

CONFERENCE CAMBRIDGE

The Big College Sell-Out: Cambridge colleges are making as much as 46% of their income from conferences, a *Varsity* investigation reveals. But what will this commercialisation of Cambridge mean?

5 >>

Punt touts out

Peter Storey
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cambridge City Council is making moves to address the problem of what it calls 'aggressive' and 'intimidating' punt touting along the river Cam. Punt touts have long been a feature of the historic city centre, but now the council says the large number of touts poses a threat to tourism and an unnecessary irritation for residents. The head of the Council's customer services, Cllr Neil McGovern, has said he is "very concerned about the negative effect that aggressive punt

touting can have on visitors, residents and businesses, and on students." He added "I know the colleges are particularly concerned about punt touting, especially on King's Parade." Another councillor, Kevin Price, recently told a meeting of the Council that this summer had been the worst on record for intrusive punt touting saying – "This behaviour we see is damaging to the reputation of Cambridge as a pleasant place to visit". Statistics also revealed that 25% of Cambridge residents and nearly 50% of visitors to the city were approached

four or more times by touts on a single visit to the city centre. The Council's proposed solution is to require all punt operators to have official accreditation which would only be endorsed if they agreed to follow a strict code of good conduct. This code would limit the areas

where sales could take place and commit its signatories to providing an improved service for customers. They must be careful however to strike the balance between regulating and inhibiting the companies who are presently worth £6 million per year to the local economy. Speaking to *Varsity*, Mark from University River Tours expressed his frustration at the severity of the new regulations, saying, "I don't think they're regulating it - I think they're shutting it down completely. I don't agree with the plans."

£6m
Value of punting to local economy

News p4


No work, all play: Is Oxbridge to blame for Britain's binge-drinking culture?



Reviews p28

"A strategically placed baguette did not quite cover everything"

Tom Powell on
The Orphanarium of Erthing Worthing



Sport p34

Making a splash: *Varsity* speaks to the University Water Polo Captain Dan Woolcott





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Be my guest

Here’s a small thought experiment on practical finance. Suppose that you are the bursar of an impoverished Cambridge college and term time has come to an end. You receive a polite email from a student requesting permission to remain in their college room for an additional week. Then, you receive a second email, this time from a large multinational company keen to hold its annual, week-long conference at your college. Conference guests will pay handsomely; students will pay the going rate.

It should not seem too judgemental to suggest at this point that you, the bursar, would hastily reject the first request and happily accept the latter. If we were to embellish this tale, we might plausibly accept that in doing

so you had jeopardised a dissertation for the sake of securing additional income.

For anyone who has ever had to do battle with college administrators because you’ve found yourself being turfed out of your room just a day after the end of term, this story might seem familiar. In a similar sense, the ‘conference guest’ – that much sought-after golden goose of college finance – can seem like a hated intruder.

According to our page five story (‘Cambridge University Ltd’): “Cambridge is the wealthiest university in the UK”. It is also pertinent to note here that Cambridge is one of the UK’s most academically prestigious and proud universities. Why, then, this emphasis on raking in the cash? Why does it seem – especially for students in

poorer colleges like Homerton or Robinson – that, when compared to ‘conference guests’, students are considered to be second-class residents?

Whilst we accept that new theatres and dining rooms don’t come cheap (though you may have noticed that most of these refurbished venues are mainly used outside of term time), there surely needs to be some redress of this imbalance? Cambridge colleges are not conference centres by another name.

The future, alas, seems bleak. Cuts to higher education mean it is likely that conferences in Cambridge will become an ever more regular feature, conference guests an ever more obvious irritation, and students and ever more marginalised sub-group. Dissertation be damned.

Letters, Emails & Comments

PRIVATE SCHOOL ANGST

This blog (‘If you went to private school, you probably don’t deserve to be here’, Gregory Lewis) is, quite frankly, a load of tosh. The purpose of the article is to divide and we must not let it.

I hope the writer reads the comments left and rewrites his error prone article with reliable facts rather than comments driven by prejudice and resentment.
John Messent, Gonville and Caius via Varsity Online

You will find that most private school students that get an Oxbridge offer put just as much effort as their state school counterparts and are

just as deserving. Instead pointing fingers at those who benefited from a good education and calling them cheats, why not look at those who haven’t and see whether there’s a solution to that problem?
Arno Albici, Trinity Hall via Varsity Online

Let’s also not forget that any casual equation being going to private school and being rich is nonsense as well. If you want a fair system in terms of intellectual potential being fulfilled, then the changes that need to be made are structural and far-reaching -- not tweaking the pattern of university applications.
Vince Garton, Cambridge via Varsity Online

“AN UGLY WIN”

Dear Sirs,
George Igler (*Varsity*, letters, 21 Oct) considers Sainsbury’s Success a handsome win. Another adjective for the victory, one that chimes a

little more truthfully for me, is ugly. An ugly win.

I (a former ‘grad’) am glad that Arain, Blessed and Mansfield stood in front of the Tienanmen tank of cash and carry (-on) croney-ism – and almost stopped it in its tracks. For now, we shall see what lies ‘in store’ – super!
Dave Hampton, Emmanuel, 1977

WHO ARE YOU CALLING ‘LOONY LEFT’?

Although I dispute the suggestion that ‘most of us are centre left’ (‘The Loony Left is taking over’, Charlie Bell), I do agree that CUSU is boring and I will certainly point and laugh at those who walk out on the 30th.
Matt Johnson, Cambridge via Varsity Online

Having left Cambridge for browner pastures with redder Unions I can attest that, as far as student unions go, CUSU is far from the radical, marxist-dominated

vanguard depicted by the tiresome self-professed “Voice of the Centre-Left Majority” that periodically rears its head in this publication under different bylines.
Andrew Tindall, Cambridge via Varsity Online

You’re right to condemn self-indulgent political posturing which doesn’t actually help people. That’s obviously not what politics should be about, but I was disappointed that you didn’t actually engage with the specific issue of the walk-out.

Instead, your legitimate grievance against the tedium of committee meetings seemed to turn into an argument against all student politics.
Richard Johnson, Cambridge, Chair, Cambridge University Labour Club via Varsity Online

What a pitiful whinge, Bell.
Edward Maltby, Cambridge via Varsity Online

Varsity has been Cambridge’s independent student newspaper since 1947 and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college, to ARU and around Cambridge each week.

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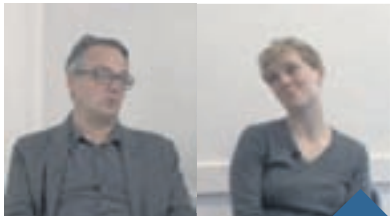
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DIGITAL DIGEST



VarsiTV

VarsiTV Interviews... Charlie Higson and Holly Walsh
VarsiTV Interviews... kicks off this term with a comedic double-bill. Varsity speaks to Fast Show creator Charlie Higson and comedy writer and performer Holly Walsh



VETEMENTS

For she is Artemis - extras
Authentic leather or not, a quiver of arrows is probably the least likely item to spot slung across the shoulders of the modern woman. Not at Varsity. Take a sneak peak at the shoot extras.



REVIEWS

Sleeping Beauty
“Crude, self-indulgent, and ultimately pointless”. Alice Bolland is not impressed (to say the least) about Julia Leigh’s debut film. It may have caused a stir at Cannes, but it didn’t move Alice...



ARTS

Writers and their illnesses: Mervyn Peake
“To north, south, east or west, turning at will, it was not long before his landmarks fled him.” Emily Smith continues her series, this week assessing Peake’s fight with Parkinson’s disease



COMMENT BLOGS

A View from the Armchair
Tom Belger wades into Varsity’s online ‘Loony Left’ debate with the simple question: “What is the point of widening the breach between the radical left and the supposedly ‘centre-left’ majority?”

Battle renewed on “Free Oxbridge MA”

Timur Cetin
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

The Oxbridge MA has again come under attack from MPs after Labour MP Chris Leslie proposed a House of Commons bill on Tuesday to end the practice.

He declared his plan to propose the abolishment of the Oxbridge MA last February, calling the degrees a “Byzantine relic of a bygone era”.

In his ten-minute speech this week, Leslie outlined his proposal that the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford should be prohibited from awarding “free MAs” to graduates, arguing that anyone from another

policy at the moment, but this particular unfairness hadn’t been raised for the past decade.

“We had a good debate – including a Tory MP who actually stood up to support the right of Oxbridge to give out complimentary MAs!”

Oxford and Cambridge graduates are eligible for the degree after a certain number of terms as members of the University.

The MA degree gives the right to participate in University elections and the right to dine at High Table at certain colleges.

The tradition evolved during the Middle Ages when it took seven years of study to qualify for the degree.

The controversy surrounding the practice of the award of MA degrees is not new.

In the last decades the MA degree came increasingly under attack from both politicians and education authorities such as the Quality Assurance Agency (QAA) which reviewed the practice in 1999. The QAA has not voiced any criticism since then.

In 2000 more than 50 Labour MPs signed a motion aimed at the abolition of the MA degree, but failed to get the necessary majority.

More recently, even some



Chris Leslie, MP for Nottingham East is leading the campaign to end the “free Oxbridge MA”

academics, among them Professor Neil Dogson of the University of Cambridge Computer Laboratory, voiced concern over the conferment of MA degrees without further requirements.

The concern most often expressed

is that such degrees lead to advantages in the job market and employers might get the impression that these MA degrees constitute a postgraduate qualification.

Chris Leslie is among the latest critics to call for the phasing-out of

these MA degrees.

The Minister of State for Universities and Science, who holds an MA from Christ Church, Oxford, declined to interfere with the internal policy of both universities with regard to the conferment of MA degrees.



Varsity’s coverage of MP’s previous attempts to scrap MAs last February

university who wants an MA must study for a full year, sit exams and pay tuition fees.

After the proposal, Leslie said: “There are several inequities that need pursuing in higher education

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Passion to Perform



Binge-drinking started in Oxbridge

Siobhan Coskeran
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

The UK's binge-drinking problem can be traced back to Oxbridge students of the 17th century, new research has revealed.

Historians have previously assumed that excessive alcohol consumption was the reserve of the poor, but now the spotlight has been shone on the educated elite.

Dr Phil Withington, a History Fellow at Christ's, has produced a study that focuses upon a new wave of wealthy young men going to university which peaked in the 1630s.

He discovered a pattern which is still familiar today: Oxbridge students, revelling in their first taste of freedom, set up decadent drinking clubs and bonded through drinking games.

Their revelries were characterised by raucous behaviour, with drunken 'banter' eagerly encouraged.

Withington said: "These classically-educated students emulated the carousing drinking camaraderie of ancient Greek and Roman culture.

"They played Latin drinking games, invented initiations rites, and drinking became integral to male bonding and a social norm."

He added: "Socialising became

intrinsically linked with intoxication and drinking establishments, and it became OK to be very, very drunk in public - attitudes we have inherited."

The high number of students at Cambridge and Oxford in the 1630s – a figure not matched until almost 300 years later – made them a conspicuous presence.

Gentlemen's clubs, ale-houses and taverns sprang up to serve the thirsty students, marking the start of the emergence of the British pub we know today.

So excessive was their drinking that wine consumption more than doubled in this period.

Prominent literary figures such as Thomas Shadwell and Ben Jonson wrote ballads and odes to intoxication, bringing a new sophistication to the alehouse.

Withington, an expert on the role of intoxicants in the early modern period, said the study was part of ongoing research into Britain's obsession with drinking.

"Lots of the attitudes about drinking are very much a phenomenon of the early seventeenth century and this has been neglected up until now.

"These educated young men made the first associations between drinking and 'having a good time' seen today."



Gown and wine: evidence of 17th Century decadence still visible in Cambridge today

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The Big College Sell-Out: A *Varsity* investigation reveals that Cambridge colleges are becoming increasingly dependent on external conferences as a source of income.

Helen Charman
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cambridge colleges are the home, social hub and workplace of the students who live in them, but outside of term time they are hired out as conference venues, housing anything from board meetings to weddings.

But are colleges increasingly being forced to rely upon income from hiring themselves out as conference venues due to the hostile financial environment in which they operate?

Cambridge is the wealthiest university in the UK, with an estimated endowment of £4 billion in 2010, with £3 billion of that linked

“It feels more like we’re the inconvenience to their business rather than vice versa”

directly to the colleges themselves.

Despite this, the 2010 accounts of Downing College, which had almost 20% of its gross income provided by conferences last year, cite the need for the conference income to offset the year-round costs of running the college due to “the unfavourable business environment within which Oxbridge colleges operate”.

The revenue generated from

conferences is a key part of the commercial business side of college finances, needed due to the cost of running the estate and staff of colleges outside of term time.

Yet not every college relies equally heavily upon conference income. Every college must bridge a funding gap between the cost of educating students, and the finances provided by the government.

In Pembroke College, for example, this gap stands at around £3,000 per undergraduate. Further to this, accounts differ from college to college.

In 2010 St John’s College, one of the richest in the university, received just under 4% of its gross income for the year from conference revenue. Christ’s College received even less, at only 1.62% of its gross income, and Churchill College received almost 50% of its gross income from the money generated by conferences.

Churchill College is the home of the Møller Centre, which according to its website is the “only dedicated conference centre in Cambridge”. A spokesperson for the college explained that whilst the conference centre and the college itself operate quite independently of each other.

“Their combined purpose is to provide revenue to support the core work of the College - namely education and research,” she said.



Corpus Christi College hall prepared from a conference dinner

She went on to note that “moreover, many of the events which take place

in college relate to science, medicine, and technology, which are core areas of interest for the College.”

But is this focus on business revenue adversely affecting students at Cambridge?

Largely the answer appears to be no. As the conferences take place largely during the holidays the only inconvenience they cause to students is the need for a swift turnaround of rooms at the end of term.

Mike Whetnall, a second-year Classicist at Downing College told *Varsity* that “general student life goes on more or less unaffected”.

However Whetnall added that student resentment can run high: “I know a few people were kicked out of their rooms almost immediately at the end of term, which must have been really annoying, but it doesn’t disturb everyone and even when it does, it’s

not a major issue.”

Michael Hicks, from Homerton College, claimed that the college valued conference guests far and above students.

“We’re always chucked out of our rooms for these conference guests, and it feels more like we’re the inconvenience to their business, rather than vice versa.”

Cambridge colleges operate in a business environment that means they have to generate income from sources other than the money paid by the students of the university and the money given by the university from government funding.

The hiring out of the colleges as conference venues is an attempt to solve this issue, and one set to become even more common.

To see the full breakdown of college incomes, visit varsity.co.uk

The importance of conferences is only likely to increase

Analysis
Tristan Dunn



Conferences have now become an integral part of the financial models of many colleges, without which some would not be able to survive.

Entrepreneurial colleges have found that businesses and members of the public will pay large sums of money to get the Cambridge

experience. Colleges can be hired for weddings, christenings, hotel rooms and private dinners amongst other things.

No longer is a Cambridge college the reserve of a select few students. Anybody who will pay the price can get the experience.

However, conferences, like tourists, can be a nuisance for students – at Downing for example, first year students have only one day after term officially ends to vacate their rooms so that the conference guests can move in.

It can feel at times like the conference guests are treated better than the students.

But should students complain? Without conferences, it is likely that many colleges would not be able to fund the refurbishment of undergraduate rooms to hotel standards.

Further, college food prices may be required to rise to make up the revenue shortfall. Conferences bring cash to college balance sheets at a time when funding to education is being cut.

It is this cash-generating ability at a time of education cuts that is likely to ensure conferences in Cambridge will only become larger and more important in the future.

‘Cambridge Bin Veolia’ campaign fails with just 4.2% support

Samantha Sharman
NEWS CO-EDITOR

The recent referendum on whether the University of Cambridge should break ties with Veolia has been declared inquorate.

10 per cent of the student body, roughly 2,100 people, was required to vote in the referendum in order for the result to be valid, but only 7.2 per cent voted.

However, of those that voted, 58 per cent voted that the University

should cut ties with Veolia, a company that has been accused of human rights abuses. The company is currently employed by the University on a waste disposal contract.

The referendum, which closed on Monday, passed with a clear majority: there were 898 votes yes, 637 votes no, and 21 spoilt ballots.

Campaigners had called on the University to cut its ties with a the French company over alleged involvement in Israeli human rights abuses.

The ‘Cambridge Bin Veolia’ campaign was seeking to force the termination of the University’s

10%

Turnout of student body required for the referendum to be valid

contract with environmental services company, which it currently employs on a waste disposal contract.

The Palestine Solidarity Campaign,

a national pressure group which campaigns against some actions of the Israeli government, alleged that Veolia is “helping to build and operate a tramway linking illegal settlements in East Jerusalem with Israel”.

The ‘Cambridge Bin Veolia’ campaign also claimed in a press release that the firm “has lost contracts worth more than €10 billion since 2005, including, just a few months ago, a £300 million contract in Ealing.”

However Joseph Voignac, of

the “No” Campaign, said that the referendum was “contrary to CUSU’s constitutional objectives to support the renunciation of a university contract on the basis of foreign affairs.”

Voignac added that the boycott “would neither advance the education of its members nor would it be providing for the social welfare its members”.

Voting took place in person and online from noon Friday 21st to 6pm Monday 24th October.

News investigation: students dodge dodgy jobs market

Samantha Sharman investigates graduate destination figures, which show Cambridge students are more likely to continue education and avoid the job market than other universities

More than one in three University of Cambridge graduates chooses to continue their education rather than enter the job market, according to the most recent graduate destination statistics.

36 per cent of Cambridge graduates pursued further study, with only 55 per cent successfully gaining full-time employment. Five per cent were left completely unemployed.

Employment rates for University of Cambridge full-time, first-degree graduates were consequently nearly 10 per cent lower than the national average, which stood at 63 per cent, according to results from the Higher

Education Statistics Committee (HESA).

However, this was due simply to the greater proportion of Cambridge students choosing further study – the national average stands only at 16 per cent, with seven per cent combining studying with part-time employment. Consequently the rate of unemployment was also lower than the national average of nine per cent.

Statistics for specific courses within the University showed that Law had the greatest number of students continuing their education, at 59 per cent, followed by Natural Sciences at 53 per cent and Theology at 47 per cent.

Classics, Philosophy and Mathematics were close behind, all with



39 per cent of finalists opting further study rather than pursuing full-time employment.

Architecture, Linguistics and Manufacturing Engineering had the lowest rates of further study, and

correspondingly the highest rates of employment.

Meanwhile, History of Art and Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic had the highest rates of unemployment, at 14 per cent and 13 per cent

respectively.

The choice of so many University of Cambridge students to continue their education is perhaps unsurprising, as more and more statistics point to a continuing crisis in the job market.

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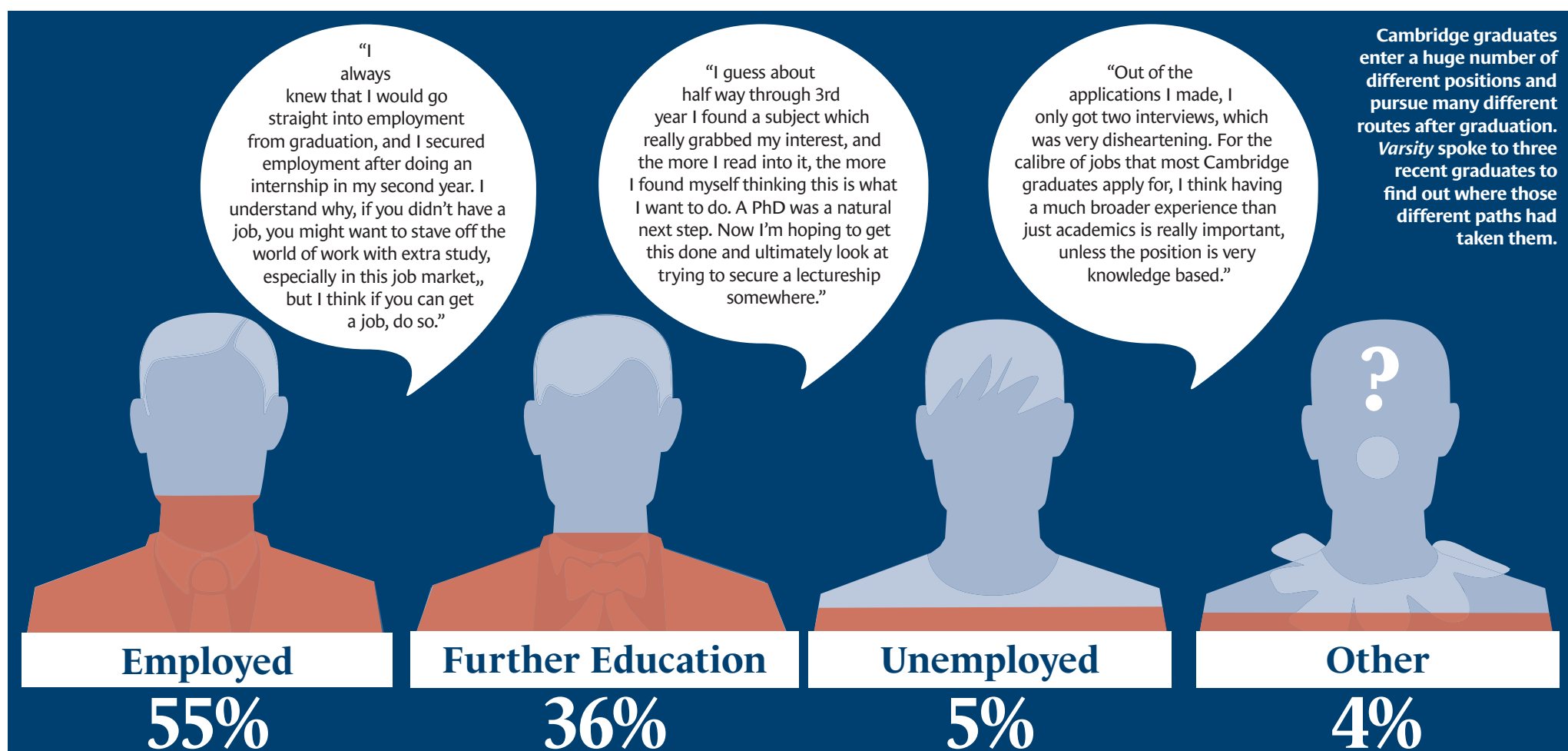
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Achieving more together



A study at the beginning of the year by the Office for National Statistics (ONS) showed that one in five recent graduates were unemployed, the highest rate for more than a decade.

Meanwhile, UK unemployment on the whole has now risen to a 17-year high of 2.57 million, the ONS also revealed last month, with an unemployment rate of 21.3% for the 16-24 age group.

President of the National Union of Students (NUS), Liam Burns said: "Times are tough for young people at the moment with rising unemployment no matter how well qualified they are."

New statistics from HESA, meanwhile, show that more than one in four graduates from 2007 still does not have a full-time job, three and a half years after leaving university. How-

"Times are tough for young people at the moment with rising unemployment"

ever, 6.5 per cent were still continuing their studies, and 5.3 per cent were combining work and study.

A gender gap was also seen in the report: while 14% of men in full-time work who graduated in 2007 were now earning between £30,000 and £34,999, only 9.3% of women achieved this salary bracket. 29.4% of women were earning between £20,000 and £24,999, compared to 15.6% of men.

With such difficulties for graduating students, questions are being raised about the value of getting a degree, particularly with the tuition fee rise coming into effect in 2012.

Universities minister David Willetts said: "A degree remains a good investment and is one of the best pathways to achieving a good job and a rewarding career."

Yet, the Office for National Statistics revealed this summer that one

in five graduates earns less than a person who left school with as little as one A-level.

A poll commissioned by the bank Santander found that 60 per cent of the businesses it interviewed would hire a secondary-school leaver with two years of work experience rather than a graduate.

"The reality is that as a country we haven't been very good at creating graduates who are specialised in areas that employers are demanding," said Mike Fettes, Graduate Director at totaljobs.com.

"The economic downturn exposed this brutally in the form of high graduate unemployment.

"The only benefit that we can see in the disappointing decision to, in effect, triple fees is that it may focus the minds of those wishing to go to university on which skills are most in demand in the jobs market, which degree will best enable them to pay off debts most swiftly and create more focus on their chosen career direction."

The National Union of Students said the government risked "losing a generation to low skills and high unemployment" by failing to support young people sufficiently.

However, some evidence suggests that things could be looking up in the graduate job market.

A recent report by the Association of Graduate Recruiters showed a rise in the number of graduate vacancies for the first time since the beginning of the recession, although starting salaries remained at a median of around £25,000 per annum.

Meanwhile, a survey in May by High Fliers Research of 2011 graduates showed a renewed faith in the banking profession after a noticeable decline during recruiting seasons of the last two years.

High Fliers managing director, Martin Birchall, said: "During 2008-2009, applications for investment banking fell by a third.

"When we spoke to people in March, more people had applied for banking than any other sector. At least three banks are rumoured to be paying £50,000 starting salaries, and that's before any bonuses. All of the banks were back on campus with a vengeance in the last 12 months, promoting themselves very hard. Most

"A degree is one of the best pathways to achieving a good job and a rewarding career"

of the best-known City names are recruiting at 2006-2007 levels."

The survey also found that finalists began job hunting earlier than normal and made on average a third more applications than the previous year.

Earlier this year, the Guardian reported that several universities had proposals to award extra marks on some degree courses to students showing evidence of corporate skills or other experience in the job market.

Fettes, of totaljobs.com, said: "It isn't just students that need to adapt their behaviour; there are also roles for universities and business. Universities must look to offer more courses aligned to the jobs market and incentivise them if necessary."

