of misunderstanding...and trust deficit. So therefore they can be repaired, the relationship can be repaired, and it must be repaired in the interests of our fight against terrorism."

In a recent BBC interview, Musharraf said that it was "very difficult to prove non-complicity" on the part of the ISI with regards to Bin Laden's presence in Pakistan. When asked about the suspicions cast on Pakistani intelligence, he replied: "It's very odd that he was in Abbottabad. I would go to the extent of saying it's an intelligence failure to a shameful degree. Therefore it's very difficult to prove, nobody would believe anyone who says we didn't know, especially if he was there for five years." As Pakistan rapidly becomes a byword in the US for [untrustworthiness], Musharraf agrees that Bin Laden's five-year undetected presence doesn't appeal to 'common sense', but maintains: "I know there was no complicity, but it's very difficult to prove it."

The bigger issue in Pakistan, he argues, was the unilateral and undisclosed US raid. "[Bin Laden's presence] was a slip-up, a slip-up of a very large magnitude all right...but the real issue in Pakistan was the violation of our sovereignty, because the United States crossed the border and attacked him without informing anyone. That drew more criticism than his being there for five years."

It is not the first time, however, that Pakistan's military and intelligence elite have been accused of support for jihadi groups; writer Mohammed Hanif recently argued in an article for *OPEN magazine*, India, that Pakistan's generals have turned the country into an 'international jihadi tourist resort'. I asked General Musharraf if he thought this was a reasonable accusation. "Lashkar-e-Taiba or any of the mujahideen groups within Pakistan, they came up when the Kashmir freedom struggle started in 1989, and they are there since then.

There was great public sympathy in Pakistan...they have tremendous public support, many people volunteering to join them and to go into Kashmir and fight the Indian army. This is the background, and that is how they came up." What started out as a Pakistani issue, he argues, groups outside Pakistan have turned international: "But now with the emergence of Taliban, al-Qaida, and what is happening in Afghanistan...they have started developing a nexus between the two. Previously these people were only interested in Kashmir, now they have developed a nexus, and that is the danger."

Pakistan has always had a military government, whereas India never has, despite their recent development from the same post-colonial paradigm. I ask him how he would account for this. "No two countries are alike...Pakistan's political elite were all feudal, and that feudal elite still continue, whereas India had the culture of the Congress Party which was well-groomed from a century back. So democracy was deeply seated in India whereas in our part of the subcontinent Pakistan, people had a feudalistic, tribal environment, which didn't really suit democracy." Almost as an afterthought, he goes on: "And may I also add, the people in government couldn't run government as well as the politicians of India...the military body had to intervene. In fact it is the politicians themselves who used to come and ask the military to help with changing government."

A predictable answer, perhaps, from a general who took power in a military coup d'état and who, in his talk to the Cambridge Union later that evening, expounded on the need to balance 'the state and democracy'. Yet the language of juntas and coups, of countries 'suited' to democracy, is beginning to sound more and more dated. Musharraf will have to face some powerful enemies if he wants to return to public life in Pakistan – but he will also have to face a new era.

LETTICE FRANKLIN'S



GOT SOME NEWS? EMAIL SALADDAYS@VARSITY.CO.UK

I'm not going to lie, I really don't want to write this column right now. It is entirely my fault that I am doing so; I jumped eagerly at my editors' offer of one more chance to feature in these lovely pages. Indeed I have been bragging all around town about my day's activity, enjoying the idea of my productivity. "Ah, I'm just off to write my column, you hung-over disgrace of a human being lying so uncomfortably on that horrible green, green grass, soaking in the sun's rays" (and I'm going to get back to these rays pronto).

These brief-lived thrills are now, however, long-dead. My charming housemate is tapping away at her laptop beside me with equal energy. But she is free to tap in any direction she likes; the chosen one being YouTube videos of a wasted Amy Winehouse being booed off a Serbian stage, stumbling drunkenly over amps, and some photos of Petite Lap giraffes, few of them so small they could fit in some lucky person's palm, whilst others, presumably their older pals, recline debonairly on chaise longues, basking in their Google Images fame.

I really, really want to be free to spend my next hour similarly engaged. Two images! Is that enough to look at when something more mind-blowing than the discovery of Edith Nesbit's *Psammead*? Or, although I'd rather not conclude this, invented on Photoshop by some Cambridge student using his now exam-free hours even more enterprisingly than me?

To increase my pain the sun has finally come out, which makes being tied to my laptop all the more unbearable. Because of some problematic reflections on the laptop screen, and because this sunshine has removed my one sure-fire paragraph for this column, I am, literally, unable to look at the bright side.

My grand plans for the column revolved pretty much entirely around the rain predicted for the coming week. I imagined lyrical descriptions of rained-upon revellers, metaphors of mermaids and dew-drenched roses. I had jubilantly deleted all my laptop's bookmarks to JSTOR articles that might have helped in exams had I got round to actually reading them, and replaced them with the May Week Bible: BBC Weather Cambridge. Regular checks revealed the almost gloriously morbid news: heavy, heavy rain, with those days described as 'partly cloudy' seeing almost half-hearted, like Suicide Sunday revellers teetering dangerously on the edge of the pavement, but not totally embracing embarrassment in their not totally embracing the pavement...

Contemplating what I could be doing right now reveals that, in this week, Cambridge overflows with more delights than ever before. Exams over, students throw themselves into transforming Cambridge into something ever more exciting than Google, with each Ball promising new exotic treats. Hell, it's not totally impossible that Petite Lap giraffes will

wander this week gracefully between the freshly ironed trouser legs and high heels of other guests. And Suicide Sunday saw several really quite talented Amy Winehouse impersonators, wandering not so gracefully down King's Parade, bleary-eyed, face-painted, and jelly-encrusted.

The evenings of exam term, where the rattle of books in one's bike basket echoed desultorily through the empty alleyways of Cambridge, are long gone. Kambiar, having hosted no student club night this term, hosted three within four days, celebrating the moment with a much-commented-upon actual entry stamp. Gosh, Cambridge is exciting. Lola Lo has firmly established its presence, with queues stretching round the block, and more than one over-excited student coming away with £35 less and one more Daddy Digga Digga Doo mug, complete with four Moai heads...

And even a warehouse off Newmarket Road, used by the Bike Polo club, played host to Carmen Elektra's latest opera event, complete with strobe lights, and, by the end, a cast as barely clothed as the most enthusiastic attendees of Cindies wearing only white underwear.

To add to the excitement, jetting into Cambridge from around the world are world class acts of Amy Winehouse's calibre – and perhaps more sober, although guests at Robinson's May Ball raised eyebrows at King Charles's unusual performance style, suggesting he might perhaps have dug a little deep into his Daddy Digga Digga Doo mug.

By the time you read this, I plan to be firm friends with Professor Green, my name perhaps emblazoned across his heart in a new tattoo. Professor Green, were he to hang around, might have made Cambridge a more attractive prospect to fellow rapper, Franklyn Aldo, who hit the headlines this week because he himself refused to jet into Cambridge, declining his offer to study psychology, sociology and politics because he "only know one rapper here". He gave a more in-depth insight into his decision in a statement to *The Guardian*, which involved the details of the course and offered accommodation. He ended the statement with a call to arms, encouraging schools to empower the local community to "aim high from a young age and [...] to take part in extra-curricular activities". It is perhaps this aiming high that May Week celebrates, not only celebrating the intellectual endeavors of the Cambridge Alumni but also showcasing their ability to transform one week into something so shimmeringly spectacular that it somehow transcends time from what is, in reality, June, to an ephemeral burst of revelry, music and sparkle on par with one of the extravagant fireworks of St John's, to May, to something that, for one week, just might happen, just may be.



GEORGE SHAPTER

The relationship between America and Pakistan must be repaired in the interests of our fight against terrorism

very harmful to our common goal of fighting the global war on terror. Therefore they must improve."

The growing mistrust over intelligence co-operation becomes particularly crucial in the approach to the planned US withdrawal from Afghanistan in 2014. Yet

Corpus Playroom to be reborn

JOANNA TANG

The Corpus Playroom will be revitalised over the summer by an extensive £100,000 renovation, and a change of management as it passes into the hands of the ADC.

Corpus Christi College is responsible for funding the renovations, with help from the ADC and other donors. The Playroom has heretofore been managed by the Cambridge Arts Theatre, and is the home of the Fletcher Players, who launched the Corpus Playroom Regeneration Project a year ago that began by securing new upholstery for the seating and new carpeting last summer.

Max Upton, the new President of the Fletcher Players, expressed his delight at the developments: “For years, the Playroom has been in dire need of refurbishment works, but now we’ll be returning next Michaelmas to some brand spanking new backstage areas. Actors will no longer be taking a risk each time they descend to the basement – this will be transformed into a workshop, storage area and also a dressing room, complete with mirrors and sofas.

“Furthermore, the current ‘green room’ will become a new box office and also an antechamber for the audience; we will, at long last, have toilets for intervals!”

This term the Playroom has played host to its annual Corpus Freshers’ Play, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, and staged new writing in the the satire *MORE*.

The Playroom provides a markedly different atmosphere to other theatrical spaces in Cambridge because of its unique dimensions, seating 80 in a L-shaped space. However, the



renovations, in particular the new technical equipment to be fitted, are expected to raise the facilities to approach those of the ADC Theatre.

Celine Lowenthal is directing and acting at the Playroom in Michaelmas. She explained the Playroom’s renown for a different style of theatre to the ADC: “The versatility of the space and the small audience size makes it perfect for hosting more ‘risky’ work which is perhaps harder to pull off, but, more often than not, fantastic. You might call it the Edinburgh Fringe of the

Cambridge drama scene... It facilitates an extraordinary closeness between cast and audience which simply can’t be achieved in the ADC.”

She believes the renovations will “do wonders” to this “powerhouse of student drama”.

Max Upton commented: “I am extremely grateful to the ADC and Corpus Christi College, as well as my predecessor Toby Jones. This partnership is going to have a wonderful effect on an already rather wonderful drama scene.”

Cambridge academics receive birthday honours

PETER STOREY

A handful of distinguished Cambridge academics are amongst the recipients of state honours for the Queen’s Official Birthday.

The 85-year-old Professor Robert Edwards, who pioneered IVF treatment in the 1970s, is made a Knight Bachelor in recognition of his extensive work in reproductive biology. This is the second prestigious award in a matter of months for Sir Robert, who became a Nobel Laureate in medicine earlier this year. As a result of his work, more than four million children have been born through the use of IVF.

Professor Mark Welland, founder of the University’s Nanoscience Centre, was also knighted. Beginning his work in the US, Professor Welland has risen to be one of the foremost experts in the fields of Nanoscience and Nanotechnology and is now the Chief Scientific Advisor to the Ministry of Defence. Sir Mark has said he is “deeply honoured” to receive the knighthood.

Also honoured is Yasir Suleiman, Fellow of King’s College and the His Majesty Sultan Qaboos Bin Sa’id Professor of Modern Arabic Studies, who was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for his services to scholarship.

Pitt Club funds MPhil

SAM SHARMAN

The University Pitt Club has announced that it will sponsor a new scholarship for candidates applying for master’s degrees in Politics or International Relations.

In an official statement, the club said it hoped to “encourage a new generation of politicians and internationalists through the establishment of the Pitt Club Scholarship”.

From October, one scholar each year will be selected on the basis not only of their intellectual merit and financial need but also on their leadership potential. The selection will be made by the Department of Politics and International Studies.

The Pitt Club, while intended primarily as a private members’ dining and social club, has always had political associations since its foundation in honour of William Pitt the Younger in 1835.

However, in addition to its political purpose, the club is supporting this scholarship as a way of ‘contributing to the University’s fundraising efforts’, a representative for the Club said, in recognition of the increased financial pressure on students.

He added: “At a time when the University is feeling the squeeze of public spending cuts it is incredibly important that we all support the educational experience provided by Cambridge in any and every way that we can.”

The Pitt Club Scholarship, open to students of any nationality, residency status, age or gender, will provide up to £15,000 per year to assist with fees, maintenance, travel or research funding.

4 candidates in election for Chancellor

LOUISA LOVELUCK

Nominations closed on Friday for the position of University Chancellor.

Four candidates are now officially in the running to replace HRH Prince Phillip in the role. These are: Labour peer Lord Sainsbury, Mill Road shopkeeper Abdul Arain, actor Brian Blessed and a late entry, Michael Mansfield QC.

Each candidate received the required 50 nominations to be considered for the position. The vote has been scheduled for Friday 14th October and Saturday 15th October. All Members of Senate House will be permitted to take part.

Lord Sainsbury, former chairman of the eponymous supermarket giant, was the first nominee and remains favourite to win the election. In a statement on Friday, the billionaire Kingsman reaffirmed his commitment to the University: “I have great admiration and affection for the University, built up over all the years since I was an undergraduate at King’s.

“I also have a life-long interest in

education. I have no personal agenda, and if elected, my sole aim would be to help the University in any way that I can.”

However, Lord Sainsbury faces challenges from a number of quarters, not least from underdog Abdul Arain who has attracted much attention with his grass-root ticket.

Although some remain sceptical about his viability as a candidate, the Mill Road shopkeeper has responded to critics by emphasising his local connections: “I believe that every single person who makes up our community has a responsibility.

“When you look at Prince Philip, he is removed from local life. I believe that bringing that touch back with, what I would call, a normal individual, would make Cambridge more accessible.”

Lord Sainsbury also faces competition from two late entries, Brian Blessed and Michael Mansfield.

After a Facebook campaign successfully secured Blessed’s candidacy, the Shakespearean actor spoke of his admiration for Cambridge: “For

me, [it] has always been the centre of the earth, there is a brightness and light there that rivals that on Mount Everest.”

The Facebook group gave his supporters some idea of what a Blessed chancellorship would be like, telling them to “picture Brian loudly reciting the Latin at graduation ceremonies”.

However, it is the latest entry, respected barrister Michael Mansfield, who is seen as the main challenger to Lord Sainsbury. The self-described ‘radical lawyer’ is best known for representing Mohammed Al Fayed at the inquest into the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. He has been nominated by academics who oppose Lord Sainsbury’s candidacy.

Mansfield has used his candidacy to criticise the Coalition Government’s educational policies.

Reacting to his successful nomination, he last night issued a withering critique of David Willetts’s proposals: “Many central values of higher education seem in these times subject to new and untried policies that threaten to inflict major harm: damage to re-

search in science and humanities free of overt profit motive, to erudition and critical thinking, cultural creativity, diversity and socially just accessibility at all levels; damage which comes from considering market forces and personal-investment models as paramount for the future.”

Jason Scott-Warren, a Fellow of Gonville and Caius, has spoken out in favour of Mansfield’s candidacy, arguing that he “offers an excellent model for the public value of independent, critical thinking at a time when higher education is increasingly seen as a private good, subject to the laws of the free market”.

Elected for life, the new Chancellor will become the constitutional head of the University. Their principal public role will be the conferment of Honorary Degrees at an annual ceremony.



Read Varsity’s interview with hopeful candidate Abdul Arain, on www.varsity.co.uk



Lord Sainsbury



Abdul Arain



Michael Mansfield



Brian Blessed

Locals say balls to balls

HANNAH WILKINSON

Cambridge residents have been complaining about May Week revelry. Richard Bagnall, who contacted *Cambridge News* yesterday to complain about the “terrible racket” emanating from Emmanuel in the early hours of the morning.

Evidently not a fan of French electro-pop, Mr Bagnall told *Cambridge News* there was “really no excuse”, something with which several commenters were inclined to agree, including one who had had to take the day off work because they were too tired after being kept awake by the previous evening’s revelries.

Unsurprisingly, last night’s fireworks display failed to warm the hearts of the local residents, provoking complaints about disturbed dogs and children kept awake all night. The main problem, however, seems to be a perceived divergence between regulations on the activities of students and townies.

With a large number of official complaints every year, the council publishes *The May Ball Handbook* which stipulates that residents close to the College must be given “a brief note” telling them who to get in touch with if there are any problems, but this doesn’t seem to have placated the locals. And it may be hard to feel sympathy for someone who paid £200 to go to a party you weren’t invited to, but amongst the complaints a few people managed to find it in their hearts to forgive us, supporting our right to party till the small hours a few times a year and resorting to ear-plugs to get them through the night, with one resident commenting: “If it costs £9,000 to attend university, I’d say let them have a party.”

Sports complex off the starting blocks

SAM SHARMAN

Funding for a sports centre for the University of Cambridge has at last been secured, the Sports Syndicate has announced, over a decade after plans were first initiated.

The first phase of the project, costing an expected £16 million, is aimed to be completed in time for the 2013/14 academic year. It will provide a range of new facilities specifically for the University, including a large central hall for sports such as basketball, badminton and volleyball, and multi-purpose rooms for fitness classes, martial arts and other activities.

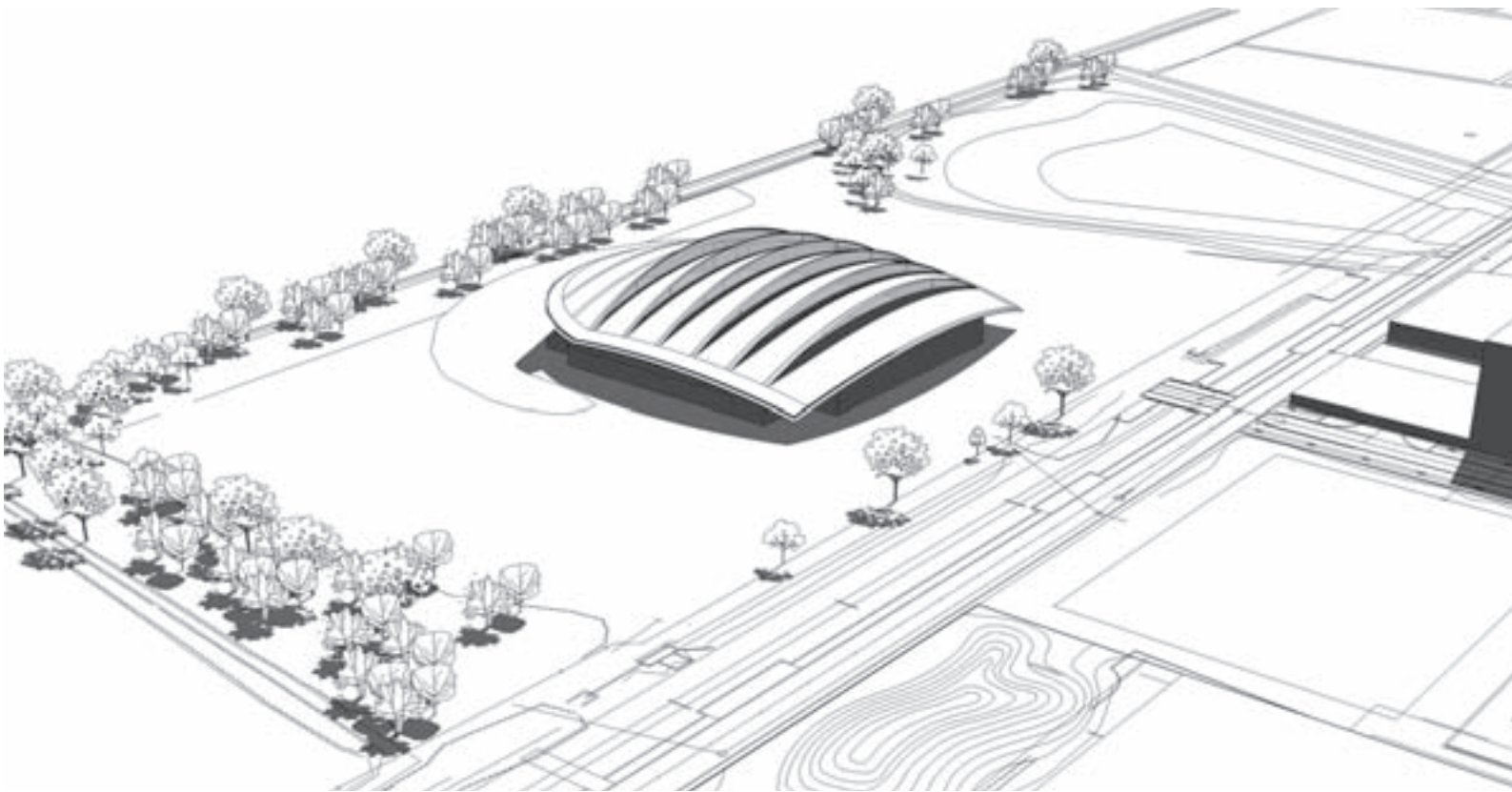
It will be built next to the Wilberforce Road Athletics tracks, in order to be near current outdoor facilities.

