







Cash for honours

Helen Charman & Tristan Dunn

Essays are the primary mode of assessment for many courses at Cambridge and the 'essay crisis' is something familiar to almost every Cambridge student: the coffee, the frantic reading and the working in the library until the early hours.

Yet there are some students and graduates of Oxford and Cambridge that are making serious money out of other people's crises.

Oxbridge Essays is a company that was set up in 2006, and describes itself on its website as "the UK's largest and leading provider of guaranteed Upper 1st, 1st Class and 2:1 essays and dissertations, custom written by academics from leading UK universities".

Anyone in need of an essay, review, project or dissertation can simply go onto the website and request an essay on their chosen topic, specifying the length of the essay and the timeframe within which they need it.

£4,000

The approximate market value of a history undergraduate's termly work

The price of a first-class 2,500 word History essay

The company employ Oxbridge graduates and current students to write any essay that their customers request - the rates for which are something to behold.

A first class undergraduate History essay of 2,500 words will set you back £790, but a 2:2 only £360.

The prices also increase in relation to the time frame given, with an essay required for a fortnight's time significantly less

expensive than one needed the next morning,



News p3

And on your left: Cambridge students establish new guided-tour company



Theatre p27

"It was Hell for the characters, but Heaven for the audience"



Sport p30

Amidst the chaos of Queens' Ergs, Tom Marriott spots plenty of fresher talent



Take the Varsity Class Survey

Are you a working class hero or the Lord of the Manor? Take it at varsity.co.uk



VARSITY

Established in 1947
Issue No 747
Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge, CB2 3RF
Telephone: 01223 337575 Fax: 01223 760949



Aims and outcomes

ake your mind back to last winter: violence on the streets of London; the Old Schools occupied in Cambridge; Charlie Gilmour dangling from the Cenotaph.

Now remember the reaction: 3 years of educational self-indulgence demanded by bored middle-class students; recreational violence the means by which hard-working taxpayers are to be defrauded.

Ignoring for a moment the rights and wrongs of raising tuition fees, there is

an undeniable discrepancy here between aims and outcomes.

Smash down the front door of Fortnum & Masons and expect the opprobrium of the red-tops; peacefully march through Westminster square and expect, well, silence.

A year on, again the argument is somehow lost. Instead, we are treated to headlines and announcements that bemoan the supposed heavy-handedness of police tactics, or the wider inequalities of society.

These are perfectly acceptable issues for protest and condemnation but, as you may have noticed, they fail to address the central point: the anger felt towards tuition fee increases.

Does this desire to change the subject betray a lack of confidence in the essential argument? Or, more likely, has a wider realisation taken place that without changing the subject or seeking to address wider social concerns, the voice of the student protestor is either condemned or ignored?



Letters, Emails & Comments

ADDRESSING THE BIG ISSUE?

Dear Sirs,

The interviews and documentary ('Homlessness: A Big Issue?') was well done as a media exercise but the piece addresses nothing. The vendors of the Big Issue are the public face of homelessness but not the extent of it. Each month, in every British city, obituaries list the deaths of members of an economic sub-class. Alcoholism, drug addiction and violence affect large portions of society. What advancement will the celebrated in society announce next when they intend to do nothing to challenge the consequences of these economic considerations on the vulnerable in society?

James Elliott, Cambridge via Varsity.co.uk

HATE IN POLITICS

Dear Sirs,

It's all very well to point this out ('Hate has no place in politics', Charlie Bell), but

what do you actually think can be done about it? Neither birther Republicans nor (what Bell calls) self-righteous British leftists will care about someone wagging their finger at them and telling them what they "should" be doing.

I'm sure you realise this – arguing in politics in the final analysis is not about winning debates based on evidence or even winning for the greater good, it is about winning full stop. Isn't this kind of emotive politics the logical result of the fusion of mass media with politics? I don't see this changing soon without reform of the political system as a whole, no matter how many editorials like this are written.

 $\label{lem:condition} \begin{cal}Vince\ Garton,\ Cambridge\\via\ Varsity.co.uk\end{cal}$

Corrections

Varsity wishes to correct errors made in edition 746 (4th November 2011) with reference to the article entitled 'Pack your bag, tourists'. In this article we stated that plans were being put in place by the council to ban tourists from the city centre, and that these were being mooted by the city's current mayor, Cllr Hipkin. We recognise that no such plans are being put in place and that Cllr Hipkin is in fact a former mayor of Cambridge.

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.

EDITOR Rhys Treharne & Laurie Martin editor@varsity.co.uk Associate Editor Andrew Griffin associate@varsity.co.uk Digital Editor Joe Robertson digital@varsity.co.uk Design Editor George Shapter design@varsity.co.uk News Editors Tristan Dunn & Samantha Sharman news@varsity.co.uk CHIEF News Reporters Matt Russell & Joanna Tang deputynews@varsity.co.uk Comment Editor Felix Danczak comment@varsity.co.uk Sport Editor Matt Blythe sport@varsity.co.uk Deputy Sport Editor Michael Taylor sport@varsity.co.uk CHIEF Sports Correspondent Matt Dickinson sport@varsity.co.uk MAGAZINE EDITOR Louise Benson magazine@varsity.co.uk Features Editor Kirsty Gray features@varsity.co.uk Arts Editor Zoe Large arts@varsity.co.uk Theatre Editor Sophie Lewisohn theatre@varsity.co.uk Reviews & Listings Editors Madeleine Morley & Helen Cahill reviews@varsity.co.uk Fashion Team Yinsey Wang, Chloe Spiby-Loh, Lucia Corsini, Aurien Compton-Joseph, James Evans fashion@varsity.co.uk Varsity Editor Millie Riley vtv@varsity.co.uk Photography Editor Joseph Snelling photos@varsity.co.uk

CHIEF FEATURES WRITERS Clemmie Hain-Cole and Freya Berry features@varsity.co.uk FEATURED THEATRE CRITICS Megan Marsh, Rebecca Jacobs, Richard Stockwell & Tom Powell theatre@varsity.co.uk FILM CRITIC India Ross, Alice Bolland & Charlotte Green film@varsity.co.uk LITERARY CRITIC Charlotte Keith Literary@varsity.co.uk VISUAL ARTS CRITICS Holly Gupta, Louise Paterson & Jessica Cherry visualarts@varsity.co.uk Music Critic Rory Williamson music@varsity.co.uk Classical Music Critic Hanna Grzeskiewicz classical@varsity.co.uk FOOD Critic Jessica Donnithorne food@varsity.co.uk

PRODUCTION MANAGERS Alice Hancock & Natasha Pesaran production@varsity.co.uk Chief Sub Editors Patrick Sykes, Laura Blomvall Sub Editors Felicity Davies & Steph Davin subeditor@varsity.co.uk

Business & Advertising Manager Michael Derringer business@varsity.co.uk

VARSITY BOARD Dr Michael Franklin (Chair), Prof. Peter Robinson, Dr Tim Harris, Mr Chris Wright, Mr Michael Derringer, Miss Alice Hancock (Varsity Society President), Miss Charlotte Wu, Mr Rhys Treharne & Mr Laurie Martin



Varsity, Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge CB2 3RF. Tel 01223 337575. Fax 01223 760949. Varsity is published by Varsity Publications Ltd. Varsity Publications also publishes BlueSci and The Mays.

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Space Invaders episode 2 -Rachel's House

"I'm often told it smells like a crack den, but I'm OK with that." This week VarsiTV's Jocelyn explores Rachel's house and found many a strange object (stuffed foxes included).



Why I Left Cambridge for Oxford

"The combined effect of switching to Oxford is a very happy and fulfilling existence of the sort I assume nobody at all gets in Cambridge." *Cherwell* writer Robin Mcghee explains why he made the move to 'the other place'.



COMMENT BLOG

Schmidt speaks
Hugo Schmidt argues that the worldending potential of nuclear weaponry
is a secondary consideration. The
problem lies with those tyrannical
governments that possess them – and



Interview with Sophie Ellen

A graduate from Cambridge School Of Art, Sophie Ellen recently exhibited a show titled "Sur Les Pointes" (On The Tips of the Toes), inspired by the beauty of ballet and fashion. she speaks to Maria Dimitrova.



Homelessness: A Big Issue?

Half of Cambridge students have never given money to the homeless, according to a VarsiTV documentary released this week. To see the full findings and interviews visit the VarsiTV website

A new class of elite teachers

Stephanie Barrett

The Prince of Wales is to create a cadre of elite teachers to bring neglected areas of study back to England's schools.

The Prince's Teaching Institute has introduced a two-year Master's degree for secondary school teachers, which is to be taught by Cambridge academics.

The Prince of Wales established this charitable institution in order to protect traditional subjects against the rise of teaching in schools, which places more emphasis on skills and shuns a focus on knowledge.

The Prince of Wales is behind the project to have Cambridge academics educate teachers



The course will lead to a full University of Cambridge Master's degree, with those that graduate obtaining a Master of Studies (MSt) in Advanced Subject Teaching.

This is not the first time that the Prince of Wales has criticised modern teaching: in 2008, he said that moves

to make certain subjects irrelevant in schools "on the basis that all we had known and learned had suddenly become irrelevant, old-fashioned [and] out-of-date" were "bonkers and likely to end in tears".

The programme has been created in the hope that neglected areas of study will be reintroduced into the school curriculum.

The innovative course description states the degree will "help English and History teachers develop their subject knowledge and enhance their professional and academic standing".

Cambridge academics will provide teaching and supervision through a combination of residential teaching in Cambridge, scheduled out of termtime and online tuition.

The deadline for applications is April, with the two-year part-time degree running from September 2012 to July 2014. Successful applicants will largely be able to dictate what is taught, which they will then study both academically and pedagogically.

It is, however, an important aim of the programme that studies are focused on areas of the curriculum that are under-represented in schools, not least because the teachers themselves may be less familiar with them.



Cambridge students join protests

Andrew Griffin

Cambridge students joined thousands of protesters in London on Wednesday to demonstrate against government cuts to education and public services.

The police presence was heavy, with as many as 4,000 police officers, accompanied by dogs and horses, deployed on the march route. Some reports estimated that police outnumbered protesters by as many as two to one.

The organisers estimated that over 10,000 students would be at the protest, but less than a third of this number are believed to have been present.

Even before the march, tension between police and protesters was high, as the Metropolitan Police had issued a statement discussing the possibility of the use of rubber bullets.

This prompted demonsrators to chant: "You can shove your rubber bullets up your arse."

In the event, rubber bullets were not used, and the protest, which stuck to the pre-authorised route, remained largely peaceful.

Police formed a line at the front of the march, and forced it to move slowly along the route.

At times, this meant that tensions

rose, and some scuffles between police and protesters broke out. There were, however, less than 30 arrests.

Travelling to London, one of two CUSU coaches – which together took more than 140 students to the protest – was pulled over by police, who questioned the driver and examined students' placards. Officers then handed out leaflets to students on the bus, outlining regulations for the march.

The march ended in a rally on Moorgate, during which protesters were surrounded by police and not allowed to leave



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To find out more, join us for drinks at The River Bar, Quayside (off Bridge St.) at 7pm on Thursday 10th November.

Candidates wishing to apply for an internship should submit a CV and covering letter to EMEAGraduates@pwpartners.com



Love project reaches its end

'Beginning, Middle, End', a Cambridge project about love, is drawing to a close – in Paris. **Rivkah Brown** has a look back at the journey

liver Rees is your average third year student. He is also a hopeless romantic. Over the course of Michaelmas term, he and a troupe of volunteers have been making the days of students across Cambridge.

It began last year, when Rees had the inspiration for anonymous pigeon hole notes, nicknamed 'Anonymous Pigeon'. Next came 'Library Whispers', an exam term pick-me-up allowing users to send anonymous messages from the library.

Now, riding on the success of his

The 'Middle' part of Rees's project involved sending 500 lucky students a rose from an admirer



previous two enterprises, Rees, nicknamed the 'anonymous angel', has embarked on his current mission 'Beginning, Middle, End', to inject romance into the city. In early October, 800 romantic texts, ranging from a simple "I love you" to the rather more racy (and therefore unprintable), were sent to students at random across the University. This was the 'Beginning'.

For the 'Middle' stage, 500 students awoke to find roses in their pigeon holes. This, Rees says, was harder than you might think: "One porter was being really difficult, so I threw the roses at him and ran away".

The idea behind the project is to track the trajectory of a relationship, from flirtatious texting to more serious gestures of love, and finally to the complexities of an individual relationship. These Rees will explore in the 'End'.

For the final chapter, Rees has put together a play, which will be put on next week. In it, he portrays three real relationships. If you are dubious about the authenticity of Rees's love stories, think again: he has sourced them from 150 'relationship moments' submitted to him online over the summer. As he tells me emphatically,



Paris by night: one lucky couple who attend the 'Beginning, Middle, End' play will win a trip to Paris

"I like seeing real things – I don't care about the made up".

With the 'End', Rees hopes to make people "feel more optimistic about relationships, especially if they've had a tough ending recently".

Indeed, the 'End' gets its happilyever-after: the project will culminate in two people being sent to Paris for free. To be in for a chance of winning the Paris trip, you need to book a ticket to 'Beginning, Middle, End'.

Rees insists that it is not necessary to have followed the project's journey from the very start to enjoy or participate in the play. 'End', Rees says, will "put the whole thing in context".

So why is Rees doing all this? To set people up? Not quite: Rees tells me his intention is not to act as a dating agency, but "to create a service that adds some excitement or interest to people's lives".

He accepts that the project is "in a way a gimmick", but insists that it is more than just a publicity stunt. Rees wants to encourage people to "do nice things for each other", or even "to make those connections which are harder to find". So here's to lov e.

To book a ticket for the 'End' show, visit beginningmiddleend.co.uk/end



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Dead body in Cam formally identified

Body found in Cam by rowers formally identified as former Homerton Fellow Dr Julia Swindells

Siobhan Coskeran

A former Cambridge city councillor has paid tribute to his university lecturer wife, whose body was found in the River Cam on Sunday.

Dr Julia Swindells, a former fellow of Homerton and a lecturer in English at Anglia Ruskin University before she resigned from her post in September, had been suffering from extreme depression and paranoia.

She went missing from the family home in Riverside, Cambridge, on Saturday 29th October and her body was found in the River Cam near her home eight days later.

Cambridgeshire Police have said that the 60-year-old's death is not being treated as suspicious.

Ben Bradnack, husband of the late Dr Swindells, praised his wife for her musical and literary talent. She was known for her talent as a pianist and a published poet.

He said: "Julia was a reluctant academic star with a strong political commitment to women, and to those 'on the other side of silence' whose voices she worked so hard to hear and represent.

"For her the Cambridge Labour Party was the nearest approximation she could find to a church in which she could believe.

"She loved and cherished colleagues and students with whom she worked in the English department at Anglia Ruskin University.

"But she dreamed of writing poetry and walking the hills close to her father in Yorkshire."

A spokesman from Anglia Ruskin University has also praised Dr Swindells' skill as an inspirational teacher and widely-respected researcher, while the Cambridge Labour Party paid tribute to her passionate activism.

Leader of the Labour group



Julia Swindells,

at Cambridge City Council, Cllr Lewis Herbert said: "Cambridge Labour Party was a major part of Julia's extended family and we will all miss her terribly."

Ben Bradnack, husband of Dr Swindells, praised his wife for her musical and literary talent.

Mr Bradnack is planning a celebration of Dr Swindell's life and anyone who would like to contribute their thoughts can email him at benbradnack@ gmail.com

An en-tour-prising venture

"And on your left – a savvy student": Varsity meets Andrey Pronin, who found a novel solution to the problem of graduate employment by starting his own tour company, called Oxbridge Tours

Matt Russell

A Cambridge business started by two students has shown that even when graduate employment is down, it is still possible to make money.

Their secret is simple: knowing both the University and the city intimately. Combining personal experiences of studying at the University with a range of facts and stories, like Marlowe being a secret agent, makes Oxbridge Tours a unique proposition in a town filled with tourists.

They offer public and private tours of both Cambridge and Oxford, but unlike their rivals, they offer tours led exclusively by students of the respective universities.

"We've got 800 years of history and we've got people who can give you an insight into this."

This is inevitably popular with tourists who find trite details about hall food just as interesting as Marlowe's enigmatic past. During a tour last Saturday, questions ranged from asking about the history of the University's inception to what accommodation is like within the colleges.

As the director of Oxbridge Tours,

Andrey Pronin, says, "People come here to see the University. Why would they want to see the University? Because we've got 800 years of history and we've got people who can give you an insight into this."

Andrey, who studied PPS at Fitzwilliam, started the business in the summer of 2010 with fellow third year student and Pembroke alumnus, Christopher Dobbing, who has left since graduating and has been replaced by Ben Firman.

He speaks positively of the experience even though he often works 12 hour days: "This year we can see a lot of entrepreneurs starting their own business; it is fascinating, but also very hard to start one."

Asked on how the business was doing in comparison with this time last year, Andrey was slightly coy, responding only that, "If business in July was one, now it's five".

They average up to five tours per day now and are used by two tourist companies, but the ever-growing business and Andrey's relaxed demeanour belie some of the troubles faced by the young company.

Currently, the only direct competition in Cambridge is Blue Badge, the council-backed private tour operator, who had a monopoly on guided tours in Cambridge before the arrival of Oxbridge Tours.

According to Andrey, the company is "frowned upon" by Blue Badge,

Corpus Christi is the first stop in the 90-minute tour of Cambridge

while the Tourist Information Centre, who employ Blue Badge, refused to list them on their board, despite being required to as a public body.

It is not just the council but the colleges themselves that the business

though they offer it to Blue Badge.
The college also blocked Andrey's bid to rent a property on King's

Parade as a base for his company.

This is symptomatic of a wider problem, namely that the University is showing signs of being unwilling to change a system that's been in place for decades.

The University should be supporting creative and entrepreneurial spirit in their students, and should acknowledge that the best way for tourists to learn about Cambridge properly is through its

is having to battle against. Despite receiving the support of the Vice-Chancellor, university members and the wider Cambridge community, Oxbridge Tours still struggle to persuade some colleges to offer the same preferential rates received by Blue Badge.

Andrey has also tried to set up base on King's Parade and he had

"The main reason I guide is that I've always loved showing visitors around the colleges."

found the money, an estate agent's approval and everything necessary, except the support of the landlords: King's College. The college refused permission because it would not

One of the main difficulties they face at the moment, though, is the lack of new guides; a problem which shows just how the far business has progressed over the past year.

Guides are paid £12.50 per hour and allowed to work a maximum of four hours per week to prevent academic studies being affected, but can also choose when to work. Training to be a guide takes no more than a week and is free.

PhD student and Oxbridge Tours guide, Victoria Osmond, says, "The main reason I guide is that I've always loved showing visitors around the colleges and city and telling them about how Cambridge works. It's very enjoyable being a guide; seeing the university and surroundings through the eyes of the tourists reminds me how special the place is, otherwise it's very easy to be blasé about the place."

An inspiring move, which the University should help, not hinder

Analysis **Samantha Sharman**

This enterprise is another inspiring example of entrepreneurial spirit in the face of a difficult graduate job market.

