



## News Interview p8

Kirsty Gray talks to the artist of our childhood, Quentin Blake

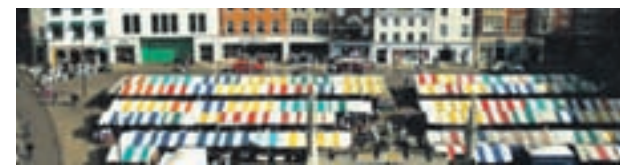


## Comment p10

The Merkozy moment: why we needed greater not less EU integration

Five of the best farm shops

## Features p28



# Varsity

Friday 18th November 2011

The Independent Student Newspaper since 1947

Issue No 748 | varsity.co.uk

# Girton stays silent over Gilmour return



ALBAN DONOHUE

Andrew Griffin  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Charlie Gilmour, the Cambridge student jailed for violent disorder during last winter's tuition fee protests, has been freed from prison, subject to a curfew.

However, the University has refused to comment on whether Gilmour, who would have just begun his third year studying history at Girton, will be allowed to resume his studies, either this year or the next. This means that the University's position remains largely unchanged from

early December of last year, when a spokesperson told *Varsity* that "the College will review its position when the outcome of these investigations is known."

In response to questions about Gilmour's future, David Gilmour's publicist said: "One would hope he returns to his studies. I'm not going to make any other comments."

In July, a number of academics wrote an open letter condemning the sentencing of Gilmour, in which they said the punishment, "manifestly exceeding a judicious and reasonable punishment for Charlie's actions,

the severity of this sentence seems primarily 'exemplary': to warn young people that protest will be criminalised and punished to the maximum

## 16 months

Length of Charlie Gilmour's sentence handed out in July

## 4 months

Length of time Gilmour has actually served

permissible extent."

Gilmour, who was jailed for 16 months last July and whose appeal was rejected late last month, will be placed on a curfew until he is halfway through his sentence.

His solicitor, Robert Brown, described this as "Standard procedure for prisoners who are serving a sentence of between three months and four years."

Gilmour was jailed after a series of incidents during the protest, which included jumping on the bonnet of a Jaguar in the royal convoy, and throwing a rubbish bin.

## News p5

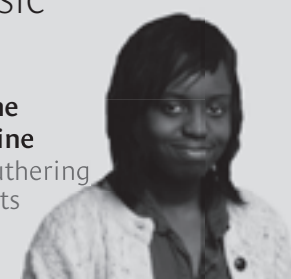
Hot out of the oven: *Varsity* speaks to the new owners of Fitzbillies



## Reviews p24

"A film that understands and revitalises a classic"

Salome Wagaine  
on *Wuthering Heights*



## Sport p29

*Varsity* hits the gym with University gymnastics captain Jolyon Winter



## Take the Varsity Class Survey

Are you a working class hero or the Lord of the Manor? Take it at [varsity.co.uk](http://varsity.co.uk)





# Varsity

Established in 1947  
Issue No 748  
Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge, CB2 3RF  
Telephone: 01223 337575 Fax: 01223 760949



## Common sense impaired

No story in the Cambridge news has occupied so many self-important column inches and wine-fuelled college-bar diatribes as the arrest and punishment of Charlie Gilmour.

It is as if one must either defend the right to protest or condemn an act – dangling from the cenotaph – which was clearly insulting and insensitive. In truth there is, of course, a middle way.

Charlie Gilmour did an idiotic thing, and even more idiotically in front of cameras and reporters set on mocking him. His was a pedestrian stupidity which can be found throughout society, raised to a grander stage than it ever should have been.

This is why it is wrong to attempt to write principles upon what happened, whatever those principles may be. Were he not the son of a rich rock star, had he not swung from such a prominent monument, his story would never have been heard. In truth, it has

obscured many other protesters whose punishments are unfair, stories whose injustice is far more real, but also more dull.

Bearing the weight of all these eyes and expectations, it is understandable that the University has tried to hold off deciding about Gilmour’s fate.

If it chooses to kick Gilmour out for good, it does further damage to a man who has no doubt suffered enough, a man whose life will clearly not be ruined by the loss of a university education but will be severely blighted.

If it chooses to allow him back, it suffers the wrath of the *Daily Mail* and citizens everywhere preparing to spew forth self-righteous green ink at the University.