The project includes additional plans for indoor tennis and squash courts and a 50m pool when further money can be raised.

Deborah Lowther, Chair of the Sports Syndicate, said that she was “absolutely delighted to see the plans now coming to fruition”.

The announcement comes after decades of campaigning from Hawks and Ospreys sports societies, CUSU and the Sports Syndicate itself, which is in charge of the project. There have been plans for the centre in place since 1998 but financial support from the University has only recently been secured.

Ms Lowther explained: “This is an ambitious project and the financial commitment could not be undertaken



lightly, so it has taken some time for the University to satisfy itself that the centre would meet the needs of the University community and provide value for money.”

The University will be providing a £10 million loan to the Sports Syndi-

cate, and £5 million is expected from donations to the University Development Office. A further £1 million is hoped to be raised from the sale of the Fenner's building on Gresham road, which houses a gym, a small sports hall and administration offices.

Ideas for the repayment of the loan include hiring out the centre for corporate events and charging students a nominal fee to use the facilities. Additionally, college currently pay £4 per student member to the Sports Syndicate and it is believed that this will be

increased.

Anthony Lemons, Director of Sport, said: “I am delighted that after so many years this project has finally secured funding and will be going ahead, and I hope it will be a great benefit to students.”

Lifejackets, bad language & Jaffa cakes: bumps fines revealed

KATIE FORSTER

Celebrations are in order for those who managed to bump their way ahead in this year's May bumps, four days of boat races along the Cam that took place last weekend.

However, some rowers are less likely to be celebrating, with some boats racking up fines of up to £100 for their clumsy behaviour on the river.

Most boats received fines for safety reasons, such as the Emma men's thirds, who were fined £50 for forgetting their lifejackets, and Sidney women's seconds, who had to cough up £20 for ignoring instructions.

The largest fine of £100 was given to Caius men's thirds for “dangerous coxing”, which resulted in a risky

collision with the boat in front. The cox in question was removed from the competition.

Fines were received by other boats for foul language and excessive bank parties. Christ's men's fourths proved themselves to be the most potty mouthed boat, as they were fined for bad language on both Wednesday and Friday.

Although these may seem like parental slaps on the wrist, they are important to keep the twice-yearly event trouble free, as Megan Smith from the Fitz women's boat (who earned blades and finished fine-free) explains: “An oversized bank party is more than four people. This sounds really petty, but if you think about the amount of people on bikes speeding up and down a tiny towpath during the races, you can see

why it would be a hazard to have a free for all.”

The list of fines also reveals some rather bizarre events. Magdalene's first women's boat was fined for “excessive deforestation”, a dig on their rather overexcited rendition of the tradition of members of the boat decorating themselves with greenery from the bank.

Instead of a cash fine the boat has been given the unlikely punishment of “chopping wood”.

It's not just rowers that can be fined either. Officials at the control desk who adopted a stray puppy for the day were ordered to give up their supply of Jaffa Cakes for dog biscuits. The puppy in question has now been taken in by animal rescue.



Dons to vote on minister Willetts

ALEXANDRA HAWKINS

Following a Grace put forward by Cambridge academics for a vote of ‘no confidence’ in David Willetts, the Minister for Universities and Science, all 4,500 members of Regent House are to vote on this matter within the next month.

The Grace was submitted to the University's ruling council at the beginning of June, after having been signed by 149 academics. It came partially in response to announcements that a greater number of universities than anticipated were looking to charge the full £9,000 tuition fee; this made further cuts to the education budget look likely as Treasury estimates concerning tuition loans were based on average fees of £7,500.

The Grace proposed the motion that “in the light of sweeping cuts to the HE budget, the trebling of tuition fees, and incoherent Access policies – all decided on without adequate consultation – the University shall communicate to HM Government by June 24th 2011, or as soon as possible thereafter, that it has no confidence in the policies of the Minister of State for Universities and Science, and that this duty be delegated to the Council”. The council debated the matter and opinion was clearly in favour of the vote being put to all members of the house.

The move for the Grace followed Oxford University's Senate, who confirmed a vote of no confidence in the budget cuts and higher tuition fees on 7th June. This vote at Oxford was the first time that an English university has passed a vote of ‘no confidence’ in a minister.

Since these announcements, multiple campaigns of ‘no confidence’ have been established at universities across the country. A petition at the University

of Warwick reportedly gained 1,000 signatures in only a few days and similar success has been seen in a petition at Goldsmiths. This has now developed into a nationwide, online petition which, since its launch on 17th June, has received broad support.

Many opponents of Mr Willetts' policies are worried about the negative impact that they may have on Access campaigns. CUSU President, Rahul Mansigani, felt that the rising tuition fees would be “hugely damaging to our Access work, as the poorest applicants tend to be the most debt-averse, and it is an abandonment of state responsibility to fund higher education for its huge social benefits”. Cuts in the budget are most likely to affect Arts departments, and this was reflected in the disciplines of the Fellows who supported the initial Grace. Members of the Faculty of English such as Jason Scott-Warren and Priyamvada Gopal have been amongst the most outspoken critics of Mr Willetts' policies, and Dr Scott Warren praised the Grace for offering “a mechanism by which the University can at last find a voice”.

Fears have also arisen that these moves are the first signs of an attempt to instigate an American-style, privatised university system in the UK. Such fears were bolstered earlier this month with the announcement of A.C. Grayling's ‘New College of the Humanities’ – an independent institution which will charge its students £18,000 a year.

When the vote was held in Oxford, the results were an almost unanimous 283 to 5, in favour of the declaration of ‘no confidence’ in Mr Willetts' policies. Within the next month we shall know whether Cambridge's Regent House vote results will look similar. The results of the vote will be released on 25th July.



RHYS TREHARNE

As Prince Philip bids an overdue adieu to Cambridge, the complexion of the candidates set to replace him seem to be either mad, bad, or dangerous

Why has the race for Chancellor turned into the Clash of the Greengrocers?

Prince Philip will be in town today. Visiting Robinson College – which I’ve no doubt he’ll describe as ‘ghastly’ – in the afternoon, the outgoing Chancellor has proved remarkably adept in office; not because of his long record of achievements (no such record exists), but rather because he has done next to nothing whilst in post.

Honorific to the point of invisibility, the position of Chancellor of the University of Cambridge is essentially an empty one. This is perhaps why the Duke of Edinburgh’s visit is about as surprising as it is unwelcome; Cambridge, after all, is just another destination on his farewell tour; the final stop of his long goodbye from public life.

Still, now that the old duffer is on his way out, you might think it was the perfect time for the University to pick a new and enlightened candidate: time, in fact, for a promotion for Lord Rees of Ludlow, Master of Trinity.

Instead the race for the Chancellorship has been replaced by a strange beauty contest. The election of a serious if entirely honorary office has been turned into a clash of celebrity: personality, ego, and opportunism have replaced integrity of character as the dynamic variables of the contest.

Whilst Lord Sainsbury (alumnus of King’s College) and Mr Abdul Arain (alumnus of Anglia Polytechnic) seem to be taking part in the Clash of the Greengrocers, that lunatic actor Brian Blessed and the self-regarding barrister Michael Mansfield have cleared the field entirely of any reasonable candidates.

All this would not be so bad if the election itself had not become such an embarrassment. Any hopes that the University may have harboured of a smooth coronation have now shrivelled like a salted snail, and instead we’re left with this rag-bag selection of second-rates and half-wits.

Firstly, as an outsider in the election Mr Arain has been compared with Barack Obama (a comparison made

exclusively by Mr Arain himself), and seems to be running on the sole premise that defeating Lord Sainsbury would naturally ensure that the new Sainsbury’s store planned for Mill Road would not go ahead. I wish him the best of luck with this.

Lord Sainsbury himself is not an unlikely nominee – though the fact that he has in the past donated nearly £82 million to the University is, as Mary Beard has recently pointed out, “totally unconnected” to that nomination.

This brings us to Brian Blessed, who, if I were pushed, would be my first choice. This is not as barmy a selection as you might think: if the Chancellorship is an entirely honorary position then surely the Facebook group championing his nomination has it right when it imagines “Brian loudly reciting the Latin at graduation ceremonies”. If we can’t have Lord Rees, then we can at least have a laugh.

The less said about Michael Mansfield, meanwhile, the better. A man who self-describes as a “radical lawyer” and whose most (in)famous client is Mohamed Al Fayed (yet another Greengrocer) immediately raises questions not merely of judgment, but also of motive. Is he really in the race because of a stand-out suitability for the role, or because his pious wish to “defend Higher Education from market forces” forms part of a broader political agenda that runs contrary to the coalition government? A political Chancellor would be a headache – and one only needs to glance at the names of his nominators to realise how much of

a headache.

Of course, this is not to suggest that the selection of candidates is in anyway an historical disappointment; the University of Cambridge does not have a record of impressive Chancellors. Ignoring for a moment (if we can) the current incumbent, the roll call of previous Chancellors reads like an unending list of Lords, Marquesses, Dukes, and Barons, interrupted by the occasional commoner (indeed, Jan Smuts must be a continual source of pride for the University).

Perhaps most astonishing is the complete absence of female candidates:

could the second decade of the 21st century have been the right time for the University to nominate a woman? (It’s amazing that we even have to ask ourselves such a question.)

In any case, given that the University was intent on nominating an adequate yet wholly unimpressive initial candidate – Lord Sainsbury – and

must now contend with a group of opportunistic and semi-serious pretenders, the only answer I feel is to abolish the office of Chancellor entirely. That’s right, wind it up, invest the current VC with the honorary accoutrements of the Chancellorship and be done with it.

For one of the oldest and most respected seats of learning in the world, this year’s race for Chancellor has been a bitter embarrassment. But of course, it could always be worse: the Chancellor of Cardiff University is Neil Kinnock...



This House Believes...
That Cambridge Garden Parties are a tedious waste of time

PROP.

Natasha Pesaran, third year, Trinity College

For the last two years, I have faithfully adhered to the Cambridge May Week experience, following a hectic schedule of one Garden Party after another, and eating a diet of stale sandwiches and lukewarm pimmis. However, now in my final year, I have come to realise that the Garden Party, this most Cambridge institution, is overrated, and quite frankly, rather boring. For starters, Garden Parties sit somewhere in between informal gatherings of friends, and large-scale organised social events, at which most people are either nursing hangovers or preparing themselves for future hangovers, thus causing confusion: what exactly is the alcohol-intake etiquette at a Garden Party?

Certainly, the Garden Party experience can vary considerably. Some garden parties can be relaxed, low key events in which you are offered the choice of either consuming fairly average food and drink or chatting, presumably about how terrible the weather is. I couldn’t take that for more than about an hour, and some of these things go on for five. If the weather is poor – as it has been this year – there is quite literally no escape: you’re meant to be in the garden after all, and 200 people cowering beneath one gazebo is not my idea of a great time.

OPP.

Pippa Calvin, first year, Fitzwilliam College

The term ‘Garden Party’ conjures up images of quintessential Englishness: sitting on the lawn with a G&T; chatting about weather and listening to a brass band – a far too civilized affair. I invited a friend from home to visit for Suicide Sunday, which gave me a whole new perspective. Despite promises of a good time and all-day-all-you-can-drink alcohol, we were both slightly apprehensive, having seen Garden Parties on our plans for the day.

We could not have been more wrong. The Garden Parties had all we could have asked for: Bountiful alcohol? Check. Distinctive entertainment? Check. Great company? Check. We were happily surprised. Granted, quality seems to depend on who’s throwing the party. But then it’s up to you to choose wisely from the huge variety on offer.

The Garden Party is a Cambridge institution, practically more important than Matriculation Dinner or the Tripos exams. A chance to get together with friends, let off steam with the help of a fair few drinks, and celebrate having made it through the year. I can’t think of anything more worthwhile.



KIRSTY GRAY

Newspapers still have a role to play in providing opinionated, rather than objective, journalism

A newspaper might no longer deliver a breaking story... but there is still room for it to invite experienced, opinionated writers to your breakfast-bar debate

The future of journalism

Newspapers should represent a nascent channel for opinionated debate rather than be perceived as a dying symbol of out-dated journalism

As you read this article, take a moment to appreciate the reading experience that has been lovingly presented to you. Feel the dark ink smear across your fingertips; inhale the print-y aroma that wafts from these pages; delight in the rustle of paper as you flick through its stories. Because, after eight weeks when news is only served with a vaguely satisfying mouse click, Varsity only pampers you with this sensual luxury but once during exam term.

But in the same way that the Kindle is sinking its claws into the feeble paperback, the delicate pages of the traditional broadsheet are also under attack. That little Twitter bird may look cute and harmless but it sure has an aggressive peck.

In an age when the 'hashtag' has practically become a punctuation mark in its own right, bringing in its newly truncated grammatical constructions an equally truncated way of delivering information, the future of print journalism is looking increasingly unstable. When hearing the news is as instant as refreshing a screen, reiterating that same information on a piece of paper released eighteen hours later may now seem like unnecessary theatrical luddism.

In 2011, the news follower is also the news maker. Why wait for the evening bulletins to confirm that you were part of political revolutionary history when you can 'tweet' it to the world yourself? #Egypt.

Yet perhaps it is too easy to prematurely reach for the shovel – the rise of social networking need not push print journalism into its grave. Our Facebook-fuelled world will merely test its adaptability.

This kind of thing has happened before. Books stood strong against the advent of cinema, just as the newspaper squared up to the challenge of television and radio. Could it be, then, that we are falling into the age-old trap of panicking when faced with social change, and of presuming that every one of those changes is a revolution? The Industrial Revolution – when our nineteenth-century ancestors squealed in the intimidating factory shadows – has become the 'Social Media Revolution'.

Media commentators have argued that, whilst social networking sites blur the boundary between news and rumour, the newspapers' only strength will be its claim to neutrality and authority. But sitting on the fence never got anyone anywhere fast – the secret weapon of print journalism is opinion, not objectivity.

A newspaper might no longer deliver a breaking story to your doorstep, but there is still room for it to invite experienced, opinionated writers to your breakfast-bar debate. A PC has the pace, but print has the power of credibility. To transform a newspaper into merely a mediation of other sources would be shedding its greatest asset. A battle against bias is doomed from the outset.

The Daily Mail, for example, falls into a unique category of things we Brits love to hate, along with Simon Cowell; the London Olympics; rain. But this tabloid's infamous bias also makes it the world's second most popular newspaper online.

The people want prejudice. We will never succeed in an attempt to present 'truth': that process is as flawed in principle as it is in practice. Instead, we should embrace the fact that our society allows for opinion and commentaries in the popular media whilst other nations only have access to journalism filtered by an undemocratic government. Twitter may

empower a new kind of journalist, but we must remember that in the Arab Spring and beyond it offered the only way of disseminating information without pressure from governments; it was the free press, not an alternative to it.

We should not assume that Europe is a safe haven from this sort of repression – after all, there are more journalists in prison in Turkey than in China.

The recent revelation that super injunctions can co-exist alongside our precious freedom of information has unsettled an already nervy British press industry. This debacle exposed both the restraints that journalists face, and the effectiveness of the internet. Journalists are increasingly questioning the service that they provide to their readership. They may now have to elbow through clusters of bloggers and status-updaters in order to present their ideas to the public but this is no reason to feel undermined. Good writing will out, and it will do so, in most cases, in the newspapers: perhaps the most important thing for the modern journalist to do is to bring those bloggers with her.

Social networking's rapid rise has rocked print journalism's boat but the industry is still strong enough to stay afloat and ride the same internet wave. Indeed, the role of the humble British newspaper is changing but, by recognising its own strengths, there's no reason to find something else to hold our fish and chips in just yet.



LARA PRENDERGAST

May Week stands as testament to the fact that Cambridge students know how to party well

May Week will forever seem like that glorious improbability that I first thought it was

May Week Nostalgia

May Week stands as testament to the fact that Cambridge students know how to party well

Looking back (as is common for ageing third years, on the cusp of graduating, to do), I can recall the first time I heard about May Week. It seemed a glorious improbability. Cambridge, the bastion of diligent scholasticism, liked to party.

I remember friends who were heading off to places such as Manchester, Bristol and Leeds all alerting me to the dangers of heading to a city which puts work first, and everything else, supposedly, second. Warnings were issued: "Don't expect to have fun", "You're just going to have to work so hard", "Apparently Cambridge nightlife is awful".

In some ways they were right. We have all worked extraordinarily hard. We have perhaps sacrificed some nocturnal exploits for more bookish ones. The music in Cindies is atrocious.

But having fun? There they got it completely wrong. This city is the ultimate playground, and at no point is this proved more convincingly than when the carnival of May Week comes around.

Party planners can only dream of the sort of locations that this age old city provides. Event managers could never match the sort of energy that each May Ball President and their team put into creating their night. As for the revelers, we party, night and day, as hard as we work in the libraries, knowing all too well that these may be the best days of our lives.

When May Week does arrive, we are reminded why we worked so hard in the first place. Cambridge is a place of myth and reality. The reality is that we slave away with Nietzsche, Kant and Foucault for most of the year. They may have known many things but not how to party. Our festivities, though, are the things of myth. Miraculous fictions, in which we escape to another world, dressed up in silk and flowers, sipping on champagne and dancing until our feet hurt. It is a reality for one week in June, but soon it will flicker away and become myth again, a beautiful week of escapism afforded to us because we made sacrifices earlier on.

So after three years here, when the party comes to an end, I leave

knowing full well that May Week will forever seem like that glorious improbability that I first thought it was. It is pure decadence, of course. And as we all stream back from our respective balls this morning, bleary eyed and ready for bed, it is unlikely that in years to come we will look back and really believe it happened. It never will, not again, nothing like this. May Week is a pure moment; lasting for no time and all time, passing instantly but reborn time and time again through memory and recollection while trying to remember that there is life beyond those tiresome days in the library, or (I shudder to think) in the office.