As reported in *Varsity*, we have seen an increasing number of graduates starting their own businesses since the onset of the financial crisis.

Cambridge is one of the most visited sites in the UK and Andrey's project filled a gap in the market for student-led tours in the city – and a much needed competition to the Council's monopoly with Blue Badge.

Despite his obvious success and the endorsement he has received from the University's Vice-Chancellor, the issues facing Oxbridge tours highlight the ongoing inertia within the University.

It's disappointing, for example, that King's College will not give Oxbridge Tours a reduced rate, even

Oxford Tories in Nazi song scandal

Ross Kempsell NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A scandal is quickly engulfing Oxford University after its student newspaper claimed that Tory students had celebrated Nazism during meetings.

Members of the University's Conservative Association - whose former presidents include several serving cabinet ministers - are said to have chanted songs with Nazi themes at their 'port and policy' evenings.

In one source seen by *Varsity*, a short video filmed in the common room at Corpus Christi College, appears to show an inebriated student singing 'Dashing through the Reich', before being chastised by another student.

Another photo shows two members dressed as former Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, standing next to a coal miner outfit bearing a sign which reads: 'I love shafting.'

Asked about the alleged behaviour, one member of the Conservative Association, who preferred to remain nameless, told *The Oxford Student*: "Lots of people were singing it that night, and indeed on many other nights, and the general attitude is that that was OK.

"The thing is, lots of members do find that song, and songs like that one, absolutely despicable, though little is done to stop it. I am very worried with the direction the society is going in at present." National newspapers took up the story today, with the Daily Mail claiming that photographs from 'port and policy' nights during

the past year "also showed members of the society rolling around drunk on the floor".

The chants supposedly took place at thier alcohol-fueled "port and policy" evenings



It noted that one picture showed a student pouring port into a friend's mouth through a pith helmet.

Joe Cooke, a former president of the Conservative Association, has announced his resignation in protest about the 'debauched' behaviour of many of his fellow members. The third year PPE student said: "It is disgusting and goes against everything the Conservative Party stands for. I am completely disillusioned.

"Unfortunately the majority of members are rich former public schoolboys who are far more interested in drinking port than discussing policy." Statistics from

Writers earn per thousand words

So, you want a 3,000 word English essay written in 4 days. How much will that be?

£368

(standard)

£432

£512

(standard)

£820

(high)

£900

Selling your brain for cash

Helen Charman & Tristan Dunn investigate a growing industry of Oxbridge students and graduates selling essays for cash. Is it morally correct for students to do this and more importantly, is it cheating?

Continued from Page 1 which is the fastest option the company

The prices of the essays also differ according to subject, with a First Class Medicine essay worth £855 and PPS/ PPE coming in at the most expensive at £890, whilst Natural Sciences essays are a relative steal at £550.

"Speaking to a source at the firm, we were told that typically a student will be paid a rate of £70 per 1000 words written"

Dissertations and PhDs are, however, where the real money is, with a 7,000 word English Literature undergraduate dissertation costing a cool £1,680, with a 15,000 word History dissertation valued at

A PhD is understandably the most expensive, with a full, "publishable" PhD worth an incredible £11,230.

Clients are able to choose the exact grade they would like ranging from a 2.ii to a high First which leads to the question of how they can guarentee grades.

To this question, Oxbridge essays answer: "By using some

of the country's finest academics we are able to provide our clients with their exact grade requirements."

They go on to add: "Our writers are experienced academics and understand the requirements for work at all levels and grades, from As at A-level through undergraduate and Master's 2.is; First and Upper Firsts to PhD pass and

for essays, Varsity's investigation shows that students will only earn a

publishable material." Despite the exorbitantly high prices fraction of the sale price.



Speaking to a source at Oxbridge Essays, we were told that typically a student will be paid a rate of £70 per 1,000 words written.

This equates to roughly 25-35% of the sale price of some essays.

The financial incentives behind working for Oxbridge Essays are clear, but its moral questionability is more complex: does it count as cheating?

The company are adamant that it does not, saying that "ordering a model essay or dissertation does not make you a cheat. In fact, it usually shows that you are a hard-working and conscientious student. The great majority of our customers have been let down by their university

or experienced difficult personal circumstances. They are looking for expert private academic help to make sure that they still get the 2.i or First Class degree they

Speaking to Varsity on the phone, a source at the firm insisted that writing for their company is not legal but agreed that there was a moral question involved with writing for their firm.

Theuniversity disagrees, however, and both Cambridge and Oxford have expressed strong disapproval of the company in the past, defining the essays as



The market value of a students work

Analysis Tristan Dunn

arsity's investigation this week brings another point of interest to light relating to the market value of a student's work

Given the prices offered by such private companies for Oxbridge standard work, it may come as a shock to a student to learn just how valuable their work is.

Few students at Cambridge realise that there is a lucrative market out there for their work where your average essay can sell for a few hundred pounds.

We have all experienced that last minute feeling of writing an essay through the night just to meet that deadline the next day. But did you realise that the value of, say, a 2,000 word Economics essay written in such a way to a 2.1 standard, would be worth £504 to a desperate student?

These numbers only get larger when we add up the work of a student over the whole term. As can be seen in our graphics above, the market value of a History student's work with eight essays per term is around £4,000. So who said university students do nothing of worth?

Should we be surprised by the fact that such a company even exists? Perhaps not. A university education appears to be worth a lot in terms of future income, if we are to believe most surveys. Further, with the rise in the $number \, of \, graduates, getting \, that \, 2.i \, or \,$ 1.i is increasingly important to ensure

- Classics
- Essay
- 2,000 words
- 2.ii
- 2 weeks
- Economics
- Dissertation
- 10,000 words First Class
- 7 days

£3,116

- Essay2,000 words
- High First

Medicine

- Tomorrow
- Chem EngFull PhD80,000 wordsPublishable
- £34.120
- 4 days

tudent:

1x 3000 word essay, in 4 days, classed 2

=£512

One term's worth of work



a good job upon graduation.

Nonetheless, the fact remains that the act of buying or selling essays in such a way is morally wrong. As can be seen by the University's statement, they do consider such acts as cheating, although it is unclear what repercussions a student found to be doing such a thing would face.

But the incentives are there. Your average college bar job will pay you just £7-£8 per hour. At £70 per 1,000 words, it is clear why some students give in to the temptation and write for such companies.

The work we do here at Cambridge has great value. Most students see this value in terms of the future income they will receive upon graduation. But, as is clearly shown by companies such as these, every essay you write has great worth.

A spokesman for the University of Cambridge told Varsity: "We would strongly disapprove of present or former students writing essays for other people or using essays written by others. Not only is it cheating, or complicit with cheating, but it goes against the entire purpose of a university education, which is to develop one's own ideas and skills, not buytheminfromelsewhere.Cambridge students, in any case, have very heavy workloads and writing essays for other people would inevitably put their own progress at risk."

Yet not everyone disagrees with the idea of selling your ideas to others: a student who wishes to remain anonymous told Varsity that "In the current economic climate we shouldn't be limiting the job opportunities for graduates - we've all got huge student loans, we should just take what we can

Not all students take this attitude, however, with Kate Henney, a first year at Emmanuel College, saying that she would be worried about someone else using her work as their own: "I really don't like the idea of someone else getting the benefit of my hard work, and it defeats the point of a university education if you just use the skills you've worked on to help someone else cheat."

The company emphasises that its services do not count as cheating as they state explicitly that the work is not to be submitted but merely used as research documents: "When used correctly, our model essays and dissertations are meant to be 'learning aids' which students use to improve their understanding of their university materials".

Yet the company has no means of ensuring this, and ultimately the likelihood is that the students who are paying out such large sums of money will submit the essays as their own work, raising questions about intellectual property as well as

"In the current economic climate we shouldn't be limiting the job opportunities for graduates"

On to the question of legality and the company claims the services they provide are completely legal: "All services provided by Oxbridge Essays are 100 per cent legal.

"Legally, writing a model essay or dissertation is no different to writing a journal, newspaper article, speech or any other written material.

Oxbridge Essays is part of a larger organisation, The Oxbridge Research Group, which describes itself as "the UK's largest academic research company" offering other services such as document editing and Oxbridge personal statements. The Oxbridge Research Group claims to employ almost 2,000 academics from Oxford and Cambridge, suggesting that not everyone at the university shares the negative view of the organisation.

Despite the condemnation of Oxbridge Essays by the university and most people's views about cheating and plagiarism, it is clear that there is still both a market for the essays and people willing to work for them, due to the size of the financial rewards offered, something likely to increase in the current economic climate.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE'S OFFICIAL STANCE ON SUCH COMPANIES

We would strongly disapprove of present or former students writing essays for other people. Not only is it cheating, or complicit with cheating, but it goes against the entire purpose of a university education, which is to develop one's own ideas and skills

CAMBRIDGE

TARGET: £175,000

ragazıne

Grab your gowns for Formal Freedom

he 12th of November marks Cambridge RAG's 90th birthday, the original organisation having been founded in 1921 in order to help raise money for the Poppy Appeal.

Yet the term 'rag' has not always been associated with charity fundraising. In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, it was a byword for any event which caused a general public disturbance, and was most commonly applied in Cambridge to disturbances between Town and Gown. These would take place mostly during public celebrations when both sides were out in force, such as the annual 'Bonfire Rag', which usually ended up as a large brawl.

The Great War of 1914 to 1918 saw many student members of the University of Cambridge and many townspeople join the war effort and suffer injury or death.

When, three years after the end of the war, Earl Haig founded the Haig Fund to support ex-servicemen and their families, both the townsfolk of Cambridge and the student body were eager to support the charity through a the fundraising effort that was to be set up by the City Council.

However, the Council were not at all confident that student fundraisers would treat the appeal with the reverence it was due, and expressed serious concern about the appeal's proximity to 'Bonfire Rag'; a time of vear when students traditionally caused them nothing but trouble. The decision was taken by the Council to exclude the students of Cambridge from the city's fundraising effort.

In reality, the students did not heed the Council's wishes, and the Council's fears were not realised.

Many students took to the streets to sell remembrance poppies, and the townsfolk responded generously.

The following year, in 1922, the Council was much more agreeable to student involvement, and 'Poppy Day Rag' became an established tradition in the years that followed, becoming an occasion of good humour between town and gown.

Many thanks to Mike Petty for providing the necessary insights into early 20th-century local ● £ 150,000

£ 100, 000

● £ 50,000

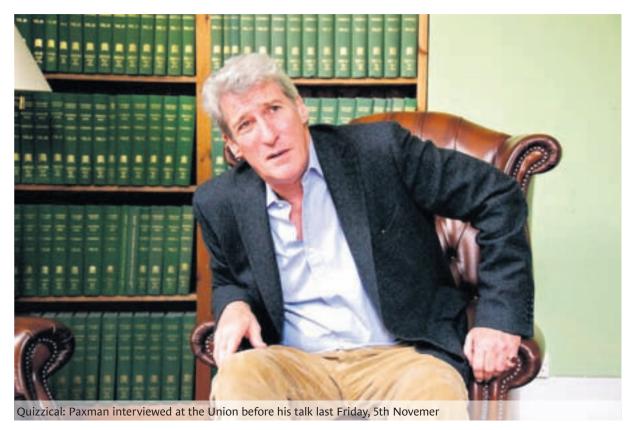
£ 20,000

● £ 10,000

£ 5, 000

"What a stupid question"

Scourge of politicians and cantankerous former Varsity editor, **Jeremy Paxman** speaks to editors past and present **Rhys Treharne**, **Laurie Martin** and **Alice Hancock**



e's infamous for his rebarbative – some would say combative – interviewing style. Jeremy Paxman, grand inquisitor, self-styled historian and quiz-show host. And yet he finds the shoe firmly on the other foot.

Does he think this is always productive? "Do I think all interviews should be conducted like that? Of course not! What a stupid question!"

Even in reply, Paxman is combative. In a deft move of opprobrium masked by joviality he turns the question back on us: do we mean all interviews? Do we mean with politicians? He is ever eager to seek clarification, though seems to not reflect that clarification on himself.

Regardless of what he says, Paxman is perhaps most well-known for his fiery TV persona.

He is highly critical of the contemporary trend of public figures well-trained in rhetoric. "We're now up against politicians who've gone on courses to learn how to say what they want regardless of the question asked and that's very unproductive. We need to find a way through".

And the best way to break through the rhetorical guard is to be robust. 'Very often it's more productive to attack from the left when they're expecting an attack from the right'. It's a nice sound-bite, probably rehearsed on the numerous occasions he's been asked about it. But is it true?

We ask if there are there moments when he sits up in bed and wishes he hadn't asked that question, or gone down that path? "Yes, often there are", he says, unwilling to specify any.

There are notable moments – all with high viewing figures on YouTube – where politicians have met Paxman in a David and Goliath showdown.

The petty twigs and stones of Michael Howard are no match for Paxman's uncompromising tenacity in their 1997 Newsnight interview. "Did you threaten to overrule him?" Twelve times he launches the question.

Twelve times he meets various fluffy forms of avoidance.

Was this interview informative? Is this an attack from the Left, the Right? Watching Paxman talk one is aware of his great theatricality. There is a sense that sometimes the factual is compromised at the expense of drama.

"I think it's shocking that the only thing that got the students onto the streets was to complain about their payments from the taxpayer".

On current affairs he is loath to comment: no prophecies for who will win the next election. On the student movement he is far more animated: "I think it's shocking that the only thing that got the students onto the streets was to complain about their payments from the taxpayer".

This reaction is not surprising. After all, we expect Jeremy Paxman to be grumpy about everything – evasive politicians, slow-witted quiz contestants, even Marks and Spencer's underwear.

It makes logical sense, therefore, that his latest literary enterprise – a brief history of the British Empire – should display all the hallmarks of Paxman's cantankerous style. The opprobrium, however, is not reserved for the devotees of Britain's imperial past, but rather for those who choose to ignore it.

Empire: What Ruling the World did to the British is, in essence, a potted history of our imperial past. The study is not problematised by imperial terminology or recent historiography;





it is, after all, a popular history written by a journalist – and one that will probably sell well.

Paxman's major gripe is that the Empire has been elided in public debate, a problem which stems, as he sees it, from the didactic, stilted manner in which history is taught in British schools. In his speech to the Union, he further bemoaned the evergrowing distance between academic and public discourse. Though he would not go so far as to condemn the sound-bite culture of television journalism, which, according to one audience challenger, was responsible for that distance.

Any historian of Empire is inevitably asked the question: "for or against?" Yet Paxman's book seem reluctant to pass judgement. We asked him whether he had consciously set out to pen an even-handed account of Empire - and, after we had exchanged a few more rebarbative remarks about the merits of our question, he finally replied: "This thing that was so central to the lives of so many people for so long cannot simply be ignored", adding, "It seems to me that a judgement has been passed on the Empire and it's deemed that no further discussion is required. I think that this simply won't do."

But Paxman passes no obvious judgements himself. Indeed, when the main polemical thrust of the study is, as he summed up for us, that "there are some things about [Empire] that are disgraceful...and other things that are rather admirable", there is scant room for disagreement (or even originality).

Paxman the combative journalist seems to fall for the same traps he accusses politicians of. Over interview style he is cagey. He claims that the best kind of interview is one where "you learn something". One wonders if we've succeeded on this.

Cambridge to launch tech college

Helena Pike

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cambridge University is to open a University Technical College (UTC) for up to 800 students in partnership with Cambridge Regional College (CRC).

Backed by Lord Kenneth Baker's Baker Dearing Educational Trust, it would teach technical skills to school children between 14 and 19 years old, whilst ensuring those under the age of 16 continued their academic studies for 60 per cent of the day.

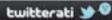
It would join the ranks of just two other UTCs around the Britain, although plans for a further 16 have been approved by the Department of Education.

Based around the model of a nine to five working day, its aim is, according to prime minister David Cameron, "to offer first-class technical skills to those turned off by purely academic study."

With possible sponsorship from pharmaceutical and healthcare sectors of the city, it would specialise in healthcare, health sciences and laboratory science.

The college would also work in conjunction with the Deakin Learning Centre, a £6 million Addenbrooke's project that is yet to open. This is in the hope that students might learn skills required of NHS healthcare assistants or lab technicians.

News of the plans has received mixed reactions. Some have expressed concern over its economic viability.



What's happening in Cambridge?



@rhystreharne

Just described as 'impertinent' and 'rude' by Jeremy Paxman. He should know.



@Akilah_Jeffers

I just received an email from the BNP inviting me to do a summer internship with them...



@itsmeacj

It's a sad day when the only thing in your pigeon hole is a pack of french verb conjugations from your tutor.



@harry_carr

Bonfire night: much like a pet, I ought to be kept indoors.

Got something to share?
Tweet us @varsityuk



University challenged: Paxman (centre) sits with his Lent 1972 Varsity team

News in Brief

Value of degrees made available to students

Information on the precise value of university degrees will be available to students for the first time, thanks to new data.

This is part of a move by ministers to make university education more transparent, by revealing precisely what students will get for their money.

The findings will determine which places are best for getting a job, standards of teaching and the quality of the university's research, as well as the amount of contact hours on each course.

 $See\ more\ at\ varsity.co.uk$

Sainsbury Laboratory named World's Best **Learning Building 2011**

The Sainsbury Laboratory has been named the world's best learning building at the World Architecture Festival in Barcelona.

It was opened by HRH the Queen in April to house laboratory facilities for scientific research

The jury said: "It is beautifully considered in terms of its human scale, and for activities for research and learning."

Alumnus donates £1.4m to Fitzwilliam College

Emilia Korczynska **NEWS CORRESPONDENT**

Fitzwilliam College alumnus Ken Olisa and his wife, Julia, have donated £1.4 million to support the college's new library and IT centre, opened in 2010.

The new building provides 50 per cent more study spaces and boasts scenic views from its signature landmark - a tower overlooking the college grounds and the University

Christine Roberts Lewis, the college librarian, said: "The standards that we now provide in this library are envied".

Fitzwilliam alumnus Ken Olisa savs it "only seems right" to repay the college for its help



 $Fitz wiliam\, students\, have\, welcomed$ the gift to the new library, which they find 'a fantastic resource

"It is a very good time for the college", said Trisha, a third-year medic.

In recognition of Olisa's generosity, he has been elected as an 1869 Fellow Benefactor of the college, an honour bestowed on a supporter of "exceptional munificience".

Ken Olisa came to Fitzwilliam in 1971 to read Natural, Social & Political and Management Sciences, which gave start to his impressive career in technology. He was elected as president of the Fitzwilliam Society, the society of the students and staff of the college, in 1973.

Mr Olisa said: "My time at Fitzwilliam was transformative for a state school boy from the poor streets of Nottingham. The College's welcoming and egalitarian atmosphere and Cambridge's academic excellence gave me the privileged experiences which underpin my career.

"It seems only right to repay some of that privilege by helping Fitzwilliam and its students to achieve their potential.'

While still at Cambridge, Ken obtained a scholarship from IBM, where he held various posts after leaving the university with a master's

Since working in Wang Laboratories



for over 10 years, acting as general manager of their European, African and the Middle Eastern divisions, he then started two technology merchant banks, Interregnum and Restoration Partners, which he chairs today.