"In turn, businesses should engage with the education sector to ensure that the skills they need are incorporated into university courses."

However, many critics, including academics, argue that such schemes, which aim to churn out "job-ready" graduates, are adding to the process of undermining the role of universities in society.

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ragazine

"You may have heard of RAG, but what does it actually do?"

The first two terms of my first year passed with only a few mentions of RAG. The term was coupled with the Blind Date, associated with Jailbreak and sometimes made it onto posters advertising college events. To the unsuspecting and unknowing student, it could seem that RAG are trying to ruin your degree by encouraging you to flee the country, date complete strangers and spend copious amounts of time in your college bar.

The purpose behind all these events was only revealed to me when someone (literally) spelled out what RAG was: Raising And Giving. RAG raised money for charities. And in a strange way this meant it was ok (for me at least) to escape the UK/date strangers/spend too much time in the bar.

This year RAG is dividing the money it raises between 5 local charities and 5 larger, national or international charities. These are Cambridge Rape Crisis Centre, Foodcycle, Haven House Children's Hospice, Jimmy's Night Shelter, Wintercomfort for the Homeless, Alzheimer's Research UK, British Red Cross, Médecins Sans Frontières, Unicef UK and

WaterAid respectively. The barometer to the [left/right/at the bottom] shows how much money we've made towards this year's target of £175,000, a significant proportion of which is divided up between these charities.

And with this in mind, it's worth casting your mind back to two weeks ago, to a beautifully crisp Saturday morning. Anyone around in Cambridge city centre will have no doubt seen many blue balloons tied to various bicycles and railings, all sporting the RAG logo as well as the word LOST. This was a publicity drive for the newest RAG event, taking place in only a couple of weeks. LOST involves you and a teammate being dropped in an unknown location and having to make it back to Cambridge in 24 hours without spending any money on transport. If you're interested then take a look at our website: www.cambridgerag.org.uk. LOST promises to be great fun, as well as a chance for you to break the infamous Cambridge bubble, meet new people, take a break from work whilst raising a bit of cash for charity. Speaking as a second year now, I've figured that this is what RAG is all about."

£ 150,000

£ 100,000

£ 50,000

£ 20,000

£ 10,000

£ 4,000

The rollercoaster of the business world

Doug Monroe, entrepreneur and founder of adzuna, speaks to Samantha Sharman about life at Cambridge, getting a job and how to start your own business

For many students, the concept of finding a job is one to be put off for as long as possible. In an increasingly difficult job market, things are certainly looking tough for graduates. However, for those in need of a bright idea and some helpful tips, Doug Monroe, Cambridge alumnus and entrepreneur, has the answer.

Doug, who grew up in West London, says he always had an entrepreneurial streak. At the age of only nine he started a newspaper at his school and sold it to other pupils for 10p a copy. He ended up studying English at Cambridge, a time he looks back on fondly.

"I thought I was a proper poet," he tells me. "I remember smoking these horrible menthol cigarettes called Consulates and at one stage a pipe – and some of the most fun I had was directing and acting in various plays."

"I was always a moderniser and very against some of the more old-fashioned parts of university culture like gowns, Latin, garden parties and private members clubs."

Despite his love for writing and acting, Doug always found business interesting. He applied for many graduate schemes and gained a summer internship at Unilever, which turned into a permanent job. "I had little idea what I wanted to do beyond 'learn about business', so it seemed a good place to start," he explained.

He also shared with me some job-hunting advice for graduates: "Don't pick a job based on the salary, pick what you find interesting. Also, don't assume that because a company has a big, shiny, milk-round presence – or because your friends are applying there – that they are a great employer. Consulting firms and investment banks are full of smart, well-paid people, but do they actually do something you feel passionate about or will be proud of? Do something you enjoy and you'll be good at it."

In the late 1990s, Doug started getting excited about the internet and did an MBA in the US, before achieving a series of managerial roles in internet corporations.

QUICK-FIRE

Doug in 5 words

"Passionate, competitive, geek, entrepreneur, dad."

Inspired by?

"Steve Wozniak, the co-founder of Apple – a humble, unbelievably talented engineer who essentially invented the PC – and didn't screw anyone over along the way."

Today's students

"Tough times create opportunity. I admire students today that are able to navigate these waters, and think they are learning incredible skills of self-reliance."



Doug Monroe, entrepreneur and founder of Adzuna.co.uk

Starting as the Head of Strategy at eBay, he moved on to be Managing Director of Gumtree.com, followed by a role as Chief Operating Officer of Zoopla.

Earlier this year, Doug quit Zoopla in order to found his own company, adzuna.co.uk, a move which he is proud of; he explained: "Believing in the next big idea and making it happen from the ground up takes some bravery, when it's easy to rest on your laurels."

Adzuna, a new search engine for classified ads, searches thousands of sites (so you don't have to) and brings them all together in one place. It currently includes ads for jobs, but will soon expand to include properties and cars too.

Since launching the UK job search site in July, adzuna lists 500,000 live job ads from over 120 different job boards – almost every open job vacancy in the UK.

Doug told me what it's like running his own business: "It's a rollercoaster. One day you think you are the next

Richard Branson. The next you think it will never work and you will go bankrupt and your family will be evicted from their home. Not for the faint-hearted or the stress-prone, but it makes you feel alive. I pity those people I see in their grey suits on the underground every morning."

"Do what you enjoy, try things that sound interesting and remain open-minded."

"I love helping to start new businesses and building them up. Working for a larger, mature business just pales in comparison. There is something amazing about finding a new idea and nurturing it, and the focus you can achieve with a small team that believes in something that nobody else does, and then make it happen against the odds."

He also shared some tips for graduates on starting their own business: "Do something you know and are

passionate about. You need the skills and often the support of others to make it work and not to be afraid of failing. Contrary to what you see on TV, start-up life is not glamorous. That being said, I wish I had started my own business earlier in my career."

Doug Monroe is certainly a man who knows how to turn bright ideas into functioning, profitable realities. And he has some reassuring words for Cambridge students: "Almost everyone I knew at Cambridge has been successful in their field, and many of them in ways I would never have predicted – including government ministers! Nearly all of them zig-zagged a bit along the way."

"Don't over analyse things or be easily led by the opinions of others: do what you enjoy, try things that sound interesting, and remain open-minded along the way."

Find Doug's website at www.adzuna.co.uk and his blog, <http://jobs.adzuna.co.uk/blog/>, for some more useful tips

"NATO's role has ended"

Hannah Wilkinson
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A Cambridge academic has spoken out against NATO's ongoing involvement in Libya.

Academic George Joffe said: "NATO's role has ended. Libyans have been grateful for it, but they don't want it repeated or continued."

Joffe is a research fellow at the University Centre and specialises in the Middle East and North Africa. He is also a lecturer on the Centre's M.Phil. in International Relations.

His comments were made in an interview for ABC's radio station.

He also warned that Libyans would "deeply resent" the ongoing involvement of NATO, adding: "This is their revolution. They have been empowered by it."

NATO forces have been involved in Libya since March this year, when the UN Security Council passed a resolution to authorise "all necessary measures" in order to protect citizens.

The UK has since confirmed that NATO provided the National Transition Council (NTC) with "intelligence and reconnaissance" to help them track down Colonel Muammar Gaddafi.

Since Gaddafi's capture and death on 20 October, there have been calls for NATO presence in Libya to end, since it is no longer needed.

Joffe explained that the Libyans now want to take charge of their own transition to democracy and "want help when they ask for it, not for it to be imposed on them".

twitterati

What's happening in Cambridge?



@MillicentAlice
Millie Riley, VarsityTV Editor

Junior Apprentice is back. Can't wait to see what 'businesses' they have. Last year there was a girl who 'sells eggs and sweets'



@AhirShah
Ahir Shad, student stand-up

"Why didn't the skeleton go to the party?" "Corpses provoke a sense of revulsion, and as such are inappropriate guests at social gatherings"



@MarkFiddaman
Mark Fiddaman, Gentleman wit

I went to buy tampons today. Embarrassing. Should have left the shop before I started to eat them.



@patrick_sykes
Patrick Sykes, Poet & Varsity Chief Sub-Editor

'Mrs Gogan enters a little proud of the importance of being directly connected with death.'



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Universities consider last minute changes to tuition fees

Stephanie Barrett
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

At least 28 universities are considering lowering their tuition fees to £7,500 in the face of government pressure to drive down costs, according to new figures released by the Office For Fair Access (OFFA) last Thursday.

In a White Paper published this summer the government announced incentives for institutions that keep their fees low.

These included the opportunity for English universities that charge £7,500 or less to be able to bid for a share of 20,000 funded student places.

OFFA suggested that, in light of this, almost a quarter of higher education institutions in England could make last-minute cuts to annual fee levels for students commencing their

studies in 2012.

More than a third of British universities had previously outlined plans to charge the maximum of £9,000 a year.

From those planning to charge over £6,000, OFFA demanded the submission of 'access agreements', setting out how they plan to financially support students and ensure those from less affluent homes are not priced out.

8 universities have already submitted revised 'access agreements', intending to either reduce their overall fee level or increase the amount of 'fee waivers' they intend to offer to poorer students.

A further 20 institutions, all of which were intending to charge above the £7,500 threshold, have expressed an interest in revising their fees.

Universities have only until 4th November to revise their agreements

and will wait until 30th November to hear whether they have been successful.

The changes come despite UCAS applications opening over a month ago.

Toni Pearce, Vice-President of the National Union of Students condemned the move, saying: "students looking to assess and compare what support will be available to them will be facing weeks of uncertainty."

New OFFA guidelines for universities wishing to change their fees require institutions to contact all students who have already applied for the next academic year to explain the changes to their financial support.

OFFA's Director, Sir Martin Harris, said: "we have sought to minimise the impact on applicants. Our resulting guidance makes it clear that



OFFA director Martin Harris promises to minimise impact on applicants

applicants must continue to receive the same overall level of financial support...and must receive sufficient warning of any revised package to

enable them to change their university choice, if they so wish, without prejudice before the UCAS deadline of 15th January."

NHS

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chlamydia
test?

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WITHOUT KNOWING

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The Test: Free, Simple, Painless.

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www.cambstakeatest.com

Chlamydia
worth talking about

'Drunkorexia': a growing trend in UK and US universities

Kate Henney
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

An increasing number of students are missing meals to allow them to consume alcohol excessively at night, a recent survey has revealed.

In the survey conducted at the University of Missouri, one in six students said that they had restricted food in order to "save" the calories for drinking alcohol.

Fears have been raised that this is also a growing issue in UK universities as well as in the US.

Victoria Osborne, assistant professor at the University of Missouri, who was leading the research, said the most common reasons to cut back on eating food were to avoid gaining weight, to get drunk faster and to save money on food in order to buy more alcohol.

The disorder, dubbed as 'drunkorexia', is three times more likely to

affect young women than men.

Researchers highlighted that this was particularly worrying, as women are more likely to suffer long term health problems as a result of binge drinking.

Although a greater problem among women, men admitted to cutting food before nights out as well, many explaining that they did so in order to save money to buy more beer.

One of the major concerns raised by this study is the link between eating disorders and alcoholism. This is an alarming problem underlined by previous research.

Rivkah Brown, a student at Emmanuel College, agrees: "I think it's a particularly bad combination of an unhealthy attitude towards alcohol and towards food, resulting from conflicting pressures of student life. It's a sad reflection on our society."

Other students, however, demonstrate that the issue is certainly a prominent problem in Cambridge.

One anonymous fresher claims that she never eats before going out: "It's a good strategy to avoid gaining weight, and is definitely the sensible thing to do."

"It also makes nights out much cheaper, as you don't need to drink as much to get drunk. People that don't do it are silly."

Ella Raff, also a student at Emmanuel College, emphasises the dangers of 'drunkorexia': "It is a great idea in theory, but every time I have not eaten before a night of drinking, I have passed out, with little or no recollection of the events of evening."

She also estimates that, despite the risks, "around 75% of girls who enjoy the Cambridge nightlife" regularly skip meals before drinking.

This issue has raised many concerns over alcohol abuse and eating disorders amongst students, as experts have claimed that 'drunkorexia' could easily spiral out of control.



Drunkorexia: dinner is served

News in Brief

Mill Road Sainsbury's plan rejected

In a move that will please former chancellor candidate Abdul Arain, the application for a new Sainsbury's on Mill Road has been rejected.

Reasons for the rejection were stated as being the loss of a nearby leisure facility, traffic hazards and limited access for the blind and disabled.

Councillors heard a stream of objections to the store, including a petition with 3,105 signatures and a letter signed by representatives of 73 businesses.

Abdul Arain said he was "delighted" with the result.

Alleged sexual assault in Cambridge centre

Students have been warned by Cambridge Police about an alleged sexual assault which took place in the centre of Cambridge in the early hours of Monday morning.

The assault is said to have occurred on Sidney Street at around 5am on Monday, and is currently being investigated by the Police.

Although it appears to have been an isolated incident, it follows a series of nine sexual assaults since August, mostly in the Grange Road area.

Fast Show creator hints at new material

In an interview with *Varsity* before an appearance at this week's Cambridge Festival of Ideas, Charlie Higson, founder of The Fast Show, hinted that the acclaimed nineties sketch show could be due a full comeback with "new stuff and new characters".

Watch the full interview with Charlie Higson online at VarsiTV.co.uk

Cambridge weathers the storm, as applications see 2% increase

Cambridge has escaped a dramatic UK-wide drop in applications in anticipation of tuition fee rises

Matt Russell

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cambridge has experienced a minor rise in applications this year despite a nationwide plummet in applications to other universities.

The news comes as UCAS releases figures showing a 9% fall in the overall applications compared to this time last year.

Applications to Oxbridge and for medical courses, which have a deadline of 15th October, account for over half of the total number of applications, but have remained comparatively steady.

This means that, excluding courses with the 15th October deadline, the real fall in applications for other universities is over 30% from this time last year.

Both the University and its colleges

have proven impervious to the factors that have led to such a sharp fall.

The increase in applications to Cambridge, standing at 2%, includes a rise in the number of state school students applying.

25% increase in applications to Gonville and Caius College, 68% from the state sector



Colleges are also reporting impressive increases in applications, most notably Gonville and Caius who have recorded a 25% increase in applications from this time last year.

The College has received 622 direct applicants and have received a further 55 open applicants, their largest

pool of candidates for many years.

Like the University, the College has also recorded an increase in students from state schools as 68% of their UK applicants are from the state sector. This is the highest ever number for the College and it has come without the loss of any independent school applicants.

Furthermore, whereas there has been a 10.5% fall in applicants from women, Caius has remained steady as 41% of applicants are women, which is about average.

Applications on a subject basis have fluctuated in proportion to the increase, with English losing out on the most applicants. UCAS stats also show an over 10% fall in applications for languages and literature.

Gonville and Caius' Access Officer, Kirsty Gray, told *Varsity*: "Caius has

sought to improve access significantly in recent years but has particularly upped its game this year in the face of rising fees and misinformed media coverage. It's so rewarding to see that the Easter School, school visits and Alternative Prospectus really do make a massive difference."

NEWS IN FIGURES

9%

National fall in UCAS applications

2%

Rise in applications to Cambridge



Cambridge Backs to undergo preservation to last for next 100 years

35 trees along the Backs will be felled but more than 50 will be planted in a scheme aimed at transforming the area and restoring a less formal layout

Universities spend £356m on access

Joanna Tang

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A quarter of the income higher education institutions receive from tuition fees is being spent on access, a new report has found.

The latest monitoring report from the Office for Fair Access (OFFA), found that universities and colleges spent £395 million in 2009-10 on encouraging and helping more students from under-represented groups to study.

The vast majority of the expenditure, £356 million, was on bursaries and scholarships, for 402,000 students in total. 75% of this went to students receiving the maximum state maintenance grant.

In addition, 77% of institutions reported meeting or exceeding most or all of their targets for the number

of applicants or entrants from under-represented groups.

Sir Alan Langlands is the Chief Executive of the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE), which published the report with OFFA. He saw the findings as encouraging: "Universities and colleges remain committed to widening participation and in 2009-10 spent significantly more on this crucial activity than the amounts we allocated specifically for this purpose."

Sir Martin Harris, Director of Fair Access to Higher Education, said: "New access agreements are in place for 2012-13 and these show stretching targets and considerable increases in expenditure on both outreach and financial support as well as, for the first time, expenditure and commitments on improving retention and student success."

John's student convicted of Cindies' assault

Tom Bateman

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A "reckless" Cambridge student has been found guilty of common assault after an incident at Ballare nightclub last year.

Ben Shaw, a Computer Science student from St John's College, pleaded guilty to the charge of common assault. He will be forced to pay £3,800 in compensation to fellow undergraduate, Emily Farbrace.

Cambridge's Magistrates' Court heard how Shaw's drunken prank ended in serious injury to Farbrace, a Natural Sciences student also studying at St John's College.

Shaw was alleged to have grabbed Farbrace from behind, before running

across the dance floor with her in his arms. He then tripped and the pair fell against the bar, with enough force to break her pelvis.

As a result of Miss Farbrace's injury, she was then unable to complete her second year exams.

In a victim impact statement, Miss Farbrace said: "I made it very clear by pushing against him and shouting that I didn't want him to run with me in his arms.

"It was clear to any rational person that his behaviour was reckless."

Prosecutor Paul Brown said that the injury had put her at a "huge disadvantage".

He also raised concerns that the fact it forced her to miss exams could have affected her future career plans.

He said: "She worked extremely hard to gain a place at Cambridge in order to gain the best career possible. This has put her at a huge disadvantage."

Shaw has since shown clear regret for his actions, writing a letter of apology to Miss Farbrace saying: "I'm devastated by what happened. I never meant to hurt anyone".

The court also heard how Shaw and Farbrace, both 20, are said to have had a "difficult relationship".

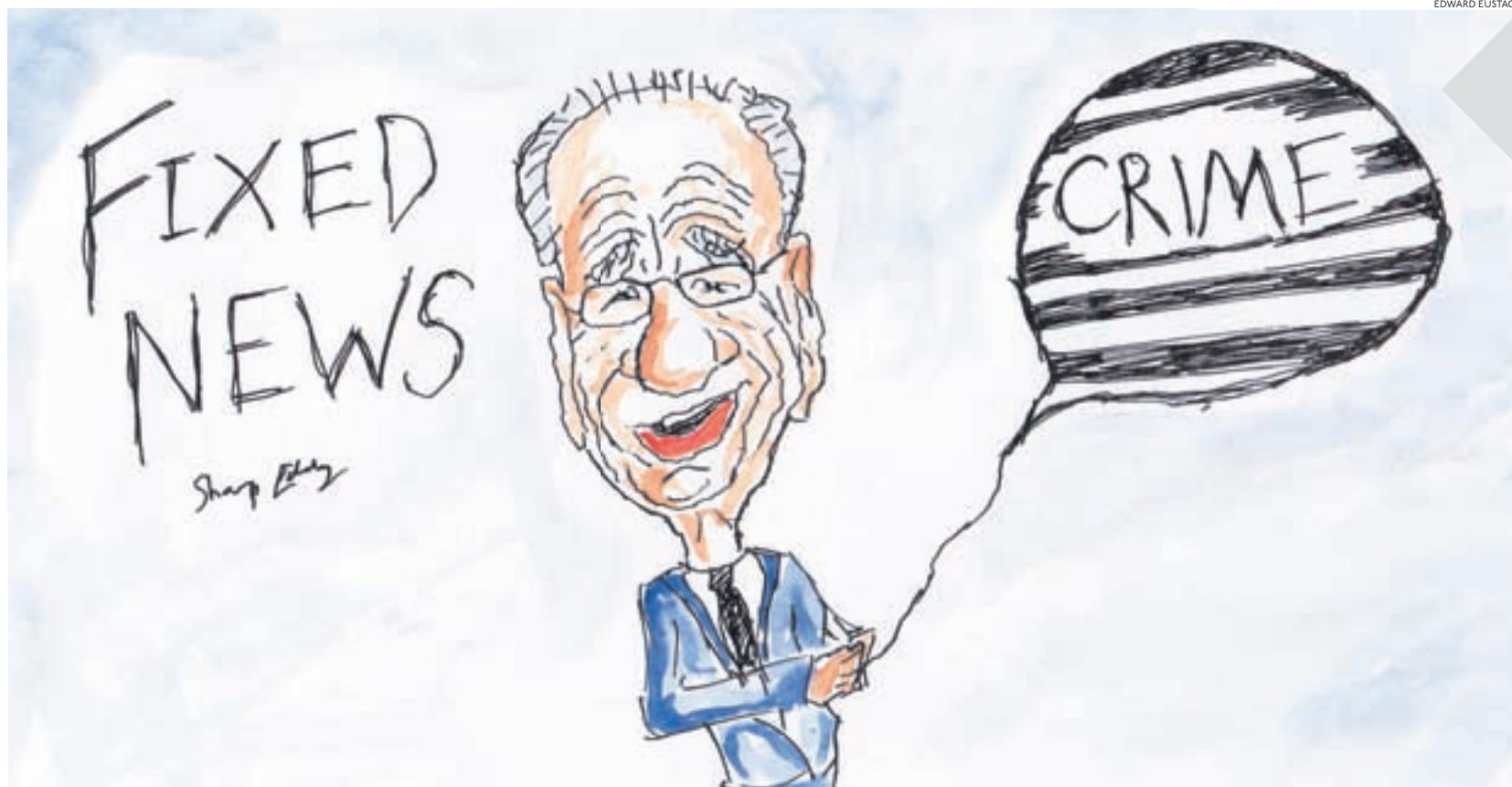
In addition to the £3,800 compensation, Shaw also had to pay £130 costs and complete 80 hours of unpaid work.

St John's College reacted by suspending Shaw for a year following the incident on the 4th May.



Ben Shaw pleaded guilty to assault at Cambridge's Magistrates' Court

Comment



EDWARD EUSTACE

Comment Question

News Corp recently had its AGM – the media were predicting a storm of criticism from shareholders. It wouldn't have mattered, as Murdoch controls the majority of the voting shares in the world's largest media organisation, and remains unrepentant.

The 4th Estate is immensely powerful – we all know that. But should there be tighter regulations on what they publish? Not just for accuracy in each story, but accuracy in representing each story in context, perhaps?

We just pose the questions. You give us the answers. Let us know what you think on Twitter @VarsityUK #comment

News reporting is criminal

Crime is at a 30 year low, but we're convinced otherwise. Who is to blame? The media.

Paige Darby



Crime is the very stuff of news. It ticks all the boxes of newsworthiness. It interests us, it concerns us, and it entertains us. We're presented with stories on crime, and a plethora of statistics on its occurrence, on a regular basis. So it's no wonder that our perceptions of crime can be somewhat distorted.

The Home Office released the June 2011 quarterly update of its national crime statistics on 20th October. Crime in England and Wales presents crime statistics from the British Crime Survey (BCS) as well as police recorded crime. The latest statistics confirm a long-term trend of stabilised and historically low rates of crime.

The annual edition of *Crime in England and Wales* published in July 2011 showed crime measured by the BCS was at its lowest levels since the survey started in 1981. However, in contrast to these reassuring figures, 60% of surveyed adults believed crime had risen nationally in the past two years.

So why do we have such poor perceptions of crime and its occurrence? A 2010 study by the Australian Institute of Criminology suggests that distorted views of

crime rates are common across the United States, Canada, Britain and Australia, even though these four countries are all currently experiencing rates of crime which are trending downwards. The authors, Brent Davis and Kym Dossetor, assert that there are two explanations for people's perceptions of crime. These are experience theory, where people fear crime due to personal experiences of crime, and expressive theory, where fear of crime is a result of broader social concerns "independent of actual threat".

In the latter instance, perceptions of crime can be influenced by variables such as "feelings about the national economy, the level of trust in fellow community members and concerns/anxiety about children". Based on this theory, it's not so surprising to see countries still

"60% of those surveyed believed crime had risen nationally in the past two years"

feeling the after-effects of the global financial crisis miscalculating the level of social unrest in the community, particularly in a survey asking them to reflect on national experiences over the past two years.

This theory is further reinforced by the fact that while 60% of adults surveyed by the BCS believed crime had risen nationally over the past

two years, only 28% thought it had risen in their local area and only 13% perceived they were likely to be a victim of burglary or violent crime.

According to the study by the Australian Institute of Criminology, those most likely to perceive that crime rates are increasing are older survey participants, males, respondents without post-secondary education, and people who rely on family and television as sources of information. "As the importance attached to television as a source of information declines, so does the likelihood of overestimating the level of crime."

"A similar general profile can be found for reliance on family as a source of information on crime."

Professor Robert Reiner's review of crime news in the 2007 Oxford Handbook of Criminology presents a number of historical studies with varying estimates of news of crime constituting between 5% and 33% of news stories. According to Reiner, crime news took up a higher proportion of space in more 'downmarket' newspapers, and was more frequent on commercial radio and television than on the BBC.

In addition, studies on the type of crimes reported in the news found violent and interpersonal crimes were over-represented and property offences were under-reported. For example, a study of one month of British newspapers in 1989 found that 64.5% of crime stories involved violence, while the BCS at the

time found that only 6% of crimes reported by victims were violent.

Reiner quotes a study undertaken by Sherizen in 1978 which concluded: "mass media provide citizens with a public awareness of crime ... based upon an information-rich and knowledge-poor foundation".

Such representations of the media's importance and bias in crime news then beg questions of the media. Is it there to entertain us,

"As importance attached to TV falls, so does overestimation of crime"

and should we be critical of our own tendency to consume stories of a more alarmist or violent nature? Or, does the media have a responsibility to educate and inform? In which case, should we expect more representational reporting of crime news? Do public perceptions of crime even matter if crime rates continue to decline, especially when perceptions are influenced by unrelated national crises?