And rest assured that those outside of Cambridge will also struggle to believe it. The *Daily Mail* will have an obligatory photo of a bedraggled couple walking down King's Parade for their readers to ogle at; friends at other universities will assume you have concocted May Week to account for the embarrassment of Cambridge's clubs; even recounting the night's events to fellow Cantabs will suddenly seem more like a fairy tale. But the truth is stranger than fiction, and that truth is that we do know how to party, and we do it so expertly, that for some, well, it's just hard to believe.



The Only Way is Cambridge

Reality TV teaches us the importance of emptiness

HUGO GYE

After the extraordinary Bafta success of *The Only Way Is Essex*, Britain has been left scratching its collective head over the widespread popularity of *Towie* (sure) and other 'structured reality' shows, where real people are fitted into soap-style storylines and are left to interact with predictably melodramatic results. There are two puzzling factors about these programmes: the first is their vague blending of fact and reality, the second the fact that they are so numbingly tedious.

Towie, like its Sloaneys offspring *Made in Chelsea*, looks outwardly like a drama series, with high production values, melodious soundtrack and strings of contrived coincidences which set up high-tension showdowns at the end of each episode. However, such shows are too poorly acted to be fake – the dialogue too stilted, the storylines too drawn-out. Nonetheless, the public has welcomed the chance to embrace glossier reality shows,

soaps with one foot in reality.

What is even more mysterious is our enthusiastic embrace of programmes which essentially revolve around nothingness: at least half of *Made in Chelsea* consists of shots of London and close-ups of meaningful looks on meaningless faces. However, this appreciation of emptiness is not surprising when we consider the fundamental importance of emptiness to our own lives, particularly here in Cambridge.

These programmes, with their addictive presentation of boredom, bring us face to face with the emptiness which characterises some of the greatest moments of our lives. We all enjoy May Balls, sporting victories and receiving that hard-earned 2.i; but these are not what will live on as the heart of the Cambridge experience. What is far more important is the time in between: the morning after, the post-match pint, the exhaustion of the week before May Week. Grand events are burdened by expectation; only when we shed those burdens are we

free to have the intense joy which we will carry with us forever.

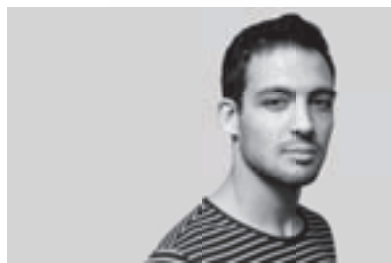
In reality television, as in life, silence carries the greatest significance. These shows are at their best when one is free to reflect on the vapid-ity of the whole edifice, just as we are at our best when we are unfettered by aspiration. In the glorious pauses between May Week revelries we can relax, freed from the pressure of having to enjoy ourselves.

Is this pretentious? Obviously. But the rampant proliferation of TV featuring nobodies doing nothing must have a reason behind it,

and the most plausible explanation is surely our recognition of the value of nothingness to our lives.

Nowhere is this more true than Cambridge, where the frantic activity of exam term is endured only through our knowledge that at the end of it we can enjoy a few days of nothing at all, with no duties or expectations or even purpose. It can't last forever

– whether you are returning to the Cambridge grind or plunging into the proverbial Real World, the oppression of activity will come again. Never mind: after all, while "too much of something is bad enough," it remains true that "too much of nothing is just as tough."



JOE PITT-RASHID

Does New Media equal social expansion? Joe Pitt-Rashid on why the internet may induce more insulation than inclusion

The Goliath of totalitarianism will be brought down by the David of the microchip." So said a prescient Ronald Reagan in 1989, the same year that Tim Berners-Lee invented the World Wide Web. Twenty-two years later, Facebook-facilitated revolutions in the Middle East are testament to the internet's unprecedented utility as a forum for communication and thus as a boon to democracy.

The internet is credited with a crucial role in the recent events which brought Tunisia, and others, a step closer to democracy because it allowed disparate revolutionary factions to share information. This is one way in which technology enhances our ability to choose the kind of world we live in. It also increases choice in more everyday ways: iPlayer and Spotify are trivial examples, but myriad news websites enabling us to decide how the world is described to us and social networking sites connecting us with a global community are more significant. They assist the creation of discrete online communities and give us choice over which of those communities we join.

Thus technology makes the world smaller in two ways. Firstly, we are more connected than ever before. Secondly, we have the potential to be more narrowly connected than ever before, to be sheltered from perspectives that are different to our own: the liberal left reads *The Guardian*, the right reads *The Telegraph*, quasi-facists watch Fox News and Iranian Government loyalists watch Press TV.

The internet is not just an open forum for the free exchange of ideas, as it is commonly purported to be – it is prone to segregation and intellectual partition that is all the more dangerous because it exists in a notionally open environment. It also allows us to join communities that differ vastly from those we inhabit; a rural sheep farmer in Wales can be part of a radical Sudanese anarchist movement. The benefits of this

are that we can transcend our circumstances and access people and ideas that we would not encounter otherwise. The potential harm is that we become detached from our immediate environment and the people in it and that we choose not to confront, or be confronted by, difficult views.

This represents a development in the dialectic between the view that our interests can be separated from our social context and the view that they cannot. The relation between our interests and our social context becomes increasingly symbiotic because we have more control over that social context and thus an enhanced ability to create ourselves.

Choice is on the up in almost every aspect of our lives and this is as it should be, given that promot-

The internet...is prone to segregation and intellectual partition that is all the more dangerous because it exists in a notionally open environment

ing the ability to choose has long been the aim of western political processes as choice is taken to be of vital importance to the big fish of liberal values, freedom. However, more choice entails not just more freedom but also more obligations. As our ability to control the way the world appears to us increases, so too does our obligation to exercise that control responsibly.

This involves recognising two important things. Firstly, that apparently global online communities can be intellectually localised and secondly, that this online localism



threatens to warp our view of the world. This is made all the more dangerous when that localism masquerades as globalism.

Individuals can combat this effect by doing more to expand their news sources and give greater consideration to the socio-political context of what they read and watch online. Organisations, particularly media organisations, can stop preaching to the converted and do more to challenge their readership. The increase in user-generated

content also bodes well for diversity within websites.

Whilst it will always be true that the internet is more pluralistic than the local pub, that pluralism is only beneficial if it is sought out and promoted. We have more control over our world than ever and consequently are ethically compelled to make that world inclusive.

JOE PITT RASHID EDITED VARSITY DURING
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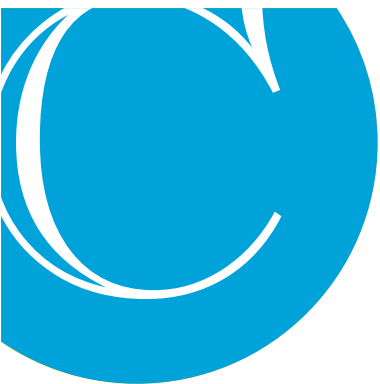
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CULTURE

From our John's Ball correspondent

Varsity get an immediate run down of the hotly awaited 500th anniversary edition of John's May Ball

22.06 A lot of walking to get to entrance and greeted with warm champagne. Strawberries good though – they give with one hand, take with the other.

22.20 Very tastefully done theme. Spacious, not feeling too packed. No fatty stuff. No coconut shies or any of that bullshit.

22.24 Alcohol extremely available and delicious. Food excellent and great variety. Drink more so.

22.37 Fireworks FANTASTIC. Not as long as Trinity's but better. Music great: themes from *Inception*, *Swan Lake*, and Beethoven 9. Spectacularly on time. Enhanced by background of 'puny efforts from Downing and Queens'.

23.06 Truly Medley Deeply absolutely nailed it. Mainly reflected on how I have wasted the last three years not watching them.

23.14 Having a great time with all the alumni around. Feel like they endorse it. Civilized. Nice.

23.20 Cannot think of any criticisms. Minus warm champagne.

00.29 Quote from one over-excited ball goer: "An infinitely better event than Trinity's May Ball". Going for main act. .

01.17 Big Boi is, frankly, hilarious. No one knows what's happening. There's a lot of two-finger-gun-toting by confused youths in black tie. Just seen girl who came top of NatSci tripos grinding on polo club captain.

01.18 I can't see people's enthusiasm for this lasting very long; it's wasted on them. Ball still great.

01.22 Surely as weird for him as it is for the crowd. Great opportunity to lap up the lovely food. He just called it "St John's University". The answer to his genius and knowing question "how many cool mother fuckers in the house tonight?" is, as he no doubt suspects, probably nine. Good bass.

01.24 Old OutKast numbers poorly rendered by him alone going well.

01.31 Are Big Boi's themes universal? Is St John's College culturally restrained? These questions being answered tonight.

01.34 Actually they're not. I refer to my earlier claim that no one knows what's happening.

02.14 Lolz



Having a ball

If you couldn't get a ticket or didn't get beyond the chocolate fountain and the chill out tent at last night's ball, get the green eyed monster at the ready and find out what you missed as Varsity reviewers bring you the coverage of the all the May Week revelry to date

St John's: 500th Anniversary

We queued from the back of Johns but were in so fast that any queue became a distant memory; possibly thanks to being met with champagne and strawberries but also thanks to the splendour of the sight that met us on entry. Taking the concept of the 500th anniversary to heart, the ball was themed to the tune of famous Johnian alumni with each court representing a different one of those the committee had chosen. There was Wordsworth court (of course); Lady Margaret Beaufort lending First Court a medieval mood with brightly coloured medieval shields and Manmohan Singh theming the main court and giving the perfect excuse to put on an array of Indian food more over the top than a Bollywood film. Wordsworth Court deserves a special mention for a particularly class act on the decor front with a gasp-worthy display of lit up lines of his poetry in swirled calligraphy

all over the walls. An entire bed planted with fake daffodils and grass showed that commitment to the theme spread well beyond the obvious into carefully considered detail; although what Wordsworth would have made of the replica of his beloved daffodils our delirious imaginations were too preoccupied to consider.

The fireworks, so often the talking point of the big balls, were sensational. Tuned up to Beethoven's Ninth, Swan Lake and hitting the finale to the Lion King, they hardly failed to draw a tear from even the stoniest of eyes. They were bigger and better than last year and almost definitely exploded all hyped up expectations.

To keep the ravaging masses happy, food abounded wherever the eye could see. Most popular perhaps, the American style John's burger bar with milkshakes on the backs (they certainly knew their customer base)

but nourishment ranged from treacle pudding to hog roast to the already mentioned delights of India. And the drink more than matched the quality of the solids.

A rave tent where new girl band CB3 kicked off the evening and played perfectly to the excited mood with a lot of anticipation leading up to the main headliner, Big Boi. Whilst he didn't blow any minds or expectations he put on a good enough show for already happy students. It was really Truly Medley Deeply who played earlier in the evening that got everyone going. A huge accolade to get the main stage at John's and one they utterly deserved, with crowd noisily voicing their appreciation in the call for encores.

Original entertainments were not hard to find either. Caricature artists added a nice touch and never before have I seen a fully blown display of horseback dressage at a ball; the four horses strutting their stuff in perfect rhythm (not dissimilar but perhaps more decorous than the behaviour of the revellers later in the night).

Yes, this was Johns and yes, it is

amazing every year. It certainly lived up to last years stellar performance, perhaps even edging to better it. The main criticism is a basic one: with a budget as large as it was rumoured to be, more

Sensational fireworks were certainly bigger and better than last year and almost definitely exploded all hyped up expectations

put into the necessary facilities would not have gone amiss. But with the focus very much on the college itself, there were more than 500 reasons why this ball deserves to be remembered in years to come. MAGGIE BROWNING

More from the high heels and low lifes of the Cambridge May Balls

Emmanuel: 'The Planets'

Travelling to space for 116 pounds – Emmanuel May Ball tried to make it possible. After the obligatory queuing, guests were welcomed into the Sun: sparkling wine and oysters were served in the New Court. Overhead fairy lighting gave the court a celestial touch, but it clearly lacked the blazing heat of the bright star due to the chillier outside temperatures.

The planets of our solar system were included in the design of the ball in more or less original ways: Mars was in the Main Hall, where the CU Amateur Boxing Club gave a show-fight. Venus was located in the Fellows' Garden, where vodka and absinthe were served, and a shisha tent was set up to 'lose yourself in Venus' thick atmosphere'. The Moon offered a casino and dancing classes, which was converted into a hugely popular Silent Disco at 2am, to show both its 'bright face' and 'the dark side'.

Other planet-attraction-matches were less winning: Why play mini golf and arcade games on Neptune? Saturn and swing boats? Comedy Shows in Halley's Comet? Unfortunately, therefore, the theme was easy to be forgotten in many parts of the ball – despite the tasteful decorations, which were not entirely sufficient to convert the large grounds of Emmanuel College into something resembling outer space – an ambitious project to say the least. Nevertheless Emmanuel College presented a May Ball of high quality which was appreciated by the guests. The main act, the French electro pop band 'Yelle' gave a well-attended, solid one-hour-gig. Several talented DJs made the bar into something between a club and a lounge and a pub, as only cider and ale was served. Six hours of comedy, including acts such as magician Matt Le Mottée, Unexpected Items ('Gap Yah') and Oxford Imps were well received by the guests.

Drinks and food were outstanding in their quality and variety: Freshly prepared pizza, doughnuts and crepes, moules-frites, sushi made queuing part of the May Ball experience. Instead of running out of food, though, the choices simply changed.

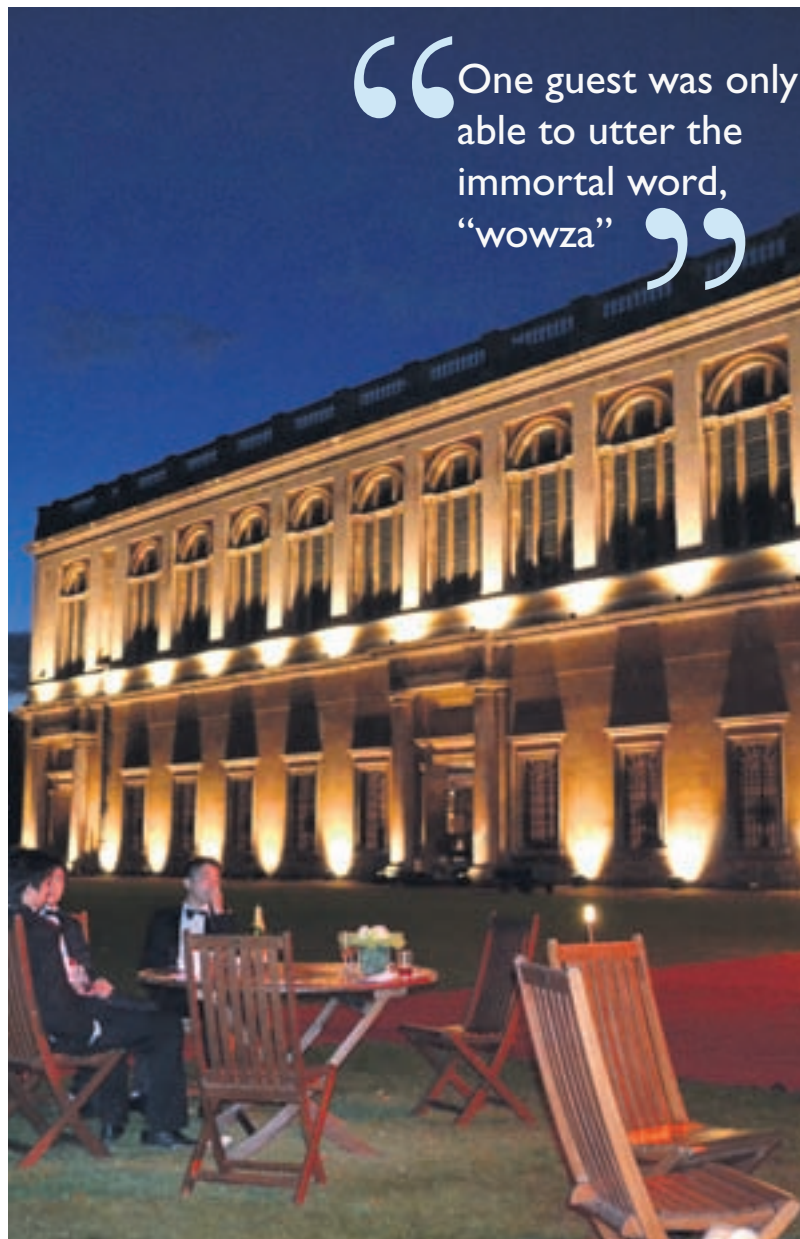
From the perspective of a guest, organisation seemed smooth. However, for a worker who spent four hours guarding a table of glasses of red wine and serving as a human doorstop, the

“Despite the well-chosen theme, the (maybe too?) spacious college grounds failed to convey the atmosphere of ‘outer space’”

May Ball seemed massively over-staffed. The half-on-half-off-system may be held responsible for this. Emmanuel May Ball attempted to become celestial, but in the end it firmly remained on earth – being in the grips of a 'traditional' May Ball programme with only a few surprises and glimmers of originality. Despite the well-chosen theme, the (maybe too?) spacious college grounds failed to convey the atmosphere of 'outer space'. The outstanding quality of food, drinks and entertainment showed that the Ball had a highly competent committee. If they had been more daring, they would have been able to create the atmosphere of truly being on another planet.

ANNA GOLDENBERG

Trinity: First and Third Boat Club Ball



“One guest was only able to utter the immortal word, ‘wowza’”

Quite simply, what one would expect a May Ball to be. After an inauspiciously rain-filled start to the night, the markedly improved queuing system ensured that no guests were deprived of the oysters and giddy excitement that marked the first few hours of the Ball. The fireworks, of course, were a highlight, with an inspired queuing system ensuring that every guest had an excellent view of the display. The (perhaps predictably chosen) 'O Fortuna' movement from Carmina Burana provided a suitable grandiose backdrop to the display, leaving one guest only able to utter the immortal word, "wowza", in reply. The unlimited Champagne, served from a giant ice-filled punt at one end of Neville's Court, was a postmodern choice of vintage, and at no point was the writer required to queue for his hourly fix. Alas, however, not all elements of the Ball could match the seriousness of the Champagne. The noisy, queue-filled food tent felt more like a gentrified Butlins than a sophisticated May Ball, and the delicatessen was so overrun with queues that the writer was not even able to access the chorizo and Manchego on offer. Another personal lowlight was the classical guitar playing of Joe Taylor in the OCR, not because of the playing itself, but because of a Boris Johnson doppelganger who fell asleep during the concert, snoring so loudly that Taylor's apoyando and vibrato playing was barely audible. Queuing for the toilets was as one would expect at a heavily-populated May Ball with a necessarily finite number of loos. Yet all this is nitpicking. If one were to ask a member of the public what a May Ball 'should' be, their answer would surely approximate what the Trinity committee achieved last night.

CALLUM HOLMES WILLIAMS

Hughes Hall: 'Around the World in Eighty Days'

If ever there was a ball to epitomise the best of Cambridge, it would be Hughes Hall's 'Around the World in 80 Days'. A fantastic night with fantastic people where the drinks were endless and the entertainment was spectacular.

The home-grown talent of Hughes Hall alone was perhaps one of the most impressive aspects of the ball. Beginning with the Poulenc Sextet featuring Hughesian Adam Powell and five of Cambridge's finest musicians from CUCO and CUJO, and followed by a band named The Maggie Wilemans which was made exclusively of Hughesians. Outsourced talent, band Moth Conspiracy and Cambridge Footlights put on great shows as well, and in retrospect at any given point there was a good live show to be seen.