Apart from his work in the industry, Ken holds several charitable positions. Olisa was awarded an OBE last year for his work with homeless

people in London. Last year also saw Olisa named as one of the UK's top ten most influential black men, in the Powerlist 2010.

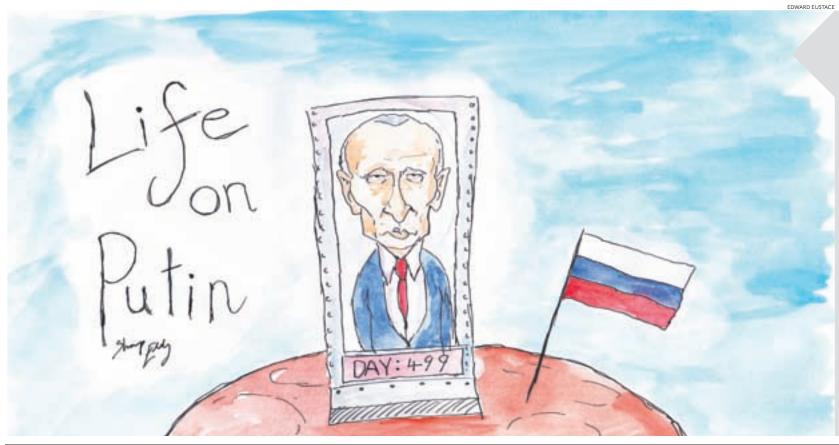
According to Helen Bettinson, Fitzwilliam's development director, Mr. Olisa has remained involved in college life ever since his graduation in 1974. He has also made smaller contributions to the college library before.

Fancy editing the oldest and most prestigious paper in Cambridge?



email applications@varsity.co.uk

Comment



Comment Question

Space exploration may be just the ticket. It has the capacity to bring us together, and show us just how far our potential stretches: to the stars.

Yet there are several problems to be overcome before such a utopian vision, namely that the plurality of space progams are all nationally funded.

Who will 'own' Mars, when 'we' could mean Russia, China, or the US? Should anyone be able to stake a claim? Can humanity actually claim to 'own' another planet anyway?

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

One important step for man

Even in recession, space exploration remains a vital part of what it means to be human



n Friday 4th November, the longest space mission in human history came to a close without ever having left the surface of our blue planet.

The MARS-500 project, conducted at the Russian Academy of Sciences in Moscow and spanning an unprecedented 520 days, simulated a full-length manned mission to Mars. The intention of this undertaking was to observe the physical and psychological effects of this long-term isolation on the six volunteers taking part, and assess whether an actual journey to Mars would be plausible in the future.

The mock-astronauts lived in a windowless, one-hundred-andeighty square foot capsule for the duration of the test, occasionally carrying out experiments on "results" they had collected and even walking on the surface of a fake Mars landscape during their thirtyday "stay" on the surface of the planet. Their only connection with the outside world came in the form of a phone line which had a twentyminute delay and suffered from occasional break-downs, mimicking as closely as possible the conditions of a real mission.

The international team, representing France, Russia, Italy and China, emerged from their self-imposed exile relatively unscathed, with one member of the crew, Diego Urbina, announcing upon his exit from the capsule his hope that the experiment would pave the way for a real expedition to Mars, allowing mankind to "one day greet a new dawn on the surface of a distant but reachable planet".

Though such a mission is not yet within reach, Jean Jaques Dordain, the director general of the European Space Agency, has commented that he is "convinced that this experience is the starting point of a much bigger adventure, which will be the flight to Mars."

Both NASA and the Russian Space Agency intend to have sent manned spacecraft to the red planet by the end of the 2030s, and are currently conducting further

"Their only connection with the outside world came in the form of a phone line which had a twenty minute delay"

research into conditions on Mars, with NASA launching a mission in late 2013 devoted to understanding the Martian upper atmosphere.

Despite these hopes, it is unsurprising that in the face of

economic downturn space programs the world over have suffered. Yet, in spite of the inevitable cut-backs, it is essential that space exploration remains a global priority – beginning with a focus on sending humans to Mars on schedule if at all possible.

To begin with, we may learn much through the exploration of our solar system. Aside from the obvious scientific interest of such discoveries, I would argue that — with dwindling natural resources and the recent birth of our small planet's seven billionth inhabitant — any opportunity to expand our knowledge of the universe in which we exist is to be welcomed.

The odds are slim that the solution to our problems lies elsewhere in the solar system, but it is a possibility which ought not to be ruled out. Unless we choose to change our way of life, leaving the planet is an inevitability.

But I confess that possibility of scientific advance alone is not why I believe so strongly that a journey to Mars is worth the time and money spent. In an uncharacteristic burst of idealism, I admit that in space exploration I see one of humanity's best traits – that compelling urge (to casually drop Cambridge alumnus George Mallory into the matter at hand) to defeat a seemingly insurmountable obstacle just "because it's there."

Our ingenuity in making life easier for ourselves is matched

only by our ambition to find evermore-overwhelming obstacles to overcome. We have made our world smaller, and so we look beyond our own borders, up to the next great challenge for our technology and our perseverance.

Over six thousand people worldwide applied to be a part of the MARS-500 experiment: over six thousand people eager to exchange over a year and a half of their lives for just the chance, as crew member

"Our ingenuity is matched only by our ambition to find ever more over-whelming obstacles to overcome"

Romain Charles put it, to prove "that a human journey to the red planet is feasible". This stands as testament to the passion felt by many for space exploration – and it does not surprise me.

After all – assuming all goes forward as hoped – it is safe to assert that the first human being to step foot on the red planet will write their name prominently across human history.

When one considers the MARS-500 experiment as an opportunity to take part in a landmark achievement – a triumph of human endeavour – 520 days does not seem so long.



TUESDAY 15THThe Evolution of Morality

Location: Garden Room, St Edmund's College **Time:** 13:00

Why: Are we humans essentially altruistic beings whose natural state is to care for others? Or are our moral codes the only thing holding us back from utter selfishness? A tour through the evolutionary history of morality and its precursors suggests a third alternative – that we are neither angel nor beast, but are by nature moral strugglers and deliberators.

TUESDAY 15THThe Limits of Science

Location: Plant Science Lecture Theatre, Downing Site **Time**: 20:00

Why: Is there anything scientists will be unable to elucidate? Is there a limit to what we can know? Prof Atkins will examine whether there is a closed door for science, and if not, what might be behind the doors we haven't yet opened.

Democracy takes a back seat

Papandreou's referendum suggestion terrified Europe's leaders – a dangerous development



n 27th October, following seemingly endless negotiations in pursuit of a new debt reduction deal for Greece, the Eurozone leaders emerged with an agreement which cut Greek debt in half and pledged another €130 billion in bailout money to be delivered early next year.

The relief was palpable, market surges were predicted and Sarkozy gushed that "the results will be a source of huge relief worldwide." The Eurozone finally appeared to have pulled itself back from the brink.

Europe's new found serenity was however, short-lived. The following day Greek PM George Papandreou announced his plans to put the acceptance of the new bailout, and the austerity measures which came with it, before the Greek people in a referendum. The action drew widespread condemnation from the media, from within his own cabinet and from the other European heads of State.

The markets plunged once more into chaos, with the DOW-Jones dropping almost 300 points, along with a 5 per cent decline on both the French and German stock exchanges in a single day. Crisis meetings were held, the question of a Greek exit from the euro was again a serious possibility and Papandreou's own

hasty exit looked more or less inevitable.

After negotiations with other European leaders, the plans for a referendum were abandoned and Papandreou agreed to step down to allow the emergence of a new national unity coalition government.

It seems an excessive response to a referendum which trusted in the people of Greece. Almost two and a half thousand years after they first began the great democratic experiment, it appears that the Greeks have been told that there is a time and a place for democracy, and

"Greeks have been told there is a time and a place for democracy, and that this isn't it"

this isn't it. The questions this raises for our democracies are difficult ones. We are taught to value our systems because of the influence the people have on the government, but what happens when we don't want whats best for us? Is it the duty of the government to ignore our irresponsible desires? Or is it despotic of the government to assume it knows best?

It is clear that the people of Greece were against the terms of the bailout and would almost certainly have voted against it. However, without a further injection of bailout money, Greece would be broke by Christmas, effectively halting the implementation of welfare payments, healthcare services and all other



government services too. The people cannot, therefore, always be trusted to want what is best for them.

There must be times when the government steps in to save the people from themselves by ignoring the wishes of the people. This belief is nothing if not despotic, however it appears that Europe's heads of state have collectively decided what is best for Greece and are determined that the Greek people must not be consulted.

The great European bid for unity and equality seems to have been chipped away at by the economic crisis until now we see only France and Germany struggling to hold the jigsaw together above all else. Principles such as equality, democracy and self determination have all succumbed to the desire of Europe's two great powers to protect the Union.

This idea runs contrary to all of the notions we hold dear, glorifying our system of democracy, a system so successful that the West has been exporting it for decades, imposing it on far away places ruled by tyrants. The most popular retrospective justification for the war in Iraq is that Saddam Hussein's brutal dictatorship was removed and democracy implemented in its stead.

Papandreou's referendum however, the purest expression of democracy which remains in our society, was condemned widely for the risked it posed both to the euro and to his country. Here we see the message once again: there is a time and a place for democracy, and this isn't it.

With the suppression of the Greek referendum, rightly or wrongly, we have seen that democracy is a luxury afforded to calmer times. Whilst Europe may speak eloquently and emotively on the subject of democracy, it is clear that in times of crisis, our governments believe that there are some decisions that are simply too important for the people to decide.

Response: remember the porter!

Pollowing the faintly preposterous suggestion by John Hipkin to impose an entry fee on the centre of Cambridge, I was disappointed to read of this paper's approval, or, rather, enthusiasm for the scheme ('Got a ticket to ride?' 4th November).

It is more than merely the "income and interest these tourists generate for the local economy" that was suggested as the 'predictable' quarrel with this proposal. As if the accusations of elitism levelled at some of the university's institutions were not enough, the idea that one of the country's most important historic locales and amongst the most beautiful heritage sites should be subject to an 'entryfee', rendering it a commercial enterprise is frankly laughable.

I fear that people living here don't quite realise their luck the old adage about having your cake and eating it translates all too easily to living in your beautiful medieval city and preventing free access too. John Hipkin has forgotten he isn't the porter from Macbeth, and that, in fact, when our friend the tourist is equivocating in front of King's Chapel, he is admiring the fantastic architecture of our city. Photo-snapping tourists are an inevitable presence in a place that is both a fairy-tale fantasy and an urban reality; supporters of this scheme would do well to bear in mind the Guardian's astute observation that "one of the lesser-known recipes for happiness is to live in a place where other people choose to go on holiday."

Imagine the consternation should London begin to charge for entry into the square-mile (motor vehicles aside), or Berliners lost their nerve with the tourists who swarm the Brandenburg Gate, and placed bouncers by its colonnades. Many colleges already charge entry fees, the least the city can offer pilgrims of culture is the generous open door to visit our city.

In fact, these points are symptomatic of Britain's troubled tourist trade, where Chatham Dockyard charges a £15 entry fee and Warwick Castle, £20. Although these are governmentfunding problems, Cambridge is in the enviable position of being a rich city where the dull, sublunary complaints of entry-fee and upkeep needn't bother the romantic visitor. Protection is important, but not at the expense of free entry. When the tourists snap, and come knocking at the gate, don't make Cambridge as 'cold as hell'. Find the porter's sense of humour, and relent: 'O, come in, equivocator!"

CALLAN J. DAVIES

Curiosity keeps the cat alive

Britain's higher education system looks out of date. But a focus on interest is valuable



ne of the few downsides to a year abroad in Paris is being judged for the fact that you don't seem to be doing anything with your life. (Admittedly, not so very far from the truth.) When a new acquaintance subtly enquires as to what I'm actually studying, I generally end up the recipient of some considerable disgust. And nobody conveys disgust better than a Parisian.

Unimpressed by Cambridge's reputation, and unimpressed by my poor French, the fact that I supposedly learn languages labels me a loser, because what could anyone do with a knowledge of Balzac apart from become some kind of teacher? Needless to say, the "those who can't do..." mentality

exists on both sides of the channel.

As in most countries in the world,
French degrees are supposed to be
useful. If you want to work in law
you study law, if you want to work
in banking you study economics, and
so on. When I tried to apply for an
internship with a consultancy firm, I
was told that I had to be at business
school to be even able to hand in my
CV. No deviation from the normal

career path is accepted.

The idea that, in England, what matters is not what your degree is in, but where you got it from, seems hopelessly outdated and more than a little counter-intuitive. As one Oxford economist I met whislt waiting for an interview the other week said: "Well, I wouldn't worry about not having studied economics or business or whatever. It's not like I've learnt anything relevant anyway. It's all a bit too theoretical."

Ironically, in the UK, with the obvious exceptions of Medicine and Law, those studying what should logically be the most useful degrees are often those who do worst in

the employment game. On paper, doing a Media Studies degree if you want to work in the media makes sense. However, as a lot of the universities who offer such courses are universities-that-haven't-always-been-universities, those keen graduates who have known for a while what they want to do with their lives get waltzed past by that historian from Durham who decided just last week, for lack of a better idea.

"Britain stands to lose the only three years of its education system where learning is for learning's sake"

Applying for a British university is an intelligence test, and your reward for having proven that you are bright (or potentially, well-schooled) enough to go a good one is to be able to study something enjoyably useless for three years.

Yes, we pick up transferable communication and persuasion skills, can work to deadlines and survive on caffeine and ethanol alone for long periods of time, but we forget most of our dates and quotations as soon as the year is over. And nobody really minds.

It's hard to feel too sorry about the fact that numbers of people studying arts subjects such as English and History are projected to fall with the increase in tuition fees, faced with the far greater problem of social exclusion. But we must acknowledge that what Britain stands to lose is the only three years of its education system where learning is for learning's sake.

With no government core skill targets or national curriculum, genuine curiosity is the primary factor deciding what we learn about. And though we live in a time of increasing austerity, this idiosyncratic British tradition is one we should not abandon. This freedom is worth facing the occasional European sneer for.



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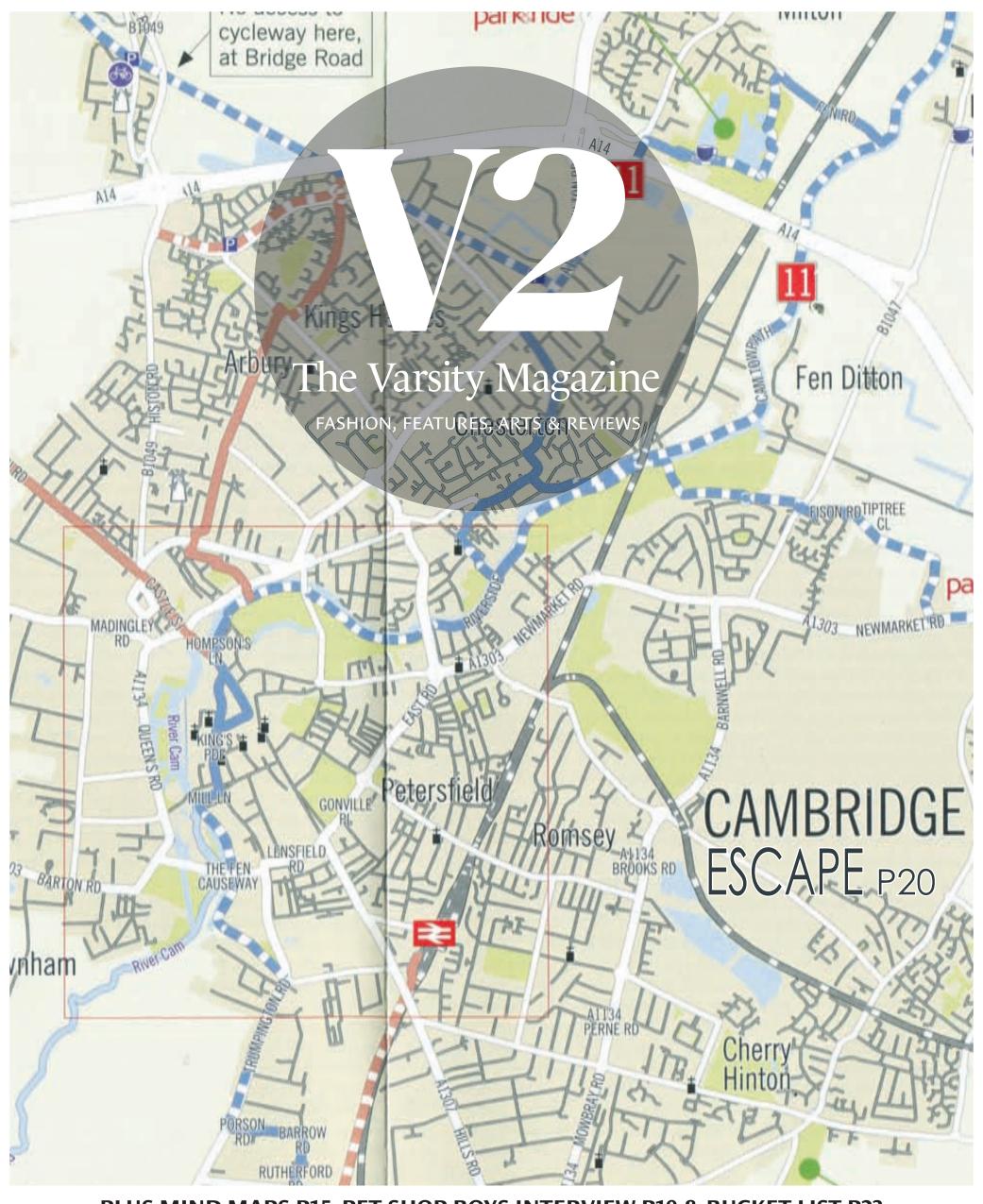
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PLUS MIND MAPS P15, PET SHOP BOYS INTERVIEW P19 & BUCKET LIST P23

OPENING NOTES

Louise Benson



n Saturday I travelled further afield than normal, namely the journey to Edinburgh. More surprising, though, was the fact that I would be retracing my steps that very evening – all 400 miles of them. Flights, working out cheaper than lengthy bus or train tickets, had seemed the most appealing option, but the reality of those trawling queues encountered at all turns at airports quickly brought home the time I'd be wasting in what had at first seemed so efficient a trip.

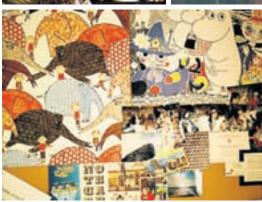
My sister having just begun her undergraduate life at the university there, we spent the day marvelling at expansive lecture sites, climbing steeply curved streets, and drank whisky at a student bar housed in a former library. All of this novelty, though, reminded me that the end of my time in Cambridge is fast approaching, with nights spent drinking the late night coffee that comes with an impending deadline becoming weeks that flash past before you know it.

A friend of mine now takes great pleasure in announcing the finality of even the most insignificant events: anything from the watching the fireworks display to eating in hall in the month of October is not allowed to slip by without a snippet of sentimentality.