The answer lies somewhere in the middle of these extremes. Misperceptions of crime rates will continue, as will our dependence on the media as a source of information on crime. All we can ask for is news that incorporates a little more knowledge in the information-rich reporting of crime.



VARSITY COMMENT BRINGS YOU A WEEKLY GUIDE TO THE BEST TALKS IN CAMBRIDGE

**SATURDAY 29TH
Cannibal Forking**

Location: Museum of Archeology and Anthropology
Time: 10:00 to 17:00
Why: Join artist, Alana Jelinek, re-staging her successful 'Cannibal Forking'. Participants will carve their own cannibal forks over a day, learning the necessary green wood working skills, using native English woods, while discussing the history and perception of 'cannibal forks' from the Museum of Archaeology & Anthropology's collection.

**TUESDAY 1ST
The Illusion of Control**

Location: N7, Pembroke College
Time: 15:30
Why: This talk addresses claims of territorial control from Vietnam and Afghanistan. It analyses patterns of subversion in Vietnam and Afghanistan; and explicates functions of the Taliban's hierarchies. It concludes that territorial control by U.S. forces in areas of Afghanistan is illusory.

Looks like we're just history

The current economic climate is nothing new – and like before, we are at the mercy of history

Tom Belger



Men make their own history, but they do not make it under circumstances of their own choosing, wrote Marx in 1852. But how true is that today?

Monetary union, once so full of promise for the nations of Europe, is beginning to look like bondage. As weaker partners fall sick and fears brew of contagion, the rest writhe impotently under the chains of the single currency. Perhaps some miracle will allow them to regain control. As things stand, Europe looks very much at the mercy of history.

In Britain it is hard to avoid the same conclusion. Government and public alike are swept along by events. The Prime Minister says we are “paralysed by gloom and fear” and need a “can-do optimism”. Gloom and fear are a symptom, not a cause. Paralysis stems rather from the conditions of the economy, and the government’s inability to deal with it.

Marx’s ‘men’ – or rather men and women – are facing substantial declines in their living standards. According to the IMF, higher taxes,

benefit cuts, inflation and stagnant wages are likely to leave households £1500 worse off as the Coalition attempts to cut the nation’s debt by 2016. They have a government whose economic agenda more than 70% of them did not vote for or voted against. Over 2.5 million people are unemployed. In my own London borough, Lewisham, there are around 14 times more jobseekers than there are vacancies.

This is not making history, but suffering it. And yet, is there any reason to be surprised? The 1910s, ‘20s and ‘40s were devastated by war and its effects; the ‘30s and ‘80s by mass unemployment and meagre welfare policies; the late ‘60s and ‘70s by inflation, stagnation and civil strife. In the prosperous ‘50s

“This is not making history, but suffering it”

and early ‘60s alone, perhaps, did the sun shine for most in Britain. Many historians see external forces as more instrumental than the government even then.

“You’ve never had it so good”, remarked the Prime Minister at the time, Harold Macmillan. It is a shame this reminder was so rarely echoed by politicians in the New Labour years. The sustained economic of the 1990s and 2000s seem a golden age when set in the context of our past.



What should have been treasured was taken for granted.

I always used to wonder how people could simply get on with their daily lives while regions, towns, businesses, jobs, communities and lives were ruined by the Thatcher government’s foul medicine for Britain’s economic woes. But as our economy continues to stagnate and the government quietly ditches lifelines for the most in need – from benefits to healthcare to charities to access programmes – I realise I am doing the same. As ever, the whirl of social and academic life in the Cambridge bubble goes on. Political and economic problems are things we read about in the papers, things that happen elsewhere.

Of course, some rant in the pub, some blather for Varsity, some wave their placards, some even sit on the local council. Yet it is difficult to see

what difference any of them make. Protest at its best can obstruct and force retreat – on Vietnam, on cuts to housing benefit and to bursaries in Cambridge, to take just three. In the long run, however, it rarely stops the tide. The truth is that even those bent on making their own history have little choice but, as Fitzgerald put it, to “beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past”.

Today that goes as much for the governors as for the governed. They find the levers of power either broken or illusory in the face of the worst crisis since the 1930s. We are rediscovering the real meaning of politics, what philosopher John Gray called “the art of devising temporary remedies for recurring evils”. These at most should be our hope.

Tom Belger tweets @tom_belger

Dialogue can't help us now

ETA has thrown in the towel. Can the tactics that laid them low work with Al-Queda?

Patrick Fee



This week the Basque separatist group ETA announced a “definitive cessation of armed activity”, all but closing the book on one of the few terrorist organisations left in Europe. The success of Europe’s bid to eradicate domestic terrorism does, however, serve to highlight the relative failures in the US struggle against the international terrorism of Al-Qaeda.

The Watson Institute for International Studies estimates the US has spent \$4 trillion on the War on Terror, set up The Department of Homeland Security, and left an estimated 225,000 dead, with relatively little to show for their efforts. Why then has it proven easier to combat home-grown terrorism than international terrorism?

Part of the explanation lies in geographic reality. European

terrorist groups tend to be based within countries with a strict system of law and order, with resistance typically isolated to certain pockets of the country. This allows the authorities to keep tabs on groups more easily than if they are spread out across a wide area: as is the case on the Afghan-Pakistani border.

European conditions also permitted better intelligence gathering, leading to more effective counter terrorism strategies. By the time of the 1998 Good Friday Agreement, which marked a cessation of IRA violence, British intelligence services had used information gathered to prevent several attacks and make numerous arrests.

In contrast, such close monitoring of Al-Qaeda has proved impossible. The discovery of Osama Bin Laden in urban Pakistan, rather than in the tribal areas of Afghanistan where the US had long believed him to be, indicated just how difficult it is to track the movement of individuals from afar.

The bottom line, however, is that the strategy proven most successful in the struggle against European terrorism is the opening of a

dialogue. Only through negotiation and diplomacy can governments dismantle and disarm terrorist organisations. Whilst the death of Osama Bin-Laden was undoubtedly a significant symbolic victory for the US, the extent to which Bin

“Unfortunately, Al-Qaeda are an entirely different proposition”

Laden’s death will impact upon the day-to-day operation of Al-Qaeda is the subject of considerable debate amongst analysts.

British policy in Northern Ireland is a graphic illustration of the limitations of coercive power. For years, tactics such as internment and police brutality were directed towards the Nationalist community as a whole. Such policies served to polarise opinion further, preventing the establishment of lasting peace. In 1998, after almost 30 years of conflict, peace was finally restored to Northern Ireland as a result of protracted negotiations.

European governments have learnt well the lessons provided by this conflict, and, for the most

part, embraced a new approach to conflict resolution. It is telling that at the Donostia-San Sebastián International Peace Conference, where ETA announced their cessation of violence, five of those present as mediators had been directly involved in the negotiations which restored peace to Northern Ireland.

Unfortunately, Al-Qaeda are an entirely different proposition. Europe’s terrorists could be negotiated with largely because their demands were for changes in states’ policies or borders, rather than a desire for the radical overhaul of the state. Negotiations could take place, concessions could be made and organisations could be placated. By contrast, Al-Qaeda aims for the overthrow of Western influences in Muslim countries: not an outcome that can be reached through discussion and compromise.

ETA’s announcement earlier this week is, of course, to be celebrated as a victory both for Spain and Europe. In spite of this success however, the strategies which have led to this resolution cannot be taken as a roadmap for the struggle against international terrorism.

Cambridge: struggling to be open

Cambridge students work hard. Whereas at other universities working hard might be seen as something for either ‘nerds’ or people too stupid to get by on a bare minimum of work, it’s certainly usual here to care about your degree. As for the workload, it’s hardly something people try to hide from others; if anything, it’s something people bond over; having a bit of a moan in the bar about how much work they have to do.

A recent comment by a former Stanford undergraduate compared the different attitudes to work at Stanford and MIT. According to her, MIT students glorify hard work while Stanford students like to pretend they’re cruising along easily while they are in fact working extremely hard to cope with their degree and extracurriculars.

One could make a similar generalisation about Cambridge students, but in my opinion it would be somewhere in between; hard work is considered normal to an extent and only a few people try to hide when they’re working. What isn’t normal is people admitting that they’re genuinely struggling.

Of course, sometimes someone will tell you they had to pull an all-nighter to get an example sheet done or that they’re having an essay crisis; but in my experience this is usually said in a joking manner, pointing out that they really should have done the work sooner.

Only rarely do people really admit to actually struggling – that they’re afraid they genuinely cannot do the work; and maybe, that’s because only a few people have that problem. On the other hand, it seems that people do have these feelings, but only express them to close friends, or perhaps when they’ve had a bit too much to drink.

Still, given the extremely low dropout rate, it seems only a few people feel sufficiently overwhelmed to give up entirely, or ultimately decide that a Cambridge degree is not worth a few years of struggling.

Most people come to Cambridge wanting to get a 2.i or 1st, but clearly not everyone gets what they want – which can lead to disappointment and feelings of inadequacy, making it even harder to study efficiently. Most people will agree that in coming to Cambridge we volunteered to put up with a large amount of stress; but simple measures – slightly longer terms or more openness about this problem may improve many people’s Cambridge experience. We work hard – but we should celebrate this fact, not hide from it.

PHOEBE PIERCE

Television has become an exploitative and pernicious medium, bread and circuses for the roman mob. We must resist it, says **Julian Dickens**.

A young man in a hooded sweatshirt picks his way carefully through a shattered window. The pavement is littered with rubble, and flames refract in the shards. Held tight in his arms, a 50" plasma TV, still in its box.

This snapshot from the summer riots lies at the heart of the relationship between the media and its audience, crystallising the way the media portrayed the rioters to the public at large. But first of all, why is he nicking a telly?

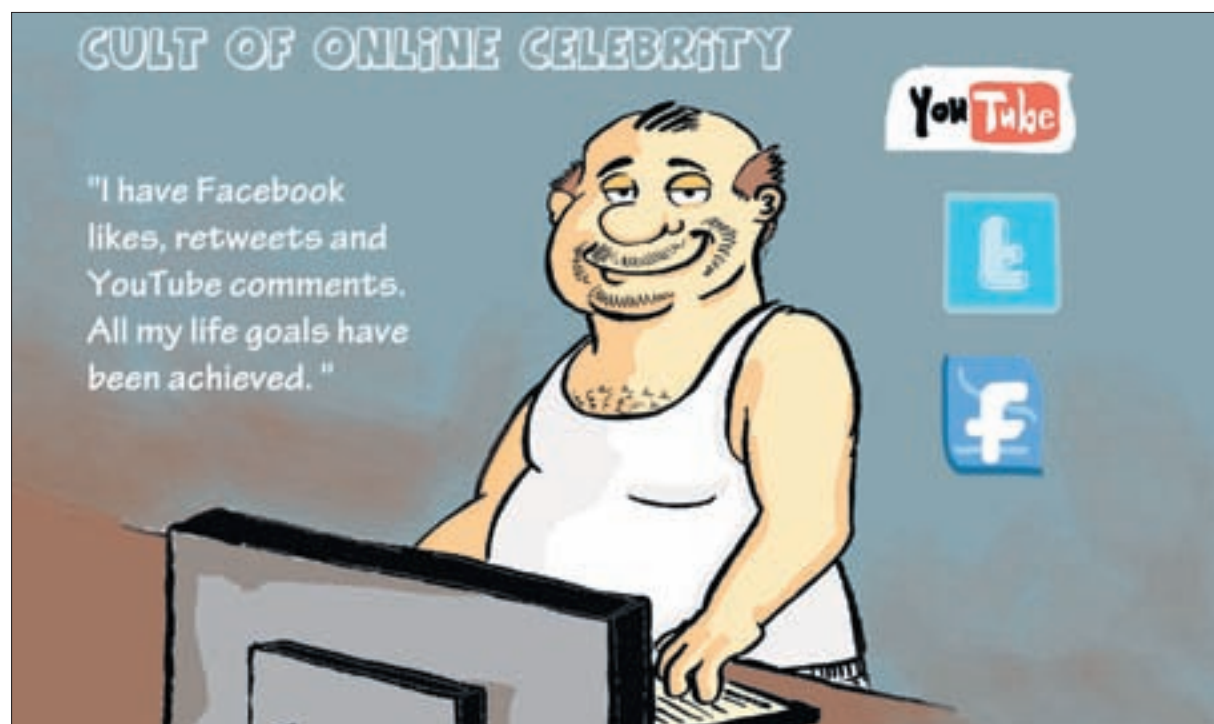
After all, it's pretty unlikely that our looter doesn't have one already. Around 98% of UK homes have TV sets, and on average most homes have at least two. The chances are it will end up as an improvement on an existing set. And chances are that it will be bigger than the one it replaces, and include new features – Freeview HD, or internet connectivity, or 3D capability.

In the nineties we bought 3m to 4m television sets per annum in the UK. This year, in the bowels of the recession, we will buy over 9m. A new TV confirms and displays social and economic success. We may never actually watch in HD, or connect it to the internet, but we are successful enough to be able to do so if we wish.

So the rise in TV sales reflects a broader social dis-ease – an increase in status anxiety underscored and intensified by (as books like *The Spirit Level* argue) both the increasing gap between rich and poor, and the decline of more traditional status reinforcers like stable careers, local club and community affiliations, and religious observance.

But there is – as always – a catch. Because when our successful looter turns his TV on, chances are that he will view precious little content on there that will reinforce the transient sense of success that the acquisition of the device itself will have delivered.

As economic pressures on all traditional media companies rise – newspaper circulations falling, TV ad spend vulnerable to economic downturn – it is clear that the most successful editorial approach on television, in the newspapers and across commercial radio is not to help readers and viewers to understand and adjust to social changes, but to



exploit underlying status anxieties – to turn dis-ease to commodity.

This exploitation takes two forms, one malignant, and one benign.

Malignancy follows a well worn track characterised by Adam Curtis as *The Power of Nightmares*. In his documentary of the same name, he dissected the transformation of Al Qaeda by the neo-conservative right from an almost unknown fringe group into a global enemy of freedom (US style). With the collapse of the Soviet Union, the right could no longer point to a credible foreign bogeyman

So much, then, for malignancy; it is the conversion of insecurity into rage for profit.

to justify military spending and expansion, and cultural and economic jingoism. So they simply made a new enemy for everyone to be afraid of.

Whether or not you accept Curtis's specific argument as regards Al-Qaeda, the identification and demonisation of threats to the English way of life – however poorly supported by objective evidence – has become a staple of talk shows, many newspapers, and the tabloids in particular. Muslims, immigrants, travellers, welfare cheats and knife

gangs gather on every corner to destroy all that England holds dear. Health and safety guidelines prevent conkers and Christmas lights.

Much of this is nonsense, but that matters little if it helps create a sense of general alarm that drives sales and viewers. It is undoubtedly harmful: although not (immediately) fatal, the coupling of hysterical exaggeration of threats, coupled with a failure to engage with sometimes complex analysis necessary to the development of a judicious response, drives a retreat into simplistic and fundamentalist answers.

Rioters? A criminal underclass who need tough treatment. Immigrants taking our jobs? Deport them all! So much, then, for malignancy; it is the conversion of insecurity into rage for profit.

Benign exploitation – perhaps more typical of commercial TV broadcasters than the red tops – is less evidently harmful, but like bread and circuses for the Roman mob, distracts and diverts with laughter and hope in equal measure. A powerful cocktail is mixed, blending the cult of celebrity with an illusion of access to the same pantheon. The underlying appeal of Big Brother, Britain's Got Talent, TOWIE and the rest is the same as the lottery, and its wellspring is status anxiety; it could be you! No effort required; apply

within.

Less harmful than malignancy, perhaps, (it offers hope rather than rage or blame as a distraction from anxiety) but not harmless, surely. Cosmetic surgery, the perfect (and ruinously expensive) wedding, the suggestion that hard work brings little reward – all, in their way, threaten long term disappointment as a consequence of short term gratification.

So what then, should our media be delivering? The Chinese government announced a crackdown on talent shows that threaten to replace traditional values – like family loyalty – with shallow rewards like cars and money. But even if such shows were banned here, would it make any difference? It is not just the fault of the media companies – we are the ones who buy the papers, and watch X Factor in our millions.

Perhaps we should ask for a media that seeks to inform and educate as well as entertain. It is possible to blend all three – *Jamie (Oliver)'s School Dinners* is one of a number of examples – but as the Chinese will probably learn; people tend to get the media they wish for. We need to wish for something better.

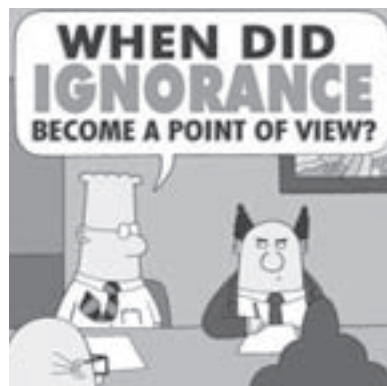
JULIAN DICKENS ADVISES UK MEDIA COMPANIES ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE DIGITAL MARKETPLACE

VARSITY

BLOGS

COMMENT

This term, Comment brings you a selection of dedicated bloggers whose sole aim is to debate, disagree and rage against each other for your reading pleasure



This week, to whet your blog-petite, *Some thoughts that came to me in the shower* pleads for an evidence based politics.

This, then, is to say what I would like to hear from politicians. I would like to hear them, openly, shamelessly, and conscientiously changing their minds. Implicit in national politics these days is the assumption that changing ones mind is a weakness. The word "u-turn" is a searing criticism.

Our politicians are expected to set out their ideas with complete conviction before they take power, as if they were gospel truth. In the face of objection or contrary evidence they simply restate their noble intentions and (often cherry-picked) statistics.

If they change their mind then they have failed, reneged on a promise and let us all down. This is

ridiculous. Its a foolhardy way to undertake major national policy. It results in ideas being implemented when noone has any idea whether they'll work, with no testing or objective assessment. Why can't we be a bit more scientific about it?

Tim Harford presents a wonderful alternative which I would like to disseminate...

Continued at
blogs.varsity.co.uk/comment

**SEE MORE ONLINE AT
VARSLITY.CO.UK**





V2

The Varsity Magazine

FASHION, FEATURES, ARTS & REVIEWS

PLUS MINDMAP P19, FASHION P20-21 AND ARTS COMMENT P31

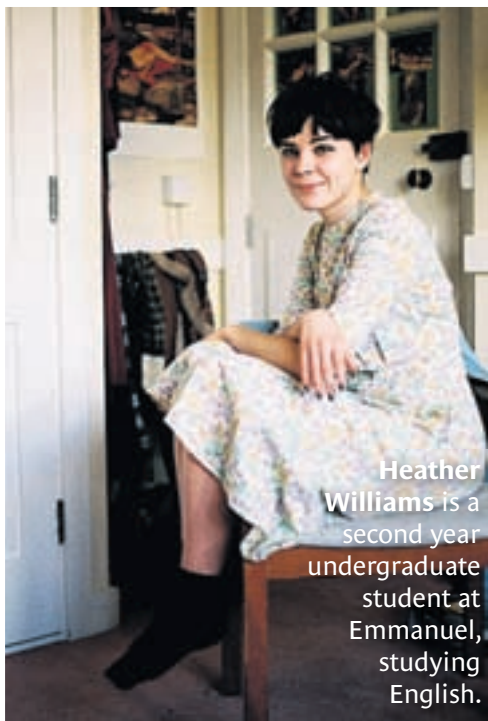
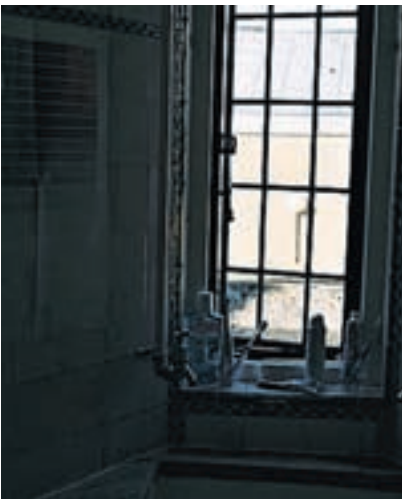
OPENING NOTES

Louise Benson

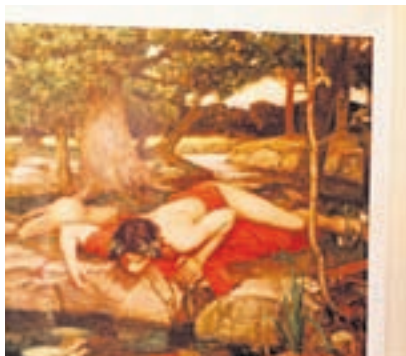


Room of one's own

After planning to all summer, I finally took the plunge this weekend – literally: I swam outdoors. A group of us had done the 45-minute drive to Epping Forest, arriving fresh from the motorway monotony to a sprawling expanse of fallen leaves and tall trees. Several sausage rolls later and a couple of loops after a botched attempt to follow the map, we found the lake. From a distance, the sunlight dappled enticingly upon the surface of the water. Up close, however, its initial calm was quickly revealed as resolute stagnance, complete with a distinctly green tint. With my first step, a whole lot of unpleasant things beneath the water were disturbed: weeds, small fish, and I don't like to think what else. My fate was decided when a sudden invisible drop got me swimming strokes towards the middle of the lake, gasping for air as the chill water hit my neck. I'm sure, though, that the warmth from the cups of tea drunk afterwards was infinitely more enjoyable following the – to be perfectly honest – freezing cold of the water. Back in Cambridge since my dip, it's got me thinking in two minds each time I sit down to do some work. I'm sure that the invisible drop that I experienced is due right around now – the dreaded Week 5 – when we're suddenly up to our necks with cold, immovable deadlines. The only way I've been pushing through is with the promise of the cup of tea at the end – and the multiplied pleasure that comes from having swum before it. And when such thought tactics fail, I simply revel in the fact that, really, no essay deadline is as painful as that lake was cold.



Heather Williams is a second year undergraduate student at Emmanuel, studying English.



Spooky songs to raise spirits

Since the Devil has all the best tunes (and many of the best tunes have the devil), Hallowe'en is perhaps rivalled only by Christmas in terms of aural pleasure. So crack out the (alcoholic) spirits on the weekend with some spooky punch; and if you're staying in this Monday, this playlist is sure to raise your spirits – and a few devilish ones too.

Compiled by Andrew Griffin

Black Sabbath – Black Sabbath

For starters, this track begins with enough 'scary' sound effects to start a ghost train. But then Tony Iommi's guitar kicks in and raises hell. The riff involves a diminished fifth, which is known as the diabolus in musica; the devil's in the details.



Screaming Lord Sutch – Murder In The Graveyard

This is perhaps the most fun song about cemetery killings ever written. Tripping over the body of "a drunk from the pub", Sutch concludes that "there must have been a fight". Which is fair enough, I suppose.

Insane Clown Posse – Boogie Boogie Wu

As if a band that dress as clowns aren't hair-raising enough, this song is essentially a series of threats – made by the boogie man – who also berates the children for their messiness. If you're facing up an essay deadline and need to stay up, this might be the song for you.



Siouxsie and the Banshees - Night Shift

Wikipedia reckons this song is about Peter Sutcliffe. Even if it isn't, any song with the refrain "Fuck the mothers kill the others, fuck the others kill the mothers" has probably earned its place in this list.

Aphex Twin – Come To Daddy

Best enjoyed along with the Chris Cunningham directed video, I now find this song impossible to listen to without seeing an old lady and children with Richard D James' face.

The Doors – The End (Live)

Continuing the theme of unusual parental relationships, the live version of Jim Morrison's oedipal epic begins with jangling chains and the instruction to "bring out your dead" – which is not as worrying as Morrison appears to think it is, and is probably not as scary as it is lame. But that's exactly what Hallowe'en's all about.

Esben And The Witch - Marching Song

If I were in the business of summoning evil spirits, this would no doubt be what I summoned them to.

Throbbing Gristle - Hamburger Lady

Probably the least catchy song on this list, this song is probably the creepiest. Best enjoyed live on YouTube, while worrying.

Napoleon XIV – They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha-Haaa!

Because, you know, what the fuck.

How are you finding living in college?

Living in college is perfect. My room is a nicotine-filled pocket dimension at the top of the building where I can hide out with my equally misanthropic neighbour.

You've got a lot of theatre posters up in your room - are you working on any productions at the moment? I'm currently co-directing an adaptation of *Oedipus* which me and a friend wrote over the summer, and I'm also designing the costumes for the ETG production of *King Lear* this winter.

What are you reading?

Right now I'm reading the 'BLDG BLOG Book' of Geoff Manaugh's insane speculations about future landscapes, geology, architecture and space. It's really visionary and full of beautiful pictures.

What are your favourite things to do in Cambridge?

I like going to see plays, watching films at the Picturehouse cinema, and eating the orange jelly they sell in the UL which scarcely deserves to be called jelly but still has an odd appeal.

The Great Big Blog-Off

Dialogue and community: **Claire Healey** on the blogging revolution, the inspiration to be drawn from online images, and the influence they exert in the modern world.

Conducting article research under the guise of general conversation, I ask a guy in my hall if he knows anyone who blogs. 'Apart from you?' he sniggers. 'Well, there was one girl from my school who posted her outfits on a blog for a month or so, it was really dumb.' It seems that everyone knows that girl or some guy who once started up a blog, posted about it on their Facebook for a while, then promptly gave up the ghost when they realised nobody was reading. Blogs are reserved for those carrying an expensive camera, overblown opinions and an inflated ego. Right?