Any seasoned Cambridge ball-goer would argue that the most important fundamental elements of a ball would have to be alcohol, food and a silent disco. Hughes excelled in keeping everyone gazebo'd and well fed whilst supplying them with two channels of silent discoing to boogie to. Catering



from Fagitos (Hughes' local late-night kebab shop) was served with a smile by the owner alongside traditional ball food and gin and tonics featured heavily throughout the ball, as did a variety of cocktails which could have kept you trying something different each drink.

Comparative reviews are quite worthless when you consider budget restraints, but were I to compare the Hughes ball to one such as Trinity

I would have to say that the aggressive rudeness of the Trinity May Ball Committee made 'Head Honcho' Amy Clifton and her committee outshine most as being attentive and diligent in making sure everyone had an experience which exceeded satisfaction.

A well deserved five stars to Hughes Hall whose ball, as always, proves that the college is truly made of Cambridge's finest. COURTNEY WILKINSON



FOR MORE BALL REVIEWS AND THE REST OF THE WEEK'S NEWS
CHECK OUT www.varsity.co.uk



Clare: 'Curioser and Curioser'

Standing at the bank at dawn, champagne glass in hand and the sounds of the string quartet echoing through from the Master's Garden, we wondered whether the V-formation of ducks which sailed under the bridge were themselves cued by Clare Ball's Wildlife Co-Ordinator, so smoothly had the night run thus far. In fact, the weather seemed to be the only thing against Clare last night; guests queued in the rain before the gates opened, and yet in keeping with the ball's Alice in Wonderland 'Curioser and Curioser' theme, heart-shaped

Ms Dynamite and Tinchy Stryder raised the roof with what felt like the whole of Cambridge shouting 'Miss Dynami-TEE-EE'

lollies were handed out and we were distracted from the drizzle by the pack-of-cards-style entertainers who performed up and down the queue.

Once in, Clare kept to its tradition of mesmerising guests with its lighting and décor, and the theme was instantly apparent from the spinning teacups fairground ride, the stilt-walking Queen of Hearts and the White Rabbit himself who would occasionally scamper through Old Court for a well-timed photo.

Entertainment-wise, Clare was not to be outdone by its rival ball further up the river: Fitz Swing played in tremendous force in the Great Hall on arrival, with old favourites Ellafunks, Fitz Barbershop, and of course the home grown Truly Medley Deeply making their own very popular appearances later in the night. Cross to the Main Stage and Ms Dynamite and Tinchy Stryder raised the roof with what felt like the whole of Cambridge shouting 'Miss Dynami-TEE-EE', followed by a backlog of Tinchy hits to successfully recreate indie's p laylist. Escaping from the crush, we toured the ball norms (casino, comedy tent, silent disco, swing chairs) before choosing from the array of foods on offer. Here, Clare tackled the queue problem by offering niche foods in tucked-away areas alongside the more typical barbeques and Thai curries: cupcakes with 'eat me!' signs stood in pyramids in the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, whilst popcorn and fairground sweets lined the path beyond the bridge.

Clare May Ball delivered on all fronts, and yet both its highlight and low point (the weather) were outside of its control: for me the most memorable moment was the Trinity fireworks which lit up the sky at midnight. However, clever ball planning (and fantastically fortuitous timing on our part) enabled guests to be punted down the river for a VIP glimpse of the light show, leaving us with the feeling that one ticket bought us the best of both balls. Clare promised us the fantastical world of Alice's wonderland; although we may have found in hinterland with Trinity, there was wonder enough onshore to keep us delighted and enthralled. KATE PARKER

Downing: 'Olympus'

When it comes to reviewing a ball, there are the standard things to talk about; chocolate fountains, coconut shies, champagne and cloisters. Downing may have had the champagne but what it lacked in fountains and cloisters it made up for in divine toga clad male models who could feed you grapes on demand, fireworks to rival Johns (not an unfounded comparison, we could see theirs beyond ours) and some fabulous music; not least The Craig Charles Funk and Soul Club, quite simply the best thing I have ever danced to at a May Ball (a big claim I am fully aware). Darwin deez also had the crowd bopping away, and to be honest, they were pretty easy on the eye too – almost competition for all those models. The usual chill out tent was an Olympian godsend and films like Spartacus and Gladiator keeping the epic mood going for those not so keen on dancing the night away.

The drinks flowed like nectar, the food was ambrosia to your average undergrad and the gods, well, I guess we all felt like gods and goddesses. We barely had to queue to satiate a single whim whether it was for candy floss, kebabs, truffles or the immense sweet shop that kept our sugar levels and our spirits on a high. If there is one criticism to be made, and at risk of sounding spoilt, they played it pretty safe with the cocktails. That really is scraping the barrel though as there is so little to say against the titanic efforts that had been made to put on a spectacular May Week night.

If a college was ever designed for a ball, it has to have been Downing: it almost seems as if William Wilkins had the whole concept in mind when he came up with the design. Ivy was draped over the colonnades and candles glowed from all corners.



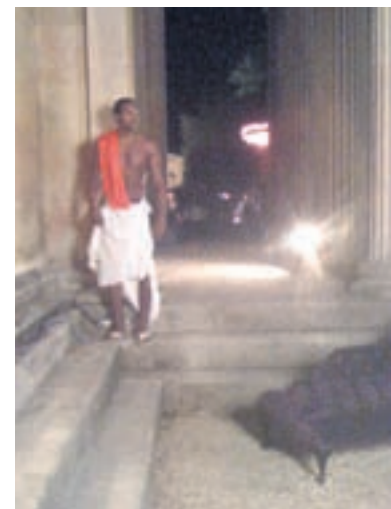
What it lacked in fountains and cloisters it made up for in divine toga clad male models, fireworks to rival Johns and some fabulous music

The decor committee had truly used Downing to its full potential with every surface covered in some kind of immortal opulence. It's an unthinkable shame that in fact the whole thing

was mortally created and will have to disappear tomorrow.

Chase and Status were an obvious crowd pleaser, and Gabby Young and Other Animals provided us with the gypsy swing us young Olympians crave these days. Once we had boogied until our toes hurt there were ballet pumps available for the girls to relieve high heel sores and a spa for all to relieve any other areas needing ease. Upbeat tunes from The Lady Gaga Experience and Fat Poppa Daddy drew everyone back onto the dance-floor and kept the feet working into the hours of the early morning.

Perhaps the Downing Ball committee were simply lucky to have hit on a brilliant theme but whatever the reason it was all in all it was a fantastic ball and one that Aeneid would no doubt have loved to write about. Shame he died before the party really



started.
LARA PRENDERGAST

Robinson: 'Guardians of the Realm'



The theme of Guardians of the Realm suited Robinson perfectly, with the ever-present red bricks working beautifully as a medieval castle. The horrendous rain of the early evening threatened to dampen everyone's enthusiasm but being England umbrellas were produced

King Charles was one of the more divisive acts of the night... some declared he looked like a stoned Jonny Depp

and everything proceeded as normal, albeit slightly damper and muddier. The dining option was fantastic and a thoroughly enjoyable meal, but for those going without there was a surplus of other food and drink all of which lasted to the early morning without queues or shortages. The sheer volume of entertainment on offer was impressive, and the dodgems, laser quest, silent disco, pampering

spa and salsa lessons kept everyone entertained well into the earlier hours of the morning.

The live acts however were the real draw. King Charles was perhaps one of the more divisive acts of the night -- the majority of the gathered crowd loving his eccentric performance style, while others declared he looked like a stoned Jonny Depp. He also provided one of the more unintentionally hilarious moments of the evening, proving that although Cambridge students may like the idea of stage jumping there is no guarantee they will actually catch you.

Seann Walsh proved the perfect lead for the comedy stage excelling most when he strayed from his routine and improvised on the spot. The only slight issue was his timetabling which meant he overlapped with both Gentleman's Dub Club and King Charles on the main stage forcing people to choose between the two acts. However, this was testament to the standard of all the acts, as there was more to do throughout the whole ball than there was time free. Truly Medley Deeply and Ellaphunks also packed out the main stage for the rest of the evening.

Overall it was a wonderful ball, well planned by the committee and thoroughly enjoyed by all the guests. ALICE UDALE-SMITH



Don't Make Plans



Antonia and Maddie spend Suicide Sunday in summer prints, faded denim and button-up shirts. Photographed in and around Mill Road.

Clockwise from top: Black shirt and shorts VINTAGE; White shirt AMERICAN APPAREL; Shorts KATHARINE HAMNETT. T-shirt CALVIN KLEIN; Patchwork skirt AWESOME LONDON; White socks MARKS AND SPENCER; Shoes DR MARTENS; Shirt, HENRI LLOYD; Skirt AGNES B; Black socks MARKS AND SPENCER; Sandals VINTAGE. Shirt HENRI LLOYD; Skirt ARIZONA JEANS; Shirt VINTAGE; Skirt TOPSHOP; Shoes and socks as before. T-shirt and skirt VINTAGE; Vest GITANO; Skirt ROLDAN.



Clockwise from top right: *T-shirt* GUESS; *Jeans* MOSCHINO. *Shirt*, AMERICAN APPAREL; *Dress* COS. *Black vest*, UNITED COLOURS OF BENNETON; *White vest* (worn underneath) COS; *Skirt* AGNES B. *Dress*, VIVIENNE WESTWOOD. *Blouse* AMERICAN APPAREL; *Suede trousers* COS. *Dress* COS.

Photographed and Styled by **Louise Benson**

Dancing into Chaos

Beyond the dress code, Cambridge May Balls bear little resemblance to the formal dances of antiquity. **Suzanne Burlton** asks if we truly need to dance on tradition's grave to have a good time

We all know that John's May Ball is the seventh best party in the world. The reason that I bring it up yet again is not to argue about the statement itself, but to draw attention to the indistinction between 'ball' and 'party'. Although we call them balls, sometimes our May Week extravaganzas bear more resemblance to a festival, with music tents, industrial quantities of food and drink and no organised entertainment.

Compare the Vienna Opera Ball, one of the most famous and most elegant in the world. To be admitted, you must dance the Viennese Waltz perfectly and be dressed impeccably. You have to audition to be a debutante and the sartorial codes are exacting. May Balls are far more lax, with knee-length dresses being accepted at white tie balls. Imagine!

Anyone who has read Jane Austen will know that a real ball is where you go to see and be seen. Scoping out potential dance partners is the highlight of the evening, and is much more formal and ritualised than a quick snog behind the hamburger van. Balls used to be organised occasions that one attended with a particular social purpose, or at the very least out of obligation to the host. Here, Hedonism is the only agenda. The aim is to get totally trashed, left only with a vague sense

that you had an amazing time.

Hunt balls (given by country sports societies) embody the same spirit of joyous destruction, but are much more communal affairs. Food fights and smashed crockery are the norm, and they usually end with a disco, so all the girls can hitch up their hyper-expensive gowns and rave. In this way they are comparable with our own perverted take on the 'ball'. There is no sophisticated music for everyone to listen to, no dances that you have to learn beforehand and no social rules that one must follow. It's just a party in posh clothes.

But what has driven society away from the classic balls and into the entirely commonplace 'party'? Perhaps it is a case of appealing to the lowest common denominator. Those with less refined tastes will be put off if they think they have to learn how to foxtrot, but anyone can turn up and drink cheap vodka cocktails – it doesn't take any special knowledge or effort. Should we really abandon traditional balls just because they demand more organisation?

The corruption is very recent – even in 1966, Truman Capote had his famous Masquerade Ball – but it is not universal, as the grand balls of the Venice Carnevale prove. Nevertheless it is rare to find balls hosted by anyone other than the rich and famous – the rich are discreet, because they still know how to

celebrate in style.

To go to a stately event is to, in some ways, live a dream for a night. White tie and champagne may not be who you are ordinarily, but who wants to be one person all the time? People often have extravagant weddings because every girl wants to be a princess for a day. Why not go to a ball and be a royal or celebrity for a night, dancing into the wee hours and being whirled around the floor by queues of handsome young men? Organisers think that they have to appeal to everyone all the time. It is surely better to corner a market by creating a truly magical evening, in which one can live as we imagine aristocrats once lived, than to spend yet another event just getting wasted.

Balls, in their true and traditional sense, are not elitist. Not Cambridge ones, anyway, because everyone has a chance to buy a ticket. Classes could be held for the dances and an etiquette guide sent out with the tickets. Lack of knowledge need not be a barrier if people are eager to learn.

Bring back proper balls, then. Let us have our night of refined decadence. Let us pretend to be someone else for a night, someone more glamorous and more exciting. Let us behave 'properly' and have fun doing it. For tomorrow we die, or at least get our exam results.

Real World, Real Balls?

The most exclusive events outside the bubble...

Truman Capote's Black and White Ball

To celebrate his success, Truman Capote decided to throw an extravagant masked ball – but for only five hundred people. There were many who were left out, and on the night this led to some ugly comments made by all parties. "What a catastrophe!" remarked one onlooker. Anyone not famous was ignored and derided by the media swarm which assembled outside the venue, leading to cattiness within the ranks of the assembled guests as they vied to be the most revered. It was filmed, which meant that the uninvited could see exactly who was there – and there were multiple gatecrashers including one young woman who "just wanted to see what it was like".

Duchess of Richmond's Ball

The night before the battle of Quatre Bras, the Duchess of Richmond held a ball in Brussels at which was seen almost all of Wellington's generals. They had such curios as highland dancers, and everyone was in good spirits. However, during the sumptuous affair, the French crossed the border and Wellington was informed. He went into a side-room and, frowning, remarked that he supposed that he would have to fight Bonaparte at Waterloo instead. Some officers left to prepare for battle, but some elected to remain and stayed so long that they did not time to change and had to fight the next day in evening clothes.



Paris Hunt Ball

Hunt balls are famously rowdy. But one hunt, who shall remain nameless, took it too far when they were banned from their proposed venue. They tried to find another in the local area, but word had spread and they were soon refused from every possible space in the county. Looking further afield, they found that nowhere in England would have them! Huntsmen need their balls, however, and they resolved to go to the nearest place that hadn't heard of them – Paris. The evening was a success, although I understand that they only had to migrate so far once.

Met Ball

Anyone who knows anything about modern balls will know that this is the place to go. With invitations issued by Anna Wintour herself, the Met Ball is all about what you wear. Some creations, like Christina Ricci's cobweb number from this year's ball, invite such harsh criticism as "Why did she even leave the house?" and every magazine worth its salt will be running a big feature on the best and worst dressed. Walking the red carpet is like strolling faux-nonchalantly through a piranha-infested stream, with the journalists ready to rip you to shreds.



THE PURSUIT OF 'LADDISM'

Robert Mindell

As I gaze despairingly out of my window a further hoard of blazer clad 'lads', their shirts adorned with an enticing mix of vomit, red-cherry VKs and incomprehensible fluorescent slogans, their necks festooned with ties depicting the vile and atavistic cults to which they belong, flit across and pollute what would otherwise be an idyllic cloistered vista on a Sunday afternoon. As the sun sets on yet another bastard pilgrimage to 'laddism' (Suicide Sunday) I am consumed by pity, revulsion, and loathing, but also the longing for understanding. For too long conceptualisations and explanations of 'lad' and its attendant means of expression 'laddism', have suffered from a peculiar narrowness of focus. In this piece I seek to problematise monolithic conceptualisations of these terms by highlighting the myriad and oft-neglected lad-paradigms that fall under the umbrella term of 'laddism'. three main schools are as follows:

Classical Laddism:

Adapting the definition proposed by the Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English, this constitutes the laymen's understanding of the 'attitudes and behaviour of some young men in Britain, who drink a lot of alcohol, and are mainly interested in sport, sex, and music'. Proponents of this school are characterised by their excessive use of 'banter', their penchant for a 'donna', often priding themselves on their ability to imbibe copious volumes of poor vintage wine and other forms of 'lad-juice'. Social ties between self-fashioned lads are cultivated through an oral tradition which recounts misogynistic and at times homo-erotic sexual escapades or sporting 'triumphs'. Peculiar to Cambridge, classical lads form primitive 'societies' which to the outsider may appear to serve no other purpose than constituting a public sphere in which to indulge primitive and debasing urges. However, for 'lads' these imagined communities provide a ready-made fraternal network (important for the otherwise socially challenged) that brings them into contact with females, enabling them to maintain the fantasy that they are socially successful 'massive lads'.

Neo-Laddism:

Neo-Laddism is not so much a cohesive ideology as it is a particular way of looking upon the lad universe. Neo-Lads embrace much of the social trappings of lad culture, enjoying its attendant hedonism with regard to women, alcohol, and sporting success, yet eschewing the most debasing and archaic features associated with Classical Laddism. Whilst Classical Lads lack the social confidence to attend a nightclub without a fancy-dress costume (e.g. Chicken outfits, morph-suits, neon Spandex) Neo-Lads feel comfortable enough to simply 'wear a nice shirt'. Whilst a Classical Lad will feel the need to draw attention to his ability to funnel a particularly 'manly' spirit like VK, Neo-Lads will observe this tortured spectacle from the comfort of a bar-stool usually clasping a glass of whisky or any alternate drink which can be consumed purely for its own enjoyment.

Anti-Laddism:

Anti-Lads are a broad church defined by the forces against which they rally. They vehemently reject all things associated with Laddism, including its ideological tenants and socio-cultural expressions. Anti-Lads take a principled stand against lad societies, swaps, binge drinking and fancy-dress. Anti-Lad unions have since 1996 been at the forefront of the boycott movement against the venerable institutions of lad culture, the Mahal, Revs, Cindie's. On Suicide Sunday, Anti-Lads have been known to vacate Cambridge altogether, seeking asylum in far off lad-free lands like Madingley and Grantchester. In its most extreme manifestations, Anti-Laddism can involve subverting the lad status quo via 'Terrorladdism'. Terrorladdists often act in small cells. Their actions include attempting to publicly humiliate lads on CUTV, stealing lad paraphernalia such as ties, hats, and bugles, and informing porters or policeman of lad misdemeanours.

Monarchic-Laddism:

A way of organising and governing primitive lad societies. Monarchic-Laddists can be identified by their unyielding subservience to, and adoration for, he who is crowned 'King of the Lads'. Most Cambridge societies are governed by a liberal-lad compromise, where succession to Kingship is neither hereditary nor democratic, but decided by a council of 'lad-elders' based loosely upon the subjective criteria relating to whom is considered to be the 'biggest lad'.

Post-Laddism:

A nascent paradigm that would benefit from some research and PHD theses. Broadly construed: Post-Laddists do not necessarily reject the fruits of Laddism, but reject the meta-narrative implied by Classical Laddism maintaining that lad realities and aims are fluid social constructs subject to changes in time, geography, and power structures.

State-Laddism:

Where Laddism is co-opted by the state. For an example of the successful way in which Laddism has been used as a tool to renovate the image of a political leader, see Silvio Berlusconi (Conversely Bill Clinton's attempts were less successful).

Free-Market Laddism:

Free-Market Laddism, most usually evinced in Classical Laddism, is a phenomenon of competition (normally physical) between Lads, making use of a common currency (usually 'lad points') to reward success in the lad marketplace.