With such weighty waves of realisation and nostalgia washing over me as I sat sipping amongst the Edinburgh bookshelves, the time flew past without us realising – as if to make a case in point. Perhaps allowing a little more time to be spent without rushing from one place to another was just what I needed to slow time down, at least for a weekend.



























Light and Dark

Autumnal air, however fragrant, always invites us to stay inside. It's an early indicator of the losing battle that day plays with night. A chance to celebrate, then, the interplay of light and dark. By way of warning, you should know that this is a mixtape of late classical and romantic music. Good; now that I've got the disclaimer out of the way (and most of you have stopped reading), we can proceed.

Compiled by Rhys Treharne

String Quartet in E Major (1st Mvt) - Bedrich Smetana

- Bedrich Smetana
An Autumn
sunset set to
strings. Marked
appasionato,
Smetana's opening
movement is a work
of intense pathos. We might more
readily imagine the cooling embers
of the evening as twilight inevitably

consumes daylight

Symphonie Fantastique (4th Mvt) –

Hector Berlioz
'A guilty man's
march to the
scaffold': moments of
ecstasy and torment
as darkness arrives.
It's remarkable

to think that this avant-garde work, first performed in 1830, was composed around the time Verdi was still working on his early oom-pahpah operas like *Un Giorno di Regno*.

Symphony No.10 (2nd Movement) – Dimitri Shostakovitch

A furious scherzo of intense blackness and violence; light is at something of a premium. Shostakovitch is supposed to have described this 2nd movement as "a musical portrait of Stalin, roughly speaking".

'Che Fasceste? Dite Su!', Macbeth, Act 1 – Giuseppe Verdi

Thunderous and eminently melodramatic; an opening chorus as only Verdi can provide. Though occasionally playful, for the best results look no further than Riccardo Muti's baton.

Masquerade Suite, Galop – Aram Khachaturian

orgina

Eliot is a

hird year

graduate

at Corpus,

studying

History of Ar

student

Chaotic and discomforting, if only because of its seemingly insincere joviality.

Slavonic Dance No.8 – Antonín Dvorák

Taken from the orchestral works that made his name, Dvorak's eighth Slavonic Dance is the most temperamental. Based on a 'furiant', a Bohemian dance, the work is sudden and spontaneous. It erupts – repeatedly.

Symphony No.5 (3rd and 4th Movements) – Ludwig van Beethoven

At last, light triumphs over darkness as despair is vanquished. The 3rd movement of Beethoven's most recognisable symphony reaches its conclusion on a persistent cadence, finally giving way to an almighty crescendo and the exhilarating 4th movement. This transition is arguably the most uplifting moment in all of musical history.

Visit this website to listen to the playlist on Spotify: http://spoti.fi/uez5PG

What's it like having a set of rooms

So good! Last year my desk and my bed were so close together they practically became synonymous.

What do you think is the most important non-functional object to have in your room?

Probably books, even if I never open them... I also really like the clock I've got now, which I sometimes forget actually tells the time because it's so huge.

What are you reading at the moment?

I was enjoying Orhan Pamuk's 'The Museum of Innocence', but now I'm wearily working my way through the Part IIB reading list... traj.

What are the pictures hanging from pegs?

I'm doing my dissertation on illustrated alphabets. This is an attempt to inspire (or remind) me to work.

What are your favourite things to do in Cambridge?

Getting drunk and going on swaps (not really. See photo).

Reclaiming the staircases

'Subtle dominance': **Aris Komporozos-Athanasiou** on the often neglected beauty of Cambridge's staircases, and why they should be brought to the foreground once more

taircases are not what comes to mind when one thinks of Cambridge. No, Cambridge is all about grand facades. arches, chapels, gates, dining halls. Identified by a letter ('x staircase'), in college language the staircase is synonymous with a familiar 'place': a student bedroom, a teacher's office the vertical arrangement of college life, yet hardly the epicentre of its daily unraveling. It is an interstitial space, a passageway to the private, a means to an end. But in some occasions it may become the true focus of its occupants' flamboyant life: think of the role of stairs connecting various rooms around the courtyard of the Architecture Department, on the evening of an Arc Soc party.

A junction between the old and the new, these concrete treads are encased in a glass cabinet, allowing those walking up and down to gaze over the party crowd in the terrace while they are being watched in motion from outside, as if performing on screen. Walter Benjamin described this 'subtle dominance' of the staircase in a note

about its symbolic function at the Paris opera house in the 1930s-a place that overshadowed the actual performance hall. High society ladies displayed their fashion and gentlemen met for a casual smoke; this social life of the staircase was what opera was really about.

The social life of the staircase overshadowed the performance hall.

A more obvious divide between form and (perceived) function can be seen, ironically, in some of the structures that are more exposed to the public eye. Take for instance the Raised Faculty Building staircases on the Sidgwick Site. Seen by everyone walking under these buildings, but rarely used, these beautiful precast concrete staircases are a great example of early 60s modernist style. Their materiality is pushed to the fore of our perception, stripped of





unnecessary frills, positioned inbetween the concrete pillars that hold together the Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages. The Cripps Building staircases at St John's are an even more surprising discovery: away from the college's neo-gothic chapel, these Grade II listed structures are far from a tourist attraction. Integrated in an open piloti, they lead to a complex of student rooms, part of an ambitious development project completed in 1967. Their clear geometric form

almost disappears into the building's vast body, an invisible space in which anything could be hidden.

We can see in these elegant constructions that lie underneath the city's landscape a sense of alienated modernity. Past symbols of technological progress, optimism and anti-aestheticism, remain today in the shadow of Cambridge's ancient architecture; their time seems to have never come. Perhaps it is time to reclaim them, appropriate and fit them to our new urban dreams.



Daddy & His Scary Laugh

Perhaps it is wrong that the soundtrack to making this week's paper was our editors laughing at a father laugh-



at a father laughing at his baby.
But search for this video, and all will become clear.

Leonardo at the National Gallery

Starting this Saturday, the most complete display of da Vinci's paintings will be on show at the NG. So much has

been written on the show in the press that we're dying to go along and make up our own mind on the exhibition.



Come Dine With Me

The tv show's definitely been running for a few series too many – time to take things into your own hands and throw your own series of dinner parties.

Wuthering Heights

Visionary British filmmaker Andrea Arnold's third feature film is released this week – a beautifully bleak adaptation of Brontë's novel.



Online video adverts

Youtube, Vimeo, 4OD – they all do it: endless adverts when all we wanted to watch was a 5 minute clip. Most annoying of all: having the very show that you're



trying to watch being advertised to you, as if they needed to bother.

Cycling in the rain

Dreary autumn skies are here, with the prospect of cycling

to lectures very much dampened by drizzly streets and sudden slips on wet roads.



4000 police officers at the London protest march



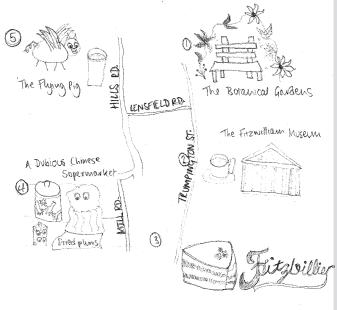
At a largely peaceful protest, surely such a presence was disproportionate and unnecessary.



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, Rose Hills reveals her favourite spots to read in the sun and why chelsea buns should be swapped for red velvet cake.





1. The Botanical Gardens.

I come to read here on sunny mornings. My favourite bench faces the pond surrounded by yellow and red maples. When it starts to rain head into the tropical glasshouse to see some astonishingly beautiful exotic flowers.

2. The Fitzwilliam Cafe

Once you've had your fill of Vermeer and the distinctly gaudy Hapsburg jewels, head to the museum shop for postcards and fragrant rosebud and white peony tea.

3. Fitzbillies

This classic Cambridge establishment has returned, although this year I'm abandoning their Chelsea buns for slabs of their gorgeously decadent red velvet cake.

4. The Dubious Chinese Supermarket.

Dimly lit with ceiling high shelves of jars of ominously titled 'chicken paws', as well as a freezer section filled with sacks of unidentifiable animal parts. Their highly addictive salted wah plums make a venture inside tolerable.

5. The Flying Pig Pub

Enjoy a pint in a candle lit pub whilst hundreds of pigs stare at you from the ceiling and walls plastered in posters of pigs ranging from the adorable to moderately terrifying.



WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

Photographer: Aurien Compton-Joseph

Models: Kirsty Gray, James Evans, Bryony Bates, Zoe Large

Bespoke Animal Masks: Special Thanks to Cecilia Lundqvist - cecilia.lunqvist@gmail.com







FOLLOW UPDATES ON TWITTER @HARRY _CARR

VISIT VARSITY.CO.UK/FASHION FOR THE PREVIEW

A NEW ONLINE PHOTOGRAPHY PROJECT

VARSITY PUBLICATIONS x HARRY CARR PHOTOGRAPHY x LIZZY BURDEN

The most incredible thing

The Pet Shop Boys, the most successful pop duo in UK chart history, discuss ballet and success with Jack Carrington and make an exclusive announcement

It has been thirty years since Pet Shop Boys Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe met as students in an electronics shop in Chelsea. Since then they have gone on to become one of the world's most successful bands, selling over 100 million records and cultivating a unique catalogue of songs which straddles the fine line between pop and art.

In the past year the pair have been hectically busy as usual. In March they launched their hit ballet "The Most Incredible Thing" at Sadlers Wells, before taking to the road to support Take That on the biggest tour in the history of the UK.

Somehow they also found time to write 16 new songs for their next album, which they are due to start recording this month.

As I arrive at the Pet Shop Boys' airy Kensington offices, Neil – whose lyrics range from sincere romanticism to sardonic humour – makes a point of injecting a sense of Oxbridge rivalry into the proceedings. Without prompting, he begins to recall the time he spoke at the Oxford Union: "Apparently it was the largest audience they'd had since Ronald Reagan. It was a fascinating experience."

A few minutes later Chris arrives looking slightly agitated and muttering about the terrible journey across

"Eight nights at Wembley Stadium... I think only Steps will surpass that."

London. Fortunately, he spots the box of patisseries in my hand; his face immediately lights up. "Oh, you've brought cake! Well, that changes everything of course," he enthuses, "I'll even have a cup of tea now".

As we sit down with tea and cake, I begin by asking them about their ballet – why did they decide to write it? "As far as some of the critics are concerned there's always the slight whiff of a vanity project with these things", sighs Neil.

"We did it because we were asked to!" Chris interjects, "We didn't just go to Sadler's Wells and say 'Hey, can we write a ballet?""

"We were asked to write a piece of music by our friend Ivan Putrov, who's a principal dancer at the Royal Ballet," explains Neil, "And we wanted to do something like this after Closer to Heaven (The Pet Shop Boys' 2001 musical). In a way it's like writing the score to a silent film, which of course we did for Battleship Potemkin."

I ask whether writing a ballet will change their approach to pop. "It's quite different to writing a pop song – the structure is far less rigid," answers Chris.

"You write a ballet to according to a set of themes, with longer melodic sequences. And best of all, I don't have to write any lyrics", Neil adds with a laugh.



The conversation turns to Take That's 'Progress' tour, for which the Pet Shop Boys provided a support set which one journalist compared to "getting Michelangelo in to paint the kitchen ceiling".

So, how did it feel to be part of the biggest tour in UK music history? "Well one of the reasons we did it was that they were performing eight nights at Wembley Stadium – phenomenal," says Chris between mouthfuls of cake.

"I think only Steps are going to surpass that. Of course we'll be supporting them as well. We're the band you come to for supporting multiple stadium nights", he adds with a distinctly mischievous glint in his eye. Neil looks slightly exasperated. "Don't be ridiculous, Steps aren't doing stadiums".

"Not yet, they're not – this is only their first comeback!" replies Chris with mock sincerity, "Take That started out with arenas, now they've set the template."

I ask Neil and Chris about the recent Time Magazine feature which names their 1991 single 'Being Boring' as one of the 100 best songs since 1923. Unwittingly, I seem to have stumbled upon what appears to be an exclusive announcement. "I was listening to some of our old songs recently, because we're putting out another

B-sides album in February, like an 'Alternative' part two. But we're calling it Format," says Neil, referring to their classic B-sides collection from 1995. Chris sounds a little concerned. "We're not announcing that yet, are we?"

"Well why not – these things are usually leaked through some Japanese website anyway," insists Neil. "It's all our B-sides from 1996 to 2009, starting with The Truck Driver and His Mate. Actually I think some of our best songs are B-sides," he declares, "Because on a B-side you can do what you like".

As elder statesmen of pop, the pair seem somewhat disillusioned with the current scene.

"At the moment, there's no movement I'm enthralled by," says Chris, "I mean when I hear dubstep now I think 'are we really still doing this?" Although Chase and Status are good live. And they have this fantastic idea where they split up and perform separately."

"We should do that" enthuses Neil,
"Just 'Pet Shop Boy' - we could cover
the same number of venues in half
the time, doing a DJ set," he giggles,
"Of course, we'll just play our own
records off vinyl."

With the new album set to be released next Autumn, an upcoming B-sides collection and the return of their ballet to Sadler's Wells, they may well need to employ such timesaving techniques. 2012 looks to be yet another busy year for the Pet Shop Boys.



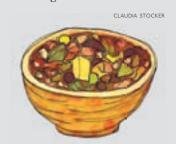
CHILLI 'SIN' CARNE

Jess Holland

A vegetarian twist on a meaty classic, that's seriously easy and muy rápido!

Prep tiempo: 10 mins Serves: 3

- \blacksquare 1 substantial onion
- 2 tsp oil
- 1 garlic clove
- 1 can of kidney beans
- \blacksquare 1 can of chickpeas
- \blacksquare Half a can of baked beans
- 1 tin of chopped tomatoes2 veg stock cubes
- Mucho chilli powder
- Mountains of grated cheese
- "Cooking wine'...



THE TASTY BIT

1. Chop the garlic and onion as finely as you dare. (Maybe hold off on the 'cooking wine' until the sharp stuff is out of the way.)
2. Douse in oil and cook in a grande microwaveable bowl for 1 min, give or take 20 seconds.
3. Grate a generous portion of cheese. Try a little wine while you wait.

4. Crumble the stock cube in and then pour in the (drained) kidney and chickpeas. Stir. Pour yourself another glass.

5. Stir in the tomatoes after draining about a quarter of the juice.

6. Add ample chilli powder and pop the mixture back inside the micro for 7 mins, stirring once about halfway through.

7. Once steaming hot, serve in bowls, sprinkled with cheese.

ON THE SIDE

If you've got time, try it with rice.

1 mugful serves 1 person

1. Pour the desired portion size into a bowl and cover with boiling water.

2. Pop it in the microwave for 5 mins. If the rice has soaked up all the water, and is tender to the taste, you're good to go!

KEEP IT SPICY

Next time, splash out on kidney beans in a spicy sauce to hot up your November. (Positive effects on love-life not guaranteed.)



1986

The duo's first hit, 'West End Girls', tops the charts in both the UK and the US.

1987-1988

Three number one singles – 'It's a Sin', 'Always On My Mind' and 'Heart'.

1993

The album 'Very' reaches number 1, includes global hits such as 'Go West'.

2009

Awarded BRITs 'Outstanding Contribution to Music'.



Cambridge Escape

Cambridge can, at times, become devastatingly claustrophobic. Fortunately, Oliver Rees and **Anna Fairhurst** know some of the best places to visit when you need to escape the city

Madingley Hall

This is yet another occasion when you realise how much Cambridge University owns.

The beautiful sixteenth century house looks like something out of a Brontë novel as you approach up the hill from Madingley village. Would you believe it's a conference and events centre as well as part-time hotel owned by the University of Cambridge?

Admittedly there's not a huge amount to do there – it's private property so you can't go into the house. But there is a lake and beautiful gardens (designed by Labcelot 'Capability' Brown if you're into that kind of thing).

What's more, there's a great pub round the corner in Dry Dreyton. (Very local – you will get a few stares!)







American Cemetery

Three miles outside of Cambridge is the American Cemetery. Opened in 1956 on land donated by the University, the cemetery surprisingly doesn't have the usual depressing feel that a lot of others do.

There are clean lines of white stone and wall after wall of names etched in marble. Kept up by a dedicated team of groundskeepers and military personnel, the grass is always perfectly green and the American flag is always flying.

Similar to the war cemeteries in Dunkirk, the Cambridge American Cemetery contains the headstones of over 3,800 servicemen who died fighting for their country in the Second

The whole space is inspiring and simply incredible – men younger than us who died fighting for freedom and against evil. Walking past the shining white headstones, it is impossible to think of your next essay or night out, simply because of the stunning beauty and sacrifice made by so



Go over the

Leave your bike at the

Wandlebury Country Park

Addenbrookes

roundabout and

n Country Park

Milton

Anglesey Abbey

Stow-cum-Quy

Great pubs are hard to find, especially deserted ones with trampolines and swings. And the bike ride there is half the fun

Cycle along the river and onto the side with the towpath, opposite Fen Ditton, and then take a left where the rowers have to turn back to town. Go across the level crossing and then take a hidden left about a hundred feet down the path to enter Milton Country Park. Full of lakes and paths

Botti

National Cycle Route 51

Lookfor

brown signs!

Past airport

Stow-cum-Qua

cutting through dense trees and undergrowth, this nature reserve feels miles away from Cambridge yet it only takes 15 minutes to reach it.

The Lion and Lamb pub is beyond the industrial estate. After a relaxing bounce and swing, take the bridge over the motorway back (preferably as the sun is setting) There's a straight cycle route that will take you back to central Cambridge on the road, and will have you home in no time.

Fen Ditton

This village is the perfect place to remind you how lucky we are to live so close to the countryside.

A short walk along the river, heading passed the boathouses, you can roam amongst the cows on Midsummer Common, appreciating the scenic woodland and old English barges moored up beside you.

This is, of course, after you've passed the graffiti-ridden railway bridge and the less than discreet chimney of Cambridge's one and only industrial and science museum.

This is well worth a visit if you happen to go to 'Fen Dit' between very fixed hours every first Sunday of the month, under a full moon – check

the opening times.

It's no less weird inside when you're left unsure as to whether you're in a museum or on an open day at the garage of a steam engine enthusiast. By the time you get to Fen Ditton, you'll be in need of light refreshment (unless you opted for the 20p carton of apple juice at the museum), which is fortunate because The Plough pub is just beyond the church in the centre of village.

(Note: the church is always shut so don't even try the door. It's probably because the village is neurotic about the threat from thieves – the crime statistics on the notice board suggest it must be one of the safest villages in England!)

CAMBRIDGE Teversham Please see securities of the for more troutes in this area Cherry Hinton Chalk Pits Nature reserves access from Lane Kim Hall Share Rain Stansted Mountitiened

Horningsea

park ride

Fen Dittor

The Gog Mahog hills

In a decree of 1574, Cambridge students were forbidden from visiting the Gog Magog hills on the threat of a fine. Today, you are free to go whenever you wish.

The best route is to walk around 'Wandlebury Ring,' which was originally a hill-fort but is now a small sprawl of offices and huts. The walk only takes about 20 minutes and takes you in a complete circle; perfect if you don't have much time!