Wrong (mostly). The face of blogging is in constant revolution, to the extent that anyone who started up as far back as '08 can feel positively grannyish. In just the three short years since, we have been witness to a veritable blogger explosion, with every man and his dog setting up shop on Blogspot, or now, Tumblr (no, really - look up doggy blogs for an insight into

the true modern condition). Such fast-food blogging via Tumblr has certainly kept things interesting: image-heavy and inspiration-heavy, they reflect what people want to read - or rather, see - online today.

'If our oversized hats get people talking, we must be relevant.'

But whatever platform you choose to blog from, the opportunities - both fun-related and career-related - are endless. As a blogger, you possess that unique claim that other publications simply cannot: a personal relationship with the reader that stands apart from product association. There exists a dialogue and a community quite unique to bloggers, and, if you can gain a following whilst maintaining your authenticity, you harness more power than you may realise over brands, publications and employers.



Thus, nowadays, we have star ratings from film bloggers such as Ultra Culture plastered across film posters alongside the usual newspaper suspects, and success stories such as that of food blogger Julie Powell being made into Hollywood smash hits (the 2009 film, *Julie & Julia*). My own smash hits have varied from free trips to Paris, fashion show tickets, and working as a copywriter for a global fashion brand.

However, whilst the explosion of blogging may have opened out certain elusive industries to the 'common people', for those already there, it's a case of one blogger too many. This saturation is particularly the case in the fashion world, where a recent blogger backlash has spread across the industry like an angsty rash: my personal favourite being the tempest in a trilby caused by a *Grazia* reporter having to watch Couture through 13 year-old blogger Tavi's oversized hat. But, to quote the queen of fashion bloggers Susie Bubble (of stylebubble.co.uk), 'At the end of the day, readers are what count.' In an unprecedented move, it was those 25,000-odd readers per day that meant Miss Bubble could

give up a job at *Dazed and Confused* because her personal blog got her more dollar. When the going's this good - creatively and financially - who cares about a little bit of backlash? No publicity is bad publicity, and, if our oversized hats get people talking, we must be relevant.

So how does one keep one's head above the rest in the blogging world? No matter what kind of blog niche you are involved with, an original voice and original content are what will keep readers coming back. For me? That's a fashion blog that doesn't take the fashion thing too seriously, that trash talks Alexa Chung and pokes fun at awkward street style. For you? Perhaps it's a blog that takes photos of your lecturers' shoes and then transforms said shoes into elegant moving gifs. For your dog? Well, as noted, the opportunities there are endless. You say you want to be a writer/an art curator/a music promoter? Why wouldn't you blog about it - it could be the diary entry that really gets you somewhere.

Claire Healey writes the blog www.youngshields.co.uk.

CLAIRE'S TOP 5 BLOGS

discothequeconfusion.co.uk

Non-pretentious fashion inspiration that isn't all about the images - harder to find than you might think. My go-to blog that made me want to start my own.

hungoverowls.tumblr.com

Just very, very good. Your friends and acquaintances will begin to look increasingly owl-like. No, really. Ps. Watch out for Sobriety Hawk.

accidentalmysteries.blogspot.com

Insightful blog about art forms at their most encompassing: from children's book illustrations from

the 50s, to the graphics label designs on crates of peaches.

never.com

An image every day and an mp3 to go with it, 'for no obvious reason.' But isn't that where the best blogs come from?

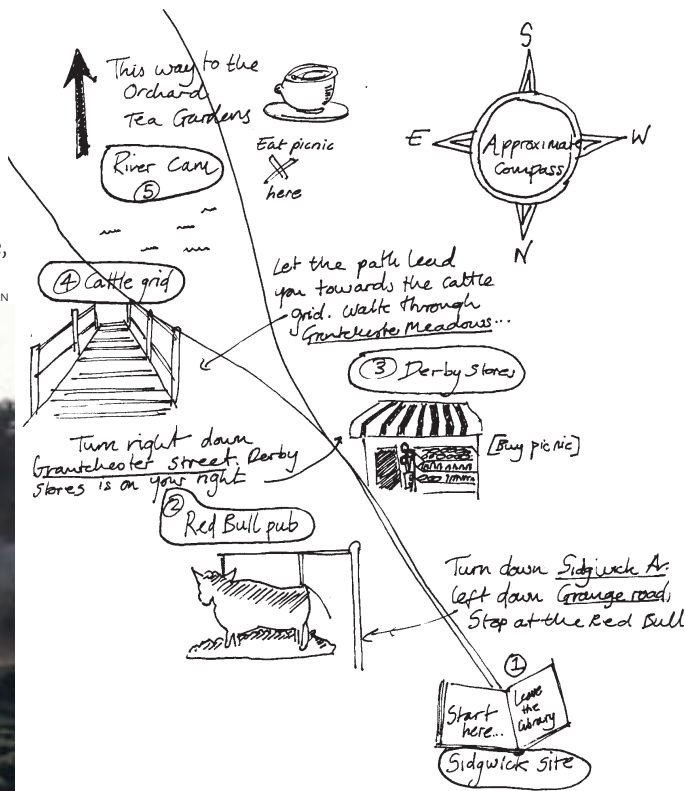
lawrenceandjulieandjulia.com

Meta-blogging just got real. Guy called Lawrence takes inspiration from a chick who blogged her way through Julia Childs' cookbook in a year, by watching the film adaptation *Julie & Julia*. Every day. For a year. He's on day 329, and I'm still laughing.

MIND MAPS

Looking at how we imagine the spaces that we live in, we asked students to draw a map and present a photograph of their view of Cambridge, and the places they most like to spend time in. This week, Laurie Martin takes a brisk walk from the English faculty to Grantchester where "The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream, / The yet unacademic stream."

ALEXIS TYMON



1. Sidgwick site

I often feel the pull of Grantchester when I've been in the Faculty library for too long. It seems a million miles away, but the chill of the Autumn air will ensure you walk quickly...

2. The Red Bull pub

Whilst not the best pub in Cambridge, it's a convenient spot on the journey. And they often have a good guest ale. Also frequented by Rory Mcgrath.

3. Derby Stores

This little hidden gem sells everything from bagels to cheeses from a deli counter, as well as freshly ground coffee. Perfect for picnics.

4. Cattle grid

It always feels like a milestone: the point of departure from Cambridge into the countryside.

5. The river Cam, Grantchester

Essays soon pale into insignificance when confronted with this view. And just a few minutes from the Orchard.



Dressing up

With Halloween parties galore this weekend, as well as spooky formals, the more extravagant your costume the better - after all, it's only once a year that we get the chance to look as grotesque as possible.

New Tom Waits album



His first album since 2004, we can't wait to have a listen to 'Bad As Me', released this week.

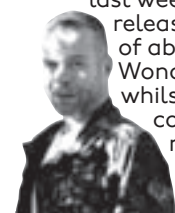
Ginger wine

Perfect drunk on a rainy night with friends, mixed with whisky, when you're most certainly meant to be writing up an essay.



Wolfgang Tillmans

The artist and photographer, having talked at the Serpentine Gallery Garden Marathon last weekend, has just released a new book of abstract prints. Wonderful and strange, whilst remaining consistently modern, this book is definitely a keeper.



Falling behind

The dreaded Week Five Blues are looming, with essay deadlines piling up and your commitment to lectures slipping. Pull it back while you can!

Clocks falling behind

While we do appreciate the extra hour we'll be getting this Saturday night, it means the afternoons are going to be dramatically shortened from here on in. Autumn is truly here.



Toffee Apples

Masquerading under the guise of the healthy apple, these actually give you toothache - although they are pleasingly seasonal.



Paraphilia



JOE ROBERTSON



Left: Blouse vintage, Top right:
Shirt T K Maxx, Shorts Topshop,
Bottom right: Bodice Topshop,
Skirt River Island

One man. One idea. 500 roses.

Today, 500 lucky Cambridge students will find a rose in their pigeonhole with an anonymous message from a secret admirer. **Oliver Rees** tells *Varsity* about his plan to bring people together.

In such a tightly packed, inward-looking university city, there are always going to be some student names that you hear of more often than others. Oliver Rees, is one of them.

Last year, he started a project encouraging students and Fellows to decorate and fill a matchbox for charity; an initiative persuading people to make their own bottled memories quickly followed.

Then, there was the Twitter-style 'Library Whispers' website during exam term, and who could forget the 'Anonymous Pigeon' scheme in between?

But now the Jesus student is in the middle of his largest-scale mission to date: love.

I want to give people a reason to say nice things

This morning, all across Cambridge colleges, fifteen volunteers will be hopping on their bicycles and delivering roses tagged with anonymous messages to 500

students, as part of Rees's latest brainchild, 'Beginning, Middle, End.'

In the 'Beginning', students were offered the chance to send an anonymous text message to that special someone they had had their eye on. Now that a connection has been created, we are in the 'Middle' and the team of do-gooders are willing to deliver positive messages – completely free of charge – on behalf of all those that filled in the online form.

"It's all about connecting people; finding a way to make people feel special", Rees gushed to *Varsity*. "I want to give people a reason to say nice things."

For most people, such an idea wouldn't have gone much further than a conversation down the pub but Rees seems intent that he can make a difference to a society he thinks has lost an ability to connect directly and intimately with fellow humans.

"This project is meant to be the complete anti-thesis to that concept of getting pissed and having a one-night-stand by doing something caring instead. What's really sad about virtual stuff is that there's no physical communication. The first

stage was a text service but now we want to make the virtual into something real."

But surely by providing such a service, Rees is taking away from the act of doing something special by doing all the hard work on the lovers' behalf?

"I appreciate that some people just don't have time to make such a big gesture. This is not a matchmaking service and nothing can replace real communication – we are just facilitating it. I also think there's something to be said for the anonymity – it's exciting to not know who the mystery sender is!"

The messages have been sorted by Rees's team of well-wishers and only those with a positive sentiment pass the 'would-you-be-happy-if-you-received this?' quality test. As for funding the project, apparently that will all become clear in the 'End'.

So does Rees think he's found the antidote to a modern age that's sick with communication deficiency?

"My simple aim is just to make people feel more connected. If this can give someone more confidence – even if only for a day – then it will have been worth it."

Varsity got an exclusive sneak peek at some of the messages students will wake up to this morning. Is one of these roses for you?



Social not-working: how I quit Facebook

Meanwhile, another Cambridge student has decided to focus on building deeper connections much closer to home. **Nick Crumpton** explains why he decided to do one thing few students would consider: delete his Facebook.

When I became a vegetarian, I constructed a list of smack-down reasons I could shoot at any critical bacon-oholic I was sure to meet. To my surprise, I hardly needed to refer to it.

My retreat from Facebook last week, though, was met by a far more impassioned response from my online buddies.

For instance, on the events page I used, 'Jo' decided to label me 'a massive twat'. And a 'capitalized' one at that (I disagreed).

For a moment after reading that, I'll confide in you, I faltered. Did I really want to leave this loving community? Well yes. Yes indeed I did.

Like my vegetarianism there were multiple reasons. One issue was the fact that I was about to launch myself into the busiest year of my life and still couldn't resist typing 'face' into Chrome and staring at it.

Facebook owning all the drunken (and, more worryingly, frequently bearded) pictures of my face was another.

The recommendations. The personalized adverts. Facebook dragging me into an acceptance of the passive, where I ticked off names instead of thinking about who people were.

The way my Fear Of Missing Out was stoked daily by pictures of my

friends who now lived in London, New York and Berlin (FOMO doesn't hit hard on the phone but kills you by salvos of warehouse party pictures). The fact that the most interesting people I knew were starting, one by one, to jump ship or just slip away, updating less and less.

I could see the future. A wasteland of parents and ex-coursemates. A wall of holiday slides and babies dressed up like Ewoks. This was starting now; even on the last morning I signed in. Real life babies sexcreted from the loins of people I'd sat next to in Chemistry when I was sixteen.

Only they weren't real life babies. My nephews were real but these were spontaneous and make-believe. Just like any other characters that the online projection of me could comment on, poke or 'like'. The part of me I'd tried to cultivate into something better than the physical Nick. A cultivation I started in 2007 when I'd been trying to get laid by looking as interesting as possible (which, as it was, never happened; I assume because I was too exhausted from all the furious tagging and de-tagging I was up to).

By the end of that year I'd graduated, had my first (and only) police interview and was in love. It was a good year and I had the photos to prove it.

In 2011 they were still there. All of them, from nearly five years of gin, festivals and dicking around in the pub.

Not photographs, of course, but pictures. The pictures Facebook liked to imagine that we'd like to imagine our children finding on a dusty iPad.

I looked at my pictures for a long time. I knew them all intimately and knew I had to leave them; because these weren't my photographs of moments I wanted to remember.

These were just bleaching spotlights on images representing something I'd once been witness to. Something that had occurred but in most cases hadn't stirred me into winding on my camera myself.

Those aren't on Facebook. They're places on my wall, they're pets under papers, they're ex-girlfriends waiting to be found inside envelopes.

Nostalgia, it became clear to me, had turned from something we savoured on accidentally tipping a box of photographs over, into our

daily interaction with a presentation of ourselves. On logging on, here was a reminder: "Nick! Remember when your face looked this good? Remember when this happened? This is you! These are your friends!"

My memories had shrunk into commentaries under these pictures that I couldn't stop revisiting. I knew I needed to leave, to stop relying on a habit and obsession and I had to do what was right for, ultimately, my mental health. All I needed was a push to do it that day.

Then, with exquisite timing, Mark Zuckerberg introduced 'Timeline'. I opted for the whole hog. Not the deactivation (with its poignant 'Lindsay will miss you' graphics) but the no-frills deletion. And, based on the anticlimactic layout, it's fair to assume Zuckerberg and co. really don't believe many people will ever see this page.

And like that I was done. My phone's been busier than ever, I've felt more connected to this city than I have before and I'm still here. My interests remained the same, my favourite films didn't change and my friends were still my friends. Apart from Jo, anyway.

Take V

Five of Cambridge's best... *Spooky spots*

Heard the one about the haunted quad? Or the ghouls that stalk your stairway? Here are Cambridge's top five scariest spots

Francis Dawes



Location: Combination Room, Peterhouse College

Francis Dawes was the former 18th century Peterhouse bursar who hanged himself after an election scandal near the Combination Room, where the ghost is normally sighted (several ominous knocks warn of his pending appearance). Latest sighting: 1997, though witnesses are unsure if the ghost was of Dawes or Nobel Prize winner Max Perutz.

The ghost is said to be "smallish, slightly built and balding", which could be very scary under certain circumstances. The dean considered a Mass requiem to exorcise the ghost, but plans for an exorcism have not yet gone ahead.

Knock, Knock. Who's there? Boo. Boo who? No need to cry it's only a smallish, slightly built and balding ghost.

Girl in the window



Location: The Eagle pub

The Eagle pub on Benet Street hosts many ghosts, but the most eerie is the little girl who haunts the upstairs window. A bartender there told *Varsity* that for the past 100 years it has been in the lease that they must keep that particular window open at all times, otherwise there are serious supernatural consequences. The girl is said to have burned to death in the upstairs room, trapped in her room by a locked window. A few months ago a new staff member accidentally closed the window. The next morning he found the chairs and tables of the pub strewn around the bar. Just last week someone took a photograph of the window and saw a face in the picture. Head over to the Eagle this Halloween and see if you can catch a glimpse of the little ghost girl, but whatever you do, don't shut the window.

The Woman in White



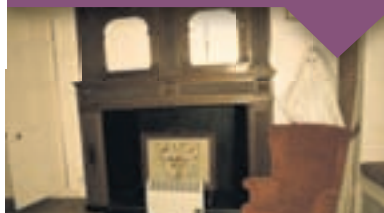
Location: Sarah Key Books, St. Edward's Passage

In the haunted bookshop in St. Edward's Passage off Kings Parade, a lady in white, named after the Wilkie Collins novel, who smells of flowers, is said to walk the upper floors and staircase at night amongst teetering piles of second hand books.

The resident ghost has only been sighted by a few members of staff and the public aren't allowed into the dusty alcoves and rooms she often visits.

The reason for the haunting is not clear, though it is often suggested that the apparition has something to do with the fact that the shop used to be an alehouse. Doesn't really explain the smell of violets though, unless the ghost is looking for a copy of Patrick Suskind's *Perfume: the Story of a Murderer*.

Henry Butts



Location: Old Court, Corpus Christi College

The most terrifying and feared ghost in Corpus (Cambridge's most haunted college) is Henry Butts, Master of Corpus in the 1630s, found hanging by his garters in his room. Sightings during the 20th century include: legs dangling in the fireplace, a half-length figure of a man between New Court and Old Court, and one porter told *Varsity* of his numerous personal sightings of luminous orbs. After failed attempts at an exorcism in 1904 by three students who are said to have chased the ghost of Butts up the stairs, strange occurrences still take place in Old Court, including the refusal of a Japanese exchange student to sleep in her room in O staircase after waking up to find a strange figure lurking at the end of her bed. Don't say we didn't warn you, especially if you wear garters.

Mr. Round



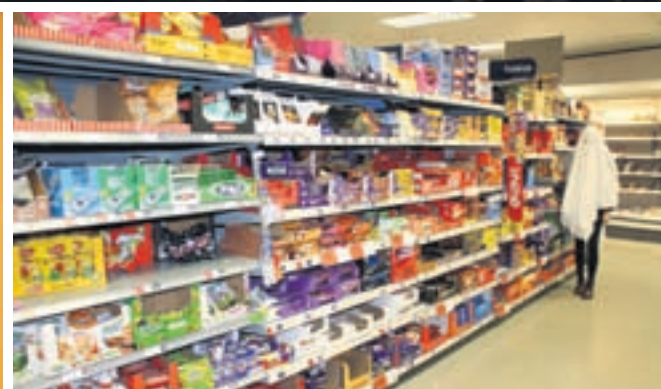
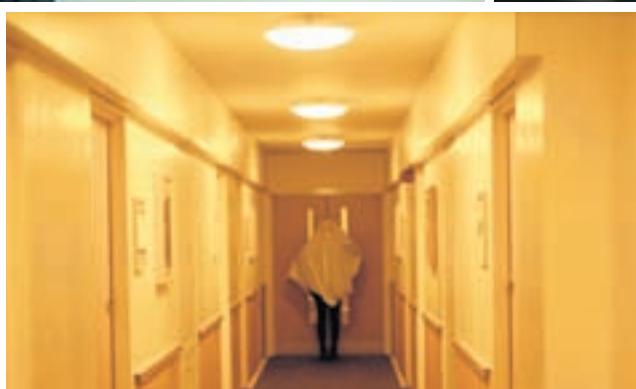
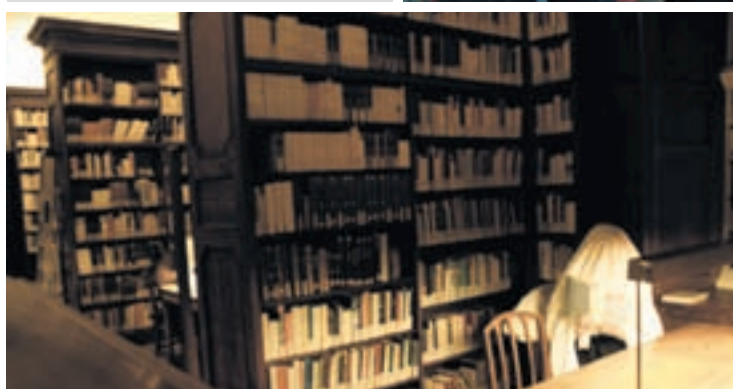
Location: Fellow's Garden, Christ's College

Haunting the area around Milton's Mulberry Tree in the Christ College Fellow's Garden, Mr. Round is a tall, elderly ghost wearing a beaver hat. He is rumoured to have murdered the only doctor who had the skill to save his dying girlfriend. Legend has it that now Mr. Round's ghost permanently stalks the grounds in regret. *Varsity* went to Christ's to investigate the haunting, but the porters were more interested in telling us about the jam made from the tree. It is said to be "the best jam ever made in Cambridge" and is unfairly only given to fellows and not staff or students so perhaps Mr. Round is actually haunting the ground in an attempt to right this terrible injustice. The story of Mr. Round has not yet become part of Roger Hargreaves *Mr. Men* series, although there is a Mr. Nonsense.

Ghosts about town...

For those of us on a tight budget this Hallowe'en, you might consider wearing a white linen sheet over your head. *Varsity* can think of no better way to both spend less and look fashionable this Autumn than this brave new look.

White linen sheet: £9.99 John Lewis





MACARONI CHEESE

Why waste money on a Big Mac 'n' cheese when you can rustle up your own steaming bowl of mac 'n' cheese without braving the chilly outdoors?

Prep time: 12 mins
Serves: 2

- 4 generous handfuls of pasta (real macaroni if you're feeling lavish, 18p Sainsbury's Basics penne if you're not...)
- 20g flour
- 20g butter
- 200ml milk
- 3 handfuls of grated cheese - a mixture of cheddar
- Ample salt and pepper
- Optional health kick: 2 chopped carrots



1. Scoop the pasta into a large microwave-safe bowl with the carrot if using. (Keep some back to nibble on whilst the kettle boils).
2. Pour enough boiling water in the bowl to cover everything and put it in micro for approx. 8 mins (depending on how cheap your pasta is)
3. While that's cracking on, put the butter, flour, milk and a dash of pepper into a (cereal) bowl.
4. Once the pasta's done, leave it just chilling on the side, and put the sauce mix into the micro for 1 min.
5. Stir the sauce vigorously with a fork until most of the lumps have gone into hiding, then repeat.
6. Add two handfuls of grated cheese and put it all back in for another minute. Taste a bit. Add more pepper.
7. Drain the pasta and mix in the sauce. Sprinkle the remaining cheese liberally on top.
8. Pop into the micro on the 'grill' setting to finish it off nicely, but don't wait around for it to brown, as you'll be waiting a long time!
9. Decorate with a sprig of a greenery to add some flair.

JESS HOLLAND

It's not that easy being green

As the UN announces that world population is about to hit seven billion, the global warming debate is heating up. So why, asks **Alice Hancock**, is it so hard in Cambridge to 'do your bit'?

I threw away a yogurt pot the other day. Not a particularly radical thing to do. It was very nice yogurt. I enjoyed it. And I dropped the pot in the bin without thinking twice. But then I started writing this piece and the more I think about it, the more I realize how easy it would have been to take the cardboard off of the pot and simply drop the two into the recycling bins on my way out of college. It might have taken one extra minute of my time.

According to the first part of a study published last week, climate change – or should I say, Climate Change – really is happening. It is a phenomenon that is so much part of our 21st century consciousness that it has been raised out of the small print to the status of capitalized title: A Big Scary Thing That We Should Do Something About.

Thanks to the new research by the Berkeley Earth project, the climate sceptics have received a trouncing. It turns out that Al Gore's 'Inconvenient Truth' really is true. Far from being the fabricated nonsense that it seemed during 'Climategate' in 2009, when climate change sceptics managed to hack into UEA e-mail systems and accuse their Climatic Research Unit of scare-mongering via made-up data, Berkeley have found that the world's temperature has evidentially increased by 1°C since the 1950s.

Whilst 1°C seems piddling as we sit in our cosy Cambridge libraries, hibernating from icy winds and dreaming of warmer summers, in real terms it means, amongst other things, a reduction of half of the African crop yield by 2020, according to an IPCC Climate Change report.

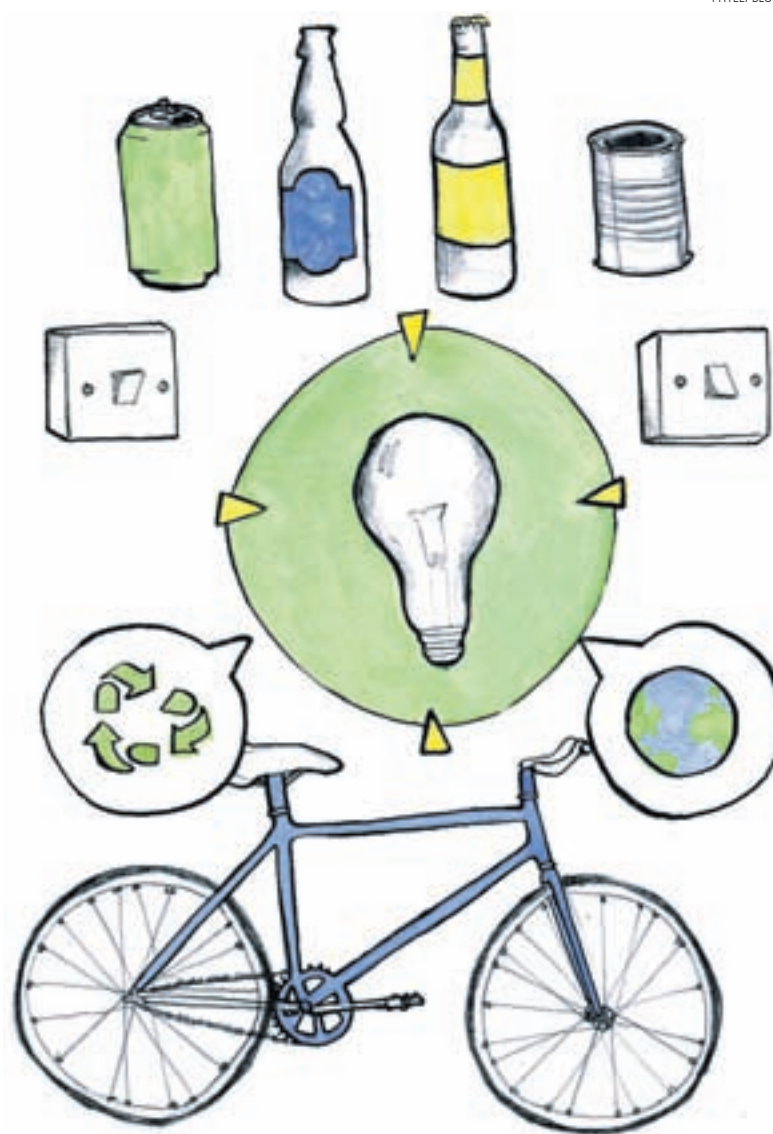
We are so inured to statistics now that perhaps it would be more helpful to put it in people terms: population in Africa is estimated to be around the one billion mark and 70% of

Cambridge came 68th out of around 150 UK universities in the latest 'People and Planet' League Table.