Neo-Colonial Laddism:

This virulent strand of laddism often contains a xenophobic thread. In Cambridge Neo-Colonial Lads arrive sporadically as aliens (usually from more 'laddish' yet less prestigious universities like Nottingham, Leeds or Manchester) to occupy, exploit and undermine indigenous lad culture, through their display of superior drinking, sporting and chaos raising abilities. Whilst most logical observers remain unimpressed by their primordial binges which are facilitated by lack of a weekly essay, indigenous lads seem overawed by their displays, willingly subjugating themselves so as to act as conduits to the exploitation of Cambridge restaurants, bars and clubs by the less intelligent but more laddish lads.

And finally, there is a schism running through lad-studies at present: the debate over when laddism attained hegemony as a socio-political phenomenon.

Modernists:

Modernists, whom themselves are often anti-lads, maintain that laddism is an invented construct, a necessary corollary of 'modernism'. For modernists, Laddism created lads, and neither has any precedent before the French Revolution of 1789. They explain the growing strength of contemporary laddism as a consequence of the exponential growth of the public sphere brought on by the rise of social networking.

Primordialladdists:

Primordialladdists, maintain that laddism is an essential part of human nature and existence. Most Primordialladdists are themselves lads, believing that laddism is an inevitable and natural expression of society that has been present throughout history. For Primordialladdists, examples of laddism can be discerned far detached from our own modernity. Some theorists have highlighted 'biblical laddism' in the guise of David versus Goliath, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and even Moses. Others have highlighted Plato as the archetype of the modern lad.

Ethno-Symboladdists:

Ethno-Symboladdists have sought to breach the divide between the two competing schools mentioned above. They stress that whilst laddism is a modern phenomena with no real precedent prior to 1789, that modern laddists manipulated and deployed a pre-existent nexus of lad symbols with a history stretching back into antiquity.

So next Suicide Sunday, when you tiptoe through cobbled streets running with urine and vomit, past inebriated and unconscious young men, you can now direct your pejorative epithets with a little more accuracy

.....THEN ON TO LIFE!

THE MAYS XIX

GUEST EDITED BY:



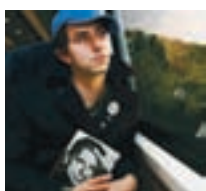
POETRY

JARVIS COCKER is a musician, actor, radio DJ, documentary film maker and poet. He also played Petey in Wes Anderson's *Fantastic Mr Fox*.



PROSE

RICHARD MILWARD is the author of two novels, *Apples* (2007) and *Ten Story Love Song* (2009), both of which were published by Faber and Faber.



VISUAL ARTS

PAUL SMITH is best known as the voice of New-castle band Maximo Park. But more than this, he was once an art teacher and released his first book of photography 'Thinking in Pictures' last year, alongside his debut solo album, *Margins*.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEW STUDENT WRITING

FROM OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

OUT EIGHTH WEEK 2011

For launch party and further info: <http://mays.varsity.co.uk>

The Darling Bud of Mays

With the annual anthology of Oxbridge student writing being launched on Thursday, **Philip Maughan** delves into its history and explains how this year's Mays has been pulled into the present

For those who don't know, The Mays is an anthology of short stories, poetry and visual arts from students at Cambridge and Oxford, published annually in May Week. Or as they ludicrously call it in Oxford, June.

The Mays was first devised by Peter Ho Davies, Adrian Woolfson and Rob Dimant, who decided that since Granta had become massive sell-outs and upped sticks, Cambridge needed a new platform for its best student writers. To bridge the gap between angst-ridden limericks about girls on bikes and the world of professional authorship, they envisioned a carefully selected, well-designed, properly printed book that would grab the attention of the reading public and give young writers a leg-up.

For the last nineteen years, its editors have torn their hair out trying to keep this dream alive, but more recently, The Mays has really come into its own. Design has become an increasingly central part of the anthology, spurred on by the addition in 2008 of a visual arts section, and as of last year, a visual arts guest editor. What's more, the anthology has become bigger, sleeker and has been making waves in all sorts of unlikely places.

Each year student editors hunt out

selections and introductory prefaces from 'celebrity' guest editors. This impressive list ranges from Cambridge regulars Stephen Fry, J.H. Prynne and Zadie Smith (whose career took off after being published in The Mays), to figures from further afield, such as punk-poet Patti Smith, novelist Philip Pullman and the august Seamus Heaney.

From getting the job last Michaelmas, my co-editor and I intended to keep the anthology as open and accessible as possible. We had no interest in hyper-modernist psycho-babble coterie publication, nor had we time for Romantic ballads on the beauty of Jesus green. We wanted The Mays to be a platform for the diverse stories circulating through the international, multi-talented undergraduate and post-graduate population. Thankfully, that's exactly what we got.

We had around 800 individual submissions, which we numbered and set before our editorial committees and hard-won guest editors: Jarvis Cocker, Paul Smith and Richard Milward. Just in case you don't know who they are, Paul Smith sings for indie-pop superstars Maximo Park, but was once an art teacher and has published a book of photography himself. Richard Milward is a much-loved Faber author whose novels *Apples* (2007) and *Ten Story Love Song* (2009) have both

been smash hits. Finally, Jarvis is, well, he's Jarvis Cocker. Frontman to Pulp, 6Music DJ, poet, artist, and the one man who stood up to Michael Jackson's historic ego and lived to tell the tale. Our editors were chosen to send a message: The Mays is about youth, about creativity, and about making something colourful and new.

This year we tried our hardest to bring The Mays, much like Varsity, kicking and screaming into the present. We held a poetry competition on twitter, a short film competition using mobile phones, set up a blog and designed everything electronically, without so much as a whiff of led or paint. But the digital world is unpredictable and we're only really teething online, so this May Week, we return to the world of physical matter with 150 pages of beautifully bound stories, poems and artwork from the best writers, selected 100% anonymously for your delectation.

Join us for a tippie and to listen to readings by our authors this Thursday, 5pm, in Sidney Sussex Gardens. Otherwise, find us online at: <http://varsity.mays.co.uk> and if you're still here next year, be sure to get involved in the twentieth birthday edition of Cambridge's best and longest running student anthology.

PHILIP MAUGHAN IS EDITOR OF THE MAYS 2011

Under Cam's Bridge

From seductive ankles to dubious tours, punters have always found ingenious methods of filling their boats. **Anna Souter** reflects on the continuing attraction of Cambridge's most quintessential experience

Punting. The very word brings to mind images of summer evenings, blazers, Pimms and strawberries; the quintessence of Cambridge. The reality is often somewhat less dignified than this idyllic picture suggests. Venturing onto the Cam often involves swerving into the banks, getting splashed by a passing paddle and narrowly avoiding boatloads of tourists.

Nevertheless, there is something wonderful about engaging in an activity so ostentatiously pointless. When the exam pressure has disappeared, and you find yourself in the rare position of having nothing to do in Cambridge, what better to do than precisely that – nothing? For some, however, punting is a job; I headed down to King's Parade to get the punters side of the story.

We've all heard guides telling some outrageous lies to tourists. Gullible sightseers are often fed the line that the so-called Mathematical Bridge in Queens was built by Sir Isaac Newton, without any nuts and bolts; the ones you see today were purportedly added by students who dismantled the bridge and were unable to reassemble it without them. In reality, however, Newton died 22 years before the bridge was built.

The guides themselves, as I discovered, aren't particularly keen to admit that they twist the truth occasionally. 'We like to stick to the facts', said one, 'the bridge was built by Etheridge, wasn't it?'

looking quickly to a colleague for confirmation. 'Newton has his own reputation, we don't really need to embellish it'; they seem worried about 'revealing trade secrets to the press'.

Surely, though, there must be a few stock lines? 'A lot of guys do use the

“There is something wonderful about engaging in an activity so ostentatiously pointless”

Harry Potter one,' he concedes, 'but personally I don't think it's that much of a selling point. It's also amazing,' he adds, 'how many tourists get out of the punt at the end, and ask "so, which one was Cambridge University?" I think something gets lost in translation.'

Punts were originally used in the Middle Ages to navigate shallow waters. The Edwardians, however, turned the boats into pleasure crafts, bedecking them with cushions, parasols and champagne. Soon after punting became an Oxbridge standard, Cambridge students made the practice their own, standing on the raised deck of the boat, unlike their

Oxonian counterparts, who punt from within the safety of the bow. It is rumoured that this variation was initiated by the women of Girton College, in an attempt to show off their shapely ankles.

Cambridge punters are, admittedly, at a higher risk of falling in, but the danger is counteracted by the fact that it is much easier to punt on the Cam than the Cherwell; the water is shallower and there are fewer trees to negotiate. Until recently, river-goers in Oxford would have made their way past 'Parson's Pleasure', a favourite nude sunbathing spot for Oxford dons. The view along the Backs, on the other hand, provides some of the most beautiful scenery for any ++journey in England, and the punter gets a view of the colleges which the pedestrian tourist is deprived of.

This May Week, then, take to the river as part of the perfect hangover cure; revel in the pure laziness that the Cam and its sliding reflections evoke. Spare a thought for the professional punters, and maybe take a few tips from them. But don't worry too much when your punt ends up poleless and drifting in the middle of the river; as one guide told me, 'you've been working hard, you're allowed to have some fun!'



IMAGE BY PETER SEJERSEN VIA FLICKR/CREATIVE COMMONS

Stay-cate this Summer

Whether it is the carbon cost of air travel, a fear of foreign languages, or a nagging uncertainty as to the whereabouts of your passport, there are great reasons to holiday in the UK this summer. **Anna Sheinman** shares her top three destinations to suit all budgets:

Back to Nature in Snowdonia National Park

Price: £

After a busy term and an expensive May Week, you can be forgiven for wanting to keep things simple. The tiny village of Dinas Mawddwy in Snowdonia National Park is your chance to do just that. One of the many supposed sites of King Arthur's death, there is now a post office, The Red Lion pub, and as many rolling Welsh hills as you could want.

Cheap, no frills campsites abound. Once pitched, less experienced walkers can try routes from the excellent Snowdonia National Park website, but for the more adventurous there are plenty of Hewitts (mountains over 2,000 feet) to bag in the area. Aran Fawddwy, meaning 'place of the spreading waters' is Wales's 2nd highest mountain, and the expansive, craggy views from the summit are particularly satisfying, as is the regaining of mobile phone signal half way up.

There are no shops, so bring food, but basics can be sourced from the local garage, and The Red Lion does decent pub meals and an excellent pint. To mix it up a bit, hit the road. To the north is Bala Lake and watersports to the west is Barmouth and the Welsh seaside, and back on the border Powis Castle makes a rewarding final hill to climb before heading home.



Party People in Newcastle

Price: ££

If drinking and dancing is more your thing, Newcastle is cheaper than London and more navigable than Leeds or Manchester, but still has plenty to keep you and your friends busy for a few days partying. The seriously central new Euro hostel is getting rave reviews, but only ten minutes' walk away The Cumberland Arms (does £60 a night doubles, breakfast till 1pm, and the pub serves fish-fingers and sandwiches. The Ouseburn Valley is packed with pubs that do a great pint, try The Cluny or The Tyne Bar. More upmarket, Alvin's is sophisticated but not pretentious, and has continental beers and lovely roof terrace.

Once sozzled, on weekends downstairs at The Head of Steam Pub is free entry, has great DJs and a packed dance floor. World Headquarters is the last word on alternative music, if there is a big dubstep act in town that is where they will be. Heaton's scaffolds sooth any hangover, I suggest paninis at La Fiesta, which does the best coffee in town, or pots of tea and board games at Heaton Park. For the perkier, The Baltic Museum and the newly refurbished Tyne Cinema will not disappoint. Pick up The Crack for monthly listings.

Love Nest on the Suffolk Coast

Price: £££

If there's a little more cash to splash, and someone special to spend it with, the Suffolk Coast is where English charm goes upper-middle class. Southwold, otherwise known as Hampstead-on-Sea, is famed for its candy-striped beach huts, and the surrounding countryside is peppered with luxury B&Bs like the oak-beamed Stables at Henham Park, and cottage storent (try Acanthus) or Suffolk Cottage Holidays. After a bracing walk on Southwold beach (heads south to Walberswick to spot celebrities like Richard Curtis and Jill Freud) seafood consumption is imperative. Homes smoked salmon at the multi-award winning Butley Orford Oysterage is sublime, as is the fish and chips by Halesworth library. Pop opposite to Gladrag's Vintage and try on 20s fur coats and 30s trilbies whilst digesting. A afternoon tour of the Adnams brewery is the perfect excuse to pick up a bottle of Southwold Bitter. For the culturally inclined, the August Snape Proms are world class and The Southwold Theatre is surprisingly professional, or you can snuggle up to a classic movie in the restored 1912 Electric Picture Palace in Southwold.



Forget all that hassle over balloting before we can even remember what summer is in January, now **Wimbledon** can be watched in **3D** from the comfort of your home sofa

End of term may mean it's time for May Week but beyond that something fundamentally important: goodbye hall food, hello **home cooking**

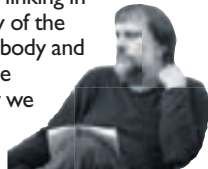


Safely away from the library, revision notes and supervisions (supervisions? what are they?) long forgotten, now there is simply no excuse not to indulge in the need for **trashy literature** and delve into our long awaited Jilly Cooper collections and all those back issues of Nuts/Heat (delete as appropriate)



Slavoj Zizek may have been dubbed "the world's hippest philosopher" but Vg/Vb is undecided as to what his newly struck up friendship with **Lady Gaga** will do for his street cred in any

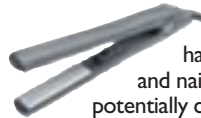
circles. At least someone can explain her costume though. The meat dress? "It shows the consistent linking in the oppressive imaginary of the patriarchy of the female body and meat, of animality and the feminine." Oh yeah, now we get it.



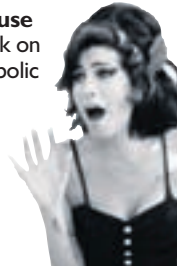
Not only are we having to brave **ball queues** in the rain, not getting there early enough means a hundred Trinny and Susannah's are judging the clothes on the long (cat)walk to the end of the queue



All this severe grooming is damaging our health. The US government claims hair straighteners and nail polish contain potentially cancer causing chemicals. Embrace the frizz.



The **Amy Winehouse** calamity show is back on the road. One shambolic 'comeback' and a cancelled tour later, don't you think it might be time to step out of the spotlight?



Window to the past

Take a lazy stroll through the *Varsity* archives.

Below are articles from May Week issues from the past 60 years.

Last letter from Round Church Street

Dear Varsity, I've got a few things to say, and I want to get them off my chest.

That's right, nothing. Nothing at all.

Eastern Europe
While you inspired, similar journalists drove on, I'm launching a campaign to bring the changes in Eastern Europe here, to Cambridge, to roast. My parents have called their dog Victor - now there's commitment.

Muffin
It's all very well to just sit back and have a cup of tea and a muffin and sit back and read your Varsity, but what's in it? Nothing about Eastern Europe, nothing about global politics.

Profound
All over the world, there's profound changes taking place in Eastern Europe, and the birth of democracy is being heralded from Kazakhstan to Bucharest, Istanbul to Kazakhstan.

Whinging
What I'm writing to say is, Varsity is full of students whinging about loans and politics, even and loans, CUSU and politics. I should tell.

Heroic
And while these heroic changes are taking place all over the world, what are we doing here in Cambridge?

Platitudes
I hope you come to print platitudes and I remain, your humble servant etc.

Ben Leapman, Round Church St

1989-90. Letter referring to the end of the cold war.

Dicks seize S.P.

THE Senior Proctor and a Newnham mathematics don were each fined £5 with forty shillings costs at the City Magistrates Court on Tuesday. It was stated in evidence that they were found "rolling along Trinity Street arm-in-arm" at 1.40 a.m. on Sunday, singing the Internationale and another song described as "a variant on John Brown's Body."

When cautioned by a sergeant, it was alleged, the Senior Proctor asked if he was a member of the University, and then claimed to be the Messiah.

1951-52

Night climbers leave trade mark



THIS outsize Vim container appeared above Fen Court, Peterhouse in the small hours of last Saturday. Everyone appeared to be happy with the innovation; the Porters thought it was too good to be taken down, one of the Tutors commented: "How very suitable," and tourists are delighted with the story that Vim are paying Peterhouse £1,000 a year to keep it there.

1954-55

How much has Cambridge changed since the second world war? We sometimes get the impression that the undergraduates of the fifties were a sober lot but it is a misleading impression. John Davidson was a student here from 1953-1957, reading classics and medieval English. Next year he intends to go into residence at Trinity to do an LLB. Here he recalls some of the events of twenty-five years ago, and compares Cambridge then and now.

"The atmosphere in Cambridge today is much more free and easy... colleges used to be shut at ten o'clock, and you had to knock to be let in from ten till twelve. All the guests had to be out by twelve... there were no college bars, and you had to wear gowns in the evening. If you weren't wearing a gown and the proctors saw you they'd come and ask for your name and college, and the classic reply was "Bunch of Calus."

"There were no discotheques in those days, although there was a jazz club, so it was the done thing to go to tea-dances at the Dorothy, or coffee dances; it was very much the undergraduate place, very polite.

What were town-gown relations like? "Not too bad; there didn't seem to be the frictions that exist today, but possibly it was just more cap-in-hand. Of course protests and demos were very much a rarity: the first one really was over Suez in 1956.

"The University was completely split, and split outside party political lines... it was more or less the liberal minded versus the reactionaries. There was a left-wing in Cambridge but it wasn't very active, in fact it was almost the other way round. I remember a terrible incident in Trinity where a reception was being held for some Arabs. Some Pitt-club types threw a petrol bomb in the window; the crowd inside rushed out and beat up someone who just happened to be walking by, thinking he was the culprit. At a debate in the Union people tried to get hosepipe into the chamber. Suez really affected people, even theatrical types and there was a huge demo about it on Parker's Piece. People are much more politically aware nowadays. In the fifties there was more trouble on the night before Guy Fawkes night. People used to run riot and the proctors and bulldogs were all out in force. I actually got sent home on one occasion even though I wasn't doing anything.

"Things were quite lively at the theatre too. There used to be this place called the new New Theatre where ex-Ensa people would do this drag revue called 'Kiss me Goodnight Sergeant-Major.' I never went to see it. But the thing lots of undergraduates did go to see were the nude revues. They were corny variety shows with naked women standing in the background, which was legal in those days as long as they didn't move. Notices would be put up in all the colleges and students would come along with missiles... one guy went along with a bagful of mice and let them loose on the stage - all the nudes started moving and the entire audience shouted out 'Lord Chamberlain!'. Sometimes it caused a lot of trouble with the town... someone once took a soda-siphon along...

"The Rex was the most popular cinema, and the 'Wild Ones' had its English premiere there. It was considered quite daring, and a party with Beatrice Little came up to see it from London. They weren't the only people to come up from London. Every weekend hordes of girls would arrive-they were called 'weekend popsies'. Rules about sex were stricter then, but most people, then as now, didn't really bother. I remember an incident in my very first term where this drunk had got into Girton and four of the girls gave him a cup of coffee in their rooms-they got caught, and got sent down for a week.

"There was a certain amount of social climbing; it was still considered the thing to be, to be a member of the Pitt; no-one in their right mind would think that smart nowadays. The whole place was far more middle class, but in a way very democratic. There was a lot more rivalry with Oxford, and redbrick universities were very much looked down on.