The area was occupied in the Bronze Age and is rich with history. Walk along the straight Roman Road and through the fields and valleys surrounding Wandlebury Ring. It is almost always deserted so you have to say hello to the occasional dog walker.

Especially for medics spending time in Addenbrookes or those at Homerton, the Gog Magog Hills give a great view of the city they allow you to escape from.

Anglesey Abbey A little further afiel

A little further afield, almost 6 miles outside Cambridge in the village of Lode, you'll find the Anglesey Abbey estate, now owned by the National Trust (who give you a big discount if you come by bike).

You may think you've already seen enough English estates and period dramas to last you at least through your university years, but you'll find that Anglesey Abbey has a very unique history and character.

The house was once a priory before it was transformed by a series of well-to-do families throughout the centuries (even Sir George Downing, founder of Downing College, made his home there).

However, it wasn't until the 1920's that the house really came into its own. The rich heir to a mining dynasty in America bought the abbey to house his eclectic selection of antique and contemporary furniture in a desperate attempt to establish himself as a figure on the English aristocratic scene.

The eccentric bachelor filled the house with an assortment of things from every period and style, and made what, in my opinion, is a great house party venue (though he never had more than four guests at a time!).

Beyond the house there are some beautiful modern gardens, a working flourmill and lots of woodland walks.



Robin's Egg Blue

Formaldehyde,

A flowering womb: these scents remain

To remember You. Bowed like some daffodils in rain

We gather you
And bind you in ribbon and silk

Smooth for kissing, Bathe cold skin in lipstick and milk.

Something quivers
On the other side of the sky.

Our little girl Shivers, ringed by your fieldstone eye.

A baby bird Chirrups in grass where our lips lie

Loving the cold Hill of your forehead, a green shell

Under blank sky. Bright stamen in a crocus bell,

Roman candle Blasting, condensing the mist

Rolling in with Sprung waves: I feel you below twist

Bulbs in the earth,
And we taste white tips of the roots

Now curling through Your tongue, and breathe, and send up shoots

With the sunlight Prisoned in soil that feeds on you

Bursting apart Like clouds into robin's egg blue.

ORLA POLTEN

40 years

a)

Sometimes it comes upon me then swarms and takes hold: just rely and dependence-loving lean on you

To realise that it's down from here (from this high point) is never sad. I stop, find a level, watch us there

b)

later hanging from bedside such a thrill to see the carpet pulse as blood careered through trunk and into skull sick while sticking to a bed means looking at the cupboards horizontal alone carving through feelings claimed deftly wrung from surroundings over decades

STEPHANIE DAVIN

All Aboard

As she embarks upon her US tour, Alessi Laurent-Marke of **Alessi's Ark** talks to **Rory Williamson** about her intensely personal, yet all-inclusive musical vision

wenty-one year old Alessi Laurent-Marke, who performs with a rotating line-up under the moniker Alessi's Ark, has come a long way in a short time. Having signed with a record label just as she turned 17, Alessi was nothing if not precocious; however, listening to this year's *Time Travel*, all thoughts of her youth slip away, outshone by a confident and beautiful set of songs that more than justify their creator's early success.

Currently playing solo on tour in



MADELEINE MORLEY

the US, Alessi remains endearingly humble. Although by now an experienced performer, she admits that "you never know how a show will be; although I have done quite a bit of touring, there are always nerves and a feeling of the unknown, like it's happening for the first time every night." Although she refers to the "routine you slip into" on tour, she still shows some excitement about the exploration it brings: not yet travelling in a plush bus, taking trains becomes "a very simple way of getting around and a different way of seeing the country."

Time Travel seems to have marked many such transitions for Alessi; she seems enthused about her "lovely and very supportive" new label Bella Union, which also brought with it a different way of recording. "This time I didn't work with a producer,

but instead closely with two engineers in the two studios I recorded in. It was a different way of working, and more direct. I had a very special time working with Mike Mogis [famed for ongoing involvement with Bright Eyes] on the first album and it was nice to try working in a different way too."

This more hands-on approach to recording has resulted in a more mature record in its increased honesty and emotional frankness. The title track contains the lyric, "now I can time travel just lying in bed", which provides insight into one of the driving forces of Alessi's music:

escapism. "Music can be the very best company and that is all I hope that my music is for others. Books are very special too but I don't travel to any realm like the one I step into when listening to or playing music."

This sense of inclusiv-

ity in her musical world is a common thread $\,$ throughout all of Alessi's work, even from the image of the "Ark," the line-up of which "ebbs and flows." This ethos even extends to the medium through which online orders of Time Travel are delivered: in a charming bag hand-knitted by members of the Ark. What motivates this kind of inclusive gesture? "There is nothing like human contact and placing the music in something handmade hopefully feels a bit like meeting each other and my saying thank you for giving the songs a listen."

Music can be the very best company and that is all I hope that my music is for others

Music as something beautiful to share has always been a passion for Alessi, starting as she did a fanzine called 'Brain Bulletin' at 14, filled with "drawings, gig reviews, a few short stories and recommendations of things I wanted to share." There is something charmingly personal and DIY about this as a first foray into the musical world, a feeling Alessi seems to have maintained; although admitting "there is nothing like the tangible side of a zine and holding something that another has made in our hands," she still shares recommendations in a similar way on the 'Brain Bulletin' section of her website.

Where's next for Alessi? "After this tour, there'll be a break from playing for a little while before plans for the new year and next album come together. I feel like I'm on the look out for inspiration. I hear looking within is important too though."

Wherever she chooses to look, it's certain to result in an interesting and beautiful venture. Indeed, with her heartfelt, almost handmade approach to songcraft and playing music, Alessi is providing more than enough inspiration for others from within herself.

Calling all the Shoots...

Harry Carr and Lizzy Burden talk to Varsity about their new studio photography project, previewed on page 18

Tell us a bit about the project...

HC It's essentially a follow up to the work I did for *The Varsitorialist*, the key difference being that we've moved into a studio. I want to use the new freedom to make each shoot feel more independent, though a narrative will emerge through the constant centrality of the subject. The photos always convey an initimate moment, which is why we are also including short films with each shoot.

You assisted Rankin over the Summer. What did you learn from this, and how did you move beyond it?

HC It was invaluable to see inside the business of professional fashion photography; shoots were extremely gruelling and focused, with the aim being to get shots as efficiently as possible. The creativity was obviously impressive as well, but much of it was determined by a specific business model. I have the luxury of solely focusing on whoever I am shooting; a more personal agenda which instantly endows the images with more clout.

How do you choose who you work

LB Apparently it's a cliché but I found *The Fountainhead* very inspiring. I like Howard Roark-types who aren't willing to compromise their art. For that reason I'm very frank with Harry, but he says he's growing to love it!

HC I like to know my subjects well - that way we don't need create an artificial atmosphere. Lizzy Burden, who styles each shoot and offers creative direction, is ruthless and wonderfully critical. I think she's the best thing that has happened to my photography in a long time.



How much do you see this as a project about fashion?

LB I don't like the word 'fashion' because it has connotations of people copying each other. For me the project is more about making beautiful images, and beautiful clothes contribute to that whole. Maybe the outfits will be more of a feature as we go on, but for now I'm happy to just be 'enhancing' Harry's portraits.

How do you see the project developing in the future?

HC Varsity's George Shapter and Joe Robertson are building a website for the project, leading into a photographic exhibition at the Fitzwilliam Museum next March. That's going to be ambitious, so I feel I need to get past any technical hiccups in my very cosy studio space. Beyond that, I really couldn't say; for now it's just a delight for me to see the range of images that can be created in a college set.

Go to Varsity Online now to see the first shoot, 'Girls on Film'.

A Very British Obsession

With the rise of period drama, the English country-house has become a ubiquitous icon of an idealised British heritage. Yet behind contemporary depictions, Isabella Cookson finds traces of a more troubling reality

t's Sunday afternoon. The sky is characteristically grey; the soft threat of drizzle hangs in the air. Wellington boots are lined up and ready for a typical family outing to the local, preserved country-house. There is something $\,$ strangely comforting about this typically British, middle class scene. The sensation that comes over me is akin to the one I get while dunking a digestive biscuit into a cup of tea, watching it go all soggy. Or how I feel when I eat sponge and custard: comforted, bored, curiously proud.

There is something strangely comforting about this quintessentially British image

And all these emotions can be expressed no better than when I watch a good old period drama. The cold heart of Britain is made to pump with passion, the stiff upper lip melted at the rudeness of Mr Darcy or at the more shocking sight of poor old Mr Beebe running naked around the lake in A Room with a View. Pastoral scenes are built up on top of one another, panoramic shots of enormous houses are imposed upon us and intricate costumes display delicate human forms: the everyday bourgeois life in a rose-tinted glass. If not historically accurate, films like Elizabeth or Marie Antoinette are at least a spectacle to behold.

While we might see with frustration that the furniture in these scenes are not quite in keeping with the 18th century, we cannot cease the desire to step into their satin shoes. We know that leeches didn't really heal (in fact

they often aggravated) the ill, but we will them to heal the swooning Marianne. Females grasp for smelling salts in those rib-crushing, circulation-preventing corsets, but for some reason we want to wear the same. I would like to see myself as an empowered, intelligent female, but sometimes I imagine myself in some long lost era, in which women had the political rights of an eight year old and a bustle attached to their backside. Why?

And indeed, when? For as much as anything, the feelings that we generally attribute to this image are more genre-based than historically founded. Does it matter if it's in the Regency period or under the reign of Henry VIII? As long as the house is big, the servants are wearing frilly caps and the corset of the damsel in distress is tightened, it doesn't seem to matter if there was a plague in London, a war in Spain or drastic change in the penal law that year. Or if it does, it is rarely the point. We are, in general, exposed to the parlour and even then not to the inane boredom that would have prevailed. The feelings that are evoked in us are not based upon a historically better past but an a-historical desire. We tap not so much into a deeper understanding of our forefather's (and indeed mother's) plights as we do to our own romantic idealism. The country-house acts as a metaphorical screen onto which we project our own desire for security, manufacturing an escape from our

world of inescapable uncertainty and confused national identity.

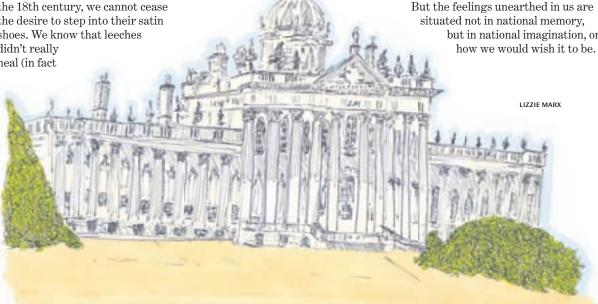
The country-house is a quintessential image of a British past; one that embraces, in a microcosmic sense, the rich and the poor. But it is an image. Of course, many of our ancestors did actually live, work in or work around land surrounding country-houses. This is partly why we all feel we have to right to an opinion on the subject, a claim on its authenticity. But the security it represents is a false one. People often died of diseases now easily preventable, marriages collapsed, wars were waged, poverty felt. The fears we have today could be felt then. The structure of the country-

The countryhouse acts as a metaphorical screen onto which we project our own desire for security

house did not protect them from reality in the same way it allows us to escape ours.

In her last novel Persuasion, Austen herself gazes beyond the nostalgic image of the countryhouse. Unlike her other heroines, Anne Elliot must "pay the tax of quick alarm", being a sailor's wife. She is not given a secure, elegant estate ruled by aristocratic values and tradition but the choppy, unpredictable sea.

The Englishman's ideal home is a castle; with a comforting sense of structure and moat for protection. But the feelings unearthed in us are situated not in national memory, but in national imagination, on





Arts Comment

Is the world a stage? In modern theatre, it's getting close.

Rebecca Jacobs

eeing the recent (brilliant and hilarious) production of *One Man, Two Guvnors* at the National, which involved audience members directly in the action, made me wonder: what happens when we merge the real and the fictional? And why is the theatre such a good vehicle for this merging?

This play involved 'real lives' practically. James Corden appeals to the audience for a sandwich as a cure for his 'hunger'; two spectators are called up to assist him. This was, of course, scripted; but what was not scripted was the man in front of me who decided, at Corden's request, to throw his NT café-bought hummus sandwich onto the stage.

Corden reacted brilliantly to the shock - "why hummus? I don't want a vegetarian sandwich!" – but the simple action seemed to me to represent on more. The object blurred the boundaries between audience and the untouchable stage. The 'temple' of dramatic action, seemingly cut off by a shimmering line, was shown to be permeable: just, after all, a wooden platform.

But isn't this the point of theatre? Isn't this what separates it from, say, novels - that we participate actively as spectators, bringing life to the action? Admittedly this capacity to 'suspend disbelief' isn't always considered desirable. Brecht playfully chose instaed to distance the audience by telling them exactly what what going to happen in each scene via subtitles. But, as George Santayana suggests, "the theatre, for all its artifices...has a kindred movement to that of real life." What's more, the theatre has the capacity to blend the real and the fictional in a unique way through the fact that any

'character' has to be represented by a living actor.

Seeing the ADC's production of Arcadia last term got me thinking about this. In it Tom Stoppard imagines and dramatises the world $\,$ of Lord Byron, and fictionalises his doings. His play The Invention of Love takes this further, utilising the powers of the theatre as a vehicle for the concretisation of the legendary: the lives of A. E Housman and Oscar Wilde, and their encounters with one another, are played out before our

Stoppard brings to life figures we can only otherwise access through printed words. They cease to reside as pillars of a bygone age: the 'person' acting them displaces the tendency to treat them merely as literary types. Stoppard does not crumble from the pressure of historical fidelity, the risk that he is not recording these lives exactly as they were; he uses the stage as a method of bringing illustrious figures into an arena where they become tangible beings, something that, with books, is just not possible.

One Man, Two Guvnors reminds us of the extremely physical nature of the stage. Real people from the audience merge with 'real people' playing imagined characters Tom Stoppard makes use of this, presenting illustrious 'characters' as living people. We can smell the smoke from their pipes; they wear clothes we can see and potentially feel. The theatre is apt for writing about real lives for precisely this reason: it imagines historical figures as beings who we can see and hear. The capacity of the stage to represent these figures is unique. Playwrights should use it.

Bucket List

Five works of art to see in the Fitzwilliam Museum before you graduate The Story of Cupid and

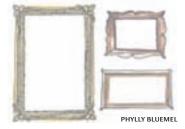
Psyche: Part I Jacopo del Sellaio, 1441-93 Sellaio, taught under Fra Fillippo Lippi with Botticelli, here manages to tell fifteen episodes of a complex myth within one beautiful cassone

Young Woman Tuning a Lute Hendrick ter Brugghen, 1588-1629 'Luteplayer' of c.1596, the subject might be an allegory for the sense of hearing, here ironically depicted with her ears covered by a turban.

L'Umana Fragilità Salvator Rosa, 1615-1673 Notorious in his own time for his deeply sinister paintings, Rosa here depicts a baby signing the contract of mortality in the presence of a skeletal figure.

Death on a Pale Horse William Blake, 1757-1827 Blake boldly illustrates the Revelation of St John – a terrifying vision of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse – with all his characteristic impact and vivacity.

After the Wedding Laurence Stephen Lowry The artist's instantly recognisable stick figures, here huddled against the rain in their usual shades of brown and grev.

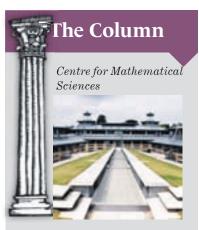


24 MAGAZINE

11th November 2011

www.varsity.co.uk

Reviews Editors: Helen Cahill &Madeleine Morley
reviews@varsity.co.uk



Incongruously emerging from the suburbs bordering Madingley Road, Edward Cullinen's Centre for Mathematical Sciences is perhaps the most curious of the university department buildings. Pavilions, not quite pagodas; its modular buildings recall the architecture of Java or Sumatra.

But this is a South-East Asia – with its unleavened, unrendered brick and grass-roofed lecture hall – that is crossed with a kind of Bedfordshire 'business-park chique'. Indeed the idea of the self-contained business park dominates the feeling of Cullinen's project here. It is a system of buildings desparate to demonstrate its self-interconnection, but happily denies (apparently) any real connection with its immediate surroundings.

Perhaps this illustrates the schizophrenia – as far as social engagement goes - of the mathematical sciences specifically and academia at large generally. Despite the beneficient implications of 'applied science' all parts of the Centre are adjusted (whether intentionally or otherwise) to a domain of enforced insularity. Whether or not Cullinen built this apparent insularity (after all we've all met mathmos, we know what they're like) 'into the building' is moot. It might be something to do with the almost permanently insular nature of modern development in general - the number of new gated communities built in the UK has exploded. Of course, one is wont to point out at this point that the 'Oxbridge' college itself is a kind of post-monastic gated community. Maybe it is merely wishful thinking to contemplate academic buildings, modern or otheriwise, that fully integrate with their surroundings. However, this doesn't remove the fact that, despite the its many admirable qualities, the Centre is deeply unsatisfactory.

Perhaps its failure is a failure on all our parts, to make an architectural reality that fully lives up to the capacity of our imaginations. Cullinen's architecture is that of a space-age that never was, a 'future' of reduced solidarity, privatisation, increased fascination with 19th-century economic models. Perhaps it is inevitable that Cullinen's Centre would remind us of a business park--it is merely a sign of our times, a sad confirmation of our failure to live up to a future everyone was capable of imagining, but no one wanted (or was willing to) inhabit. LAWRENCE DUNN

The Future ****



If we were dying in 30 days, we would certainly re-prioritise." In fact, in the surreal world of Miranda July, we would stop time entirely.

The writer and director of *Me and You and Everyone We Know* returns with a similarly idiosyncratic account of the malaise of the young and bored, this time following a pair of young hipsters (the director herself alongside a touchingly glum Hamish Linklater) for whom the decision to adopt an injured cat, or leave it to certain death, conjures a rather disproportionate existential crisis.

Narrated by the cat (standard), the film's ludicrous quirkiness is



"Hobbit-haired Jason" played by Hamish Linklater and dir. Miranda July

punctuated with disarming pathos and philosophical insight, which makes criticism of the film as a whole rather difficult. Scenes of Linklater's supernatural manipulation of time, culminating in a magnificent summoning of the tides which could have been lifted straight out of Exodus, are as haunting as any I have seen in cinema. The cat's finite lifespan, which one infers to be a half-baked nod to Schrödinger, is the framework upon which a calculated study of time and reality is crafted. Through the animal's eyes, we see the terminal stagnation of the young, who throw away their lives on Facebook for fear of growing old, only to wake up and find that they are.

Miranda July can be forgiven for her many offbeat affectations, for she is intelligently self-aware, endearingly poking fun at her own dreaminess. She compares herself to a local spinster, whom she admires: "she's totally carpe diem". Her numerous dance scenes are as mesmerising as they are tacky, and the hopelessness with which she stands idly by, watching the world move forward without her, resonates with an angst reminiscent of *The Graduate*. Linklater's hobbit-haired Jason is really just an indie upgrade on Michael Cera, but, like Cera, he

Narrated by the cat (standard) the film's ludicrous quirkiness is punctuated with disarming pathos and philisophical insight

captures the aloofness of the era in all his bland expressiveness.