Africans rely on rain-fed crops. This means that we're looking at 350 million people going crop-less from 2020, the equivalent of nearly 20,000 Universities of Cambridge.

The real problem in Cambridge is a matter of displacement. Africa is, after all, not on our doorstep. As Robin Lamboll, Green Officer at Christ's, perceptively points out, "Collectively, many seem to regard [the issue of Climate Change] as someone else's problem."

On speaking to Green Officers across the University, it seems that



attitudes can vary widely from college to college. Fitz have just written their second environmental policy because the majority of the goals on the first one - including composting organic waste, safely disposing of 'white goods', reducing water consumption and minimizing use of pesticides - have been achieved.

Emmanuel, by contrast, has no formal green policy at all. One Emma student commented, "The environment seems to come way down the college's list of priorities, far below maintaining the aesthetic beauty or providing students with extra leisure facilities like a gym."

There is also a dichotomy of opinions over whether we live in an environment that facilitates 'green living'.

Essentially, as CUSU Environment Officer Mark Robinson points out, being green in Cambridge is easy. Everything is in close proximity and cycling around town, whilst being an occasionally hazardous activity, knocks huge amounts off of potential fuel emissions. Colleges are themselves tight, self-contained communities; in theory better for the environment as it allows for sharing facilities and small ratios of buildings to people.

At the same time though, the wonderfully clichéd 'bubble' that colleges create makes for a pretty artificial environment.

Bea Leadingham at Magdalene suggests, "Students at other universities develop green thinking much more naturally than we do – there needs to be more incentives!" She points out that living in a shared house makes students far more aware of the amount of electricity and heating that they use thanks to monthly bills dropping through the letterbox – encouraging them to use less.

Perhaps we students in Cambridge would be less happy to leave radiators permanently on, computers on standby and chargers plugged in if we had more conception of the pennies dripping away down the electricity cables.

Good practice isn't just an issue at college level either. Fiorenza Brady, co-chair of CUSU Ethical Affairs, has become increasingly aware of problems at a faculty level: "Cambridge is a very research intensive institution, and these areas consume a lot of energy. Plant Sciences is a good example of this – it needs plants to grow and hence uses much energy for lighting." Whilst the University is looking into more

energy efficient light bulbs, the fear is that these will not be as effective at growing the plants necessary for research.

The University does have a 'Policy on Environmental Issues' but, according to the latest 'People and Planet' League Table, Cambridge comes 68th out of around 150 UK universities. More worrying still was that 24.5 of its total 30.5 score (out of 70) was awarded for policy but only 6 points were given for performance. We can talk all we like about green issues but this is all, quite literally, hot air unless we take some solid action.

The overwhelming reprise from Green reps is that, in the end, it comes down to the individual. Perhaps we should follow in the footsteps of Girton and Darwin who have both set up student allotments in the college grounds. Darwin's has even has been so successful that many of the students have not had to buy any vegetables since harvest began in June.

The message that emerges is simple. As Matthew Hatfield, Green Officer at Girton, puts it, "Beyond the basics, we don't need the university or the college to help us to be green... it is the students who take the credit for making sure they live an environmentally friendly lifestyle."

Next time, I'm going to take that minute and walk past the green bins on my way out. Are you?

Green fingertips

Varsity asked college Green Officers for their top eco-friendly advice to students:

Turn down the heating and put another jumper on

Perfect for fitting in with the Cambridge scenesters' taste for all things woolly.

Give your undies an air

Try hanging your wet clothes out rather than sticking them straight in the tumble drier.

Keep it veggie

Aim to eat more vegetarian and seasonal food - lay off the raspberries until summer!

Put a lid on it

Cover pans when you're boiling water.

Turn off and unplug

Be sure to switch lights and appliances off and unplug chargers when they're not in use.

And finally...recycle!

Create your own recycle bin and sort through your rubbish once a week.

Listings

Don't miss:



Enemy of the people

ADC 19.45 (£8/£10)
This week's ADC mainshow is the play by Henrik Ibsen, widely hailed as 'the Father of modern Drama', tells a searing tale of honour, love and ambition.

Sat 29th

New Cambridge Writers
FACULTY OF ENGLISH 19.00 (FREE)
Readings from new works of poetry, prose and drama by new Cambridge writers, suitable for young people or adults alike, organised by Mr Geoff Shipp. The readings will be by six talented student writers and the Cambridge based poets Jane Monson and Andre Mangeot.



Sun 30th

Gyles Brandreth: The One to One Show
THE JUNCTION 20.00 (£16)
They say all political careers end in tears. In Gyles Brandreth's case it's tears of laughter as the actor, author, One Show reporter, former MP and government whip turns stand-up.

Music
Songs in the Dark
CLOWNS CAFE KING'S STREET 20.00
An evening of acoustic music with sundry performers from around the University.

Science and religion: friends or foes?
MCCRUM LECTURE THEATRE 14.30 (FREE)
As part of the University of Cambridge Festival of Ideas, a public discussion to explore how far science and religion have diverged and whether they are now opposed.

Mr. Scruff
THE JUNCTION 22.00 (£11 ADV)
An epic 5 hour DJ set from deck wizard and animation genius Mr Scruff. Guaranteed to have everyone grinning and dancing, expect an eclectic mix of Hip Hop, Latin, Reggae, Soul, Afrobeat, House, Jazz, Dubstep, Disco and Funk.

Mon 31st

Talk
Europe vs America
THE UNION 19.30 (FREE)
Recently, there have been British voices calling for a review of transatlantic relations, saying a strengthened bond with Europe should replace the special relationship as the top priority in UK foreign policy. Come for a discussion from some of renowned figures of both the Atlanticist and Europhile parties.

Film
Page One: A Year Inside the New York Times
ARTS PICTUREHOUSE 17.00 (£6.50 STUDENT)
Andrew Rossi's illuminating documentary reveals the inner workings of the news industry, highlighting the hopes and fears of the men and women redefining working in a newspaper.



Talk
Trick or treatise? Alchemy as natural magic
HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE DEPT. SEMINAR ROOM 13.00 (FREE)
A talk from Jennifer Rampling on a time where magic and science were not so different.

Tue 1st

Theatre
Sweeney Todd
FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEEN'S COLLEGE 19.45 (£6/£8)
Sweeney Todd deftly mixes horror with the blackest humour. A cast of Cambridge's finest actor-singers will appear in a brand new production that will be mesmerising, disconcerting and bloody good fun.



Music
Granta Group: Dia de los Muertos
ROUND CHURCH 22.00 (£1 STUDENT)
Granta Group in conjunction with Chapel Sessions presents a special late-night choral mediation in the rotunda of Cambridges oldest church. with pumpkins.

Theatre
Kings
CORPUS PLAYROOM 21.30 (£5/£6)
Dominic Biddle stars in the Corpus lateshow this week. He'll probably be in many more in the future, but don't miss the chance to see him in this one. I'll definitely be going. See camdram.net if you want to actually know anything about it. It looks great.

Wed 2nd

Theatre
Cruel and Tender
ADC 23.00 (£5/£6)
Martin Crimp's retelling of the Greek classic effortlessly blends the political and the personal, with 'writing as sharp as shrapnel and as resonant as a bomb blast' (The Stage). CUADC presents an inventive interpretation of this intriguing story of twisted relationships, loyalties and morals.

Nightlife
Emma Ents - Spector
EMMANUEL COLLEGE 21.00 (£5)
The organisers say: 'We're not quite sure how we did it, but Emma Ents has managed to nab you probably the fastest-rising and most dapper band in the country'. Get there for the doors as it's expected to fill up quick.

Bridget Riley
FPALMERSTON ROOM, FISHER BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
Bridget Riley in conversation with Paul Moorhouse, curator of Twentieth Century Art at the National Portrait Gallery. An illustrated talk related to the current Bridget Riley exhibition, "colours, stripes, planes and curves" at Kettle's Yard.



Thu 3rd

Talk
Erasure
CORN EXCHANGE 19.30 (£30)
Pop legends Erasure embark on a new UK tour in support of new album *Tomorrow's World*, their first new album in four years. With a career spanning 25 years, the band are responsible for such classic hits as *Stop, Drama, Chains of Love, Who Needs Love Like That, A Little Respect* and *Always*.

Music
Talk on William Congdon
KETTLE'S YARD GALLERY 13.10 (FREE)
Part of the Kettle's Yard Thursday lunchtime talk series. The talk is by the Collections Curator, Sebastiano Barassi.



Debate
This House Believes Foreign Aid has done Africa more harm than good
THE UNION 19.30 (FREE)
Get down to this week's Union Debate to see a stimulating discussion on this controversial topic.

Fri 4th

Talk
Jeremy Paxman
THE UNION 15.00 (FREE)
Paxman read English at St Catherine's College, and cut his journalistic teeth by editing *Varsity*. See him speak at The Union this week.



Comedy
Milton Jones
CORN EXCHANGE 20.00 (£17.50)
The bloke with the shirts from Mock the Week. As well as star of the Michael McIntyre Roadshow, and the voice of 8 series for Radio 4 (including *The Very World of Milton Jones* and *Another Case of Milton Jones*) and all sorts of other radio and telly as well.

Talk
Influencing Science Policy: Headlines alone aren't enough
ENGINEERING DEPT. LECTURE ROOM 4, 13.00
The kind of talk this Listings Editor would attend from Diana Garnham, Chief Executive of the Science Council.

Outside the bubble

Theatre
Hamlet
YOUNG VIC, LONDON (£29.50) (UNTIL JAN 21ST)
In a year that's seen momentous productions of Shakespeare's weightiest play from the National Theatre and Shakespeare's Globe, the Young Vic chips in with its own big bruiser of a production with Michael Sheen as Hamlet

Nightlife
Festival of the Dead
BAC, LAVENDER HILL, LONDON 28TH/29TH 20.00 (£15-£20)
Expect the unexpected as Nabakov Arts Club take BAC over for Halloween with two anachic nights of theatre, music, comedy, dance and visual art.

Art
Grayson Perry: Tomb of the Unknown Craftsman
BRITISH MUSEUM (£10) (UNTIL FEB 19TH)
Exhibition featuring objects from the museum put together by Grayson Perry. He has also made a work for the show, 'Tomb of the Unknown Craftsman'. See title above...

Art
The First Actresses
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY
Taking centre stage are the intriguing and notorious female performers of the seventeenth century whose lives aside from theatre ranged from royal mistresses to admired writers and businesswomen.

Organising an exciting event? Think everyone should be attending? Need someone to go with? Email listings@varsity.co.uk, no later than Monday on the week of publication. Whole new online events calendar on its way...

The Column

Willow House and Salix



If some of the buildings surveyed in this column are sadly overlooked, this week we have some architecture that is almost entirely unknown to students in Cambridge. Willow House and Salix, on Conduit Head Road, were built by architects George Checkley and H. C. Hughes respectively - the latter better known for his wonderful Mond building (now the centre for Mongolian studies).

These houses are just as good, and much more overlooked. They are probably the only Cambridge buildings in the white, flat-roof, international modernist style that became fashionable among British architects in the 1930s. Modernist architecture in Cambridge of this time is usually drab, brickly and functional – much of Downing Site, for example. These buildings on the other hand, despite their domestic proportions, are perfect essays in confident serenity. The influence of Alvar Aalto is evident, as well as that of Le Corbusier. The sheer accomplishment of these houses - their masterfully judged proportionality – is obvious compared to the fantastically dull burb-oids on the opposite side of the road.

This style of building is much written about today (Aalto being something of an international celebrity) and these houses do have a habit of shouting about their abundant understatement. Nevertheless, their original intention was not the self-indulgent immolation one sees with self-built, architectural essays-in-the-form-of-houses erected today (cf. Grand Designs). And in any case, the international modernist style is so unusual in Cambridge that it is in itself remarkable to see them at all.

Why was this style confined to these small modernist houses? And why was it so hastily abandoned in post-war architecture? These are questions I don't have satisfactory answers to—in Cambridge as in many parts of Britain, this architecture was (literally) marginalized, in favour of more conservative or functional styles. When post-war building commissioners later became interested in high architecture, trends had moved on.

In any case, the quietude and calmness of these buildings, their unwillingness to compromise and their lack of flamboyance, make these buildings special. **LAWRENCE DUNN**

FILM

We Need To Talk About Kevin

★★★★★



This is a harrowing film. From the opening moments, featuring a crowd writhing in a thick red substance, Ramsay succeeds in creating a sense of discomfort which permeates the entire film. With sold out gala screenings at the London Film Festival, a place among the official selection at Cannes and a plethora of rave reviews pre-empting its general release, *We Need To Talk About Kevin* is a film that can truly be described as highly anticipated and, in this reviewer's eyes at least, it lives up to this expectation.

The film, an adaption of Lionel Shriver's 2003 novel of the same name, focuses on the question of responsibility in connection with a school shooting, considered through flashbacks to events prior to the massacre and the consequences of said massacre for those left behind.

In this respect, *We Need to Talk About Kevin* is unique among films of the same genre. All events are presented in retrospect from the perspective of a single character. This creates a great deal of ambiguity: it is never clear whether these flashbacks are accurate or rather the product of the mother, Eva's (Tilda Swinton), attempt to either detach herself from the crime, remembering her son as a monster, or foster her own guilt by reliving memories of creating such a monster. It seems quite possible

that one could see this film with a friend and come out with completely different impressions about Eva's culpability for her son's murders.

Tilda Swinton's performance is nothing short of spectacular, presenting with equal skill an ambitious, resentful and, arguably, neglectful mother and the shell of such a woman broken by shame and fear, who is surprised by even the most peripheral of acceptance.

One of the most remarkable aspects of Swinton's performance is that she seems to embody both aspects of Eva's characters effortlessly: at one moment portraying a woman who is so resented by the world and consumed by guilt and fear that she attempts to hide from those she once knew, accepting all forms of abuse, then

switching to be an aggressive mother, clearly suffering from post-natal depression and at odds with a husband (John C. Reilly) who fails to recognize this. It seems worth noting at this point that John C. Reilly, the father who remains oblivious to Kevin's (Erza Miller) apparent abnormalities and is thus exasperated and worried by Eva's attitude towards him, Erza Miller, and the younger incarnations of Kevin all deliver powerful performances, completing an altogether strong cast.

Ramsay's adaption is truly brilliant; she has effectively translated themes questioning the suburban family ideal and the parental responsibility for their child's actions, while also creating a nicely shot film with a distinctive colour palette, which avoids feeling

forced despite the serious and potentially controversial subject matter. Moreover, the addition of simple changes in hair style gives a visual indicator which should enable those unfamiliar with the book to follow the storyline, unhindered by the frequent use of flashbacks.

As a note to the squeamish out there, despite a palpable sense of fear and underlying violence, Ramsay avoids the actual depiction of them. Instead she focuses on the performance aspect of it, in a manner highly reminiscent of Michael Haneke's *Funny Games* (2007) and *The White Ribbon* (2009) which might be seen as forerunners to this film with regards to theme, although Ramsay certainly presents a more visually striking piece than the former and, arguably, a more emotionally involving and accessible film than either of Haneke's films.

The only aspect of Ramsay's film which one might question is the soundtrack. The use of songs such as 'Everyday' by Buddy Holly, as many people will have noticed in the trailer, was fantastic, but every once in a while strange country choices seemed slightly jarring. Nevertheless, this is a minor complaint.

We Need to Talk About Kevin is a brilliant film that left this viewer feeling positively chilled, and it seems as if Lynne Ramsay is a director to watch. Indeed, as Mark Kermode noted, one can't help but wonder what Lynne Ramsay would have done with the *Lovely Bones*, had she not lost the chance to adapt it to the powerhouse team of Steven Spielberg and Peter Jackson.

VICTORIA GREEN

Playing at the Cambridge Arts Picturehouse.



ANTONIA STRINGER

MUSIC

Access All Archives

★★★★★

Access All Archives was an undeniably ambitious and intriguing venture: using five of Cambridge's top museums to house separate installations of music and visual art, there was a real sense that this project was a grand vision. Unfortunately, it never quite became the immersive experience it seemed designed to be: the five exhibitions lacked the backbone of a coherent vision, with the event becoming more about occasional and unrelated discoveries.

The first part of the evening, in which exhibitions at the Whipple, Sedgwick and Polar Museums were supplemented by audio and visual presentations, was fittingly called "expand your mind." Not only were the art pieces designed to interact with and make you think about what the museums housed, the fairly long journeys between the sites created an interesting way of mapping the cultural landmarks of Cambridge.

The most effective of the earlier exhibitions was undoubtedly the Polar museum; cold blue lighting and soft scraping sounds accompanied a projected video of words being etched into ice, before an anxious-sounding spoken recording carried

things further into an eerie evocation of the panicked and tragic expedition the museum commemorates. Less engaging was the composition of mechanical whirrs and clockwork ticks at the Whipple museum, which was curiously inaudible and thus contributed little atmosphere to the proceedings.

Thankfully, the atmosphere created by the music at the Museum of Zoology was perfectly fitting: there was a dynamic energy about the experimental and seemingly improvised mix of brass, electric guitar, bass and primal percussion that resonated with the atmospherically lit animal skeletons. The main billing of the night was *Filthy Lucre* at the Fitzwilliam Museum, with the cavernous venue hosting their intriguing combination of varied electronic samples and live, orchestrated percussion. However, this portion of the evening was hampered by incongruities: the space was never filled enough by either attendees or music, with many opting to share a drink in the café area rather than interact with the art being made.

Overall, *Access All Archives* was an experience rather like the projected visual at the Fitzwilliam, which featured two image reels of identical photos that were slightly out of sync: the ideas were individually promising, but the execution failed to cohere, with a crucial lack of focus on the audience's experience of these conceptual ideas. **RORY WILLIAMSON**

ART

Celtic Connections - Barbara Rae

★★★★★



There is something unnerving about going to an art exhibition in a Cambridge college. It feels slightly like going to a friend's house and finding out they've opened a show of their own artwork to the public. Not that this would necessarily be a bad thing – several of my friends have produced some pretty nice paintings over the years. It's just that it wouldn't be the same as a gallery, or a classroom, or even an empty or found space. There is something slightly personal and, well, weird about it.

On a strange kind of level, this idea isn't hugely out of kilter with the artist's message. Rae's work essentially explores what it means to experience a place, from the bleak moors of Western Scotland to the terraces of Collioure in Southern France. She

uses paint and objects in a layering process which reveals as it conceals: a raised strip of paint is shown, just as we realize an almost identifiable object is hidden underneath. Her straightforward emotional descriptions of a moment in space have a universal logic to them which is, at times, compelling.

Strong moments are created when striking colours and vague forms came together to feel satisfyingly whole or complete. 'Yesnaby Field' is one such example, in which compartmentalized ground and sky meet, and it seems as if we, too, can understand how Rae felt in that place and time. Other works are best appreciated up close, when texture and detail instead of shape chiefly create atmosphere. We wonder what this secret history might reveal on closer inspection.

On the other hand, the display can be overwhelming. There are, perhaps, too many colours and textures in such a small space. Though there is a richness to this, something is also lost, especially in the large works.

Nevertheless, Rae's paintings are definitely worth seeing. Most of us have an acquaintance at the college, some of us go there, and the rest probably live a five minute walk away. They might remind you of somewhere you miss, or visited a long time ago. Or simply another room in college. **HOLLY GUPTA**
Showing at the Graham Storey Room, Trinity Hall. Until 4 December: Open every Sunday afternoon 2-5pm.

LITERATURE

The Marriage Plot
by Jeffrey Eugenides
★★★★★

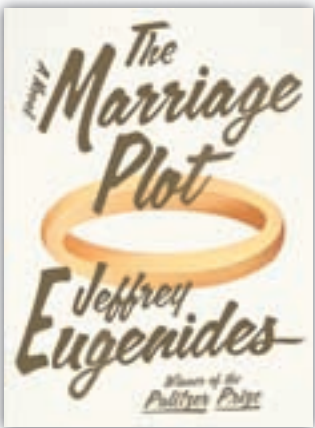
If you are going to read any book for pleasure this term (admittedly highly unlikely in the rapid and unexpected wake of week four), it should be this one. Not necessarily because it is a work of literary genius, but because it will probably be the only book published during your time here that is a perfect representation of your present mood as a student (despite being set in the 80s), complete with dissertation-crises, seriously self-conscious pop culture referencing, and an updated Austen-esque battle-of-the-sexes plot.

Reading the blurb I was alarmed that the heroine is an English

student named Madeleine writing her dissertation and engaged in literary theory based investigations, whilst reading Barthes. Being an English student named Madeleine writing my dissertation, engaged in similar literary investigations, whilst reading Barthes etc, this seemed exactly the right book for me.

After the angsty *The Virgin Suicides*, and obsessing over the hazy, sinisterly cool Sophie Coppola film re-telling when I was 16, the perfect age for themes of high-school anxiety and darkly, dizzying explorations of teenage insecurities, innocence and lust, Eugenides third novel about university and serious life and relationship issues is of course the ideal successor. When I was eight I childishly imagined I was a character in a book; maybe I was right after all.

Eugenides and Madeleine (both me and the character) explore the question of whether, in light of the



ease and acceptance of divorce and the sexual revolution, great turbulent love stories like those of the 19th century are still alive.

Eugenides attempts to create a new kind of love story, and although the dark and broody loner Leonard Bankhead will never be a match for Mr. Darcy to literary lovers, the novel succeeds in creating a sense

of the timeless and transcendental nature of a love story. It is one sprinkled with literary references that will satisfy and even delight the English student, though littered with pop mentions that may slightly embarrass the hard core music fan.

The novel, in true Eugenides style, playfully loops around itself whilst daringly and humorously digging at literary theory, something most students should enjoy. It is perhaps the only out-of-your-degree novel you should read this term because the three main characters act like all English students, “pursuing university degrees doing something no different from what they’d done in first grade: reading stories.” And this is the perfect story - about reading stories - to remind you, especially if your name is Madeleine, in the darkest, toughest moments at the English Faculty, of why you chose this degree.

MADELEINE MORLEY

MUSIC

Ebsen & the Witch -
Hexagons EP
★★★★★

Pigeonholed by critics into genres as questionable as ‘nightmare pop’ and ‘witch house’, Brighton trio Ebsen and the Witch, one of the BBC’s ‘Sound of 2011’ picks, have been trumpeted as trailblazers for a new subversive, gothic sound.

Their name, a reference to a Danish fairytale, and their self-proclaimed feelings of affinity with darkness, death and catacombs make obvious the ghoulish image they wish to cultivate. Unfortunately their digital



release *Hexagons* isn’t especially unsettling, haunting or revolutionary. Instead it shows a tendency to rely on hackneyed Goth-pop lyrical clichés and overly reserved, self-conscious musical backing that veers towards uninteresting – disappointing on what is on occasion a sophisticated, well-crafted and innovative album.

The band intended the record to be ‘structured and ‘deliberate’, and this is one of the albums strengths; the tracks melt into one another, conjuring an otherworldly, gloomy ambience that lingers. Hypnotic, soft guitar backing provides an unimposing canvas for Laura Davies’s

“It shows a tendency to rely on hackneyed Goth-pop lyrical clichés

gorgeous, ghostly vocals, which veer from touching vulnerability on ‘The Still’ to commanding and assured on ‘The Surge’. These are the standout tracks; the latter, a

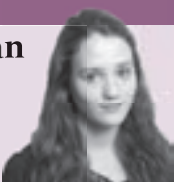
Portishead’s ‘Machine Gun’-esque piece, is genuinely menacing; the former, an emotionally charged, eerie track is heavy with melancholy and longing. It is at these moments, when the performances are less controlled, that they become most engaging and potent. The closing track ‘The Thaw’ is the weakest, an instantly forgettable piece ending amidst a fuzz of lackluster guitar.

The band lack the threatening menace of Salem and the experimentation of Cocteau Twins. They have produced a flowing, vocally exquisite album, and it would seem they have the potential to produce something more interesting should they choose to shed the unnecessary horror gambit and take a few risks.

ABBY KEARNEY

LITERATURE

The Sense of an
Ending by
Julian Barnes
★★★★★



Sixty-something Tony Webster, the narrator, looks back on his schooldays, his first relationship at university, an ensuing love triangle and the subsequent suicide of his brilliant friend Adrian. The youthful decisions of the protagonist come back to haunt him some 40 years later, when he is mysteriously left Adrian’s diary in a will.

The book is divided into two halves, an extended flash-back which must then be reconsidered in the light of the older Tony’s musings on the past. Things, needless to say, are not as they seemed – and Tony can’t even be sure of how they seemed, anymore. Because the past can never be fully recollected, and memory is unreliable, and thank me later, because I’ve just saved you the two or so odd hours you might otherwise have wasted reading this.

Barnes plumps for the cerebral at the expense of the emotionally engaging. His title is taken from a work of literary criticism by Frank Kermode, which deals with the way that plot twists – the peripeteia of Greek tragedy – force the reader

to re-evaluate a narrative. And Barnes seems to think that this kind of reference – Flaubert gets a nod or two as well – entitles him to have a character who constantly spouts platitudes: “what you end up remembering isn’t always the same as what you have witnessed”. Deep.