"May Balls were very much the thing... I once went with a Swedish girl who was a friend of the girl a friend of mine was taking; unfortunately she had bad breath and didn't speak a word of English, so half way through the evening, I sold her to a drunken Norwegian for two guineas...

Even so, he says 'I'd rather be an undergraduate now...'

1970-71

The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka



The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

Advert in *Varsity* from the 50s

THE LAST WORD ...

LOOKING back it seems incredible that only three years ago Jenni Dalches and Jill Boulind were shouted out of the Union by the rhythmic chorus of a House of hysterical fanatics. Only a year ago, the House bristled in tense and hostile silence, when Jenni, Susan Crombie and myself addressed them as 'guests.' Compare the relaxed and informal atmosphere in which Sheena Matheson has just been elected. It seems an age, not just a year ago.

Change comes slowly and imperceptibly in Cambridge. That mass of tacit understandings and unofficial conventions, which constitutes the Cambridge tradition, has a disarming effect on revolutionaries. For years they batter on the door of reaction, hurling abuses and wielding the battle-axe; then suddenly the latch unhooks, and the door swings gently open.

This has happened with 'The Position of Women in Cambridge.' It would be too much to claim that their position has changed radically over the last three years. Yet a list of the small piece-meal changes, sometimes grudging, sometimes graceful, begins to add up to a qualitative alteration in the life a woman can lead in Cambridge, if she wishes to.

In the University as a whole, a steady progression of small, but significant formal rights has been granted. One by one the men's colleges open their Halls to women. The women's colleges extend their visiting hours for men. In informal activities, this is noticeable, though unchartable. In Footlights, Varsity office, undergraduate seminars, and among dons, slowly it is becoming the usual thing for those women, who wish to, to take an active and effective part in the running of the University.

The unself conscious acceptance of co-education and co-operation is a long way off, but the start has been made. Newnham is not theoretically averse to admitting men in the foreseeable future. The post-graduate college will be mixed. Yet I know that many women in Cambridge deplore the trend to greater equality. They still see their place as basically in the home; and even if they wish to have a job, they only contemplate a range of those they consider more suitable for women.

I fear this group of women prejudices the chances of those who would rather opt for equality. Perhaps the most one can fairly say, is that they should be free to choose whether, and in what sense they wish to be treated as equals. Yet there is one sentence I should like never to hear again: it is, "Women by their nature can't..." "be good artists, journalists, etc. Like group-statements about Jews, Negroes and Communists, it has the characteristic ring of ival prejudice.

Free choice

I fear this group of women prejudices the chances of those who would rather opt for



L. KAUFMAN

On the Position of Women in Cambridge.

1963-64

May Week for beginners

Varsity's quick guide to making the most of what's left

May Week Quick Fixes:

The Hangover

By this point in your life, you've most likely had a hangover so bad you tried anything to shift it. Whether it's swallowing a tube of Berroca tablets or just standing near even groggier friends, we all have our favourites. Whilst these may work in the aftermath of two bottles of college wine, the champagne- and gin-induced Beast of May Week warrants a more exotic remedy. For a post-Ball breakfast be adventurous: fry two eggs and serve in a tortilla with salsa, cubed avocado, a squeeze of lime and a streak of intense red chilli. Wash down with a Bloody Mary.

Silent Disco Etiquette

There are two things that are certain of the next seven days: you will consistently wake up after noon and you will attend at least one silent disco. The rules of the silent disco are simple. There are two channels to pick from and at any given time one is always full of quality, well selected music from an eclectic mix of genres. You should ignore this. The other channel is predominantly filled with cheesy 90s pop songs and tired club bangers. This is the soundtrack of your night. I find that a shortage of headphones doesn't hinder my enjoyment of B*Witched-the atonal, asynchronous choir of drunks around you may heighten the experience. Just remember, if and when 'Mr Brightside' comes on BOTH channels, it is time to leave.

Emergency Cufflinks

May Week is a tough time to be a cufflink. If you're not being fiddled with by drunken sausage fingers you're lying in the grass, slowly being trampled into the floor of the silent disco or jamming the inner workings of a chocolate fountain. Your former owner is left with a handful of last minute options: sewing together two buttons with a long loop of thread between them is handy for the prepared, although it may look like you committed the ultimate *faux pas* and bought a shirt where the fastenings came somehow pre-attached. A well selected pair of cufflinks has a certain *je ne sais quoi*, while paper clips or tinfoil embody *je m'en fous*.

Packing

Picture the scene: it's 7am, you're decked in the fanciest garb and drunk as a lord. Your *pater* is arriving in an hour to collect you and expects your belongings neatly boxed rather than spread around the room. That thing they do in movies where a friend sits on your suitcase until it closes won't really work with your collection of 'liberated' pint glasses. If all else fails put on every item of clothing you own and wear it through the ride home.



'May Week without a Time-Turner'

ANDREW TINDALL

May Week comes but once a year and, much like the festive season, tends to focus around a few key dates: Christmas day, New Year's Eve and your College Ball. Whilst there may only be seven days of May Week, and probably more than nine ladies dancing, this gives us even more reason to squeeze every drop of enjoyment out of the shamefully short period of unbridled hedonism. With the last two years of paying, crashing, working, performing and organising events throughout May

“The solution is micro-sleeping... rather than collapsing into a coma during the headline act of your choice”

Week under my belt, I'd like to think I've earned the right to my grossly unseasonal analogies. Last year I was lucky enough to perform with my band at five balls, not counting a sunny afternoon in Sidney Sussex with those lovely chaps from the Union. Then there was the exercise in sleep deprivation and heavy lifting that only a committee position on the King's Affair can provide. The experience was a gruelling ordeal and one that, I swore, I could never repeat.

This year I'm going to 11.

If I'm going to power through until June 25th, the 'Anti-Christmas', I'll need to up my game. The party-all-night-sleep-all-day attitude that has tided me over the last two years is not going to cut it this time. Many of my friends have not cracked my golden performing formula of playing bass, the easiest instrument, with far more talented musicians. Their relatively normal sleep patterns will leave them free to enjoy days filled with punting, plays and garden parties which, being a jealous creature, I will no doubt attempt to emulate. The solution lies in micro sleep- catching some precious Zs in the shisha tent, dozing during the particularly boring bits of the second



act or unashamedly nodding off whilst
chatting with the Head of Department-
rather than collapsing into a coma
during the headline act of your choice.

After the cost of graduation, college bills, fines and garden party tickets, the payments for my naturally stellar performances will probably not stretch to sustenance. A healthy body is a happy body that doesn't lose deposit cheques after crashing out an hour before a 5am set. Fortunately, May Ball food is always plentiful and excellent, if a touch repetitive. Decadent luxury is unfortunately rich in fats, sugar and protein (a.k.a. 'the good stuff') and deficient in vital nutrients (the actually good stuff). Hunting out fruits and vegetables that haven't been fried and/or coated in chocolate becomes increasingly frustrating as the week wears on. If it weren't for the gallon of apple sauce I consumed along with the ubiquitous hog roast last year, I swear I would have gotten scurvy. I also doubt that I can count the strawberries floating in my afternoon Pimm's as one of my Five a Day. Stocking up on vitamin tablets is highly recommended. On the plus side, after June 25th I will never



want to see another glass of champagne again. It is vital at this point not to think of how many VKs the price of admission could have bought, and whether there'd be enough change left over to send me to sleep under a mountain of cheesy chips.

Above all I must remember to actually enjoy May Week. I remember a friend of mine complaining at a Ball that there was “nothing to do here except eat, drink and be entertained”. Even if she gets her wish and John’s includes a Chamber of Despair where we can contemplate the futility of existence, I don’t think I’m going to struggle

to enjoy myself. Yes it's unjustifiably expensive, but it is unlikely that, after



I graduate, I will ever experience the grandeur of a College May Ball again. It is even less likely that I will do so surrounded by the friends I've toiled alongside in the faculties, libraries and

If it wasn't for the gallon of apple sauce I consumed along with the ubiquitous hog roast last year, I swear I would have got scurvy

examination halls that have been my home for the last eight weeks. There may even come a time when I have to actually get a job or admit defeat with a postgraduate degree, but between where I stand and this grim future lies a week where the champagne will flow as freely as the verse from the actor's lips; where music, dancing and messing about on the river will erode all memory of sleep and overdraft limits. If I was going to let my bank balance and general wellbeing stand between me and the Brideshead dream, I would've never applied here in the first place. The real world can wait, even if it is just for one more week.

Cambridge Confessions

Cambridge confessions (cambridgeconfessions.co.uk) has been collecting confessions from cambridge students. They've amassed over 1,200 confessions so far with topics ranging from topics sex and relationships to exams and faith.

When I get annoyed with someone, I secretly cut buttons off their shirts...

I got drunk once and
shat on my chair.
Only my roommate
and I know (I hope).

Although I love her very much, I don't think I'll ever love her as much as she loves me.

Last year I had sex in the kitchen on the corridor below me in college. Well almost... he couldn't get it up because he was on drugs. Still had fun.

I still haven't got laid
in my own bed!
Poor game!

I sometimes
think I am
unworthy of
love.

I never kissed
before Cambridge

There are days I really hate everyone around me for being richer than I am... Its not only jealousy but the fact they do not realise how lucky they are...

Sometimes i find
myself doubting
that I love you

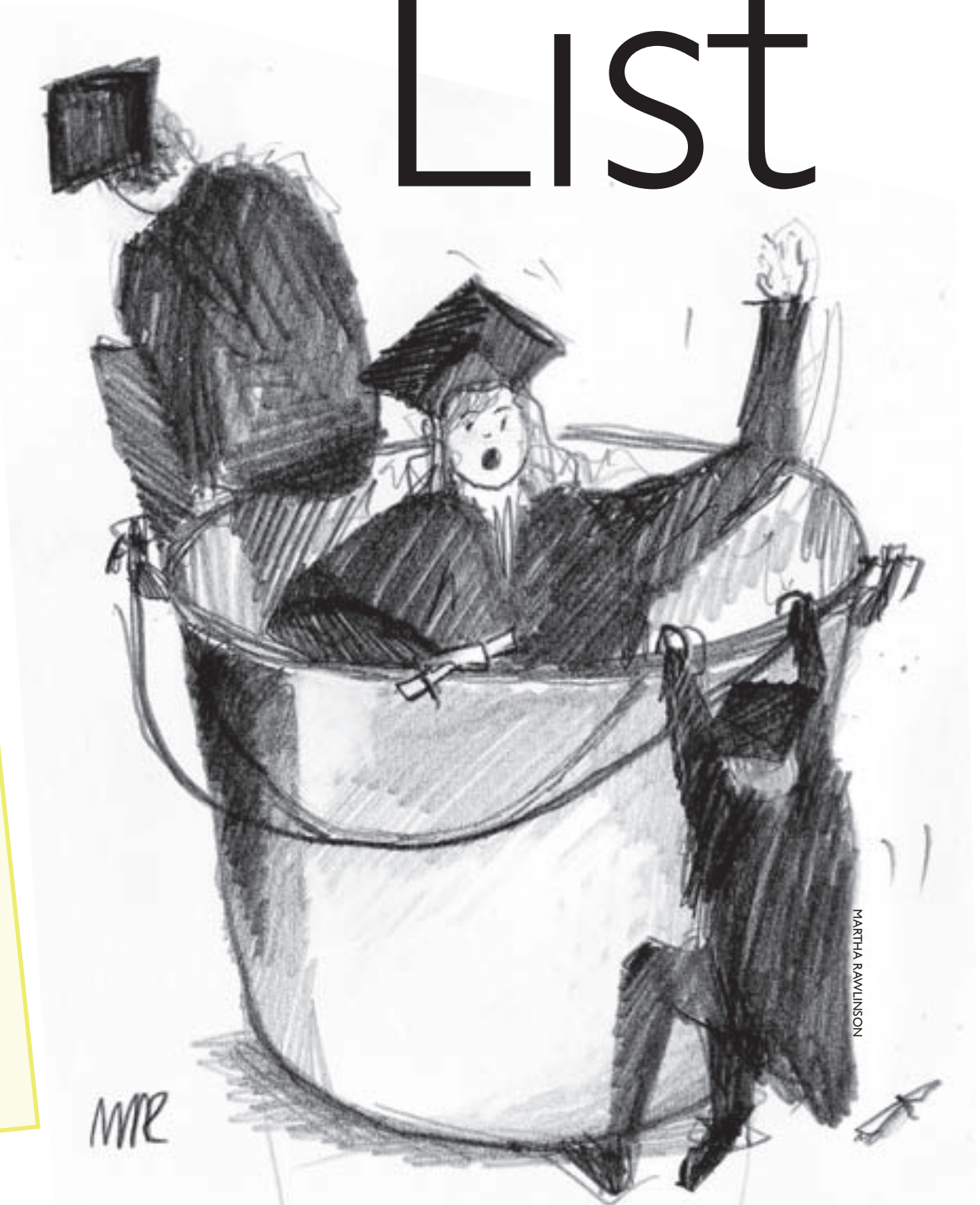
The Bucket List

Jonny Walker explains why leaving Cambridge is a bit like dying...

In graduation, as in the shedding of our mortal coil, all the skills and knowledge, experiences and memories we've collected melt into air and nothingness reigns. In death, we enter a new world. For the faithful, this may have you meeting your maker at the pearly gates or tumbling towards the angry broth of the Styx. For wilful infidels, we may encounter nothing but the lack of life, as our heads decompose. These three feelings – the bounteous rewards afforded to those who lived a good life, the regretful laments of the condemned and the resigned acceptance that our best days have come to an end – each reflect the feeling of being a soon-to-be-graduate.

If our university has had its way with us and moulded us in its image, as it has done for eight centuries, those leaving this summer should be completely and utterly ill-equipped for normal life. I entered Cambridge with dreamy socialist optimism and a burning heart for equality; I will leave Cambridge feeling physically sick when I interact with people who haven't attended Russell Group universities. There's a storm gathering; the clouds are dark, the winds are strong and I am afraid. On the 2nd of July, as I pick up my fur-hooded death suit from Ryder and Amies, I will be steeling myself for the end. I should have known it would be a grim day when we were told the ceremony culminates with you "kneeling and kissing the ring of your Master". This leaves us with so little time to complete the things we wanted to do, it leaves so many aspirations unfulfilled and many pangs unsatisfied.

We'd better hop to it, class of 2011, if we wish to leave knowing we've got the most out of it. Here is a short bucket list to keep you going.



1

Self-label as a delinquent, because you've never seen one

Access officers across the University work tirelessly to hide evidence of elitism, in order to deceive normal people into coming here. Let's be realistic, in a Cambridge college, you will find far more of the recognisable horsefaces of the well-moneyed class than you would expect in the general population. On some level, we all benefit from the synonymy between elitism and Oxbridge. The national press may well publish photographs of some of you at Wyverns vomiting on each other this week, but know that for all the stigmatising, they love all of you rich pissed-up reprobates and will probably end up employing you. Privilege is not self-perpetuating and CUCA, despite their best efforts, cannot be expected to bear the burden of reproducing our worst stereotypes on their own. We all have a duty to act up and confirm the negative stereotypes which alienate society from us and ultimately add to the status of our degrees.

2

Become one of the cool people

If Fresher's Week was not enough of an opportunity for reinvention, the three subsequent years should have been ample time. If you have fallen into a suboptimal group of friends, you still have a week or so to rid yourself of their life-sapping mediocrity and align yourself with edgier types. Given the time frame, if you have not yet managed to attain 'coolness', the best you can hope for is to loiter in the deflected coolness of established others.

3

Put your sexual behaviour in perspective

Having sex with a boy who didn't attend Charterhouse does not make you a 'slag' and the fact that you have been deflowered is not, in itself, indicative of sexual liberalism. Only in Cambridge is the division between virgins and 'slags' a factor of one. In the big wide world, people who are as sexually loose as you wear burqas. Get wise to this before you leave, and you might enjoy a satisfying love life outside the city.

4

Punt etc.

There are certain activities that can only be done in Cambridge. Night-climbing, for example, is a cultural act which symbolises the cheeky-spirited transgressions of the preternaturally childlike undergraduate. Climbing on historic buildings has a different name elsewhere in Britain – it is called 'trespass with intent to commit terrorism'. There are plenty of odd things you must do before you leave, or else their meaning is lost. So get on a punt and propel yourself slowly along a crowded stretch of river. Jump naked from a bridge into shallow algae-water as a mode of celebration. Engulf an entire dessert with your gaping mouth-hole if somebody puts shrapnel in it. If you don't do it now, well, you can still do it elsewhere, but you'll look like a bit more of a dick.

Simon Haines

Simon has been in a variety of shows in his time here, writing his own material, such as *Struts and Frets*, directing plays including *Passing By* and acting in many productions, for example as Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

What has been your proudest theatrical moment?

Struts and Frets. It's easier to be 'proud' as a writer because you have overview and you can watch the work. *Seagull* too, to a lesser extent: it was more 'impressive' and 'important' in the eyes of the world but less important in that it was less personal. *Struts and Frets* brought more people more happiness, and that counts for a lot.

Do you have theatre-themed plans for the future?

I intend to make it my career, for as long as it makes me happy. With longevity and wanting to be excellent at the craft, I'm training at drama school for the next three years (money-god willing). But it's a career not a life. A part of my life, but not the thing entire.

Who is your biggest influence?

The people closest to me. My mum, nieces, nan, best friends.

McKellen used to be an important figure because he was a respected actor who was openly, comfortably attracted to men; two things I wanted to be. Influences used to be people older than me – I've been happier thinking about myself in the future, once I've 'made it' in life, which means at least just being older and more stable, really. But I've been getting closer and closer to the present. People closer to my own age have been more influential than 'celebrities' or media figures over the last few years – and my nieces are really very young.

Other famous actors I admire are Mark Rylance, Henry Goodman, John Lithgow, Robin Williams. Bravura. Dangerous brilliance. But I don't know enough of any one actor to be noticeably influenced. That's a good thing. Life is quotation but it's nice if it isn't a Dustin Hoffman impression.



Ben Kavanagh

Ben has been in dozens of shows in his time at Cambridge, including work with the Footlights and numerous dramas, and is now directing *Not About Angels* with Imogen Stubbs.

What has been your proudest theatrical moment here?

It was totally unexpected but it ended up being the Friday night of *All My Sons*. Up until then I had always firmly thought of *Waiting For Godot* as being in particular, the performance, I was most proud of however, the audience's reaction on the Friday night completely changed my mind. Never have I ever experienced in the ADC an audience rise to their feet so quickly, it was completely overwhelming and at the same time thrilling – to see what we had tried to achieve be realised and then acknowledged so firmly every night with people on their feet cheering and applauding for an encore was, for me, absolutely the proudest moment.

Do you have any theatrical plans for the future?

For most Cambridge actors the routes out to the professional world seem to be either to drama school or to agencies and auditions. My aim is for the second. I have secured two agents and will be moving to London, hopefully setting up a small Shakespeare company with a few others who are moving to London also.

Who is your biggest influence?

There are so many people who influence me it is hard to pinpoint who is the biggest. I've certainly learnt a great deal from playwrights like Miller and Williams. Great musical composers Sondheim, Kander and Ebb, and Schwartz. Of course I have been truly inspired by certain film actors (Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino, Anthony Hopkins) as well as hard working, prolific stage actors like Zoe Wanamaker, Maggie Smith and Mark Rylance.