In any case, Girton must decide Gilmour’s fate. Only then can we move on from this sorry saga, which ultimately is of no actual significance.

Those who wish to defend the right to protest should have better causes to promote; those who wish to condemn

a young man for an act that he clearly regrets and did not understand should find better things to do.

However, there are certain journalistic practices we must avoid. *TCS’s Daily Mail*-style proclamation that “Common sense prevails” is indicative of a mindless editorialising that we, as newspapers, should use with caution.

Any invocation of “common sense” is reductive and frankly inconsistent with what is in fact a fairly complicated situation. That the article itself makes no mention of common sense only adds to this absurd attempt to seem politically bold or editorially strident.

These may be the errors of haste (and so sympathetic are we to these that each week we welcome correspondences detailing our own errors of judgment).

But the issues that encircle the Gilmour case are complex and they are not to be dismissed by the occasional reference to “common sense” – whatever that is.

## Letters, Emails & Comments

### GILMOUR’S EARLY RELEASE

Dear Sirs,  
How did Charlie Gilmour manage such an early release? For a fellow who didn’t know what the Cenotaph was, he seems to have a forensic understanding of the British legal system, and how to bypass it. I think he should change his choice of study from History to Law. We need people

like him, with such a good knowledge of the law. I’ll be surprised if Cambridgeshire Constabulary aren’t knocking on his door most nights when he gets back to working hard at Cambridge?

James Hewson, Cambridge  
via Varsity.co.uk

Dear Sirs,  
Charlie Gilmour was given a hugely disproportionate sentence because of who he is, in the spirit ‘teaching others a lesson’. This is not what the justice system is for. It is keeping the public safe and reforming prisoners. Charlie is not and never has been a threat to anyone,

and we must stop the criminalization of protest.

In fact the only thing which is suspect is why he, or any of these students have been arrested on trumped-up charges of ‘Violent Disorder’, which seems to mean being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Dominic Morris, Doshisha University  
via Varsity.co.uk

### PET SHOP BOYS TO RELEASE B-SIDE

So glad PSB don’t retire yet. It’s sad enough that A-Ha don’t make music anymore.

Melanie Dauphin,  
via Varsity.co.uk

I’m a new Pethead. I’m in love with this band. I hope they come back to the US to tour when their new album is released. This interview made me laugh, too. Thanks for sharing it!

Ashley Shinn, University of North Texas  
via Varsity.co.uk

Finally! I even like the name: Format. Love it!

Pablo Omar Palmeiro, Brazil  
via Varsity.co.uk

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.

EDITORS 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 VARSITYTV 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 Fred Maynard, Adam Hunt & Camilla Walker theatre@varsity.co.uk FILM CRITICS 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 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. ©2011 Varsity Publications Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical photocopying, recording or otherwise without prior permission of the publisher. Printed at Iliffe Print Cambridge – Winship Road, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6PP on 48gsm UPM Matt Paper. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office. ISSN 1758-4442

DIGITAL DIGEST

VARSITY

Varsity gets (RAG) Lost

A tiger, a panda, a depressed Romanian dentist, and bell-ringing – and all for a good cause. If you’re looking for a distraction look no further than Haxi and Maxie’s great RAG adventure.

VULTURE

The importance of being... Idle

In the video that accompanies the song, Rhys Ifans eventually dies of idleness. Okay, so that’s an extreme example. But, in moderation, being idle can be very good for you, as Freya Berry explains.

COMMENT BLOGS

Some thoughts that came to me in the shower

Debates between the faithful and the faithless are as futile as they are amusing. Pete Bunch puts on his Bayesian goggles to consider the question of conversion.

VARSITY

Space Invaders episode 3 – Siana’s room

Things get old school in this week’s episode of Space Invaders, as we visit the room of Siane from Peterhouse who experienced a culture shock over the summer while ‘living with the Amish’

COMMENT BLOGS

A view from the armchair

Why do we deserve things? Tom Belger has always struggled with the question. Rating our well-being is not an exact science, but perhaps it all comes down to philosophy, flutes and marmite...



# Policy on sexual harassment challenged

## CUSU campaign demands zero tolerance from University on claims of harassment

JOSEPH SNELLING

Andrew Griffin  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CUSU's Women's Campaign has launched a major campaign to combat sexual harassment across the University.

The campaign, which demands that the University takes an attitude of no tolerance to sexual harassment, was started in response to the NUS's Hidden Marks report, which was published in March of last year.