Barnes could have done with considering how much agonized self-interrogation a reader can take from his beige-tinted protagonist. I got the sense that I am not this novel’s target audience, being under fifty, female, and uninterested in interpreting my entire existence through the context of one university relationship. “Did you leave because of me?”, Tony asks his ex-wife over lunch, “No”, she says, “I left because of us”. Queue a paragraph break in which to marvel at the insight.

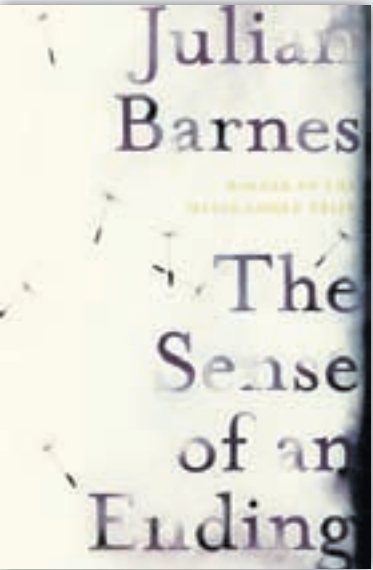
“Barnes’s novel makes me fume with resentment of the literary establishment

At times, this seems to be the point – that the author is satirizing his character’s Flaubertian desire to live life his a novel despite his overwhelming blandness: “when you’re young – when I was young – you want your emotions to be like the ones you read about in books...”.

But – as with his insistence on the unreliability of memory, and, hence, of his own narration – Barnes labours the point too much. So when Tony insists, “let me stress that this is my reading now of what happened then. Or rather, my memory now of my reading then of what was happening at the time”, one wonders quite how stupid Barnes expects his readers to be.

The subjectivity of any first-person narrative and the difficulties of recollection are better left implied – some ‘show don’t tell’ would have been very welcome. Unless this is a heavily ironic comment on the foibles of contemporary ‘literary fiction’, so entranced by his own ‘literariness’ that it forgets to actually be worth reading, it is yet another spectacularly unimpressive instance of that sad species. Dame Stella Rimington, chair of the Booker judging panel, called this ‘a book that spoke to humankind in the 21st century’. But that’s absolute codswallop. Unless humankind is now defined by having a ‘failed relationship’ at university and spending the rest of one’s life pondering the mediocrity of things.

In the form of a distinctly mediocre novel. Had this not won the Booker Prize a few days ago, my response would have been exactly that of the protagonist on meeting his ex-girlfriend for the first time in forty years, “I felt not very much”. Slight



irritation, lingering disappointment, and ultimately indifference would have prevailed.

Barnes’s novel makes me fume with resentment of the literary establishment – can this really be what currently passes for excellence? The book has been praised for its concision – but honestly, if it had been any longer I would have thrown it down in disgust and googled a plot summary. Tony describes his life as “an ordinary, sad story – all too familiar – and simply told” – which seems to me a pretty good summary of *The Sense of an Ending*. Put simply, this is no *Wolf Hall*.

CHARLOTTE KEITH



Tracks

Do They Know It’s
Halloween? - Various Artists



The casual remark that “someone should tell them” at the close of this seasonal treat, which

is something of an indie take on the insipid Band Aid Christmas song, indicates the driving force of the track: light-hearted fun. A fairly basic rock arrangement is taken on a heady journey by way of self-consciously ‘errie’ organ notes and genuinely interesting vocal interplay between names such as Win Butler, Beck and Karen O. It’s impossible not to get swept up in the effervescence of it all, with a particular high light being the comic interlude from Arrested Development’s David Cross. Whilst not conventionally ‘spooky,’ it is a sublimely ridiculous piece of music, apt for the occasion. RORY WILLIAMSON

Karma Hotel - The Spooks

“Welcome to Karma Hotel” the diva sirens beckon, and chunky backbeat draws us in. “Looks like heaven but could be hell” – here all is not what it seems. The deep, soulful B-line and jazzy piano chords that punctuate the verse evoke the ghosts of genres’ past while our MCs tell the timeless tale of decadence of the high-life, the nihilistic core of hip-hop’s micro-capitalistic, dog-eat-dog material culture. This is a hotel of ghostly gangsta’s, yet our pale-faced ballers seem no more dead than any extra in a Black Eyed Peas video. Spooky indeed. Truly one to die for. DOMINIC MORRIS

It’s Halloween - The Shaggs



A Kurt Cobain favourite, the all-female pre-punk band of sub-urban though slightly

sinister sisters formed in 1968, after their grandmother had a premonition foreseeing their rise to stardom. As the ghoulish girls sing that “The ghosts will spook/ The spooks will scare/ Why, even Dracula will be there” the drums slip out of sync and you tumble terrifyingly and yet willingly over the edge of sanity. Sounding like a cross between a lobotomized, zombieified Beach Boys and the frenetic free-jazz style of Ornette Coleman, or maybe just a gang of trobairitz* after a train crash, this track, disjointed, dysfunctional, disorientating and splendidly damaged, is sure to put you in the All-Hallows mood. MADELEINE MORLEY

* Female troubadours

Top five Vimeos

Popular video sharing site *Vimeo* is perfect for procrastination. Here are our favourite five:



Between Bears

However many times I watch this video I still can't work out what it's about. Perfect to watch late at night, whilst you're trying to drink yourself to sleep.



The 3rd and the 7th

An incredible piece of work, constructed entirely on a computer, which explores the relationship between photography and architecture.



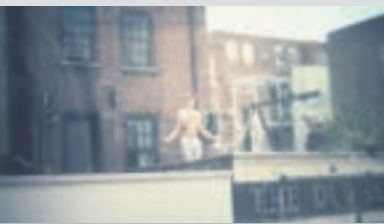
La Blogotheque

A series of videos showing bands performing impromptu acoustic sets in urban settings. Particularly good to watch are 'Phoenix', shown above.



Last Minutes with ODEN

A touching film chronicling the last few hours of a dog's life, and the emotional reaction of his owner. I guarantee you'll cry.



London Bus Tour

London filmed from the top of a bus, packed with gritty beauty.

Go to vimeo.com and search for the names above to watch the videos.

JEREMY WARNER

SCARIEST ALBUM OF THE WEEK

Noel Gallagher - High Flying Birds

★★★★★

Stop the Clocks,' the final track on Noel Gallagher's first release since Oasis split in 2009, comes to a close with a dissonant wall of electric guitar and relentlessly pounding drums; it is a complete superfluity, tacked on to the end of a plodding piece of middle-of-the-road melancholy, yet it remains perhaps the most thrilling section of a turgid record.

The most disastrous aspect of Gallagher's effort is its baffling



seriousness and self-importance: as one particularly suspect press release termed it, Noel is convinced of his "basic, unquenchable need to get a message out to the world." Quite what that message is remains obscured by lyrics dogged by flagrant, even brave clichés: the

conveying a story.

The movie is super-saturated with cinematic games. It begins with a recording of hacking coughs, which evolves into Cliff Martinez's eerie techno-jazz soundtrack. The electronic synth driven compositions are especially threatening because they are foregrounded by scenes full of medical apparatus and technical jargon, which make viewers feel just as lost as the characters in the film. A scalped Gwyneth Paltrow only makes things worse.

The actors themselves become almost incidental to the movie, which weaves in and out of so many different lives that no single one can carry the story alone. Nevertheless, the human dimension of the film is largely shown via Matt Damon, Anna Jacoby-Heron (who plays his daughter) and Kate Winslet (before she dies), who do a fabulous job of understating sentimentality and turning it into appetising slices.

drummers. Nothing too complex, nothing actually really brought by two drummers. That's to say, two drummers were playing one drum beat for too long – for an act who used to be so intelligent, a bit of syncopation wouldn't have gone amiss.

With the rest of the band in tow, the track gradually found itself in Battles' most recent record: it was upbeat and the time signature changed a few times to very little effect. Battle's 'Ice Cream' was facile

The intensity of their performance is absolutely palpable

enough and a song that sounds like a meek cover version was as competent and unfulfilling as you might expect. At other times, Drum Eyes did return to the doom of their past glory. But it was rendered nostalgic; coloured in browns and greys by the rest of their set.

I'm sad to mark down an I act I saw as so vital and interesting a few years back, but it's unavoidable. It was alright, it did sound great sometimes but I've got to view the show in its totality and therein lies the problem. Unlike 2009 or 2010, this time Drum Eyes left no real mark; they gave me nothing to look back upon fondly. **TOBY BULL**

cloying triple-threat rhyme of "city," "pretty" and "pity" on "The Death of You and Me" is a highlight made all the worse by the aggravating sense that the songwriter really felt he was on to a winner.

This seriousness and assurance coupled with some rather clumsy execution ensures that things never stray too far from the ridiculous. Opener 'Everybody's On The Run' is an exercise in empty bombast, as melodramatic strings and a grandiose choral backing actually work against the song to reveal the monotonous simplicity of its guitar melody and gratingly 'anthemic' vocal. Similarly, 'Dream On' features some ill-advised jazzy brass, which sounds so incongruous as to seem accidental: throughout this album, it feels as

Soderbergh successfully directs the few cheesy parts by keeping them stripped back of words and tears and alternating them with clinical boardroom scenes where we are told such helpful things as, 'the average person touches their face



though Noel has been set loose in the studio with all the skill and subtlety of an untrained puppy.

These songs, just like 'Stop the Clocks,' point to the irony that on Noel's first solo venture he has descended into an overstuffed parody of his previous band's work. No amount of stadium-gazing studio grandiosity can mask the tired songwriting here, as each song trudges along its tired path in an eerily similar way. Perhaps the best way of summarizing the feel of this record has been provided by Noel himself, with yet another perplexing lyrical monstrosity backed by sombre acoustic guitar and piano: "If I had a gun / I'd shoot a hole into the sun / And love would burn this city down for you." **RORY WILLIAMSON**

two or three thousands times a day.' Let's hope that Soderbergh makes more of this new kind of thriller, and that other directors catch on to this phenomenon. **ALIYA RAM**
Playing at the Cambridge Vue and Cineworld.

Instead, they shamelessly pilfer at least six other books to satisfy Spielberg's insatiable need for action, forcing them together in an ugly polyamorous marriage, tying the knot with some truly terrible dialogue. Not content with

Whilst an intro lends itself to montage, long films rarely do. Spielberg has ruined Tintin

bastardisation, the two rewrite a minor character (who appears for all of 2 pages) as a plotting, viscous supervillain.

Such a glut of Tintin memorabilia was horrifying, but gripping: I sat there wondering which story would crop up next on the Generation Game conveyor belt: will it be the fluffy toy? No, its *Land of Black Gold*, and now *The Calculus Affair*.

To give Spielberg some credit, it was very pretty. Hergé's pastel palette is retained to great effect, and a few scene changes were a joy. But 3D film doesn't bring characters to life on its own. Hergé did that effortlessly and beautifully – I'd go and read those if I were you.

FELIX DANCZAK
Playing at the Cambridge Cineworld.

FILM

Tintin: The Secret of the Unicorn 3D

★★★★★

The title sequence is superb. Done along 60's retro style lines (think *Catch Me If You Can*), it takes in the entire canon of Tintin stories, blending them seamlessly and elegantly. Anyone acquainted with Tintin would have spotted their favourite moment, and newcomers could have marvelled at the breadth of Hergé's imagination.

In a cruel twist, this perfection is responsible for the undoing of the entire movie. For whilst an intro lends itself to montage, 2hr long films rarely do. Spielberg has ruined Tintin.

Gone is the subtle humour of the books, gone have the careful crafted personalities of each character. Worst of all, gone has the story. *The Secret of the Unicorn*, on which the movie is generously based, has kidnapping, car chases, door-step shootings, gunfights, leaps of intuition, humour, and a fight to the death with a pirate on the historical high seas.

But this evidently wasn't enough for writers Stephen Moffat (*Sherlock*, *Dr Who*) and Edgar Wright (*Hot Fuzz* et al), who take the plot and then casually throw it out the window.

THEATRE

Antigone

ADC Theatre

★★★★★



This is not a translation, or a paraphrasing, but a fully-fledged adaptation of Sophocles' play by Richard Keith and Simon Haines – no second-year classicist should come to see this play as a substitute for reading their set text. Turning to the ADC brochure in the absence of a programme, the 'live music and physical theatre' promised by the blurb was conspicuous in its absence – unless the out of place orientalingizing overture or carrying of corpses fulfil these criteria. However, there certainly were some 'dynamic' elements in this 'retelling of a true classic'.

The plot outline retains the same shape as the ancient classic. Antigone, daughter of the incestuous and self-blinding Oedipus, defies Creon, her uncle and newly established King of Thebes, by burying her dishonoured brother, Polyneices, slain in a traitorous assault on the city. She is condemned to death by the King, highlighting her conflicting loyalties to her family and to the state. The resulting tragic trail culminates in the deaths of Creon's wife Eurydice and his son, Antigone's fiancé. The focus is as much on Antigone's dilemma as on the stubbornness of rulers' decision-making.

The script strikes an appropriate and consistent register that retains the spirit and themes of the original.



Arthur Kendrick, Genevieve Gaunt, Jack Hudson and Michael Campbell

Notable changes were made to the structure, and some of these worked to good effect. For instance, Keith and Haines have Haemon explicitly

A deadly serious play that manages to make you laugh. All evening.

foreshadow his own death. Although this does not appear in the original, its inclusion in this modern version substituted for the fact that the original audience would have been fully aware of the plot as part of the epic cycle of tragic tales.

However, some additions defied all attempts at justification and felt like mere interpolations. Ismene appears to proposition Creon near the beginning of the second act, seemingly willing to use her adult womanhood to bargain Antigone out of trouble. The subjected position of women, too, felt a little laboured. A few explicit statements from Creon to the effect that women should do as they are told were not fully developed into a central theme - the original play is far more concerned with the question of conflicting loyalties than misogyny. Though this is certainly felt in the original, it was embedded in the culture in which and

for which it was written, so should not obscure the main theme to which the original and adaptation are, for the most part, devoted.

The chorus is central to conveying the issues raised by Greek tragedy, and this one was excellent in terms of writing, direction and acting. Ellie Nunn and Temi Wilkey were superb, making the most of the antagonistic interpretations and exchanges given to them by the writers.

Combined with well-crafted lighting changes, they gave some much needed drive to the action. The acting highlight, however, was George Potts. He fulfilled the writers' intentions in giving the

Guard a comic edge that brought out the everyman side of his character, eager to avoid trouble, and he seized the opportunity to demonstrate his theatrical diversity with an authoritatively prophetic Tiresias.

Eurydice and Haemon were developed sufficiently as characters, while Alex Gomar gave a slightly disappointing performance as Creon. He has set himself high standards with his previous acting credits, and only after a shaky start did he grow into the role; by the final scene he was almost convincing enough to distract my attention from the laughable use of red streamers to represent the blood of his relations.

The sisters suffered from negligently static direction. The first scene after the chorus's narrative introduction lasted a full ten minutes and involved only one movement. Almost the entire play involved two characters conversing centre-stage, with only the chorus's interjections and varied positions breaking the monotony. This seems the result of the perils of both writing and staging the same script, as Richard Keith has relied too much on his own words and neglected the representation of the action on stage.

Having said this, they did themselves no favours with some largely one-dimensional acting. Lucie Shorthouse as Ismene elicited a snigger from my plus-one for her 'spitting' at Creon's feet, while Giulia Galastro was as wooden as a certain classical horse; a pity considering the potential in her character.

An enterprising script, one cannot help but feel that some livelier acting and independent direction would do the writing more justice.

RICHARD STOCKWELL

COMEDY

Art

Pembroke Cellars

★★★★★

Art is a play about a painting: a large white canvas featuring three faint white lines. This object becomes the catalyst for a furious confrontation between three friends which will undermine the very foundations of their relationship. Over the course of a single act, the characters tear each other apart with devastating precision. Its sharp, and cruel and very funny.

The space is small, and the characters at first seem over-large. Each is insufferable in his own way: Serge (Edward Eustace) exudes smug self-satisfaction; Marc (Rupert Grace) drawls with a lofty superiority; Yvan's (Matthew Clayton's) permanent smile walks the line between conciliatory and pathetic. But once the drama kicks off, the intimacy between actor and audience becomes a wonderful advantage: the claustrophobia of the apartment infuses the theatre. It's possible to see the tensions flitting just beneath the surface of the faces of the characters, betraying their frustration. Marc gives himself away with subtle raises of the eyebrows; Serge through his jutting, furious chin. The restrained hostility is pitch perfect, and indeed, my one

criticism of the play was that it could benefit from a somewhat slower build-up. The quiet venom conveyed through polite remarks is chilling in a way than the eruptions of shouting cannot be, and the expertly timed silences that punctuate the verbal barrages have impressive heft. The climax of the play is entirely wordless, and wonderfully taut. I won't give away what happens, but the release when the almost unbearable tension breaks is palpable: it gets the biggest laugh of the night, and the hilarity is tempered with relief.

The actors are believable as men entering middle-age, the bones of their insecurities visible through their pretensions - and the bond between them is highly convincing, making the characters' struggle for autonomy from each other all the more sharply articulated. Each character, seeking to demolish the others, visibly destroys himself. "If you are you because I am me, and if I am me because you are you, then I am not who I am and you are not who you are", Yvan quotes his therapist as saying. Of course, it is a ridiculous statement, but it also cuts to the heart of the difficulty. As, ultimately, a ridiculous painting - with its three very faint lines, almost impossible to distinguish - also does. MEGAN MARSH

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COMEDY

ICE

Pembroke Cellars

★★★★★

Having not seen improvised comedy before, I didn't know what to expect with And the Award Goes To... Endless creativity or awkward punchlines? There was a bit of both, but I'm happy to say it erred on the side of "funny".

The show is comprised of a dozen sessions where the cast are given some guidelines and left to improvise. To inject some randomness into

proceedings the audience supplies some input. One session involved a man turning into - the audience decreed - a shoe; another saw two actors in a brief "pirate tragedy" (plenty of "Arr!"s and lamenting over lost ships) due to my own wonderfully misconstrued suggestion.

A lesson to take away from this is that the audience can make the show, or at least liven it up considerably, and I must confess we were thin on the ground and not adventurous enough. Dan Addis did an indefatigable job compering us, however, and was capable of any number of roles, from a Mexican to the dreaded Oxford student, and while this led to some bizarre and ridiculous accents it

was all part of the fun. Donna Kitching was also engaging; her greatest talent lay in seeing comedy gold at just the right moment. The animated Fred Maynard was utterly captivating, and ready to fling himself into anything. All three displayed an amazing aptitude for improvisation.

Michael Conterio was an excellent improvised sing-language interpreter. Sadly, the other cast members weren't able to match this panache - while they were capable of supporting the others, they rarely made hilarious contributions. The improvisers were key to this show, and while I admire them for their bravery, the chemistry wasn't always there.

This was a problem of the format: by its nature, the show couldn't produce perfect sketches with well-timed punchlines, but that made it all the more remarkable when the jokes worked. And, make no mistake, the jokes worked: the team frequently took the audience's disparate suggestions and forged a great sketch out of it.

But it was, perhaps unavoidably, a mixed bag: there were moments of total hilarity and, while the low points were always agreeable, they simply didn't click.

Seeing this will make you laugh - it's a credit to the cast that my main complaint is "This is good but more would be better!" - but at the same time I feel it doesn't reach the comedy heights it could.

JAMIE PATTON



10 Questions for...

Paul Mayhew
Archer



Paul Mayhew-Archer matriculated at St Catharine’s in 1972 to read English. While at Cambridge he performed alongside Andy Hamilton in CULES and began writing scripts. He has since edited scripts for *Old Harry’s Game* (which he also produces), *Coming of Age* and *Home Again*. He co-wrote *The Vicar of Dibley* with Richard Curtis.

What’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to you?
“That’s the funniest thing I’ve read this year”. Very nice to have anyone say that about my writing - but when the person saying it is Richard Curtis then it is really special.

Worst public moment?
Wetting myself in primary school.

Magic power of choice?
Selective amnesia so I could repeatedly experience my favourite films and music as if for the first time.

What’s the last thing you saw (theatre, cinema, tv)?
Sweeney Todd in the theatre, *Drive* at the cinema and *The Killing* on telly. I’m clearly a bloodthirsty psychopath.

What are you reading at the moment?
Finally getting round to reading *Anna Karenina*. Wonderful treat.

Guiltiest pleasure?
Watching *Countdown* followed by *Pointless* on as many days as possible.

Favourite Cambridge haunt?
Arts cinema.

Fondest memory of studenthood?
Doing CULES student revues.

What would be served at your dream dinner party and who would you invite?
A variety of Indian vegetarian curries and I’d invite my heroes - Steven Spielberg, Stephen Sondheim and Alan Ayckbourn.

Favourite joke?
There are two nuns in a bath. The first one says “Where’s the soap”; the second one replies “Yes it does, doesn’t it.”

PAUL SPOKE TO SOPHIE LEWISOHN

THEATRE
Orphanarium
ADC Theatre

★★★★★



The *Orphanarium of Erthing Worthing* started ominously; beginning in a flood of smoke and Indiana Jones music, which Marcus (James Paris) cut through with a torch and an overblown monologue that encapsulated everything that was to come: ridiculous, a little repetitious and utterly hilarious. The device was repeated at the end, and the difference was immeasurable – after some early jitters the cast had found their feet.

The *Orphanarium* consists of a deranged collection of geriatric orphans nominally supervised by a nanny, Dorinda, who answers to the eponymous Erthing Worthing. His orphans have to live off trees and oxygen instead of care and attention, and they might not even get that if the sinister Jocelyn Cuddles of Closing Ltd gets his way. Marcus is Jocelyn’s work experience boy, who is first invited to stay the night, and then longer in what at first appears to be a mental

asylum with incredible levels of sexual tension. If that sounds weird, it’s because it is. The production was slick, with the most intricately choreographed on stage kissing I’ve seen, although there was perhaps more nudity than intended as a strategically placed baguette did not quite cover everything. The plot is a knowingly obvious pretext for some fabulous buffoonery, and a talented comic ensemble had been lovingly assembled to execute it by a production team with a fine eye for humorous detail. The narrative is never in question

but the play’s action still surprises at every turn ,veering from absurdity to absurdity, from visual gag to puns of various qualities. Sometimes it did not work, but it moved at such a pace that there was no chance to dwell on the failures. A strategically placed baguette did not quite cover everything Sporadic applause and cheering punctuated the evening, although the



Jennie King as Gladys, a madcap gremlin

THEATRE
The Real Thing
Corpus Playroom

★★★★★

Tom Stoppard’s 1982 play *The Real Thing* opened to a packed house on Tuesday. No doubt the Executive Producers Tom Powell and Jack Gamble were pleased by this (the programme rather showily informs us that these two are also the Directors, Set Designers, Sound Designers, Lighting Designers, and Publicity Designers) – but it resulted in a swelteringly stuffy experience for the audience sitting in the Corpus Playroom. This unusually large audience for an opening night attests to the popularity of Stoppard. The *Real Thing* begins in the Stoppardian territory of metatheatricality, with a scene from a play-within-a-play. The production navigates the shifts between ‘real’ life and ‘staged’ life successfully and without being clunkingly blatant. It is not a difficult narrative to follow, but does require engaged attention from the audience. Stoppard, perhaps

somewhat indulgently, presents in his main characters three actors and a playwright, who comprise two couples: Annie and Max, and Henry and Charlotte. Henry (Robin Morton) is the playwright, and there are evident similarities between Stoppard and this character – both are comic writers known for their witty repartee. And unsurprisingly, *The Real Thing* delights in its sparkling dialogue. It soon emerges that Henry has been having an affair with Annie (Jenny Scudamore – who delivers one of the best performances), a pseudo political activist in addition to being an actress, and the play mainly follows these two characters. After the first half, however, the focus expands, venturing beyond the world of the four luvvies to more problematic concerns. Collectively, the cast are all reasonable actors, likable and with solid comic timing. But some of them capture the essence of their characters better than others. Hattie Lloyd and Laura Profumo as, respectively, Charlotte and her daughter Debbie, are most at ease with their characters. Morton manages the emotional

depth of his character, but lacks the clout required to convince as an intellectual. His vocal timbre has a tendency to verge on the whiny, undermining the erudition and gravitas of sophisticated playwright Henry. Conversely, Peter Allen’s depiction of Brodie, a character we hear much about throughout the play but who only appears near the end, is too coarse, too broad-stroked a depiction – not assisted by the truly ghastly green tie he wears. In general though, Powell and Gamble’s production is notably competent; it is not, however, a particularly notable production. The aesthetic is rather utilitarian in its functionality. The chairs are multi-function, university-accommodation type chairs. The costumes suffice, and, apart from that tie, seem wholly appropriate; but there is nothing remarkable or commendable about them – merely appropriate. The production lacks vitality and verve: the dazzling dialogue of Stoppard demands an equally stylish and imaginative performance to complement it. Nothing hinders the passage of the action, but neither does anything propel it nor inflect it; the action passes steadily, easily, even enjoyably, but never thrillingly. That the most exciting visual aspect of the staging is a white curtain which, when drawn, splices the stage in two is indicative of the overall want of creativity. And, unfortunately, the worst – yet serial – offences of am-dram are committed: the peculiar patches of talcum powder in hair to indicate older age; actors ferreting around in darkness to execute scene changes (as though they cannot be seen). None of this really matters, of course, but then, neither does this production: it’s not the real thing.