Spotlights

As the end of another year of Cambridge theatre approaches, we speak to some of the writers, directors and actors that have shone on our stages over the past few years. These names are ones to watch out for in the future, as they move on from being key players in the university drama scene to join the Cambridge thespian alumni already seen on stage and screen

Liane Grant

Liane has been in a variety of shows in her time at Cambridge, ranging from American dramas such as *American* drama recently in *All My Sons* to musicals such as *Annie Get Your Gun*, and is directing the CUMTS May Week show *High Society*.

What has been your proudest theatrical moment?

My proudest moment has got to be, without question, the final night of the ADC Production of *All My Sons* in May 2011. The standing ovations each night were incredibly moving, but that final night, with my mum in the audience and almost everyone on their feet, with some of my closest friends bowing next to me and the knowledge that we'd done the play justice and done ourselves proud – it all just took my breath away!

Do you have theatre-themed plans for the future?

"Hi-diddly-di, an actor's life for me!" Ideally, I'd like to go back to New York as it's where I went to drama school; I have lots of friends and teachers out there that will provide a great support network. I will also be training as a teacher either in England or in the USA because, as we all know, actors spend a lot of time out of work but still have to earn a living. I decided I'd rather do that doing something I enjoy and am passionate about.

Who is your biggest influence?

On a personal level, my mum. That one's easy! If we're talking on a professional level, acting-wise, then Judi Dench and Meryl Streep. Unlike many of their fellow film stars, they are both phenomenal stage actresses. Plus, I have an enormous amount of respect for how they've both lived their lives largely out of the public eye, so when they enter on stage or appear on screen you know it's not for the money or the fame, it's because they love what they do and respect the profession.



Abi Tedder

Abi has done a variety of shows in her time here, many of them with the Footlights, including *Anything But (A One-Woman Play)* last term and recently played Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. This summer, she will play the First Witch and the Porter in the CAST touring production of 'Macbeth'.

What has been your proudest theatrical moment?

The third night of *Anything But (A One-Woman Play)*. It sold out, with my family, friends and Tim Key in the audience and was my proudest theatrical moment and genuinely one of the happiest and most exciting moments of my life.

Do you have theatre-themed plans for the future?

I will be a comedian. Somehow. My future plans are definitely theatre-themed – I've not as yet discovered anything better. It might take a while, there's a good chance I'll never make it, but I have nothing else going for me and I'd hate to have a job that involved using any of the skills I've gained from my degree.

Who is your biggest influence?

My biggest influences at the moment I suppose are comedians that I enjoy, like Andrew Lawrence, Tim Key, Daniel Kitson, Ellen DeGeneres, the Pajama Men. I'm currently obsessed with Peter Ustinov – YouTube this man. Christ, he could tell a joke. My biggest influences have mostly come from the Cambridge performers I've worked with. The 2009 Footlights president Alastair Roberts is probably the funniest man I've ever seen on a stage and, throughout my time here, Footlighters like Liam Williams, Mark Fiddaman, Ben Ashenden (among many others) have made me want to be a better comedian. They influence me every day.



Max Barton

Max has directed numerous shows during his time at Cambridge, including a two-week run of *Noises Off* at the ADC last term and the European Theatre Group tour of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in 2009. He is also directing *The Curse of Macbeth*, which goes to the Edinburgh Festival this summer.

What has been your proudest theatrical moment here?

It's really hard to say – I'm proud of every show I've done here. I guess the most unique experience I had was directing *Hamlet* in the real Elsinore castle in Denmark. The opportunity to produce the first ever promenade production that used the whole castle is unbeatable and it gave insights into the play that I don't believe could be gained in any other way.

Do you have any theatrical plans for the future?

Absolutely. I am taking the MFA in directing at Birkbeck in London, where I will train in drama schools and professional theatres with a view to becoming a professional director.

Who is your biggest influence?

Realistically, I think my biggest theatrical influence has to be my father. There are loads of theatre practitioners from whom I've learned a lot, whether by reading their books, talking to them or watching their plays, but ever since I was two or three years old I would be in the rehearsal room watching my dad direct and, without that, I find it hard to believe that I would be in the same position as I am now.

Fringe Trims

ALICE UDALE SMITH

Every year there are a plethora of Cambridge acts that make the long journey north to perform at the renowned Edinburgh Fringe Festival. This year is no different and to make things easy here's our guide to the Cambridge acts in Edinburgh.

The Curse of Macbeth
12AM, MON 1ST - WED 31ST AUG - THE EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE AT THE HAWKE AND HUNTER, GREEN ROOM
This adapted version of Shakespeare's classic promises to leave you "questioning what is real and what is hallucination" using physical theatre and new music by the composers of Time Out's Critic's Choice Hamlet House of Horrors.

To Have and to Hold by Joey Batey
3PM, THU 4TH - MON 29TH AUG (EXCEPT 15TH) - AUGUSTINE'S
Shortlisted for Footlights Harry Porter Prize this new comedy follows Lucy, a cynical young woman, as she watches her best friend's wedding turn into the most bizarre day of her life.

FANTASMAGORIANA by Tamara Micner
3.40PM, THU 4TH - MON 29TH AUG (EXCEPT 16TH) @ C AQUILA
This new play, an hour long comedy, follows the birth of Mary Shelley's 'Frankenstein' as an innocent writing contest in Lord Byron's Swiss villa spawns rivalries and romance, and the most infamous monster the world has known.

Footlights International Tour Show 2011: Pretty Little Panic
5.20PM, WED 3RD - MON 29TH AUG (EXCEPT 17TH) @ KING DOME, PLEASANCE
'Pretty Little Panic' travels around the UK before heading up to the Edinburgh and then taking on both coasts of America. Make sure you grab a "must-have ticket" (The Times) to the show that has launched – and continues to launch – many of the greatest names in comedy.

Bonesong/Unknown Position by Kate Whitley, Joe Snape, Emma Hogan and Conrad Steel
7PM, WED 3RD - SAT 13TH AUG @ C-1, CVENUES
Cambridge University Opera Society presents two new chamber operas with two five-star reviews. Bonesong is a twisted fairytale with live electronics and video installation and Unknown Position is about a woman in love with a chair.

The Life Doctor by Adam Lawrence and Phil Wang
8.10PM, WED 3RD - MON 29TH AUG @ UNDERBELLY
From Chortle Student Comedy Award-winning Phil Wang, and Adam Lawrence, comes 'The Life Doctor': the greatest TV show never shown.

Armageddapocalypse: The Explosion-ing by James Moran and Lucien Young
10PM, MON 1ST - WED 31ST AUG @ AVENUE TBC
This is one of the more ambitious projects to emerge from the ADC using technical innovation to recreate action film sequences with a tiny budget. This was the fastest selling ADC Lateshow in history, and they will be hoping for just as spectacular a run in Edinburgh.

SODOM The Earl of Rochester & Toby Parker-Rees
11.15PM, SUN 14TH - MON 29TH AUG @ ZOO, EDINBURGH
The Earl of Rochester's tragicomedy of sexual excess savagely exposes the baser instincts governing our governors. With live music, fine art and pinstripe codpieces this is an all-new production based on tribal clowning, theatre of cruelty, and David Cameron's stupid face.

JET SET GO! Edinburgh by Pippa Cleary and Jake Brunger
7PM, MON 15TH - SAT 27TH AUG (EXCEPT 21ST) @ THE SPACE @ NIDDRY
The love lives of a transatlantic cabin crew soar to the stage in this high-flying new musical comedy. Cheeky, charming, full of touching moments and catchy tunes.

THEATRE

Armageddapocalypse 2.5: Armagedinburgh

ADC Lateshow
(Wed 15th - Sat 18th July)
★★★★★

For those that are new to the Armageddapocalypse franchise, this third installment carries on its tradition as the film that asks, "are ferns combustible?" From Exploding Fist Productions comes a non-stop rollercoaster ride of action-adventure following Jack Lang: a man with more courage, more wit, more education (he holds degrees in both gunology and gunography), much less suavity, and a much less tidy desk than James Bond. He also can't convince his Lang-girl to have sex with him, which is rather refreshing.

The funniest comedy I've seen in Cambridge

In the ADC, we get a wider view of the film, with director Zack-Jack Jackson giving us the full DVD director's commentary at various points in

THEATRE

Rhinoceros
Pembroke College
(Sat 18th - Tue 21st June)
★★★★☆

According to one member of the cast, Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* is "a satire on how useless the intellectuals in France were in pointing out the stupidity of fascism and communism in the 1940s". On this count, the play deserves 10 out of 10. Set in a French provincial town, we watch the protagonists' varying responses as their fellow inhabitants transform into (beautifully, sinisterly masked) rhinoceroses.

Jake Alden-Falconer's pompous Marxist gent Mr Botard convinces and delights the audience as he fulminates against what he deems a capitalist 'hoax' and 'shameful machination'. He refuses to accept the reality; when he later transforms, Ionesco's low estimation of the fickle and impressionable intelligentsia shines through brilliantly. Tolerant liberals take a good kicking too for their inadequate responses, with Fred Maynard putting in an exceptional performance as the moral relativist lawyer Dudard. We are taken aback by his carefree acceptance of – and even mirth at – the 'rhinoceritis' that has overcome his boss and his scorn for the moral indignation and fears of his friend Berenger.

Laura Profumo's simpleminded beauty Daisy, more concerned with the dust entering through the window than the rhinos stomping around outside it, also impresses in her conveyance of the average citizen's curious propensity to plough on with the banalities of day-to-day life as the world is upheaved around them.

In other ways, however, the play rather disappoints. It seemed as though several of the actors have learnt their lines at the last minute, and had put on their characters' socks but still not thrown themselves fully into their shoes. Instead there are too many obvious stereotypes – the exasperated boss, the suave and strait-laced snob, the doddering old man. The background musicians, for all the pleasant gypsy folk tunes emanating from their harpsicords and trumpets, looked rather ill at ease: solemn and as though they too had only just got to grips with their music.

The wonderful Jennie King broke



KATE CHURCHILL

the drama. As Lang tries desperately to stop Dr Apocalypse from blowing up the world, we're led through a well-targeted parody of an amalgamation of every Bond film, which is great for those of us that have seen them. For those that haven't, you'll still be in for possibly the best gag rate of any show in Cambridge, and the action satire won't be lost on you.

For a lateshow, this was technically impressive – and suitably overblown. Lighting ranged from soliloquy spotlights to ultra-dramatic strobe effects

the trend, however, injecting a riveting vivacity into her archetypal melodramatic French lady Madame Boeuf. The audience dissolved into laughter repeatedly as she sashayed along, shrieking, weeping, flirting and fainting her way across the stage with admirable gusto. James Morris plays the lead as tormented last-surviving human Berenger, and though clearly a talented actor, he largely fails to evoke our sympathy. The harrowing intensity of his monologue of inner torment, hair-clutching and psychotic eyes that filled the last scene would have been outstanding had similar wretchedness not filled most of the previous scenes.

THEATRE

Footlights Tour Show: Pretty Little Panic
ADC Mainshow
(Tue 14th - Sat 25th June)
★★★★☆

Setting out on a seventy-five performance stint across two continents, the Footlights' tour show is an ambitious project. An ambitious project that succeeds with genius: comedians Fiddaman, Ashenden, Lawrence and Owen had the audience in stitches with their slick sketches.

The show was structured to perfection; masterful transitions between scenarios – as the last line of a sketch opened the next with a twist – kept the show fresh and exciting. The writers understood, however, that repetition of the same technique might become stale, and so kept the audience forever engaged and interested with near perfect synchronisation between audio and movement. The auditorium was filled with waves of laughter as Lawrence and Fiddaman played a superlatively brilliant scene miming a muddled tune on a non-existent piano.

What came across so powerfully from the evening was a real sense that the performers understood the art of balance and measure in comedy. Only on one occasion, when Ashenden played a car dealer, did a sketch feel like it was being pushed beyond its natural life; otherwise the troupe skilfully worked their way through a great variety and mixture of characters and scenarios. With slight, seemingly effortless changes of posture and facial expression, they breezed through sports commentators, businessmen, computer

Several of the actors had put on their character's socks but still not thrown themselves fully into their shoes

Part of the problem was the repetitiveness of the script in this two-and-a-quarter hour performance. A Guardian critic said of another performance that the last scene had him "wrenching [his] head from side to side with the tension", but for the girl sat next to me it looked more like boredom. With an unflinching pruning of the script by the director's razor and a little more character development in rehearsals, it could have been an excellent show.

TOM BELGER

THOMAS GEORGE

for the fight sequences, and soundtracks were borrowed from big-screen epics such as *True Grit* and *Lord of the Rings*. Although there were small technical hitches they didn't damage the show's overall effect, and the performers dealt well with the circumstances; Tamara Astor's improvisation of the line "why do the good ones always die young? ... and at night?" when a lighting cue was missed even got an extra laugh.

And it's to the actors that the most credit must go. Many being veterans of last year's Footlights committee,

hackers, mountaineers, tour guides, robots and middle-aged, beer-bellied, burger-eating men in the pub, among very many more brilliantly-captured characters. Attention to detail was supreme. Mark Fiddaman stole the show, at once brilliantly funny as an imposter Swedish masseur; Jed, a timid leader of the truth-spoon confession ring; and a worried lab technician in a cloning room full of cats.

Kept the audience forever engaged and interested

The troupe handled audience expectation with great skill. A scene on death row between jailer and jailed had a very obvious punch line and yet, with just the right amount of suspense before the dénouement, the scene came off well. Recurring jokes were used sensitively, always in an unexpected context: one joke of Lawrence's characters was to raise an eyebrow whilst audio played of his conscience deliberating a white lie.

As it was only the second night of the tour, the troupe will have plenty of time to polish out slight imperfections. If one were to nitpick, Lawrence on occasion lost character in his solo scenes, grinning at the audience's evident delight. One movement scene between knights unfortunately descended into farce; a great shame given the artistry that had gone into the show overall. These were slight glitches in one evening's performance; the show as a whole deserves to do very well indeed.

VICKI PERRIN

CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS

Parties in pictures



This week's...


Balls

Magdalene
Wed 22nd June
Theme: The Centenary
Magdalene celebrate 100 years with an array of musical ents. Headliners Mystery Jets, will be supported by Jamie XX, Clean Bandit, The Joker & the Thief, Itchy Feet and Truly Medley Deeply amongst others.

St Edmund's
Fri 24th June
Theme: Exhibition
Aside from its menu (a hog roast, crepes, chocolate and baileys fountains), what the ball will feature is a mystery. Previous balls have seen dodgems and impressive fireworks.

Corpus Christi
Fri 24th June
Theme: On Distant Shores
Main stage ents will include Man Like Me, a pop-ska duo from North London. Their set at Corpus is followed by a ten-festival tour, including Glastonbury.

Homerton
Thu 23rd June
Theme: Camelot, a Legendary Knight
Does It Offend You, Yeah? will headline. Ents include reggae band By The Rivers, who are supporting The Specials on their UK tour, Stormsith and Penny for the DJ.

Pembroke
Wed 22nd June
Theme: The Secret Gardens
The ball offers a five course dining option, as well as a garden rave, jazz and headline act The Futureheads.



Theatre

Footlights' International Tour Show 2011: Pretty Little Panic
Tue 14th - Sat 25th June, various performance times
ADCTHEATRE (£5-£7)
Be one of the first in the audience of 20,000 people who will see this show.
The best of Cambridge comedy will complete this local run as the beginning of a huge international tour, from the UK, to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival and on to conquer both coasts of America.

Acis and Galatea
Wed 22nd June, 7pm
CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE
MASTER'S LODGE GARDEN (£6.50-£10.50)
Handel's story of the lovers Acis and Galatea is retold in an outdoor setting. Directed by Toby Jones and conducted by Peter Stobart.

And Then There Were None
Tue 21st - Thu 23rd June, 2pm
GONVILLE AND CAIUS OLD COURTS (FREE)
Caius' May week play retells the story of Agatha Christie's best-selling detective fiction novel.

HMS Pinafore – on Punts
Fri 24th June, 7.30pm
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE RIVERSIDE (£3)
This year's Gilbert and Sullivan May Week show sees the company staging a production of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular operettas almost entirely on punts.



Events

Trinity Hall June Event
Wed 22nd June
Theme: Technicolour
Dubstep/drum and bass artist Nero will headline, with other ents including Itchy Feet. At £76, one of the best May week celebrations for value.

The King's Affair
Wed 22nd June
Theme: A Midsummer Night-mare
King's will host seven music stages and a self proclaimed atmosphere of "Beats not Bol-linger". Previous years have seen breakdancing in the Chapel, Europe's largest inflatable assault course, dodgems and a silent disco.

Women's Word 2011
Fri 24th - Sun 26th June
LUCY CAVENDISH COLLEGE
Beginning with a literary dinner with Sandi Toksvig on Friday, the festival will include dozens of female writers, thinkers, controversialists, and women of letters.
Events include book readings, discussions and talks from speakers such as Wendy Cope.

Sidney Sussex Arts Festival
Sat 25th June
THE WALLACE COLLECTION
The festivities launch on Friday with a concert in the chapel.
Saturday's programme includes jazz, chamber music, films, comedy photography and two whole operas. The festival also boats a free hog roast and unlimited ice cream.


Film & Music

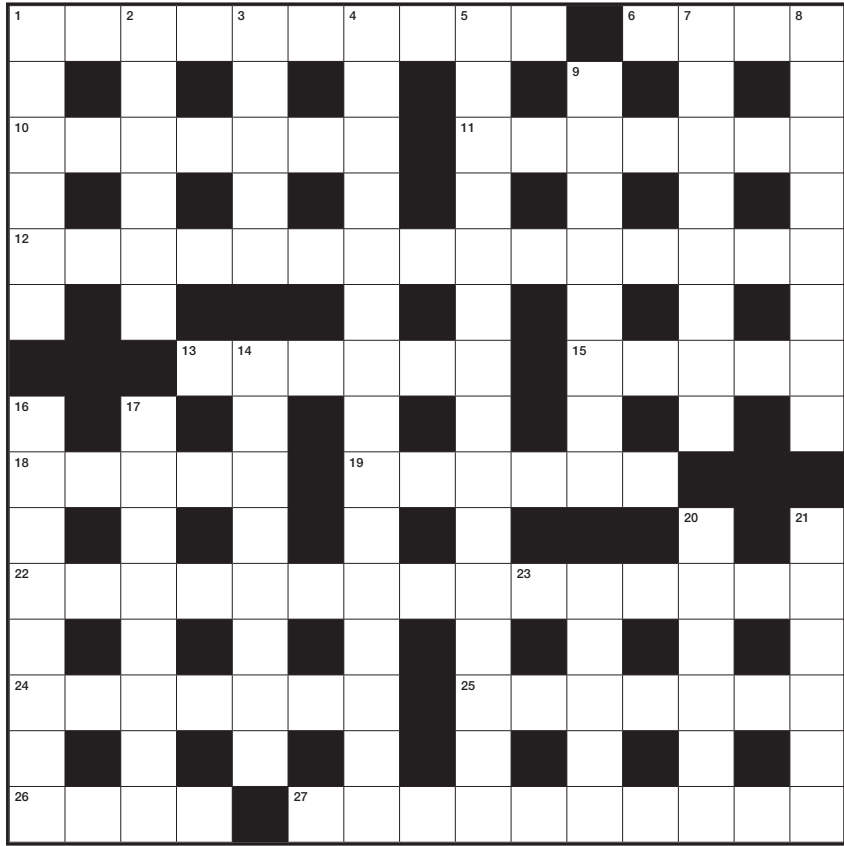
'Nova Cantabrigiensis' launch
Mon 27th June 2.30-4.30pm
KETTLE'S YARD
The launch of a new book by John Devlin, a Canadian outsider artist who studied at Cambridge 30 years ago, and who had a solo exhibition in King's last May Week. The book is a selection of his architectural sketches of a fantasy, utopian island inspired by the city of Cambridge.