The report found that 68 per cent of female students had been sexually harassed at their current institution.

The report also found that 16 per cent per cent of incidents of sexual harassment took place in a learning environment, such as a lecture theatre or library.

The campaign warned that many who responded to the report said that this kind of behaviour was deemed normal at events in pubs and clubs.

Ruth Graham, CUSU's womens officer, also drew attention to the importance of being absolutely sure about what exactly was deemed sexual harassment.

CUSU defines sexual harassment as behaviour that is "unwanted, persistent, and of a sexual nature."

The campaign follows successful

attempts to implement zero tolerance policies in other student unions, such as those in Cardiff, Sheffield, Swansea, and Goldsmiths.

These campaigns, however, have not been without their problems.

Sarah Charlesworth, women's officer Sheffield University's student union, said: "when we took it to council I was met with some rather strange comments from this right wing councillor about how women will use the policy to get back at ex-boyfriends or men in general and use it as a form of revenge".

Similarly, the women's officer at Swansea, Eleri Jones, met with little resistance at the council level, but when she ran a publicity campaign said that, "every member of my campaign team wearing a T-Shirt got harassed. 2 Students were thrown out, but didn't have their student cards, so we couldn't press it further.

"We had an extreme incident of homophobia. Our own SU newspaper wrote an article about me, and how the policy was over-zealous", and wrote lies about me selling badges and kicking men out who I didn't like.

"Luckily the article got thrown out, as I accused them of libel and slander. But still, there are a group of

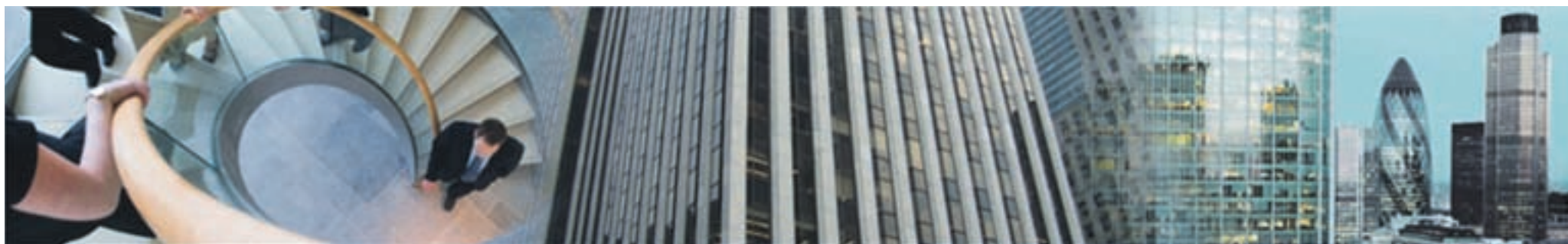


students who refer to my campaign team as the 'Blue Gestapo'."

The campaign hopes to urge

colleges to pass motions giving their support to the zero tolerance to sexual assault campaign, and to

guarantee that disciplinary procedures as well as student attitudes reflect the policy of zero tolerance.



**Perella Weinberg Partners provides independent investment banking advice and asset management services to leading companies and investors around the world.**

We are currently recruiting for summer internships in our investment banking team in London, and would like to hear from penultimate-year students seeking a rewarding career in an intellectually challenging and collegiate environment.

*Candidates wishing to apply for an internship should submit a CV and covering letter to [EMEAGraduates@pwpartners.com](mailto:EMEAGraduates@pwpartners.com)*

**PERELLA  
WEINBERG  
PARTNERS**

London ■ New York ■ San Francisco ■ Abu Dhabi

[www.pwpartners.com](http://www.pwpartners.com)



# Hunger strike for animal rights

One man staged a protest this week against changes to animal rights laws which could see increased suffering for laboratory animals

Stephanie Barrett  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A man undertook a hunger strike this week in protest against Government plans that could lead to animal suffering.

22-year-old Edmund Maile began his strike on Saturday to highlight changes to animal rights laws which could come into force in 2013. He stood outside the Senate House, King's Parade, and only drank water.

Over 117,000 experiments on animals took place in 2009 in Cambridge, mostly on mice



Mr Maile handed out postcards to send to David Cameron condemning the new European Union directive which would see Britain's laws on the treatment of animals in laboratories

fall in line with the rest of Europe.