Hattie Lloyd as Charlotte

biggest laugh of all came when Little Willy (Andrew Brock) inadvertently stumbled upon a line so that his dear blind father came home “hard from a day’s work”. The piece was full of genuinely brilliant one-liners, and most of them seemed intentional. Three performances particularly stood out in a good cast; Charlotte Hamblin was convincing as an elderly ex-actress who thinks she’s still in her prime; Mark Wartenberg ensures he steals each scene he’s in; Jennie King as Gladys, a madcap gremlin figure, is completely brilliant. The eclecticism on display points to a genuine innovation, a cut above usual Cambridge comedy. My concerns were largely overcome by the quality and number of great jokes and attention to detail in the production. The entire ramshackle set had been perfectly chosen and aside from the occasional Anchorman reference and a slightly botched ending the writing was of a high quality. It is not for everyone: some of the audience were left cold even as others were crying with laughter. If you like your absurdity applied with a lorry rather than a trowel, *The Orphanarium* is over-brimming with jokes, flair and absolute barminess. TOM POWELL

COMEDY
Virgin Smoker
ADC Theatre

★★★★★

On leaving the theatre after this week’s Smoker I felt, sadly, that it had fallen pretty flat - I hadn’t had my fill of laughs. Yet looking back, this seems unfair: there were some fantastic performances that suggested that experience - this was a Virgin Smoker - isn’t essential to great comedy. The sketches that worked best involved a well thought-out and well executed central conceit. A highlight was a sketch set in an art gallery which relied just as much on facial expression as on the things said. A man listens to a guide to the paintings on his headset, and the voice gets more and more commanding until the man is made to kneel before a picture and bark like a poodle. The final painting, of a “performer who just wants to be loved”, was one of the brilliant moments, when a sketch gently mocked its own theatricality. Some of the comedy was as much ‘standout’ as it was stand-up. Zoe Tomalin brilliantly entertained the audience which her self-confessed quirkiness - “several of us at Christ’s are fighting it out to occupy the same, quirky niche”, and Angus Graham Morrison’s joke about “fraping the pope” came to a hilarious climax: “The pope added Richard Dawkins to his list of inspirational people.” The Smoker was a long night and I tended to forget how many good acts there had been dispersed among less successful ones. REBECCA JACOBS

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OLIVER O’SHEA

Sophie Lewisohn talks to Martin Crimp about *Cruel and Tender*



It's a sunny afternoon in London's Theatreland when I meet Martin Crimp. He's suggested Cafe Koha, a cosy bar tucked between the stage doors of the Noël Coward and Wyndham Theatres behind Leicester Square. Over orange juice he tells me how he came to be a playwright.

'It was all a matter of chance - though I was never going to be anything but a writer, the question of how and for whom was unsettled.' It so happened that it was a theatre that first accepted Crimp's writing, and his first six professional plays were staged at Richmond's Orange Tree Theatre. (His very first play, *Clang*, was produced in Cambridge while he was a student here - directed by Roger Michell of Notting Hill fame.)

While reading English at Cambridge Crimp wrote and acted a little but was underwhelmed by the experience. 'Although I loved theatre, I was not in love with the theatre scene. It was all a bit self regarding and...effervescent.' Hopefully things have changed since his day, as it is the ADC's upcoming production of his play *Cruel and Tender* that I've come to talk about.

Cruel and Tender was commissioned by director Luc Bondy, with whom Crimp unusually discussed each section of the play as it was completed. I wonder whether handing a script over to the director is anything like giving a baby up for adoption. Continuing the metaphor, Crimp tells me a play is "more like a child you look after. There's lots of

you in it, it's full of your DNA, but you must learn to let go."

Cruel and Tender is based on Sophocles' *Trachiniae*, the tale of Deianeira's unthinking part in the death of her husband Heracles. Unsettled by thoughts of Heracles' infidelity, Deianeira decides to make use of a love-potion given to her by the centaur Nessus after he helped her across a flooded stream - for which Heracles killed him when he thought the horse was enjoying it too much. Deianeira sends a robe soaked in Nessus' potion to Heracles as a homecoming gift - and immediately has misgivings about the friendly intentions of a dying centaur towards his murderer. When Heracles dons the robe he is consumed by mortal pain and Deianeira kills herself.

There are no given rules in art any more. You have to invent your own.

Crimp takes Sophocles' story - down to the structure of each scene - and fits it to a new millennium. Heracles becomes a general returning from military action in Africa; Deianeira is Amelia, an army wife; and Nessus is her old flame, a researcher in psychotropic warfare. Sophocles' chorus, the women of Trachis, are rendered as Amelia's domestic staff - housekeeper, physiotherapist and beautician.

Crimp describes his writing career as 'two-track', combining writing original works with translations (which have recently included Molière's *The Misanthrope*, Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* and Bruckner's *Pains of Youth*). While he characterizes translating as a job of transferring a text from one language into another,

originating material is "difficult and mysterious and impossible to say how it comes about". There is no simple structure to it - "there are no given rules in art anymore. No five act plays and sonata form. You have to invent your own rules."

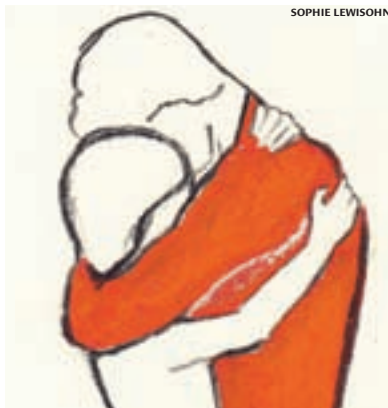
Responding to Sophocles' text meant working with rules Crimp didn't necessarily agree with. He tells me the *Trachiniae* is often considered an unsuccessful, broken-backed play: the first two thirds follow one protagonist and the last third concentrates on a new one and the pair never meet. It is rarely performed nowadays. Crimp decided to turn this weakness into a strength: he uses the fractured structure to create two opposed worlds - the female domestic domain against the male military realm.

Crimp found the Heracles in the Greek text a horrendous character, almost demonic. A powerful and violent man who longs to murder his wife for the pain she has unwittingly caused him, he is only annoyed that he can't kill her himself when he finds she has already committed suicide. In an attempt to make him slightly more sympathetic Crimp plays on the idea of the General's insanity. "In the Greek, the moment Heracles comes on stage the verse

goes haywire, with lyric outbursts unusual in the whole Greek canon." The strange two-syllable lines and onomatopoeic phrases which express Heracles' distress put Crimp in mind of mental illness, and so the patterns of the Greek verse triggered Crimp's characterization of Heracles as mad. The portrayal is part of Crimp's wish to look more closely at what he calls the "default left-wing British liberal thinking that all military people should be demonized." The General himself emerges as a victim: to the government minister John, the General is useful and then expendable with as circumstances change.

Conceived in the aftermath of 9/11, Crimp admits that current affairs were very much on his mind as he thought out his play. Though the axis of the story is shifted from east/west to north/south, there is a "lie at the heart of the play" closely related to events in Westminster: "Tony Blair lied to parliament. You can't get round that." Though it avoids being journalistic, *Cruel and Tender* is very much a political play.

I ask if he has any advice for aspiring playwrights. After a pause he says slowly, "Read a lot of plays." He quotes Luis Buñuel who said, "what is not founded in tradition is plagiarism." By way of explanation Crimp tells me of his involvement in assessing and selecting new scripts for the Royal Court Theatre, and the day Sarah Kane's first play *Blasted* came through in 2001. Everyone at the meeting knew it was something different and exciting. "And about six months later we were inundated with pseudo-Sarah Kane scripts. So what Buñuel might mean is that without roots you'll just copy the last thing that was fashionable. To write you must find those deep roots. You must know what others have done, as well as what they are doing now."



Plank Corpus Playroom

★★★★★

Michell's new play *Plank* opens fluently, with all the verve and slyness of an Ayckbourn social comedy. The setting is a kitschy Midlands café with one table already occupied by two old men, George and Percy, who quibble over the weather with almost senile pedantry. The humbugs engage in a brilliantly brittle bout of repartee: words collide and contort, small talk verges on the philosophical, mundanity primed to detonate into the bizarre.

The stage is gradually filled by various caricatured figures, all wrangling with some personal trauma, all dressed in luridly chintzy, clashing prints. A careworn expectant mother meets with her posh totty friend, a nautically clad couple quibbles over the provenance of chai lattes, siblings serenade a 'perfect day'.

As we'd expect with the sensitive Michell, there is more to this domestic vignette than the ritualized conventions of chitchat and gesture:

as the play progresses, each individual lays their broken self on the laminated table for all too see and judge.

Simon, the suave, irascible boyfriend (played by Laurens Macklon) breaks up with the fragile Linda in public: "I didn't think you'd make such a scene". The stricken Linda is reduced to squeaky social platitudes. "That's a nice name", she says of the new mistress.

The other hubs of familiar discourse are harder to penetrate. It's unclear whether Philippa, played with a muted pathos by Emily

Parton, is downing umbrella drinks out of defiance or grief: whether Fiona's suggestion of baby names saddens her as she has lost a child, or whether she merely flinches at the prospect of maternity.

The strangest gathering is that of Marcus, Tim and Abigail, a group of ambiguously related diners, arguing over the mechanics of mourning. Marcus, a fidgety youth, has a lofty, almost quixotic, view of loss unreciprocated by his stolid relatives. George and Percy look wryly on as the fireworks of strained relations crackle around them.

Indeed, it is only when an act of grave significance occurs that all four warring tables converge, their individual fears all synthesized by one single, dull thud. This is perhaps the most affecting moment of the play, and one that director Ami Jones orchestrates well: after the kinetic din of social interchange comes bewildered silence and the apprehension of their one common trait - mortality.

It is here that the mousey Linda comes into her own, Lucy Farrett beautifully navigating her character from parodic neurosis to genuine, dumbfounded grief.

Other characters fall short of

such a delicate reaction, Tim and Abigail (played by Adam Smith and Haxie Meyers-Belkin) appear rigid and unintentionally awkward. This is the greatest flaw of a play which ultimately fails to deliver the promised goods. Michell's script is littered with subtleties which plumb the depths beneath the characters' 'carry on' camaraderie, the truisms parroted throughout forming a lexicon of self-preservation.

The cast cannot as a whole sustain this two-tiered approach to the dialogue, separating the inner self and public body into two overly dramatized personas rather than a composite whole.

The saving graces are figures such as Farrett and the wonderfully punctilious comedy duo of Oliver Marsh and Stephen Bermingham (playing George and Percy) who deliver Michell's words with a comic timing reminiscent of The Two Ronnies.

As his first venture into theatre writing, Michell shows great promise with a moving, carefully poised tale of manners versus morals. The play suggests - and perhaps proves - that the shallow depths of appearance are all we need.

LAURA PROFUMO

Behind the Scenes

Glamrou Gareth Rhys



This November will see the return of *Denim*, launched last year in an extravaganza of gender-bending and beehive wigs. For the uninitiated, *Denim* is Cambridge's first and only drag show, masterminded by Amrou Al-Kadhi - or rather his alter-ego: the fabulous Glamrou who eats, sleeps and breathes Gaga.

Due to the overwhelmingly positive reaction to the event at Clare Cellars and St John's May Ball, Amrou has decided to bring *Denim* back, bigger and sassier than before. I caught up with him to talk about it.

He explains that *Denim* is different from most drag events because it's neither a freak show nor a niche exclusive to those on the 'scene'. The performances are about uplifting people and the aim is inclusion.

On the night there is a sense of equality because everyone comes in drag or some sort of Gaga-tastic outfit, and the audience are encouraged to sing and dance along with the acts. It is also unusual in having women performing as drag kings, something that is sadly rare in the more general drag scene.

Denim is about everyone being able to express themselves - it's not just limited to one gender. I asked Amrou why he was inspired to set up a drag show in Cambridge, a town where Kambar is the most alternative nightclub and people flock to Cindies weekly. He tells me that he always wanted to do it while he was at school - but being at an all-male boarding school obviously meant that this was near impossible. The ethos of *Denim* is essentially about reaching deep inside you and then putting whatever you find on show - which for Amrou is drag.

Although drag is inherently artificial, it is simultaneously a way in which Amrou can truthfully express a lot about himself and show people in Cambridge how happy being true to yourself can make you. The reaction has been extraordinary: on the first *Denim* night in Clare Cellars the reaction of the crowd was so euphoric it made Amrou cry.

Denim returns to Cambridge on Friday 11th November to the Fitzpatric Theatre at Queens' College.



Poet's
Corner

afterglow

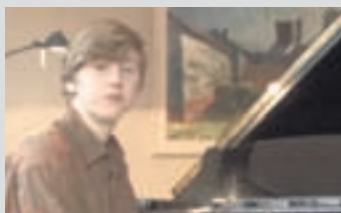
most slip through you
like a flustered on the spot
like a failure of simile
drunkenly addressing a table of
strangers

the dangers of making angels of
angles

in the dangles of park rangers
moving you on late
at night.

It's too late to be here,
and you're pissed.

FELIX BAZALGETTE

Sessional
Confessional

1. What was the first single you ever bought?

I can't really recall; but the first song I remember listening to was 'Sea, Sex and Sun' by Serge Gainsbourg...

2. Which song do you wish you'd written?

'Sea, Sex and Sun', obviously.

3. Who is your greatest musical inspiration?

Stevie Wonder? My music doesn't sound like his, but I just think he's a really great guy. Perhaps it was choral music which really inspired me; when I was younger I sang in a choir every day after school, so I think it kind of went like osmosis into me.

4. What is your favourite karaoke song?

One time I'd been to a fancy dress party, dressed in a charity-shop outfit as Prince Charming, and some of my mates and I ended up at a pub doing karaoke; we sang 'Come On Eileen' by Dexys Midnight Runners...

5. And, finally, who is your favourite contemporary artist?

I can't say me, can I?! I really like Antony and the Johnsons, and I saw James Blake at Bestival and he really impressed me.

Enter Stage Right

Kat Griffiths's new play *Fierce* is the Week 7 lateshow at the ADC. She talks to **Katy Browse** about overcoming her time as Varsity's 'SWEARBOX' sex columnist, and her quiet growth as a dramatist

"I'm not going to be nude," Kat Griffiths tells me as we talk of her oncoming one-woman show. "If I was going to be nude, they would have had to apply for a special license. Whereas with partial nudity, they are just going to put up signs; a bit like warning epileptics about strobe lighting."

Having graduated last year, this is Kat's first project from the 'other side', as she calls it, and she is keen to stress that writing a column about sex doesn't necessarily make her a sensationalist.

"A lot of students will have probably read my raucous, bag of laughs sex-column, 'SWEARBOX' and will think that my being half-naked on stage will be the play's main thing. But actually, it's not a gimmick, nor the point, it just happens to be so." The blurb for the show lists a woman chained to her bed centre-stage. Viewers may be right, then, to expect much of the same wit and nerve that Kat's blog showed. What they would be missing are the ways in which Cambridge has influenced her subtly as a writer and actress.

"I thought I was going to arrive at Cambridge and be a thriving actress. In fact, I got here three years ago and

was too nervous to say any words in auditions." She did, thankfully, go on to act in a handful of more unusual productions, shows that she'd heard about indirectly or that people had asked her to be in. Things she didn't have to audition for, in short. Yet through them she has got to know some of the city's more unusual venues.

The fact that she wasn't initially suited to the ADC doesn't come across as a restriction. We speak about the glut of venues in Cambridge, from the Corpus Playrooms to the Judith E Wilson



Drama Studio, and the choices that directors make when deciding where to put on a play. It was through acting as Lady Macbeth that Kat first came across the Judith E Wilson Drama Studio, and was enthralled by the opportunities that the space offered, an 8m² black box in the basement of the English Faculty.

"It couldn't have been done anywhere else, the way we moved about, the way we took the audience with us through passages, acting in tiny [partitioned] rooms. It was an innovative and charming production," she says, talking of Isabel Taylor's

"Nudity is not a gimmick, nor the point, it just happens to be there

Macbeth. This was put on in Easter term 2010; Kat would return to the Judith E Wilson during her third year here, playing the lead in Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*.

"Some reviewers came to *Macbeth* and said it was great...but there was only a capacity of 50! So, it sold out every night, but not that many people around Cambridge saw it or

heard about it. And somebody said to me, 'Why is it you insist on doing great things in these tiny obscure theatres?' and I was like, 'Why is it you insist on not seeking out tiny obscure theatres in case they're putting on these really great things?' Which they are."

Again, she remains upbeat about only having done a handful of shows as an actress. There is the sense that if she had become fully involved in other people's productions then she never would have got round to her own. To hear her talk about putting on a show, of taking it up to the Edinburgh Fringe, as she did with *The Cure*, is to realize the slight shelter that Cambridge offers new writers. When I bring up the mass-migration of Cambridge students up to the Fringe every year, she grimaces slightly, remembering the madness. "You hear of shows that only have two audience members. And then they realize that they're the only two audience members there, and then they leave too."

This never happens to a Cambridge show, she implies, recalling her vocation as a committed audience member to her friends' plays. It just goes to show that the support is there in the most unlikely of places.

Theatre critic and playwright John Kinsella talks to **Mairin O'Hagan** and **Andy Brock** about misogyny, the role of the audience and Anarchic freedom in contemporary student theatre

John Kinsella would not describe himself as a "Theatre Person", which is odd given the various roles he has adopted as a theatre critic, playwright and most recently as the Judith E Wilson Visiting Fellowship, a position established to draw live performance and the University together. He is, however, "a poet with a great passion for theatre" particularly the way "language transforms space." His role, as he sees it, is looking at the relationship between "the writing process and what might eventually happen on stage."

Kinsella is excited to be returning to Cambridge – what he calls his 'Other Place' – a world away from his home deep in the West Australian bush. Speaking of the Cambridge Drama scene as "a liminal space between the student and the professional world", he also sees it as a place where students who are studying the arts and learning to be critics can and should respond to a creative impulse.

Studying should be an enabling process, and for Kinsella, academic study and creative output go hand in hand. "My critical practice is part of my poetics," he states, "I've never been able to separate the two." This is evident in his tendency to describe himself in clear critical terms – 'Anarchist', 'feminist', 'vegan', 'pacifist', 'profound anti-capitalist', and 'environmentalist' – all labels

that he assigns to himself with fervour. These terms define not just the content of his work, but the very processes used to create such content. As an Anarchist, Kinsella believes that no one person can claim ownership of a text. When he writes for the theatre, therefore, he leaves what he describes as "holes", so that the director, actors and production team can take his text and shape it into a collaboratively realized work.

Despite labelling himself with

"Anything is possible in Cambridge, if you are willing to put the effort in

these provocative terms, Kinsella does not see theatre as a forum for didactic sermonizing but rather as a place where important issues can be tackled by presenting an alternative to the status-quo. This tendency to 'show' rather than 'tell' is manifest in his view of the way in which theatre should address the lack of roles for women in the majority of plays, a fact that has contributed to theatre becoming "one of the last refuges of unreconstructed misogyny." Rather than writing plays that actively bemoan this inequality, Kinsella simply intends to write plays with more roles for women; a

refreshing and powerful alternative to aggressive moralizing.

The audience is not forgotten amongst all this theatrical theorizing, although Kinsella suggests that they needn't always be at the forefront of a playwright's mind. "What constitutes an audience is very complex thing... we shouldn't ever tailor what we write to our preconception about what an audience might be." In Kinsella's opinion, one invites an audience to an event and they will choose either to participate or not.

Alongside fulfilling his various academic duties whilst in Cambridge – including organizing a symposium on Poetic Collaboration in the spring – Kinsella is also looking forward to getting along to as many student productions as he can. Reluctant to highlight anything in particular, he claims that he enjoys "almost all of it". This is down to the fact that "unlike many universities, there are so many opportunities to put on plays that students can have the space to take risks." It is with this ethos in mind that Kinsella was involved in the creation of 'The Other Prize', The Marlowe Society's award for new playwriting, judged by the literary manager of the Royal Shakespeare Company alongside the Marlowe's senior treasurer, Tim Cribb. Kinsella is convinced that the prize is a great way to Segway into the professional industry, providing invaluable

exposure for the winner's work, as well as giving them a focused opportunity in which to develop their craft.

Despite his emphasis on process, Kinsella is still an artist who relishes outcomes and enjoys seeing work come to fruition, and he recognizes that this can only happen through sheer hard-work. "Anything is possible in Cambridge" he says, "if you are willing to put the effort in."



'This year's winner of the RSC/Other Prize, *Bird Pie*, will be performed on the 8th-12th November. For tickets visit www.corpusplayroom.com

Hockney's Secret Knowledge

The Royal Academy's 50-year retrospective of David Hockney's work will go on exhibition at the start of next year. Katy Browse reflects on whether the artist's own documentary project can tell us even more about the man behind the paintings

The wonderful thing about Hockney, or one of them at least, is that he seems to stand outside art history. He first came into the public eye at a Royal Society exhibition in 1961; the one which was said to herald the arrival of 'Pop Art' in London. Since then he has had a massive output and, to put it bluntly, quite a short attention span. This, together with the fact that he was trained foremost as a draughtsman, means that his interests cannot be tied to any one school or movement. Instead, they surround fundamentals such as artistic medium and, most importantly, *technique*. Next year's exhibition at the Royal Academy will feature all his experiments, from his famous 60s prints to landscapes in oil, perhaps even touching upon his latest project – art produced on his iPad.

The BBC1 documentary, *A Bigger Picture*, makes interesting viewing for any Hockney enthusiast. In it, maker Bruno Wollheim describes his own emotional turmoil as he follows his charming, cheeky and unpredictable subject over three years. During this

No-one, least of all the man himself, can predict what his next passion will be

time, we witness Hockney fall in and out of love with photography and re-discover oil-paint. Our impression is of a man who is eternally restless. No-one, least of all the man himself, can predict what his next passion will be.

This quality is nowhere better illustrated than in the artist's own documentary project, *Secret Knowledge*. Made in the aftermath of his mother's death, its making occupied two solid years of Hockney's life. The subject revolves around the Dutch masters of the early Renaissance; those that brought depth, perspective and light into European painting. These paintings have inspired awe in millions of people. In Cambridge they have been the subject of many an essay; discussions exploring their style, their motifs and context.

The truly wonderful thing about Hockney in this documentary, however, is that he boldly sweeps all of this away. Not that he doesn't treat those artists with respect – in fact he's keen to stress the opposite – but he does suggest that untouchable geniuses such as van Dyck and Vermeer had a little help in getting their canvases so true to life. He suggests, madly, controversially, that they traced their subjects with an early form of the camera.

The progress of the documentary, following the order of his own investigations, allows for this great accusation to come right at the start of the film. You can tell he is revelling in the shock-value of his claims, and that's where his great charm lies. There is something immensely enjoyable about listening to this man, with a broad Bradford accent and scandalous down-to-earth logic. "What happened around 1420?" he asks. "Did everyone suddenly just get better at drawing?"

But this narrator also just happens to be one of the great artists of our time, and, in fact, he just might have a point. Hockney talks about images in refreshingly practical, thorough terms; throwing them about mentally, bringing out links from a

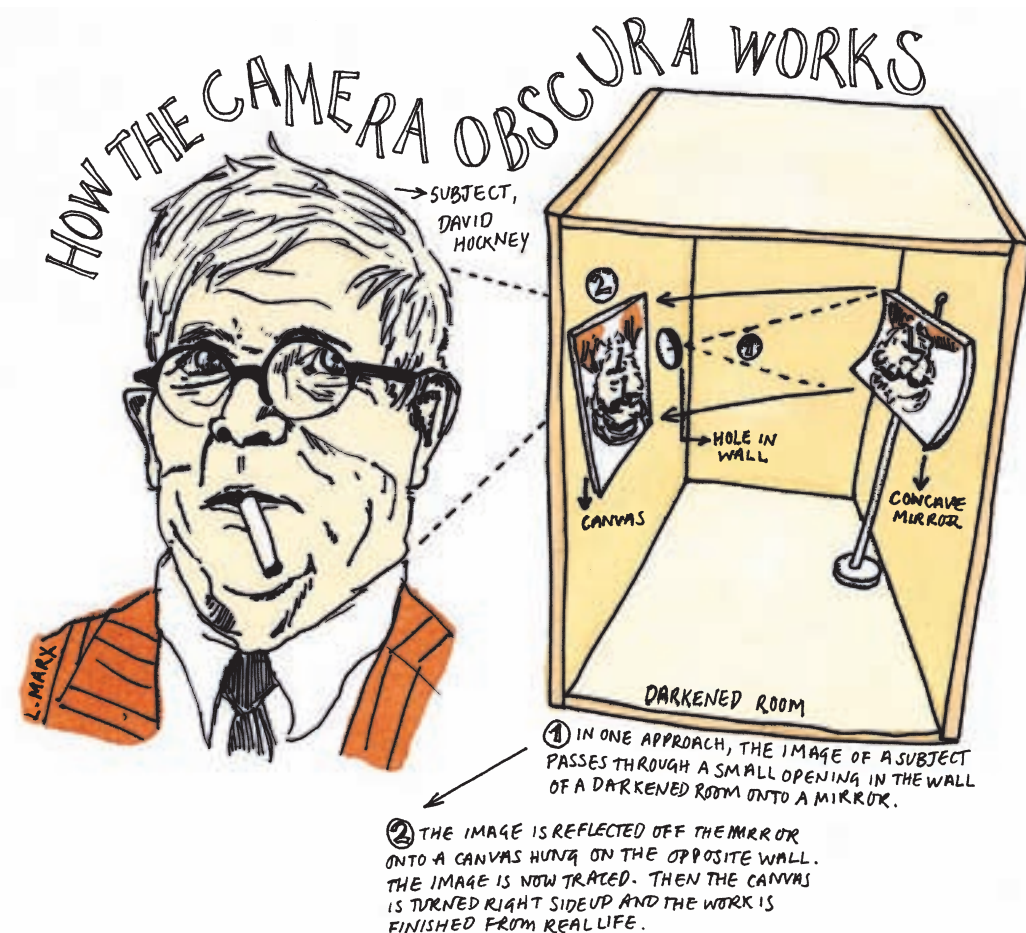
You can tell he is revelling in the shock-value of his claims, and that's where his great charm lies

shameless array of periods. From pictures of tourists on a grand tour, to Warhol's traced photographs, he showcases the similarities between Flemish paintings and lens-captured images. Next he brings in the optical knowledge of scientists, gathering support for his bold claim that the Dutch masters had access to the instrument that we now call the 'camera obscura'.