The film's polarisation of the blogosphere has been sensational, amassing an army of haters to rival that of Lars von Trier. The line between culture and pretension is certainly overstepped at times, but the transgression is pulled off with deference, and more than compensated by exquisite set-pieces

which reek of cinematography awards. The ethereal beauty of a young girl sleeping in a grave she has dug for herself is almost unbearable, and the reification of Time into an animate yellow suit which envelopes July could surely stand alone as performance art in itself.

I wonder if the indie-realism of which we are becoming tired is deliberate, rather than a default to current expectations, perhaps serving to detach the abstract, to differentiate and glorify what we see in July's looking-glass. The surreal is forever in shot, from the Escher drawing in their apartment to an old man holding a toy on a spring, a metronome which counts away the world's breathless seconds, unnoticed by the characters.

Perhaps, in titling her film *The Future*, July had hoped that her vision of cinema might be selffulfilling. The irony is that regardless of its quality, the film is not nearly the pioneer it purports to be. Its exploration of time, not to mention the use of creepy anthropomorphic animals, is territory trodden long ago by *Donnie Darko*. Nevertheless, as a study of the ennui of a generation, *The Future* is undoubtedly profound.

So nearly an extraordinary film, it ensnares us with gestures of philosophy, seduced into believing we are about to see something poetic, only to default back on the indie oblivion where awkward silences and meaningful looks so easily fill the minutes. July has tasted greatness, and with a Golden Bear nomination in Berlin this year, we await a masterpiece that is surely on the cards. Time will tell. India ross Playing at the Cambridge Arts Picturehouse.

MUSIC

Atlas Sound - Parallax ★★★★



tlas Sound, the solo project of prolific Deerhunter frontman Bradford Cox, has always seemed like an outlet for Cox's bedroom experimentation, a loosening of the focused dream-pop leash of his other project. Take 2009's full-length *Logos*: nebulous melodies and song structures floated in and out of focus in an ambient, synthesized landscape, which was occasionally cleared for the blissful pop of tracks like 'Shelia.'

Parallex sees a reversal of this approach, with primarily acoustic instrumentation providing a more accessible veneer under which subtle electronic touches work to hint at underlying friction. 'Amplifiers', for example, sees repeated, light acoustic guitar chords and Cox's occasionally tense, strained vocal delivery supplemented by a constant drone which sounds both subtle and vast. The fragility of the song's structure is

eventually consumed as it fades into the backing hum.

Cox consistently refuses to succumb to the lures of pure pop; the songs on *Parallex* tread mysterious ground as they intermingle discordant sounds to produce songs that are at once accessible and inviting yet disorienting. The double-tracked high-hats on anxious 'The Shakes' are always slightly out of sync, off-setting the driving rock rhythm, whilst creating the feverish atmosphere suited to a tale of a man who has lost himself to fame.

Many tracks on the album's second half are reminiscent of Deerhunter's forays into ambient territory, but Cox's approach here displays an increased focus and dexterity. The reverberating keyboard notes and slowly glitching synthesisers of 'Doldrums' make for an immersive dream landscape, which becomes a faint echo in time for Cox's touchingly direct appeal to "remember your friend."

Parallax, for all of its surface increase in accessibility, actually proves more mysterious than the skeletal song structures of Atlas Sound's previous work. This is because of the predominance of pop sensibilities. In confining his ambient tendencies to the periphery of many of these songs, Cox has actually worked to make them more unsettling; the melodies are no longer cloaked, but they are constantly threatened by the atmosphere they are built from. RORY WILLIAMSON

READING

Hatch at the Corpus Playroom

The spoken word is a wonderful thing, as we, the audience of *Hatch*'s one-off return were reminded. Ellie Kendrick and Adam Lawrence are to be congratulated for ensuring that the night focused on what was important, namely the project's unique status in a university whose creative scene is dominated by theatre.

Corpus as a venue provided the sort of intimacy and bareness required for a night that aired works in progress. Even the name, 'Hatch', sounds right, reflecting the kind anticipation that was evident before the show started.

Thankfully, the writing did not disappoint, with works varying from the concise and clean (Celine Lowenthal's 'copper coins') to the almost disarmingly visceral, as was the case with 'dissatisfaction' by Mark Wartenberg. As ever, some pieces stood out: Donald Futers' incomplete 'Vis Itch' was brimming with subtle rhyme and well-crafted alliteration, while the night's closer, 'Tony Harrison would think me daft' demonstrated James Vincent's obvious talent, while being personable and amusing.

Alongside the poetry and prose scenes were performed, for which,

we were informed, the (clearly talented) actors had had only about two hours of rehearsal time. This kind of rough and ready aesthetic was endearing: the ingenious premise of 'The Distinct Damnations (Kennel)', wherein a homeless man tries to switch places with a dog for a night, was highlighted by Amrou Al-Kadhi holding between his teeth

Works varying from the concise and clean... to the almost disarmingly visceral

a plastic bottle wrapped with paper brandishing the word 'BONE' on it.

Although this worked for Jack Belloli's work, Tom Powell's 'Utterance' would have benefitted from some more direction. 'Utterance' dealt with a frustrated couple trying to back each other into verbal corners, and, as such, a slicker, more polished performance would have really brought out some lines. These were unfortunately lost in its second half, although the laughter at Harry Carr's frustrated midconversation exclamation, "You're a shit!", was testament to the strength in the writing.

Most importantly, *Hatch* was a showcase for some interesting and diverse work. It's a shame last night was its only return this term, as more of the same would be a welcome and enjoyable treat for those of us who enjoy new writing. **SALOME WAGAINE**

Red, White & Blue ****

nitially released in America in 2010, Red, White & Blue's UK release has remained relatively low profile, not surprising for a film relatively unknown, shot in 18 days on a shoestring budget. Nonetheless, the critical praise it garnered for its realist depiction of the 'American nightmare' was enough to raise my expectations just in time to be disappointed.

The film focuses upon Erica

Love Art After Dark at

the Fitzwilliam Museum

(Amanda Fuller), a young woman with apparent nymphomaniac tendencies, and the tentative bond she seems to be forming with a kindhearted, but clearly sociopathic, new neighbour, Nate (Noah Taylor). In many respects this thread is the highlight of the film, as Taylor puts in an impressive performance, with a convincing accent to boot, fostering genuine interest in their developing relationship.

One can't help but think that this would have been a far more likeable endeavour had the film continued down this dramatic route. Yet this is not the case. The film soon descends into gore, with Nate acting the part of the bloodthirsty revenger, which

succeeds in being disturbing but robs the film of its potential poignancy and much of its initial appeal.

Admittedly, every action is

The film ends up feeling distinctly like a B-movie slasher

justified in some form. Portrayed are the crimes of the desperate with no villains in the traditional sense, which creates some interesting ambiguities and evokes real sympathy at times. Equally, the fitting soundtrack, some memorable dialogue and Taylor's, aforementioned, stand-out performance add to the appeal.

Yet the film feels lacking. Perhaps this is because, due to unfortunate scheduling, it has come into competition with another depiction of the 'American nightmare', We Need to Talk About Kevin (2011), which manages to be both beautifully surreal and somehow believable, in a way in which this is not.

With such competition, with Rumley's blatant employment of shock tactics, and some lacklustre cinematography, the film ends up feeling distinctly like a B-movie slasher - a disappointing end to some truly promising ingredients.

VICTORIA GREEN

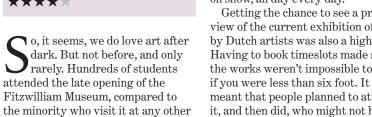
 $Playing\ at\ the\ Cambridge\ Arts$ Picturehouse.

and many of the diverse spaces of the Fitzwilliam Museum are conducive to standing, drinking and talking.

But really, these things were only there to make sure everyone was having fun. And they were. Essentially, museums still exist

because people enjoy looking at art, even if those people seem to normally be tourists in Cambridge. It only takes the excuse of an empty Wednesday evening and something free to make anyone go.

HOLLY GUPTA



The free glass of wine helps, but apparently most of us are looking for an excuse to visit the collection of Cambridge's largest and oldest art museum. Because that was mainly what was on show. Wandering around the maze of permanent galleries could fill the two hours in itself.

Short, and sometimes barely audible, talks helped to fill you in on particular artists, rooms or trends

- but really, the works speak for themselves. And lots of them are definitely worth seeing: Millais, Titian and many lesser known artists are all on show, all day every day.

Getting the chance to see a private view of the current exhibition of work by Dutch artists was also a highlight. Having to book timeslots made sure the works weren't impossible to see if you were less than six foot. It also meant that people planned to attend it, and then did, who might not have otherwise. Most people have heard of Vermeer, but what about Pieter de Hooch or Gerard ter Borch?

Not that I didn't enjoy the workshop for making cards. Sticking sequins, fabric and bits of photocopied portraits from the museum onto each other was a $highlight-really.\ No-one\ would$ leave after its official end, and we were forced out. The three bands which played were also very good,



"Apparently most of us are looking for an excuse to visit the collection"

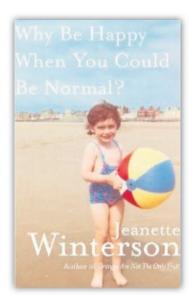
LITERATURE Why Be Happy When **You Could Be** Normal? By Jeanette Winterson ****

eanette Winterson is many things: woman, writer, woman writer, prize-winning novelist, OBE, darling of the literary world, lesbian icon, adopted child. Who once described herself as "the only true heir to Virginia Woolf", and has been variously accused of arrogance, absurdity and genius.

Her first, semi-autobiographical novel, Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit, published in 1985, won the Whitbread Award for Best First Novel, was adapted for television by the BBC, and launched her literary career.

I would say "the rest is history", but it's the personal 'history' of Oranges by which Winterson has most often been defined as a writer. The cynical would see this memoir as a cunning marketing strategy to reboot the Winterson brand (plucky Northern upstart with difficult childhood and tyrannically religious mother goes to Oxford, writes prizewinning novel, has tempestuous romances with married women), Why Be Happy is no Oranges 2.0.

The most moving sections deal with her mid-life psychotic episodes and suicide attempt. Winterson is famous for the story of her childhood and adolescence, a story told many times before. The parts describing an adult woman on the verge of selfannihilation read differently, urgent



Winterson calls her "mad" side a separate person, a "demented creature living inside", and the story of their eventual reconciliation is incredibly moving. "She may have been a monster, but she was my monster": Winterson's remark applies as much to the psychologically damaged parts of herself as to her formidable adopted mother.

This book could almost be a 'howto' of heart wrenching. But Winterson knows how to hold back when

necessary. "The one good thing about being shut in a coal-hole", she reflects on her childhood punishments, "is that it prompts reflection". "Read on its own", she confesses, "that is an absurd sentence." Similarly, following a description of her adopted mother's eschatological pronouncements, depression, and conviction that Jeanette is possessed: "our life at home was a bit odd".

Winterson does tend to overgeneralization – "all adopted children blame themselves" – but that's the kind of writer she has always been: flamboyant, prodigious, gloriously self-involved, liable to go off on one like an embarrassing friend with a favourite rant. Winterson situates her own story within the framework of larger ones - socialism, feminism, Thatcherism – "this is the story of industrialization, and it has a despair in it, and an excitement in it and a brutality in it, and poetry in it, and all of those things are in me.

Yes, it's sometimes selfindulgent, but also very, very funny, melodramatic, wry, then deadly serious. So, after a passage that reads like a self-help manual, "what you are pursuing is meaning, a meaningful life", Winterson performs one of the verbal sleights of hand that have become her signature: "the pursuit isn't all or nothing - it's all and nothing, Like all Quest Stories,'

Why Be Happy is a memoir that isn't interested in remembering, so much as in acknowledging and reveling in - the fictions of autobiography; a life understood,

and constantly recast, in narrative patterns. "I am short, so I like the little guy/underdog stories.'

Make no mistake: this is artful, precisely crafted, almost ludicrously well-written. Winterson describes standing in the yard, after 'Mrs

A memoir that isn't interested in remembering so much as acknowledging

- and reveling in

- the fictions of autobiography

W' has discovered her contraband library and set fire to it, watching the books go up in smoke: "Fuck it', I thought, 'I can write my own". Too good to be 'true' in the most reductive sense, perhaps, but Winterson's writing is so seductive that, frankly, who cares?

As she writes later, "It is a true story but" – of course – "it is still a version". The pun on 'aversion' here, fiction as at once turning away from and facing up to real life is classic Winterson. "I can't write my own life; never could. Not Oranges. Not now. I would rather go on reading myself as a fiction than as a fact". The fact is that she does this superbly.

CHARLOTTE KEITH Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal? Is out now on Jonathan



First Aid Kit - The Lion's Roar



Swedish sisters First Aid Kit deal in woodsy folk music that is made distinctive by its almost

alarming directness. The subtle acoustic strum that opens this track does nothing to prepare the listener for the piercingly clear peals of the duo's vocal harmonies; suitably, they rely upon simple and timeless backing that allows their decidedly natural vocal power to unfurl and soar. Yes, you have heard it all before, but there is a special kind of magic about the story weaved by these melodies that will leave you dumbstruck and dreaming of woodland fantasy. RORY WILLIAMSON

Linda Perhacs - Chimacum Rain



Parallax, which has remained relatively unknown except in niche online freak folk

circles. Having received a little attention after being featured in Daft Punk's Electroma film, this song puts Laura Marling and the so-called 'modern' like to shame. The track is wonderfully cosmic and complicated; the soft, spacey vocals overlap in disorientating, hypnotic splendor, and the multiple layers trickle down and around you like the chimacum rain itself. The song is perhaps about seeking silence and strangely enough seems to sound like silence – if silence could be made into a song that slowly seeps into your mind. MADELEINE MORLEY

The Mountain Goats -Thucydides II-58



Ironically Darnielle released this track to celebrate his 25,000th Twitter follower. With

all his flair for spinning yarns, his vocals describe a Biblical plague "spreading like a rumour"; a contagion which, though escaped by the Thucydides of the song's title, still plights us in the form of gossipy 'Tweets'. The track itself rejects modern interference - old fans will rejoice to hear the Goats return to their painfully raw, lo-fi origins. Accompanied only by a strumming guitar, their lyrics urge us to "save the day" by "listen[ing] to the old melody" – we addressees realise, as the song reaches its life-assuring climax, that that is exactly what we are doing. $\ensuremath{\mathbf{zoe}}$ Large

based on Williams's sister, Rose, who

10 Questions for...

THEATRE

Glass Menagerie

n a stifling apartment in 1930s St

Louis, the Wingfield family long

for escape. Tom (Mateo Oxley),

dreams of poetry and revolution; his

desperately trying to avoid a future

of poverty by marrying off his sister

crippling shyness. When a gentleman

Laura, the individual hopes of each of

the family members are finally lifted

- only to be dashed. This is Tennes

play, and perhaps as a result of this

his observation of character is razor

Amanda, based upon his own

mother, is a faded Southern Belle

to recapture her youth are at once

There's nothing like

some southern gothic

to warm you up on a

winter's evening.

grotesque and pathetic. This is a

Victoria Ball, however, inhabits

the role wonderfully. Her lilting

southern drawl doesn't falter once,

and although she is often comically

forget the vulnerability behind her

Laura Bately gives a magnetic

performance as Laura. Supposedly

over-the-top we are never allowed to

challenging part for a young actress:

whose forced vivacity and attempts

Williams' most autobiographical

sharp.

Laura (Laura Batey). But Laura is a strange, fragile girl, inhibited by a

caller (Will Karani) is found for

mother, Amanda (Victoria Ball), is

a discontented factory worker,

Corpus Playroom

Julian **Fellowes**



ulian Fellowes matriculated at Magdalene College in 1967 to read English. He is an actor, novelist, Conservative peer, film director and screenwriter. His award-winning scripts include Gosford Park and Downton Abbey.

What's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to you?

"Do sing that again."

Worst public moment?

Playing the Inspector in AnInspector Calls in Northampton Rep sometime in 1974 - I was absolutely rotten and the whole fortnight was excruciating.

Magic power of choice? Time travel.

What's the last thing you saw?

An extraordinary performance of Rigoletto by the Diva Opera Company. I had gone out of duty, to support a charity that is very important to my wife, but I stayed to be transported.

What are you reading?

Franklin and Winston: An Intimate Portrait of an Epic Friendship, by Jon Meacham.

Guiltiest pleasure?

Probably butter, of which I cannot have too much.

Favourite Cambridge haunt?

My favourite cinema (there were many in the town, then) was a sort of upstairs flea-pit called the Rex, where we used to go to late shows after rather drunken dinners.

Fondest memory of studenthood?

Punting a girl along the backs at four in the morning after the Magdalene Ball in my final May Week. The sun was just rising over St John's and it caught her red hair, so it shone like a flame. I was mad about her, but she was not mad about me, so this was as far as it went...

Who would you invite to your dream dinner party?

Marilyn Monroe, of course, Anthony Trollope, Lola Montez, Disraeli, Lord Byron, Lady Melbourne, Mrs Gaskell, Evelyn Waugh and Vivien Leigh. They would all talk too much and I suspect Byron would walk out, for effect.

Favourite joke?

I can't tell jokes. They always come out backwards. JULIAN SPOKE TO SOPHIE LEWISOHN

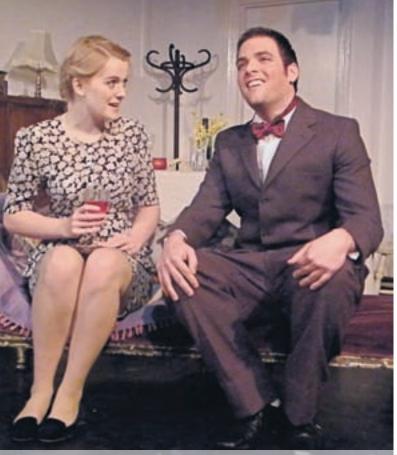
was given a pre-frontal lobotomy after Williams had left home, Laura's silence is at the heart of the play: while Tom lyricises and Amanda babbles shrilly, her quiet presence lends their domestic bickering a tragic pathos. Although her voice is kept at a fragile whisper, somehow every word rings clear and captivating. Her growing confidence under the encouragement of Jim, her gentleman caller, sees her

transformation from brittleness to

thing to watch.

warmth, a subtle and heartbreaking

Tom, the narrator of the play and a simulacrum of Williams himself, is however somewhat lacklustre. Only sporadically does Mateo Oxley capture his magnetism and creativity; far too often he comes across as a petulant teenager. This isn't entirely his fault: the directorial decision to cut almost all of the expressionist aspects of the play rob him of his position as impresario of the action. Williams makes much of The Glass Menagerie being a 'memory play', and the script abounds with dreamlike effects echoed soundscapes of lines, images



snatches of music. Although these effects are no doubt problematic to stage, they also provide an additional depth to the play, and a justification for the often heavyhanded symbolism. Such unrealistic effects make Tom's manipulation of memory obvious. Without them, Tom is no longer the conjurer he tells us he is, and we don't think to question his frequently melodramatic

representation of himself and of the other characters. He's merely \boldsymbol{a} frustrated - and frustratingly angstridden - young man. The expressionistic touches that $% \left(-1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right$ are retained provide some of the most striking moments in the play. In one particularly brilliant scene, we watch Tom goad his mother by inventing a debauched double life for himself: as he jumps on a chair, painting images of opium dens and desperadoes, the lighting changes so that the room is swathed in darkness, and his gesticulating hands seem to mould the shadows. The lighting is used skillfully throughout the play to emphasise the mood of the characters. It is a shame that the music, which is

so essential to the atmosphere, is

treated clumsily, with awkward

transitions between tracks and

tunes jarringly cut off mid-note.