Kaboom
Wed 22nd - Thu 23rd June, 7pm
ARTS PICTUREHOUSE
Gregg Araki (Mysterious Skin, Smiley Face) directs this high school romp. Set in a California college, gross-out comedy, coming-of-age drama and a sci-fi sub-plot collide in a surreal mix of *Donnie Darko* and *Dazed and Confused*.

Glyndebourne Live: Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg
Sun 26th June, 3pm
ARTS PICTUREHOUSE
Glyndebourne's first ever production of Wagner's warm hearted comedy about a song contest, a love triangle and renunciation will be broadcast live to the cinema.
Directed by David McVicar, fresh from completing his first Ring cycle, and conducted by Vladimir Jurowski.

Chamber Concert
Thu 23rd June, 8pm
KETTLE'S YARD
The Kettle's Yard Ensemble – made up of rising student stars – will play a programme of Smetana and Mendelssohn.

Crossword



- Cryptic Clues**

ACROSS

 - Ickiest MP's getting mixed up in questionable philosophy. (10)
 - Madly love small furry animal. (4)
 - Second half of writer's short critique to begin with a beastly thing. (7)
 - Literacy found about 40 miles out of London? (7)
 - Punishment for cardinal sin received in contents of text message? (15)
 - Traditional soup made from a bottle top and the internal parts of a Porsche. (6)
 - Furious about one review. (5)
 - Bring together the United Nations and Europe around the Italian domain. (5)
 - Versed in German of a current time. (2,4)
 - Iranian imam shut out due to concern for people's welfare. (15)
 - A lawyer has to spin around in front of the gallery. (7)
 - Making reparations for a lot of stuff in the final evening. (7)
 - Thoroughfare is wide, but has no beginning! (4)
 - Noggin catches fire in the glare of a car? (10)
- DOWN

 - Two thirds of the Bureau is hidden from the public. (6)
 - Display electronic Cable? (6)
 - Carry Motörhead emblem. (5)
 - Fully describe accurst meat in stew when it turns up in the mixture. (15)
 - Heterosexual rugby player is easy. (15)
 - I drink in the middle of spoken exam and get a first. (8)
 - Glorified mechanic is born during terrible reign. (8)
 - Bad hair? Stick Turkish spirit in it to get a samurai-style cut. (4-4)
 - New Zealand emergency services almost in direct competition? (3,2,3)
 - Sounds like crap pusher is one who's easily seduced. (8)
 - Ethical meat + raita – regularly an ok substitute for Kahlúa? (3,5)
 - Ending with sound of peculiar European language. (6)
 - Pictures of the wizards at Apple? (6)
 - The Greatest consumes a moon of Jupiter with a tasty condiment. (5)
- Quick Clues**

ACROSS

 - Doubt (10)
 - A diminutive rodent (4)
- DOWN

 - Classified information (6)
 - Prove (6)
 - Clan symbol (5)
 - To support by giving particulars (5)
 - Directly ahead (8,7)
 - Novel (8)
 - Concoct (8)
 - Seppuku (4-4)
 - Face to face (3,2,3)
 - Knock to the floor (4,4)
 - Caribbean drink (3,5)
 - Stop (6)
 - Mental representations (6)
 - Provençal dish (5)
- Set by Anaxander*

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.

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

		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		

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

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

Hitori

The objective is to eliminate numbers by filling in the squares such that remaining cells do not contain numbers that appear more than once in either a given row or column.

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

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

The Boat Race...in cardboard

Although it may not get the coverage some of the events on the river do, the Cardboard Boat Race certainly has a drama and charm of its own

HANNAH BLINCKO
correspondent from the river

The third annual Cambridge University Cardboard Boat Race entertainingly closed a week of boatie antics. Following exams, many students will have taken to the waters of the Cam for a leisurely punt or adrenaline-inducing May Bumps. And yet, with over 1,500 attendees on Facebook, the cardboard equivalent seemed set to rival its more traditional counterparts.

The challenge was as follows: entrants were limited to cardboard, PVA glue and gaffa tape in their construction of a boat which would race from Jesus Green to Magdalene beach and back. The extra test was to pick up an 'item' halfway, which this year was an extra passenger. All this was a seemingly impossible though temptingly hilarious task. Approaching the array of boats on Jesus Green it became apparent that racing was not exactly the focus of all entrants.

A good number had indeed put great thought into the engineering of their boat, with vast amounts of tape and innovative ergonomics. The majority, however, were out to impress aesthetically, vying for the prize of most 'interesting' design. A rather beautiful swan, a good few Viking ships and a fruit stand were among the impressive creations.

As entrants checked out their competition, the atmosphere was buzzing, everyone clearly excited for such an eccentric start to May Week. There was no concept of a start time, as the main concern was whether the boats would immediately sink, and so one by one the cardboard contraptions were launched. Passengers tentatively clambering on

each boat made for the most entertaining part of the event.

There were some successes that swiftly paddled on their way but the majority made it to the middle of the river only to find that their soggy ships could not cope. The banks teemed with laughing and cheering spectators as failing sailors swam about the Cam

The banks teemed with laughing and cheering spectators as failing sailors swam about the Cam retrieving their floating pieces of cardboard

retrieving their floating pieces of cardboard. The fruitstand boat was one such victim, but its passengers exploited the situation in the name of business, swimming along the banks to sell their damp goods.

Various tactics prevailed – hall trays were used as paddles and competitors swam behind their boats to aid their advance. Strugglers grabbed passing punts to pick up pace, and indeed the same punts caused collisions. By this point, most of the river traffic had become bobbing heads, but those that had made a speedy getaway were beginning to head back with their extra passenger. They victoriously progressed back to Jesus Green with seeming ease, receiving rounds of applause from the watching crowds.

Among the spectators were as many locals as there were students, making for a fantastic event on the Cambridge calendar. And from the student's point of view it was a unique start to a May Week.



JOHN MASON

Umpiring Bumps

In Bumps the focus inevitably falls on the crews, but umpire **Lizzie Bennett** gives us her view of events

Umpires have the authority to award bumps, fine crews and bank parties, ensure that safety regulations are met, and generally to boss people around. As a cox, this is something I'm normally quite good at, and my first duties were with Sidney Sussex M4, right down there at the bottom of the M6 division. They were a friendly bunch, but the news that they would be racing Bumps a mere twelve hours before it started – when most of the crew were still in Cindies – would clearly take its toll. After the customary low-division-boats-crash on Grassy, the crew soon realised that there was no chance of going up or down, and they proceeded to 'race-paddle' home octopus-style, frequently at risk of being overtaken by Hughes Hall M3 doing 'pause-paddling' exercises.

The first day continued with carnage when Caius M3 decided to do a practice start into a stationary First and Third Trinity M3 (FaT). Two broken blades, one broken rudder and a good forty-five minutes later, Caius rowed over and FaT was bumped by St Catherine's (Catz). Perhaps FaT can take solace from the £100 fine dished out to Caius.

However, the most memorable part of the first day was the discovery of an adorable little puppy by Peterhouse Boat Club. The canine in question soon made friends with almost every crew on the river (except for a pointed distaste for Catz) before being claimed by the Dog Warden.

Thursday's and Friday's races saw the continuing 'lattice-work' pattern in the M5, W3, M3 and W2 divisions, with several crews on for blades or spoons on the Saturday. Addenbrooke's (Addies), whose men and women were sharing a borrowed boat, continually managed to break the bows off, yet the wonders

of gaffer tape and an experienced boatman enabled them to row on, narrowly avoiding Spoons for W1.

If you thought crashes and obstruction were particular to the lower divisions, the chaos caused by Downing M2 on the inside of Grassy on Saturday proved otherwise. After bumping FaT M2, Downing proceeded to destroy the next 15 crews' racing lines, and it was only the skill of the other coxswains in the division that avoided an enormous pile-up.

Special mention goes to the headship crews (Caius M1 and Downing W1), New Hall (whose crews both earned blades) and FaT, who achieved only one bump in four days of eight crews racing (well done W3! Shame about the next three days...)

All in all, a good week's racing with blades and spoons galore, crashes that were entertaining rather than dangerous, and of course the now famous May Bumps Division 4 Puppy. Well done to all the crews involved and to all the umpires, who as I now know can easily cycle a good 50km or more each day.



DOUGLAS BRUMLEY/www.douglasbrumley.com



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Cambridge take victory in Twenty20

The weather threatened to make the day a wash-out, but the party atmosphere at Fenner's inspired the Light Blues to a convincing victory in the first of the three Varsity matches



Cambridge were dominant on the day, showing no mercy with the bat after a strong performance in the field

MICHAEL TAYLOR
cricket correspondent

The weather may have sabotaged the Cuppers final, but CUCC's cricket week was given a perfect finale as Dan Goodwin and Phil Ashton steered the Light Blues to a thrilling three-wicket victory over Oxford in the Charles Russell Twenty20 Varsity Match.

Chasing only 108, Cambridge had been set to record a comfortable and deserved victory as Richard Timms's men sought to reclaim the Charles Russell Trophy. Though Timms himself fell early, caught by Alex Scott off the bowling of Paul Higham, Cambridge had been cruising at both 46 for 1 and then 79 for 3. Gus Kennedy, batting at three, had smashed 35, with Frankie Brown chipping in with 16.

Nevertheless, 79 for 3 quickly became 90 for 7: Brown was bowled by Ben Williams; Matt Hickey was trapped lbw by Sam Agarwal, as was Phil Hughes – while

confidently steered the Light Blues to victory. As many as twelve balls were left unused as seventeen runs haemorrhaged from the eighteenth over. Victory was sealed emphatically, too, Ashton launching Ben Williams some distance over the ropes to spark jubilation among the sizeable Cambridge support.

Earlier, only a mature and sophisticated 52 from Agarwal allowed Oxford to post three figures. Thomas Probert claimed the scalp of Ben Williams and Brown that of Rajiv Sharma, but it was Paul Best – making his debut for the Blues, following commitments with Warwickshire

and the MCCU – who proved the difference between the sides.

The left-arm spinner's impression was instant: Olly Richards and Tom Bryan were dismissed lbw in his first over, while Agarwal and Dan Pascoe followed shortly afterwards to leave Best with the remarkable figures of 4-0-12-4. Paddy Sadler then hit the stumps twice as the Dark Blues subsided from 92 for 4 to 107 all out.

On Fenner's that did not seem like much; it was enough, however, to set up one of the most exhilarating Varsity matches of recent years.

“Victory was sealed emphatically sparking jubilation amongst Cambridge support”

reverse-sweeping – by Alex Scott. Anand Ashok (19), who despite opening had been deprived of much of the strike, was the final domino to fall as Scott picked up his second leg-before.

From here, though, Phil Ashton and new batsman Dan Goodwin mixed clever running with brutal hitting as they



Tennis Blues look ahead to Varsity



The Cambridge tennis club is feeling confident about the upcoming Varsity matches against their rivals Varsity look at what to expect from Varsity tennis matches

NICK JENKINS
tennis correspondent

With the line-ups now selected by captains Nick Jenkins and Laura Morrill, the chosen few have their eyes firmly set on the joint tennis Varsity Matches, to be held on the grass courts at the National Tennis Centre in Roehampton from the 27th to the 29th of June.

Each fixture consists of six singles players playing two matches each and three doubles pairs playing three each; a total of 21 rubbers over three days of play. Both the men and women are eager to keep the old enemy in their place and win for the sixth and third consecutive year respectively.

There is a distinct multicultural feel to the men's team, which consists of Kirill Zavodov (Russia), Kenny Taubenslag (USA), Bruno Monteferrri (Peru), Sven Sylvester (Australia), Rob Legg (Essex), Nick Jenkins and Cameron Johnston (Yorkshire) and Greg Caterer (outer space). However, the team will be without veteran RJ Lange (Netherlands) who has now sadly played his maximum allowance of Varsity matches – winning all five of them!

Strong performances in the doubles and a clean sweep in the lower-order singles matches have been crucial in previous years, as Oxford's top players are notoriously strong. The team hope to get off to a quick start and continue this winning formula.

The women's team has a good mixture of experience and new faces this year. Laura Morrill (Murray Edwards), Emma Kudzin (Newnham) and Corina Balaban (Homerton) have five years of Varsity experience between them, while Kadi Saar (Trinity), Georgia Archer-Clowes (Churchill) and Sophie Walker (Peterhouse) will all be playing for the first time.

A word from the captain

“Both teams are feeling optimistic and will be training hard at Fenner's in the final week to be fully ready.

“Cambridge has had significantly more zealous support at Varsity over the past few years and this has proved crucial in turning matches round from the brink of defeat. So we're naturally hoping that many people will come to support us over the three days!

“Confidence is high after a good season and lots of tough training and fitness sessions”



Captain Nick Jenkins is in a confident mood ahead of this important fixture



Cambridge's team has been working hard in preparation for the match

Seconds take win



Last year, the second team men's tennis Varsity match, held in Oxford, ended in a nail biting conclusion. The Cambridge Grasshoppers clinched the match 11-10 over the Oxford Penguins, after the heroics of Jonas Tinius in the final rubber. This year, the match returned to the grass courts of Fenner's.

Support was at a record high, and the relentless cheering set the side off to the best possible start, storming home in all three of the first round of doubles. The pick of the games was Alex Moynihan & Henry Delacave securing a hard fought and important victory over the Oxford first pair.

In the singles, Fred Floether took apart his opponent with typical ruthlessness, whilst Josh Phillips did what he does best by serving his way to victory. However, Jonas Tinius was below par and, despite a dogged effort, was unable to cap off what had been a near perfect day for the team. This left the team with an emphatic 7-2 lead overnight, and few would have predicted a turning of the tide in the morning.

At the start of the second day,

Michael Sharp and Michael Gwinner capped another fine round of doubles with some overpowering volleying and acute angled drop shots to edge the team closer to victory.

The second round of singles produced arguably the best match of the weekend, as the Cambridge number one Sam Ashcroft and his Oxford counterpart battled away with a real mix of hard-hitting and tactical play. Yet again, Cambridge emerged victorious. This match finished just before Alex Moynihan, last year's Grasshoppers captain, played some of the best tennis of his time at Cambridge to win and put the tie beyond the grasp of the Dark Blues.

The remaining matches were subsequently wrapped up to deliver a scintillating 18-3 victory over an Oxford side that was no pushover and looked strong on paper and on court. This included winning all nine doubles matches, a fitting testament to the tightness of the whole team and the hard work they have put in all year. It is also an excellent omen for the first team's Varsity match, to be held in a week's time.



“ Strong performances in the doubles and a clean sweep in the lower-order singles matches have been crucial in previous years, as Oxford’s top players are notoriously strong. ”

Nick Jenkins, men’s tennis captain, on this years Varsity tennis tournament, page 30

Caius and Downing head the river

DOUGLAS BRUMLEY/www.douglasbrumley.com



Despite grim rowing conditions, a tense and exciting week at May Bumps results in Caius and Downing triumph on the river in front of a crowded audience

DARRYL HUTCHEON
rowing correspondent

The May Bumps saw hundreds of rowers competing in front of thousands of spectators on one river, with several twists and turns over the four days.

For those not so in the boatie know, the concept is notable for its simplicity. College boats each have a starting point in relation to one another and aim to “catch up” with the boat in front: if they manage to do so, they have ‘bumped’ and can stop right there and go for a cup of tea, content with their day’s work. If a crew manages to bump on four days, they obtain blades, an accolade only somewhat undermined by the unfortunate contingency that the winning crew has to buy the blades itself.

On a brighter note, however, blade-winning crew members can expect a boost to their college profile, and are typically made the darling of the sport sections in alumni-focused College magazines. If a crew is bumped

on all four days, they obtain the ‘wooden spoon’. While doubtlessly, self-effacing crew members could combine to buy a wooden spoon, you’d have to think it was unlikely that they’d do so: being shunned by members of their college as big sweating failures is probably enough to exhaust their sense of humour.

This year, special mention in the M1 division is reserved for Caius, who managed to finish top of the river. Of particular note was the effort of St Catharine’s M1, who obtained blades in moving from 7th to 3rd over the four days, with a resounding smashing of Trinity First and Third on the ‘gala’ day 4. Boat club captain Harry Moss summed up the jubilation of his crew in celebrating what he called a “solid performance”, and the boys were doused in champagne by a jolly Catz audience before rowing away inexplicably covered in nettles.

In W1, Downing women again asserted their dominance in retaining their position at the head of the river, and there were stoic performances

from Caius and Robinson. The latter boat dedicated their success to cox Alana Smith’s pet cat, Spangle, which had died on the eve of the tournament. Lower down the divisions, there was fierce competition:

“ Special mention is reserved for Caius and St Catharine’s M1 who obtained blades in moving from 7th to 3rd over the four days ”

on the last day in M2, all four boats at the top found themselves fighting to retain their position under

sustained pressure from the following crew. In W2, victory was enjoyed by Lucy Cavendish, whose success ought not to be unduly compromised by the regrettable behaviour of their riverside coach, who roared obscenities at competing crews in a sad instance of gamesmanship.

The Bumps were a remarkable spectacle and as ever, the event enjoyed a unique atmosphere produced by the thousands lining the river in support of their favoured crews, despite some miserable rowing and spectating conditions. There was a muted police presence, which came in handy when a local pervert had to be escorted away after making reprehensible gestures towards a passing crew. That aside, old boys mixed with current boys, and cider and beer were free flowing as merriment gripped the River Cam. The Plough pub made a killing and families enjoyed a good-value day out, though congestion on the riverside walking path made quick progress along the race course hugely difficult for pedestrians.

SPORT IN BRIEF

CAMBRIDGE ARCHERS DEFEAT OXFORD IN VARSITY MATCH

Cambridge University Bowmen won for the fourteenth consecutive time against Oxford in the annual Varsity fixture.

Despite some wind, the general conditions were good for the match and Cambridge were able to secure a convincing victory.

The team had to adapt to losing Kinsley Warren, but they were not to be deterred from winning the silver rose bowl, which they took back to Cambridge with a final score of 3320 points against Oxford’s total of 3257.

The novice archers were less successful and lost to Oxford’s 2349 points with a final score of 1972 points.

CAMBRIDGE CRICKETERS PREPARE FOR UPCOMING VARSITY MATCHES

Although they defeated their Dark Blue rivals in fairly comfortable fashion last week, the Light Blue cricketers will not be resting on their laurels as they prepare to face Oxford a further two times in the coming weeks.

On Sunday 26th June the teams will take to the field at Lord’s for the one-day match in which Oxford will no doubt be looking to exact revenge for their humiliating batting collapse in last Friday’s Twenty20 match.

But the teams will once again face each other this season during the four-day Varsity match at Fenner’s from Tuesday 5th to Friday 8th July.



Search: England U21



The training pitch can be a dangerous place, especially if you don’t keep your eye on the ball as Jason Steele will testify