At its release in 2001, the documentary caused a scandal amongst academics and journalists alike. In response to the storm that grew up around it, Hockney took to walking around in a t-shirt printed with the words "I Know I'm Right".

We have been left with an unresolved debate. Yet we are also left with this film, and that is equally important in its own right – not only as a comment which enhances our understanding of great Flemish works, but as a unique example of how its eclectic, passionate maker thinks and works.

LIZZIE MARX



Arts Comment

The ADC can move over: where is the AFC, the Amateur Film Club?

Louise Benson



Renowned for its ongoing thriving theatre scene, illustrious actor-alumni, and all the nostalgic throwbacks to 'treading the boards' at the ADC theatre over the years, Cambridge's wealth of acting opportunities only serves to highlight for me the dearth of cinema-happenings within the university.

The Campus Movie Fest, in town for this week only, loaning out cameras and film editing suites to any student who chooses to sign up to make a film by the coming Sunday – projects in the pipeline include a three-part musing on nailbiting, and a boy with a light bulb for a head – has certainly done something to reverse the theatre/film imbalance. A lack of promotion, however, particularly in comparison to the theatre publicity we are bombarded with on all sides each week (be it from the Corpus Playroom or the ubiquitous ADC itself) makes me wonder what percentage of the student body will have been aware of this fly-by directorial opportunity – let alone taken the further step of borrowing the equipment.

Another – rather more permanent – valuable resource for film is CRASSH, running a huge range of programmes aiming to combine various arts, humanities and social science faculty research, and promoting cross-disciplinary dialogue. Sporadic film screenings, often accompanied by a lecture, are organized at various locations. Again, these remain seriously under-promoted, lurking firmly below most students' radar.

Cinecam, the student-run film society, co-ordinate more practical workshops on all aspects of putting a film together. They are currently

even offering funding for the production of two films, with an open call for pitch submissions.

The fact remains, though, that far fewer Cambridge students go on to work in film in comparison to the self-sustaining successes of the theatre here. And so, where the brilliant Harvard Film Archive at our equivalent Cambridge across the pond plays host to alumni directors ranging from Darren Aronofsky to Terrence Malick, we fall severely short. Screenings at St John's, while always fun to go along to, present no challenge to Harvard's impeccably curated film seasons that comfortably sit leagues ahead even of the BFI's programmes.

Such a gap in the availability of the sort of film seasons that could, at the very least, provide an equivalent to the BFI in Cambridge, remains less noted due to the fact that it is reflective of just such a deficit on a larger, national scale. Independent cinemas housing clear, cleverly curated programmes of films are almost non-existent even in London – let alone Cambridge.

A sad consequence of this is the reluctance of many students to regard cinema as an engaging academic pursuit at all. Easily interchangeable directors, hidden behind the big budget stars of sensationalist productions, certainly hold a deserved indulgent value for an afternoon's entertainment. It is when such films is all that is available to us that it turns into a serious problem. Cinema should be showcased in all aspects of the broad and challenging spectrum that it presents; until this happens, a film community to rival that of the Cambridge theatres will never exist.

Bucket List

Five underrated horror films to watch before you graduate

1 Nomads
John McTiernan, 1986
This psychological thriller stars Pierce Brosnan as an anthropologist who is possessed by his memories, ultimately becoming the prey of an extinct tribe of Inuits. Thoughtful and shocking.

2 Paperhouse
Bernard Rose, 1988
When a child discovers that her drawings become real in her dreams, she must adjust them to save a disabled boy. The results are increasingly creepy, surreal, and very beautiful.

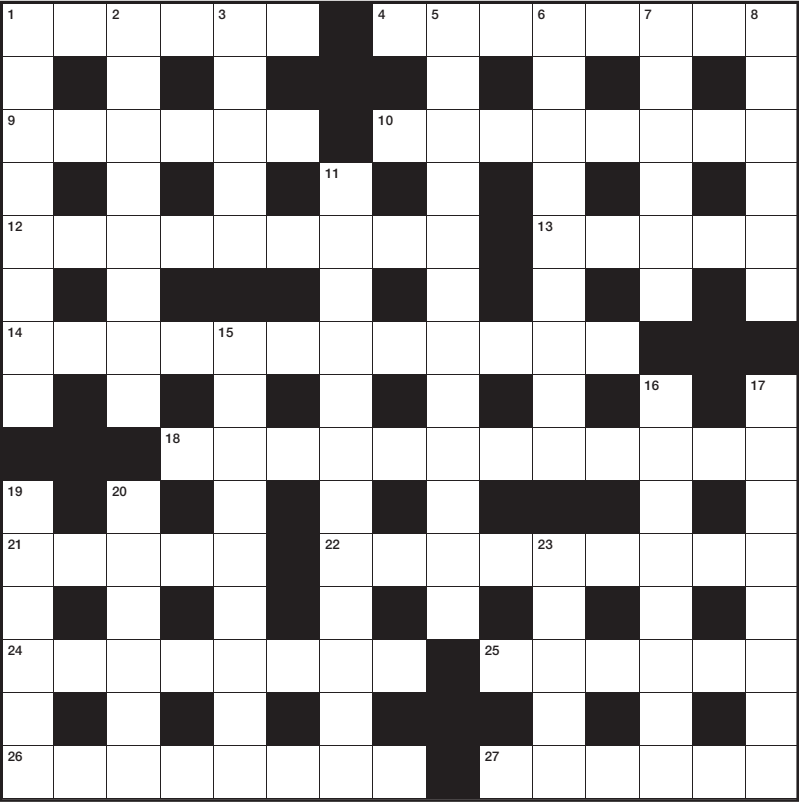
3 Noroi: The Curse
Kôji Shiraishi, 2005
This raw documentary follows a paranormal investigator on the days leading up to his death. An unforgettable ending.

4 Dead of Night
Alberto Cavalcanti, 1945
The last story in this phenomenally influential anthology features a ventriloquist and his dummy, and was one of the most important inspirations behind Hitchcock's *Psycho*.

5 Hausu
Nobuhiko Obayashi, 1977
Seven schoolgirls visit an aunt in her remote, hill-top house. We watch in terror as they are consumed one by one in increasingly novel ways. A crescendo of avant-garde genius.



Varsity Crossword



Across

- 1 Could a nice avocado prove edible for starters? (6)
4 Hear two back up in a call for penalties (8)
9 Right rape covers one up to make better (6)
10 Excess swallowing drug points to independence (4,4)
12 Communist council built poor mess (9)
13 Shortly surrounds soft stirrer (5)
14 Traverse living room furniture as a man wearing tights! (5-7)
18 Get to grips with shot for triumph (12)
21 Top prize (5)
22 Musical group love mixed charters (9)
24 Bold about powerless winter dip (8)
25 Queen isn't cute (6)
26 Beside place of hanger-on (8)
27 Remote-controlled shooting star (6)

Last week's answers

8a Coda , 9a Peterhouse, 10a Actual, 11a Ad-libbed, 12a Pembroke, 14a Gateau, 16a Life, 17a Clare 18a Trot, 19a On edge, 21a Emmanuel, 23a Dairyman, 26a Girton, 27a Reciprocal, 28a Mark 1d Concretion, 2d Valuable, 3d Apollo, 4d Etna, 5d Prologue, 6d Sorbet, 7d Isle, 13d Elate, 15d Above board, 17d Creamery, 18d Tangrams, 20d Darwin, 22d Moguls, 24d Anew, 25d Neck

Set by Janet

Sudoku

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

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

The Varsity Scribblepad

Last week's answers

3	4	1	2	2	6	7	6
3	6	2	4	3	3	6	6
6	6	2	7	1	3	4	9
6	6	4	2	3	3	6	6
7	1	3	6	6	6	6	6
2	6	1	4	4	3	6	6
2	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
2	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
3	3	6	6	6	6	6	6
3	3	6	6	6	6	6	6

MAYS
2012

Applications are invited to edit the 2012 Mays Anthology, the collection of the best student writing and artwork from Cambridge and Oxford. Interested candidates should email president@varsity.co.uk by Friday 4th November.

The Mays, formerly the May Anthologies, are published annually by Varsity.

The editor or editors will assemble a committee of students to invite submissions of fiction and non-fiction writing including prose, poetry and drama, as well as illustration and photography. The committee also appoints a 'guest editor' from the literary world.

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Sporting scholars or simply dumb jocks?

Varsity Sport asks whether Blues sportsmen are worth their academic places

Michael Taylor
DEPUTY SPORT EDITOR

The opprobrium is often manifest. From directors of studies, from tutors, from lecturers and supervisors, even from the most part of the *Varsity* team, the incredulity is deafening: ‘You’re a sportsman? How could you know anything? You must be scraping that 2.ii...’

That is, of course, a crass generalization, but the point remains salient: even in Cambridge, excellence in sport and excellence in academia are often assumed to be mutually-exclusive phenomena. Pointing to the post-grads who railroad through admissions to Varsity glory and to the historical tradition of a pretty cover-drive being sufficient qualification, the perception endures. Exceptions seem only to prove the rule.

But is this fair? In the second of three special features this term, *Varsity Sport* investigates by asking the question, ‘If Blues sportsmen formed a college, where would it place in the Tompkins table?’ To wit, are sportsmen possessed of the smarts?

To answer, *Varsity Sport* has consulted online and published repositories of academic results, and so has assessed the 2011 Tripos performance of eight of the university’s leading and larger sports squads. (A minimum of 15 accessible results were required for a sport to be included)



Intellectual stuff: The hockey Blues discuss the finer points of academia

Throughout, the same method has been applied as used for the calculation of the Tompkins Table proper – five points are awarded for a First, three for a 2.i, two for a 2.ii, and only one for a Third. The total number of points is then converted into a percentage of the maximum possible points.

With respect to post-graduate students, we have used their last Tripos result, or the grade for their M.Phil dissertation, or their undergraduate grade from their first university. Where none of these statistics was accessible, the sportsman in question has been discounted from the calculations.

Admittedly, the comparison of a sporting squad of, say, twenty individuals to a college of more than a hundred people may not be empirically ideal. In any college, after

The University’s sportsmen and women are in fact among its leading academic lights



all, the range of abilities is likely to be much greater. Nevertheless, the question being asked deserves an answer: how do communities of

sportsmen compare academically to the community at large?

The findings are remarkable. If entered into the Tompkins Table, the 178 sportsmen forming our ‘College of Blues’ would be placed in third, behind only Trinity and Emmanuel.

The performance of individual sports is even more impressive. If placed into the Tompkins Table, the hypothetical colleges of hockey players, athletes, and cricketers would each be placed in first. Footballers and tennis players would come in third, while golfers would find themselves in fourth. Indeed, only last year’s rugby players (14th) and rowers (22nd) would be placed outside the top five colleges.

This much, then, is clear: far from a footnote to the academic life of the University, Cambridge’s sportsmen are in fact among its leading lights.

Why so? Could we trumpet that adage of Juvenal? Is an alpha-male predilection to dominate carried off the pitch and into the library? Is it just coincidence?

Of the further conclusions one might draw, *Varsity Sport* is less sure. Perhaps the stereotype of the stashed and Cindies-bothering roid-head belies impressive management of time and natural intelligence. Perhaps directors of studies and supervisors should be more tolerant of the late-coming, shaker-wielding sportsman.

The University might even consider that the sports centre proposed for

construction on Wilberforce Road is not only necessary to the sporting health of the student body, but would be an effective aid to academic achievement as well.

Let us know what you think at: sport@varsity.co.uk

Blues Tompkins Table		
Rank	Sport	Point score %
1	Hockey	71.43
2	Athletics	71.30
3	Cricket	71.20
4	Tennis	68.75
5	Football	68.46
6	Golf	68.24
7	Rugby Union	65.19
8	Rowing	62.22

Tompkins Table 2011		
Rank	College	Point score %
1	Trinity	70.94
2	Emmanuel	69.79
3	Blues*	68.56
4	Trinity Hall	68.40
5	Clare	67.51
6	Pembroke	67.49
7	Christ’s	67.41
8	Selwyn	67.11

Week Four: Varsity tries Water Polo

In the fourth installment of *Varsity Sport*’s weekly look at some of the minor sports, we talk to this year’s Captain of the Cambridge University Water Polo Team, **Dan Woolcott**

Matt Dickinson
CHIEF SPORT CORRESPONDENT

Where and when did you first start playing waterpolo?
I started when I was 12. I was in my school’s swimming team and waterpolo was also popular, so it was a natural transition.

What is it that appeals to you about waterpolo?
The sheer physicality of the game has always appealed to me, but at the same time it’s nice to play a game where serious injury is not really an issue. In the past I used to play a lot of football, but was always in and out of the physio’s office which wasn’t a lot of fun.

Is the sport’s popularity confined to certain regions of the country?
It can be a difficult sport to become involved with. In places such as Manchester, Newcastle and where I live in South London, there are strong links between swimming institutions and waterpolo teams, but this is certainly not always the case.

What have been the highlights of your playing career?
In my last year of school I was part of a team that won the South of England schools division and placed fourth nationwide, having been very close to beating the finalists which was also great. Before coming to university I was also the youngest player in the Middlesex County team which really strengthened my game.

What makes a good waterpolo player?
You need to be swim-fit and have good hand-eye coordination, combined with a certain awareness and aggression. Perseverance is a key attribute as well, because you’re not going to master the game after a year. I’m still learning off the back of eight years, and still have a lot to learn.

Is the Varsity match as prominent as in other sports?
No-one wants to lose to Oxford, but personally I’d rather the team won the national championship because that would involve beating Oxford at some point anyway.



Varsity success: The water polo boys begin a night of wild celebrations

How does the team prepare before a match?
We are not too formal in our pre-match build-up. The team has a laugh together before rallying one another and analysing who might be ones to watch in the opposing team.

Who are the big personalities in the waterpolo team?
Our centre-forward Hamish

Crichton is a big guy with a big presence; I cannot really repeat most of his antics. There is also Crocodile Dundee, who shall remain nameless, who is something of a ladies’ man and a great laugh. Some of the freshers are real characters, especially Andras K who never ceases to wow the team on nights out. And of course David Leigh, everyone knows David Leigh.

Tips for budding waterpolo players?
I think simply train as much as possible. It’s amazing to see the level of improvement in a player when they switch from one training session a week to three, and remember that the hard work pays off: the physicality one builds playing waterpolo is very rewarding.

Could the game ever find international popularity?
You’d be surprised by the number of professional leagues running in Europe, but I think the facilities required will always be a barrier to worldwide popularity. This being said, in the UK expansion is taking place amongst junior clubs and the level of participation at university level has increased.

What would you say to any freshers who wish to try waterpolo?
Definitely give it a go, waterpolo is great fun and a good challenge. It is very physically demanding, though, so being able to swim confidently is a must. There’s a good college league system and this is the best place to get started.

Glory for Swimmers

Joel Carpenter
SWIMMING CORRESPONDENT

The Relays Gala is run annually on the third weekend of Michaelmas term and sees Cambridge compete against teams from across England in what is the first competition of the season.

This year saw Cambridge play host to teams from Otter SC (London), University of Sheffield, Imperial College London and King's College London.

As the gala represents the first set of races for most after a potentially long summer break from training and competition, it is a useful gauge of fitness and provides an arena to highlight weaknesses which the team can improve on over the next few months. It is also a more light-hearted affair compared to the Varsity match against Oxford or other BUCS competitions.

The timing of the gala is very tight, with races only minutes apart. Combined with its place early in the season, this means lactate headaches and high heart-rates were on the agenda for most of the competitors.

First on the program was the men's 100m IM where Dale Waterhouse eased to a comfortable win with Henry Marshall in third. The women's IM saw Georgia Sherman take out third place followed by the Men's 100m Backstroke where Tom Rootsey secured another simple win for Cambridge, as did Megan Connor in the women's backstroke.

In the 100m butterfly Joel Carpenter produced a sluggish third for the men whilst the women's captain Henny Dillon made it look all too easy for a first place finish. Tom Hill's bright green swim attire was not sufficient for victory in the 100m breaststroke, ultimately coming second whilst Priya Crosby managed a close third in the women's breaststroke.

Like an orca tossing about a seal, Dale Waterhouse toyed with his competition and cruised to victory in the 100m freestyle. Chloe Spiby-Loh battled it out at the finish but came out third for the women.

The Relays Gala is somewhat unusual in that it contains 4x50m

Final Standings	
RANK	TEAM
1	CAMBRIDGE A
2	OTTER SC A
3	SHEFFIELD A
4	IMPERIAL
5	CAMBRIDGE B
6	KCL
7	SHEFFIELD B
8	OTTER SC B

relays in all strokes and a mixed gender 8x50m freestyle relay for the finale. This leads to the rather unusual

sight of backstroke races which start from a dive, but this is also what makes the Relays Gala a bit of fun.

The Cambridge team secured victories in the majority of the relays with special mention to Michael Garner-Jones, whose enthusiasm for the 4x50m butterfly relay was such that he could not be restrained by the starting signal, leading to the first and hopefully only DQ of the season.

A strong performanc across the board from Cambridge took out the meet with 146 points to second place Otter SC with 137. The Cambridge second string team also performed admirably, seeing off the likes of KCL and the B squads of Sheffield and Otter SC (London).



Butterfly: Dale Waterhouse (Clare) strokes his way to victory in the 100m

Commentary Box: Carry on Controversy

James Streather



Without wishing to get drawn into the recent great debate about whether *that* red card was the correct decision or not, I would however wish to comment on something higher going on here. Rather than squabbling amongst ourselves about a decision that is out of the hands of anyone except the Johnny on the spot with the whistle, the most important facet of Sam Warbuton's sending off in the recent Rugby World Cup semi-final was that it would always be controversial; and sport needs controversy, just as, coincidentally, journalism does.

The very nature of a refereeing decision that makes it repulsive to many, yet at the same time allows others to sympathize, perpetually heightens the original controversy. It keeps us talking about an incident for days, if not then months or even years. In any case more than we would have remembered the actual sporting qualities of that particular fixture.

Who remembers Lukas Podolski's finely worked goal compared to Frank Lampard's 'goal that was not' in last year's football World Cup? Or how about Maradona's infamous hand of god as opposed to his incredible mazy run that still remains one of the best goals ever scored at the World Cup finals? The point is that as much as we may get excited about real sporting quality and exceptional technical ability in any sport, nothing gets us going like a shocker of a decision.

Whether this be a sad truth or not, a truth it surely is. Brits in particular love to moan about a contentious decision, and especially one that can offer enough evidence either way to polarize people's opinions. The first line in the pub

is all too often, "Did you see that decision last night?!" and how many times at a football match will you hear "The referee is a w**ker?" And this is not just the case in football.

As was shown last week, a Rugby World Cup semi-final was transformed from an exciting contest into a war of words after the game. The fact that the sending off happened so early made it yet more contentious and divisive, detracting from the pure nature of the offense into a question of whether it was right for the game.

In a world where the media has such a large role to play, so many people can have their say that the incident is blown out of all proportion. Nor is this helped by endless post-match analysis on television.

Cricket can also steal the headlines with non-sporting related headlines, the recent Pakistani match-fixing incident filling far more column inches than the England-Pakistan test series ever did.

I'm not saying this is a good thing for any sport, but nevertheless it happens, and all the more one is tempted to conclude that such addiction to controversy and giving one's two pennyworth fuels the majority of our interest in professional sport. Who doesn't love having a good shout at the TV, or screaming obscenities anonymously from a crowd - I'm pretty sure its not just me anyway.

Sporting controversy provides the most convincing argument for keeping video technology out of sport. If we eradicate any potential for umpiring controversy, what will pub-dwellers, internet bloggers and pundits have to talk about? If not our only recourse may be to find a place for Andy Gray in mainstream punditry after all.

Lacrosse Blues routed by East Grinstead

Carl Tilbury
LACROSSE CORRESPONDENT

Saturday saw the Blues travel to East Grinstead for a tough fixture against a side who only last season were narrowly relegated from the South of England Premiership.

A promising start saw Cambridge's James Whittle win the opening face-off to give the Blues first possession. However, the well organised East Grinstead defence immediately pressured the ball and stole possession back minutes later.

The Blues' defence reacted quickly to keep out a formidable East Grinstead attack. But after a series of take-away checks from both sides' defences gave a few possessions each,

East Grinstead began to dominate.

Their first goal came five minutes into the first quarter from a feed to the crease and a quick shot on the run. This was the beginning of the onslaught and the well drilled East Grinstead team soon began to pick apart weaker areas in the Cambridge defence. Cambridge managed to pull a goal back from a rapid open-field dodge from Captain Carl Tilbury. However, this was their only tally in the face of mounting East Grinstead scores, with the scoreline 11-1 to East Grinstead at halftime.

Cambridge's defensive play improved in the third quarter and the opposition scoring soon slowed, with some big hits from defender Paul Brazinski flooring the opposition on

occasion. The East Grinstead long poles responded with take-away checks of their own, however, playing high pressure lock-off defence as soon as the ball was carried into their half,



Cambridge compete for possession

which prevented Cambridge from getting many more chances.

The fourth quarter saw some man up advantages for Cambridge with East Grinstead players being sent off for slashing and head checks, but the Light Blues were unable to convert.

The game finished 17-2 and although it revealed some weaknesses in the current squad, it gives the side ground to build on and develop in time for the return fixture when East Grinstead visit Cambridge in February.

The performance of the Cambridge long poles, though, was exceptional at times and the Blues' player of the match was Michael Lipton for some key caused turnovers, ground balls and clears.

SportTube

Search: Jip the dart playing dog



Deep in the foothills of Rochdale, this bitch likes to amuse her fellow pub-dwellers by retrieving darts straight off the board.

SPORT

“Sport needs controversy, just as, coincidentally, journalism does.”

James Streather on the bigger implications of that red card and controversy in sport p35



Hockey Blues sack St Albans

Dominant display sees Cambridge to victory over a much fancied St Albans side



Pressure: Rupert Allison (Jesus, right) hustles in midfield as the Blues progress to victory over St Albans

CAMBRIDGE UNIV 3
ST ALBAN’S 1

Gus Kennedy
HOCKEY CORRESPONDENT

This weekend past, the Blues welcomed a previously unbeaten St Alban’s side to Wilberforce Road. Recently relegated from the national leagues, St Alban’s promised to be formidable opposition for the Cambridge men, but a composed and disciplined performance saw the Blues ease to a 3-1 victory. Despite the majority of the team suffering from an untimely outbreak of Freshers’ Flu, a warm-up of unusually high intensity ensured that Cambridge were primed for a focused and rapid start to the match. This they achieved when the prolific Ollie Salvensen, having collected a saved deflection, pounced to open the scoring just ten minutes into the

game. Salvensen now has nine goals in his last four games: his double hat-trick against Northampton University in last week’s BUCS fixture was the jewel in the crown of a scarcely credible 15-0 demolition. Throughout the first half, the Blues were able to construct attacks down both flanks, thanks mainly to the amount of possession enjoyed by their half-backs: Will Harrison completed an impressive half-century of passes in the course of the game, with his fellow defenders following suit by racking up similarly impressive numbers. Cambridge remained in control for the remainder of the half and, in time, they doubled their lead through Charlie Bennett. A slick three-man weave had opened up space in the opposition D and Bennett’s flick of pinpoint accuracy gave the St Albans’s keeper no chance at all. The Cambridge defensive unit stood firm, too, despite the pace and skill of the St Albans’s forwards; this resolution allowed the Blues to go

comfortably in the break, leading 2-0. The second half followed much the same pattern as the first: Cambridge were dominant. Maintained superiority in midfield meant the Blues were able to find space with ease and the opposition D was frequently penetrated as a result. From this repeatedly excellent play stemmed a glut of scoring opportunities; most, alas, went unconverted as St Albans kept the deficit to two goals.

A composed and disciplined display eased the Blues to a comfortable win over a strong St Albans side



Nevertheless the stern and watertight light Blue defence allowed the home side to control both the scoreline and possession, with which it continued to launch attacks from solid foundations at the back of the park.

Midway through the half, the consistent pressure on the St Albans defence finally told and Cambridge took the chance to go 3-0 up through a vintage Gus Kennedy goal. Good work around the D created an opening for Mark Borsuk, who fired a quick shot upon which Kennedy pounced, deflecting the ball around the keeper. With victory looking inevitable, a lapse in Cambridge concentration allowed St Albans a consolation goal five minutes from time. It was taken with gusto, a head high volley smashed into the roof of the goal. Cambridge quickly recovered, though, to close out a match that finished without further excitement. Following this impressive victory, the University Hockey Club now looks to press on in BUCS. Their next fixture comes against the University of Bedfordshire (Luton), who currently sit bottom of the Midlands 4C Division, at Wilberforce Road next week.



Relays gala results p35

RESULTS ROUND-UP	
NETBALL	
BLUES	23
LOUGHBOROUGH III	42
FOOTBALL	
BLUES	2
NORTHAMPTON	0
HOCKEY	
BLUES	3
ST ALBANS	1
LACROSSE	
BLUES	2
EAST GRINSTEAD	17