Still, these are minor quibbles.

and words projected onto a screen,

This is captivating domestic drama, filled with really excellent performances, and there's nothing like some sweltering southern gothic to warm you up on a cold winter's evening. But the play shines most in the moments when it picks up on some of Williams's more adventurous dramatic ideas. These brief departures from realism give a glimpse of how this could be a play about how we remember things, and not just a play about a memory.

MEGAN MARSH

THEATRE

Scrooge & Marley

ADC

 $Christmas\ Carol.$ We all know the story - even if the one that springs to mind is the Muppets or Catherine Tate's version. Who can fail to be moved at the sight of Tiny Tim singing 'Silent Night', or satisfied at the redemption of the man who has now become the stereotype for all Christmashaters? But this two-man production promised something different, a new spin on a traditional tale. It poised itself as a conduit to a novel way of seeing these characters: "There has never been a telling of A Christmas Carol quite like this - Scrooge and Marley go head to head, battling it out for redemption.'

And tell the story of Scrooge it did. But, in terms of the substance of the plot, it all felt very conventional. It was very much traditional take on the tale: enter Scrooge, berating Christmas: "you keep your Christmas and I'll keep mine." He is visited by the manacled Jacob Marley informing him that he is to be visited by three ghosts - Christmas Past, Present and Future - who

eventually persuade him to give up his cynicism and save himself from eternal damnation. But this production is called Scrooge and Marley - and what role did Marley play that was in any way different from the story's original telling? In his 'Behind the Scenes' column in last week's Varsity, James Swanton commented that something which had always bothered him 'was the unresolved fate of Jacob Marley. Whilst Scrooge finds redemption, Marley remains damned for eternity. Exploring their partnership struck me as fascinating.'

Laura Batey with her gentleman caller, Will Karani

But was such an exploration really developed? At the end of the play, Scrooge states: "and Marley? Marley was dead", acknowledging that this character remains mainly



a plot device for the redemption of Scrooge. This story is so well-known, so ingrained in the fabric of British literary tradition, that to be exciting it needs a telling that feels fresh and original. This new, promised framework would have been both rewarding and stimulating. But it became just another telling of the Scrooge story.

And this time restraint was another reason why the production didn't quite work. I left wondering whether this is a story that works when it has to be cut. It seemed - a compliment to Dickens - that the details of the original telling are necessary, and that, without them, it fails to make sense, losing any degree of realism it might lay claim to. For example, the character of Tim was given limited stage time before Scrooge's compassion became evident: "tell me, spirit, whether Tiny Tim will live?" It has to be said that this was followed by a humorous version of 'Once in Royal David's City' by Tim - who cleverly turned into Scrooge himself half way through (Potts plays both characters). But, if this play is going to stage the conventional tale of the powering effect of these visions on Scrooge, does it not need to provide a reason behind his sudden change? This production denied the audience that: the limited capacity to develop

characters, alongside the strange mix of gravity and parody, rendered it somewhat unconvincing.

However, it was redeemed (like Scrooge himself) by these two actors. Particular highlights included James Swanton as both mother and father of Tiny Tim; only slight changes of accessories were used to mark the shifts, with Swanton, in this instance, donning a bonnet and changing his voice in order to become Mrs Cratchett. Potts was similarly impressive, transforming at one point from Scrooge to Scrooge's nephew. These actors are to be commended for managing to demonstrate these character shifts – even if the need to do this so frequently meant that portravals sometimes went over the

This production asked the audience for visual input, to imagine these changes as real - a clever reminder the visual power of the theatrical experience. But, while there were hilarious moments, it failed to offer anything substantially new. I felt the actors relied on their capacities as exceptional performers to carry the whole show. Scrooge, on first being visited in the night by Marley, remarks that "a night of unbroken rest would be more conducive". I am quite happy that I broke my rest to see this play – but it didn't entirely convince. REBECCA JACOBS



t is safe to say that Bird Pie is like nothing you have seen before - a Whodunnit told through the voices of those who have been 'done'. The massacre of the entire Crow family on a remote country farm looks to be the work of the psychopathic daughter, Rachel. However, she comes back from the dead, along with the other bodies, to prove her innocence and oust the true guilty party. And there's music, too.

The musical element of the play does not dominate it, with only a handful of numbers. Nonetheless, the familiar melodies successfully add to the surreal mood. Nothing in the play conforms to theatrical norms, and the instrumentation was no exception to this. A clarinet accompanies a keyboard and works delightfully well in the close setting of the playrooms.

The two constables, played by Elizabeth Schenk and Iwan Davies, are performed faultlessly. The intimacy of the playrooms also allows the singers to shine without the intermediary of microphones, which was exploited outstandingly by Catherine Shaw as Dr Dubion.

The play's inventiveness does not end with the music; gameshow elements maintain the surreal mood, and are an ingenious way of revealing the characters' truths and lies. However, similar innovation would be welcome elsewhere, as much of the play is dominated by long monologues. These could have the same dramatic effect in half the time, so it feels a little like they are being used to pad out the play when the writer ran out of clever ideas.

The monologues are very well acted. Georgina Terry as the corpse of Rachel Crow does very well to draw the audience into such an odd play from the opening, while Rochelle Thomas, playing Margie Hooper, is convincingly shaken as the true murder comes to light. Charlie Merriman's believably psychotic Jacob grows into the play's leading figure and carries the plot to its grim conclusion.

The weirdest play I have seen in Cambridge - a different, bold, innovative show

Such a high standard is to be expected when the actors' credits in the programme make such



'The intimacy of the playrooms allows the singers to shine'

impressive reading. Most notably experienced are the children, sourced from the Young Actors' Company based in Cambridge, who are all exceptionally talented, and I am sure that the second cast (performing alternate nights on Wednesday and Friday) is equally excellent.

The corpses are marked out by their sickeningly gory make-up, which looks incredibly realistic even as close as the second row. So grossly realistic, in fact, that I felt a little put-off, and I was relieved when the corpses made way for the 'live' characters later in the play. The make-up is so disgusting that there was no way Ben Lynn, playing

the young Jacob, was going to hold Freddie Crossley's 'burnt' hand during the curtain call, and for that I do not blame him.

The production team has not been particularly proactive with publicity, as it must be the only play in Cambridge for which I have not been fliered this term, and the show will need more publicity urgently to lure punters away from the other musical attraction on this week. Bird Pie is the weirdest play I have seen in Cambridge by quite some margin. It offers something completely different, a bold and innovative show that works - somehow.

RICHARD STOCKWELL

THEATRE **Jerry Springer** the Opera **ADC** ****



lhe drizzle outside may have deterred the rumoured protests, but they failed to dampen audience expectation as the curtain rose on Jerry Springer The Opera to rapturous attention. And on the whole, the attention was justified - this production was explosive.

It is an opera in three acts, and in the first act we are introduced to the studio audience of the eponymous Jerry Springer show – people who eat, excrete and watch TV. Hearing luridly obscene descriptions sung beautifully to lush live music is inherently amusing, at least for the first ten minutes. And by the time it's wearing thin, the jokes have started: Jerry has made his entrance.

Max Upton as Jerry Springer is a revelation. In the only non-singing role, he is an expert showman, guiding the action as he wrestles with the audience, his inner Valkyrie and the devil. He has a great stage presence and impeccably deft comic timing and uses the many one-liners gifted to him by a brilliant script to full effect. Jerry is needed and adored by his audience: he speaks for them and they love him.

We're introduced to a series of damaged people desperate for their "Jerry Springer moment"; a fifteen second slice of humiliating recognition. As you'd expect, there are amusingly choreographed fight scenes and spectacular set pieces. There are times early on where you wonder where it's going - when the

sexy diaper dance is going on and on and you're not sure how much faecal singing is yet to come - but it proves ultimately worthwhile.

Hell for the characters, heaven for the audience

It gleefully plunges into fresh depths of obscenity and crudity at every turn; surpassing itself with each fresh twist of depravity, including a tantalising Klu Klux Klan video (which is not a sentence I ever thought I'd write) that must have been an agony to film. No sooner have we been given a glimpse of the video than the stage is immersed with them, frolicking and tap-dancing. The first act draws to a spectacular close; a nice inversion means Jerry's 'final thought' is his final; he's been shot, and the curtain falls to his prone body and a burning cross dominating the stage.

The second act takes place in purgatory; Jerry is confronted by his guests, who were killed after confrontations on his show. Jerry responds to this news with "a person

with less broadcasting experience might feel responsible"; Satan entreats him to present a Special, with confrontations of biblical proportions. The third act may have been hell for the characters but it was heaven for the audience. In clever mimicry of the first act the characters are played by earlier freaks to have appeared on the show - God played by a love-rat, Eve by a pole-dancer.

This Opera has an incendiary past, as most non-hermits will know, but what is striking is how little there is that is worthy of offence and the lack of any malicious intent. It is pointedly gratuitous, sure; but its aims are TV culture, religion and the cult of personality - all worthy targets that it accurately and amusingly skewers.

This clever piece was intelligently staged. The balconies encircled the studio on either side, giving a gladiatorial, combative air that perfectly captured the atmosphere of antagonism. A slim curtain at the back raised to reveal a pole-dancing pole and, later, a divine throne. This lovely parallel worked dramatically but they looked genuinely dangerous.

There were, of course, some minor and a few major sound and technical issues, but to focus on them would be petty and miss the point of the production in which Ben Atkinson's orchestration was superb and the singing excellent throughout: the vocal duel between Jesus and Satan was a particular highlight, lasting an impossibly long time before the excellent Steve could prize them apart. Jerry's journey from odious to empathetic culminates in the dissemination of a series of moral messages far less esoteric than those in philosophy text-books, and perhaps more true.

It's difficult to begrudge this Opera anything - it's shamelessly gaudy, confrontational and utterly fun. TOM POWELL

Behind the Scenes

The Set Designer **Sonia Tong**



et designers can often be only a flying visitor to the theatre. In one sense, we're architects, and once we've done our job, it's done and we are no longer necessary. Like the girl in Inception. However, like Inception, things can get messy on the way and we do need to be along for the ride.

The actual designing doesn't $take \ too \ long-it \ usually \ seems$ to take place over a two-hour drinks session with the director. The most time is spent working out how what you've designed will actually stand up, or making sure the technical director can physically build what you've

The ADC, try though it does, is not a professional theatre, and my role can include the painting and building and suchlike. Which is fine, we're short of hands, but I wish people would remember that carving things out of wood is not necessarily my forte just because I designed the thing!

Set designers can't really have an individual style. There is no continuity at all between the twisted metal pipe backdrop I did for DNA and the lavish 18th century interior of Arcadia. We work on such a range of material that you have to just apply yourself differently every time. I prefer abstract sets because of the freedom you get. I don't like working with box sets so much. You're already constrained enough on a stage without making an even smaller space to

The worst thing a director's ever asked of me was to create a set with leaves. I've had to collect real, fallen leaves for the stage twice now. It is hellish. They dry and rot, and thanks to ADC safety regulations, you have to flameproof every single one individually. And they go missing and get thrown away and they smell. I hate leaves. For a future project I'm going to have to flameproof hundreds of leaves individually and then spray-paint them white. Sometimes you wonder about this job.

The best part of set design is the moment when the actors start to enjoy the space you've created, and add to it and bounce off it. I really feel that's a great appreciation of your work. **INTERVIEW BY FRED MAYNARD**



Listings

Don't miss:



Theatre

Tartuffe ADC 19.45 (£8/£10)

"In this lively new take on Molière's masterpiece, expect a multi-tiered wedding cake of comic abundance." This week's ADC mainshow is surely worth the walk to Jesus Lane. See our review in the next edition of Varsity.

Rumours

WOLFSON HALL, CHURCHILL COLLEGE 19.30 A collaboration from the Churchill GODS and the Murray Edwards Madhouse Theatre Society. From the mind of four-time Tony Award winner Neil Simon, comes a brilliant comical farce about the lengths people will go to to save face.



Spoonfed

THE JUNCTION 22.00 (£13 ADV) Spoonfed returns to Cambridge to liven up your Saturday night, which would obviously be extremely boring otherwise.

Event Self-defence

THE UNION 10.30 (FREE) Learn how to defend yourself in a fun, friendly and safe environment. Sessions are open to both men and women, and no previous experience is necessary

Film

Christ's Films: Fast Five

CHRIST'S COLLEGE 19.30 & 22.00 (£3) The latest and best in the 'Fast and Furious' franchise, this heart-racing film has a team of top street-racers assemble in Rio de Janeiro to pull off a hundred-million-dollar heist.

Martyn Joseph

THE JUNCTION 20.00 (£16 ADV) An acoustic artist with an electrifying spontaneity, this colossally gifted and gracious Welshman has five Top 50 hits to his name. Bob Harris has praised the "outstanding lyrical intelligence" of his songs while he was voted Best Male Artist in the BBC Welsh Music Awards.

Cambridge Chamber Ensemble

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM 13.15 (FREE)
Playing pieces by Mozart and Schubert are Stephen Foster on the viola, Sarah Whitworth on the clarinet and Mark Fielding on the piano.



Clare Politics - Varieties of secularism: religion and the public sphere

THIRKILL ROOM, CLARE COLLEGE 20.45 (FREE) Jonathan Derbyshire will discuss, among other things, the French republican model of "laicite" and current debates within the UK on the place of religion in public life.

Oedipus//variations on a theme

FITZPATRICK HALL, QUEEN'S COLLEGE 19.30 (£5/£6)

It's the 2503th performance of "Oedipus Tyrannus" and Chorus 6 wants to call it quits, but the protagonist has different ideas. An imaginative new adaptation of the Oedipus myth.

Filthy Lucre I

THE VAULTS 21.00

A live music night that starts at the bar and ends on the dance floor. Moving from one musical style to another, the night and the space will be transformed from a relaxed bar to a strobe-y stupor

Beginning, Middle, End CORPUS PLAYROOM 21.30 (£5/£6)

Four couples. Four love stories. Truthful moments written by hundreds of anonymous participants have been brought together in Beginning, Middle, End, a new play by Oliver

BEGINNING, MIDDLE,

East

CORPUS PLAYROOM19.00 (£5/£6) "Full of sex and fury, *East* is a sharp, affectionate and funny expose of life in London's East End...it is a rollercoaster of gripping theatricality, teeming with both visual and verbal exuberance". Well, their description certainly makes it sound exciting.

Language-mixing in poetry

JUDITH.E.WILSON STUDIO 19.00 (FREE) The launch of the English Society's 'Double Take' talks on English literature, Dr Lyne will give a talk on mixed-language and

Incest and Folk-Dancing: Two things to avoid

BRISTOL-MYERS SQUIBB LECTURE THEATRE, DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY (FREE) Sir Thomas Beecham said: "Try anything once but incest and folk-dancing". However, inbreeding occurs more often than we think. Part of the CU Biological Society series.

Portico Quartet

THE JUNCTION 20.00 (£15 ADV) Electronica meets 21st-century jazz in Portico Ouartet's melodic, rhythmic music that mixes the inspiration of Philip Glass and Steve Reich with a very contemporary kind of jazz improv that draws on dub-step, electronica, rock ambient and dance music.

Theatre

Grimm Tales

ADC 23.00 (£5/£6)

This week's ADC lateshow will be "mingling the imagination of the Brothers Grimm with the dark humour of Carol Ann Duffy" for a "journey into the woods you certainly won't forget".



Byron's war: the politics of the Greek Revolution

LECTURE BLOCK, ROOM 2, SIDGWICK SITE 17.00

A talk from Prof Roderick Beaton, who is visiting Cambridge from King's College London

Nightlife

Klubnacht @ Kamorama-

KAMBAR 20.00 (£3/£4) Head down to Kambar for a night that promises to be "one of Cambridge's least missable klubnachts." Get there before 23.00 to avoid paying that extra £1



This House Believes There is No Future for **Nuclear Power**

THE UNION 19.30

Given the devastation of the Fukushima disaster, Martin Horwood, Jean Llewellyn and John Robertson and Tim Yeo discuss what place nuclear power will have in the future.

Chris Cox: Fatal Distrac-

THE JUNCTION 20.00 (£12)

That skinny mind-reader who can't read minds has won awards, been on TV, got a load of five-star reviews and sold out shows around the world and he's somehow still getting away with it.



The rediscovery of Vermeer and the reception of genre painting

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM 13.15 (FREE) Dr Meredith Hale of the History of Art Department gives this Friday lunchtime lecture.

Kettle's Yard lunchtime concert: Amy Jolly

KETTLE'S YARD 13.10 (FREE) Kettle's Yard lunchtime concerts display the talents of Cambridge University students. This week see Amy Jolly on the cello.

Outside the bubble Music

London Jazz Festival

AROUND LONDON NOV 11TH-NOV20TH Now in its 19th year, this Festival continues its mission to bring the very best of the global jazz scene to the capital, from busy streets to the grandest of concert halls. If you want to get away this week, this it the perfect retreat

Reindeer Petting

COVENT GARDEN PIAZZA, NOV 12- DEC 24TH As part of Christmas in Covent Garden, Saturdays see Santa's trusty sledge-pullers touch down for ever-popular, reindeer-petting sessions. All ages are welcome, so don't worry if you think you're too old.

Exhibition

Leonardo da Vinci: Painter at the Court of Milan

NATIONAL GALLERY, UNTIL FEB 5TH Timeout gave the exhibition five stars, so this is clearly not one to miss

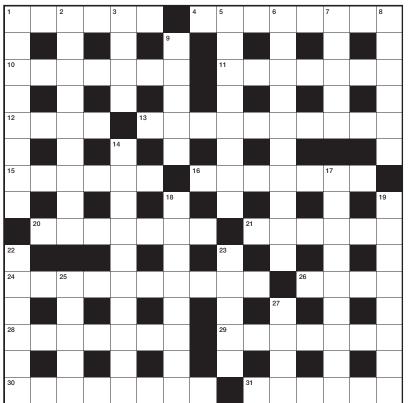
Exhibition

Hidden Heroes: The Genius of Everyday Things

SCIENCE MUSEUM, UNTIL MAY 30TH An exhibition about things in daily use that are so commonplace we rarely think about them, including teabags and zips.

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...

Varsity Crossword



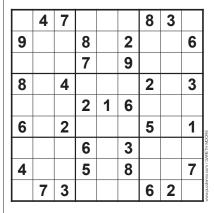
- 10 9 moved into museum (6)
- 4 Penny, previously a secretary, quit Pacific 10 (4,4)
- 10 I should always be this when alone (7)
- **11** Business degree 19 10 (7)
- 12 Look after windows for example 10(4)
- 13 Evangelist and Baptist perhaps 10 of A&B (5,5)
 15 Flowers for Murdoch and
- Robinson perhaps (6)
- **16** Emergency wine in state of 18
- **20** Doctor, irate in languor (7)
- 21 Hidden in Yemen as Saudi Turks are near this 10 (6)
- 24 Prince met sad break up in one of the ABC 10s (10)
- 26 May this be more commonly known as 15/5 (4)
- 28 First Greek woman finds sun god after shipping company (7)
- **29** 10 no longer a tender month (7)
- **30** The other half of an issue (3-2-
- **31** Take a punt on backs of Cam and climb in strong wind (6)

Set by **Cookie**

- Down 1 10 (BC or otherwise) trains here in our 10 (8)
- Throwing out ex with 25 so disturbed (9)
- Alliance to an organisation (4)
- Members hugging at home together (3,2,3)
- Love managed to joke. Notice another one of the ABC 10s (10)
- Washington returns and remains teeming (5)
- 8 Black Sea port rhymes with essay, we hear (6)
- God, everybody! I get it now (5)
- 14 Arranging Greg 1 2 10 (10) 17 Contrived crime, more like chef
- than gardener (6,3)
- 18 10 seconds has a family first (8) 19 Canine US forms irritant (8)
- 22 Nicks southern sponges (6)
- 23 Inside, Doctor Who is
- sometimes called 10 (5)
- 25 Revolutionary is in after halflength (5)
- 27 Central character in 3's phonetic ABC 10 (4)

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



Last week's answers

ACROSS
1 Infamy, 4 Acedia, 10 En famille, 11 Night, 12 Ashen, 13 Tenacious, 14 Suffocate, 17 Dolce, 18 Sires, 19 Fireworks, 21 Downwards, 24 Specs, 26 Lotus, 27 Nostalgia, 28 Warder, 29 Lepton

DOWN
1 Icecaps, 2 Fifth, 3 Momentous, 5 Cynic, 6 Dog collar,
7 Artiste, 8 Plot, 9 Reindeer, 15 Firewater, 16 Afferent,
17 Downstage, 18 Sod's law, 20 Sustain, 22 Waste, 23
Suss, 25 Eight



LD US WHILST IN KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES, WE MUST ALWAYS FOLLOW OUR DOJO TRADITIONS. **HENCE OUR NEWLY ACQUIRED INTERESTS:**

dancing with massive attack on

and

our relentless pursuit to become seasoned potheads





SERVING ([0][0][0][0][(Oh bty, just to clarify, we serve great food, not kung foo)



∩○○○ 🕒 🖒 🔐 1-2 Millers Yard, Mill Lane, Off Trumpington Street, Cambridge CB2 1RQ T : 01223 363 471 www.dojonoodlebar.co.uk

New generation of rowers baptised

Anglia Ruskin, St Catharine's and Pembroke take the honours at Queens' Ergs

Tom Marriott

ROWING CORRESPONDENT

For those who don't know, Queens' Ergs is arguably the first big rowing competition of the year and for many, the beginning of their rowing career at Cambridge.

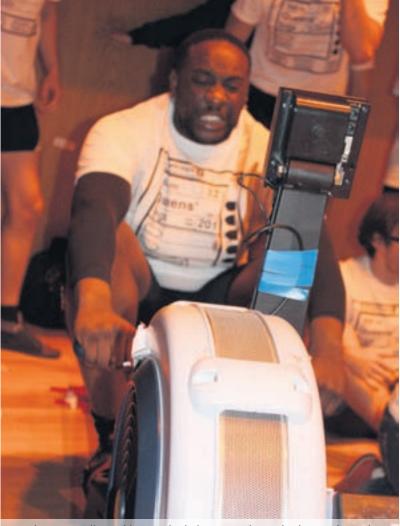
As the rowers take to the streets of Cambridge in their droves this week, witness the ubiquitous Queens' Ergs t-shirt and you'll appreciate the scale of this event. Indeed, it seems that everyone has participated in this competition at some point or another.

The first test for novices, Queens' Ergs is different to anything else on offer to Cambridge boaties. The competition involves ERGs (indoor rowing machines) in which crews of eight take turns to row 500m in a relay style battle against other college crews.

Seemingly quite simple, but as Tom Moore, a third year vet from Queens' told *Varsity Sport*, "An event like this is very hard to organise and run."

Although the night itself was plagued with technical difficulties (the screen that showed each college's individual placing frequently cut out), this did little to dampen spirits and the MC-ing by Chris Clarke kept everyone up to date when the screens came crashing down.

With his booming tones from the stage, Clarke created an almost gladiatorial atmosphere, announcing each team's entry to the hall with



Powerhouse: Anglia Ruskin muscle their way to victory in the Men's Novices

endless gusto amidst raucous cheers from the balconies.

Results-wise, in the women's division St. Catharine's and Caius were in a league of their own with an average time three seconds ahead of the rest in the final. However, it was ultimately St. Catharine's though who snatched victory in the final with an average split time of 01:50.3.

Special mention must also go to Murray Edwards and Emmanuel, who were the only women's boats to get two boats (a novice first and second) into the final, with Murray Edwards second boat outperforming their first boat (displaying quite how little setting crews means at this stage).

The men's novices, however, were a lot closer at the top end with Anglia Ruskin, LMBC, Fitz and Jesus all in contention. Ultimately though Ruskin's enormous crew took it home with a brutal display of power, averaging an impressive split time of 01:30.1.

In the senior race, which was held for the first time this year to showcase some of Cambridge's more experienced rowers, victory belonged to Pembroke after a close battle with Christs. The format here though was slightly different, with crews being mixed.

This format certainly lent itself to an exciting spectacle as crews continously leapfrogged each other and indeed the fastest time of the evening; a blistering 01:20.4 from a member of the Magdalene crew was still only enough to see his team to a limp 10th place finish in the senior's final.

All in all, there were some fantastic races but it being so early on in the term there's no telling who will come out on top in Novice Fairbarns.

Whilst there were a lot of impressive times being displayed it is worth remembering that what you can do on the ERG doesn't necessarily translate to such great form in a boat. How the novices perform on the river could be very different, but there was certainly plenty of potential shown by all crews, with a lot of proud Lower Boats Captains by the end of the event.

The focus now shifts to training together in an eight or four as the rowing season really starts to get going with some great races to look forward to this term.

Bring on the Clare Novices and Emma Sprints.

Fastest Individual Novice Times		
TIME	COLLEGE	
01:22.2	JESUS	
01:23.1	QUEENS'	
01:24.0	ST JOHN'S	
01:24.1	ST CATHARINE'S	
01:24.5	WOLFSON	

Blues golfers continue red-hot form

Three wins on the bounce for the Blues as they make a blistering start to the season

Charlie Dewhurst

COLE CORRESPONDENT

A superb last two weeks for the Blues golfers saw them win three fixtures in ten days, building on early season successes in October, and making this the best start to a Cambridge golf season in 10 years.

The winning streak begun with a win against Hankley Common Golf Club in Surrey. After quickly adapting to the challenging layout, the Blues ground out a win in the morning foursomes to take a single point lead into the afternoon, which proved to be an equally tight affair.

The Blues squad this year has tremendous depth and a distinctly international flavour



With the first seven matches played, the scores were soon even at 6-6, however the Blues showed their mettle to take the last three. Robinson man, Lucas Birrell-Gray seizing the 8th point and the match win, with fresher James

Cumberland adding the icing on the cake, to take the final match score to 9-6.

After an entertaining night in London, indeed, better for some than others, the Blues headed to Denham Golf Club for the second match of the weekend.

Shrugging off the excesses of the night before, they snuck ahead after the morning foursomes. The battling half of returning Blues Paul Schoenberger and Nick Ramskill ensuring a 2.5-1.5 lead was taken into lunch.

The afternoon session then saw the Blues dominate the Denham side, winning all four afternoon matches and the match itself by an emphatic 6.5-1.5. Ramskill and fresher Adam Lewicki were the standout pair, winning against a strong Denham pair with Ramskill holing from off the green to win on the last.

The midweek period saw the staging of the CUGC's first trial at Royal Worlington, which was won by the captain, Charlie Dewhurst with an impressive 71 in the wind and rain. Alex Silver, two time Blue was the runner up, with Birrell-Gray in third.



Precision: Nick Ramskill (Emmanuel) hits a crisp iron shot en route to victory

Last weekend saw the Blues head to Royal West Norfolk Golf Club for the first taste of links golf this season.

After safely negotiating the tidal road, the Blues were greeted with classic links conditions. A victory for former captain and purveyor of fine burgers, Andrew Dinsmore, meant that the Blues were level with RWNGC at lunch.

Captain Dewhurst and Club Treasurer, Schoenberger lead the afternoon charge with the buftiest performance imaginable, shooting a 72 and winning on the last. Big wins from the second and third pairs too saw Cambridge take the win 5.5-4.5, a 7th win of the season, and their 3rd win on the trott.

With reports from the other place looking fairly positive too, the 123rd University Golf Match at Hunstanton Golf Club is set to be a fiercely competitive one as the Blues look to avenge the 8-7 defeat last March.

The Blues squad this year has tremendous depth and a distinctly international flavour, with players from Germany, Singapore, Holland, South Africa, America, Ireland, and England.

Lessons to be learnt

As it happened...

Cambridge University vs UWIC

START



UWIC stumble off-side. with Rob Stevens converting the penalty.

UWIC off-side again, and Stevens stretches the lead. 6-0

20

Missed tackle and a decent step lead the UWIC outside centre under the posts. 6-7

Hands on the floor in front of the posts. Soft penalty. 6-10



Unfortunate breakaway conceded, UWIC running the length of the pitch.

HALF TIME

40

Return of the King: Blues captain Matt Guinness-King makes his long awaited



Unlucky ricochet as UWIC fly-half Rhys Roberts collects his own chip. 6-24

Blues clearance charged down in '22, UWIC score under the posts. 6-31

Latent tension threatens to spill out



Prop Fergus Austin leaves the field with a suspected disloaction

FULL TIME

Continued from page 32

And, while the Blues' line-out was again magnificent - Scott Annett and, in the second half, Emmanuel Akiluvi dominated the air - the catch and drive was not the expected force; once, even, Annett was stranded by his pack and pinged for holding on.

The kicking game, moreover, was pursued too often and too poorly: touch when sought was often missed; infield kicks provided no challenge to the UWIC back three, while even the desperate cross-field of the last ten fell some yards too short.

The Welshmen, by contrast, not least from the boot of skipper and flyhalf Roberts, found judicious touch when needed and ran when they could, not when it was a last resort.

Mistakes were made, then, and those mistakes were punished, as better teams are wont to do. One such, Saracens, arrives on Monday. Playing Treviso on Sunday, the Londoners will be nowhere near full strength at Grange Road, likely not even a 2nd XV; with three games left before Twickenham, the opportunity must be

 $The \ Saracens \ game \ is \ this$ Monday, 7.15pm at Grange



3 N. Conroy

4 J. Ritchie

6 S. Young

9 D. Blake



2 M. Murdock St Edmund's Magdalene St Edmund's **5** S. Annett (C) Clare **Emmanuel** St Edmund's 7 R. Malaney 8 J. Kururangi St Edmund's Hughes Hall 10 R. Stephen King's 11 R. Stevens Jesus Hughes Hall **12** K. Cooke 13 P. Loudon St Edmund's **14** M. Thomas St John's **15** T. O'Toole St Edmund's

Replacements: 16 W. Briggs 17 K. Hegarty 18 E. Akinluyi 19 J. Kennedy **20** S. Hunt 21 S. Townend 22 M. G-King 23 H. Amos

Magdalene Fitzwilliam Christ's Pembroke Girton Downing St Catharine's Jesus





Rise of the back row Sam Oakley

ollowing the Australia-South Africa quarter-final of this year's Rugby World Cup, a Facebook page was established. It called for Bryce Lawrence, the Kiwi referee who took charge of that match, to 'never be allowed to referee a game of rugby again'. To date, the page has more than 84,000 'likes'.

Commentary Box:

Lawrence's performance had been risible. His inability to establish any control over the Australian back row, particularly David Pocock, was disgraceful. This was a match in which the Springboks had 76% of possession, yet were turned over nine times by an Australian team which dived off its feet, which refused to release in the tackle, and which used its hands on the floor - all wantonly, to all of which Lawrence remained oblivious.

Lawrence did more, however, than enrage the South African sporting nation; he epitomised the substandard nature of arbitration at this year's World Cup, the critical areas of which came at rugby's most contentious yet cherished point, the breakdown.

Look at the final. Craig Joubert seemed unable to penalise Richie McCaw, the greatest of cheats, for coming in from the side and killing the ball off his feet. Worst, though, with three minutes left, was the missed offside with the French in an eminently kickable position.

The ruck is fundamental to rugby union: it makes the game unique, and dominance in this area will invariably result in victory. Consequently, refereeing the ruck is vital in establishing which team has the upper hand going forward. Getting this wrong, you get the game wrong. However, is this all the fault of the referees?

Likely not – this World Cup has

demonstrated that international back-rows have become stronger and more devious than ever. No matter how the IRB may tinker with the laws, referees remain at the mercy of the loose forwards. Increasingly so, because having a back-row who can slow down ball, kill opposition momentum, who in some games can make more tackles than an entire team, who can carry, and who can steal opposition ball, is now the means to victory in international rugby.

Indeed, look at RWC 2011 – this was the tournament of the flanker. Its enduring image may be McCaw lifting the cup, but the performance of Thierry Dusatoir in the final will never be forgotten. He singlehandedly carried his team to the brink of greatness

Across the board, too, it was the flanker who dominated. The horror of Welsh fans when Sam Warburton was dismissed in the semi-final was proof of his importance to their team. In Sean O'Brien, Ireland will have a world-class blindside for years to come. For the Springboks, Broussow and Burger - though entirely different players - have established such places in the pantheon that even Willem Alberts cannot force his way into the starting team. Even emerging nations have class in their back row: Gorgodze of Georgia was many observers' pick of the group stages, while Namibian skipper Jacques Burger carried his form for Saracens onto the global stage.

So while we may carp at the incompetence of Lawrence, Joubert, et al, we might look more at the deviance which they must police. For as long as back rows improve, for as long as they bend the rules to their limit, the referee is only as influential as the back

Concrete Croydon too strong

Sohaib Chaudhry

In a rare home game for the lacrosse Blues, visitors Croydon claimed a narrow victory after a brave fightback from the Cambridge team in the final quarter.

Right from the off, both teams seemed evenly matched; a bullish Cambridge defence successfully restricted Croydon's opportunities whilst the visitors themselves defended ably against Cambridge's dodges.

In the first quarter, both teams had reasonable periods of possession, but neither team were able to take advantage. Cambridge passed well in attack, but were impotent in front of goal.

Come the second quarter, Croydon upped their game. They took the lead; scoring quickly off a man-up situation, only to see the scores levelled minutes later by a bullet from Blues captain Carl Tilsbury.

This apparent equilibrium did not last long though; dropping passes and going easy on ground-balls, Cambridge frequently gave up possession, gifting the Croydon side a glut of scoring opportunities.

Whilst the defence had settled well in the first quarter, they came unstuck during poorly-executed fastbreak manoeuvres. Indeed, careless defending and a lack of man-marking meant that by the end of the second quarter Croydon had moved into a considerable lead.

There was some consolation.

however, as James Whittle scored the first goal of his career, keeping Cambridge within touching distance.



Matt Halliday (Clare) seeks possession

The third quarter begun well. With greatly improved passing, the Blues managed to score three goals in quick succession.

Croydon responded however, and the Cambridge defence promptly crumbled again. Going into the final quarter, the score was tight at 6-5 to Crovdon.

The visitors then scored right at the start of the period to leave Cambridge with just 10 minutes to muster a comeback. But the Blues duly responded with a score to ensure a dramatic finish.

Having gained a vital man-up possession though Cambridge were unable to find a late equaliser, and as the final whistle went. Tilsbury's side knew they had let a result slip through their fingers.





Remember the days when Roger Federer could produce winners on tap? Well, this one's not bad. Not bad at all.

SPORT

"International back-rows have become stronger and more devious than ever."

Sam Oakley on the increasing influence of the back row in rugby p31



Rugby Blues demolished

Error-strewn performance sees the Blues crash to their heaviest defeat of season



On the back foot: Rob Malaney (St Edmund's, left) and Nigel Conroy (Magdalene, right) attempt to slow down the relentless UWIC attack

CAMBRIDGE UNI. UWIC

Michael Taylor

The wheels have not come off, but they are wobbling.

For the first twenty minutes, this had been a focused and disciplined Blues performance. The pack, the core of so much good work this year, had owned its set-pieces and cleared wholesale over the top of its ball; the rolling maul had made its familiar and domineering bow; Don Blake was skirting around the breakdowns. while Tom O'Toole's clearances were finding touch and at a distance, too.

Twice the Blues entered UWIC territory and twice they came away with points, Rob Stevens slotting two penalties as the Welshmen strayed

off-side. It could even have been more were it not for a tight call on a forward pass. This was sharp. It boded well.

Following this opening salvo, however, UWIC woke up. Soon, their game clicked and the Welshmen tallied 31 unanswered points to inflict the Blues' heaviest Michaelmas defeat since Northampton ran in 11 tries at Grange Road in October 2009.

The Cardiff students presently lie in third in Division One West in the Welsh National League and were BUCS finalists last year; their pedigree was clear.

First, outside centre Louis Messer hit a line off a slickly-choreographed move, breaking a front-row tackle before stepping past the last line to $% \left\{ 1,2,...,n\right\}$ cruise under the posts. A few minutes later, the Blues infringed on the floor and UWIC led 10-6.

The second try was perhaps unlucky. Still, throwing a loose pass and dropping the ball could equally be construed as careless and deserving of punishment, as was meted out by Pierre Tucker's ninety-yard and unchallenged sprint home.

11 points down at half-time, then, and the changes rang, the most significant of which was the return

Some of the scores were fortuitous, but 25 point margins are not forged from luck



of club skipper Matt Guinness-King. Sidelined for two months with a neck injury, this was either the best or worst stage on which to return.

As it was, the second half began as the first had ended - within two minutes. UWIC out-half Rhys Roberts, denied moments earlier by a brilliant covering tackle in front of the uprights, gathered his own ricocheting chip to scramble over the Blues' line.

The game was then killed, before even the hour-mark, as another UWIC skirmish brought another unforced error from the Blues' backline: a lazy clearance was charged down, the ball sat up, and Rhydian Roberts sauntered in for the fourth of the night.

Explaining the margin of defeat may not be easy. Certainly, some of the scores were fortuitous, but 25 point margins are not forged from luck alone; by the same logic, 25 point defeats are caused by more than misfortune.

Defence, again, proved an issue, not least around the fringes and in the first channel. The scrum, too, shook occasionally: wheeled in the last ten, more worrying was a loss against the head, something extraordinary in modern << 31 rugby.



Queens' Ergs full report p30

RESULTS ROUND-UP		
RUGBY		
BLUES	6	
UWIC	31	
BASKETBALL		
BLUES	67	
MANCHESTER MET	63	
HOCKEY		
BLUES	4	
BEDFORD	5	
LACROSSE		
BLUES	6	
CROYDON	7	