This directive could dismantle Britain's current laws, which are widely seen as effective, replacing them with lower levels of animal rights.

This means animals may be exposed to long-lasting suffering, severe pain or inhumane methods of killing.

Of his method, Mr Maile, of Chesterton, said: "If that is what it takes to get people's attention then that is what I will do."

"I have been getting huge amounts of support but it will only be a success if the legislation is not passed."

Despite suffering heckling and abuse on the city streets, he had the support of Animal Rights Cambridge.

Sue Hughes, a member of this group, said: "People have been going to check on him on a regular basis to support him...he wants to inform the public about what is going on."

The RSPCA has also announced its opposition to any weakening of British laws.

Head of the RSPCA's research



Edmund Maile, standing outside King's College, only drank water during his protest

animals department, Dr Maggy Jennings, said: "Successive governments have made proud claims that the UK has the highest standards in the world for animal research are testing."

Changes to laws about the treatment of animals in laboratories are

particularly relevant to Cambridge, since the University uses animals for some of its research.

A Freedom of Information Act revealed last year that 117,212 experiments involving animals were conducted in 2009 in University

laboratories, mostly involving mice.

Responding to a fresh outbreak of criticism, a University spokeswoman said: "Without animal research, which is only used when there is no alternative, many treatments we take for granted today would not be possible."

# Lost Sassoon poems found

Rosie Sargeant  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Seven unpublished poems by the great First World War poet Siegfried Sassoon have been discovered in Cambridge University archives.

Sassoon's biographer Dr. Jean Moorcroft Wilson found the poems buried in the author's trench diary from January 1916.

The poems cast a different light on a poet who is best known for his portrayal of the brutality and futility of conflict at a time when literature tended to glorify war.

Instead, the discovery has revealed that the young poet, who joined his battalion in France in November 1915, did not immediately adopt this pessimistic view, but rather shared the popular view of war as a heroic adventure.

Sassoon's most famous poems, including 'The Redeemer' and 'Suicide in the Trenches', regard war as a cruel, inescapable form of suffering. After being wounded by a sniper in 1917, Sassoon was sent back to England to recover, where he wrote his famous 'Declaration against the war', in which he denounced the conflict as "a war of aggression and conquest", and asserted, "I can no longer be a party to prolong these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust."

However, the newly discovered poems suggest that prior to the demoralising experiences which shaped the poetry for which he is famous today, Sassoon had a more positive outlook akin to much of the

war-glorifying poetry that was popular at the time.

The unpublished material includes lines such as "You and the winds ride out together/Your company the world's great weather" and "With the whole loveliness of light/flung forth to lead you through the fight."

This alternative perspective was such a surprise to Moorcroft that she plans to edit her biography of Sassoon. She told the BBC: "It surprised me because we always had this idea that Sassoon, when he went out to France, would have changed instantly from his heroic ideal of war into an anger that

burst over into his poetry. But when I found this diary – after angry war poems – I found there were poems full of the glory of war and the idea that war is a heroic venture."

The discovery might also alter our traditional perceptions of Sassoon. James Hansen, who studies English Literature, commented: "These new poems ought to encourage us to reconsider the accepted view of Sassoon as a deeply pessimistic poet. Just as the war was no straightforward conflict, Sassoon himself was perhaps more complex than his other poems have led us to believe."



Siegfried Sassoon, English poet, author and soldier

# 'Illegal' unpaid internships slated

Georgina Phillips  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

With a million young people unemployed in Britain, getting in to the world of work is becoming a strain.

For many the best way to gain new skills or to get into their sector is through an internship, but many are calling 'the unpaid internship' not just obstructive to social mobility but also one of the main causes of such high youth unemployment.

But there are signs of change, as the government's legal advisors state that many companies, including some governmental departments, may in fact be breaking the law by not paying their interns.

The main cause of the questionable legality of the 'free labour' of the internship is due to the lack of differentiation between what can be classed as 'work experience' and what can be classed as an internship – paid or unpaid.

Work experience is designed to be a few weeks at a work placement to learn about that sector and possibly gains some skills whilst internships are effectively designed to teach skills to potential employees.

On paper, if a worker is contributing 'added value' to company, by law they should be being paid at least the national minimum wage (£6.08).

However it is obvious through the proliferation of unpaid internships that this is not the case, as skilled

workers are not necessarily receiving an hourly pay or even getting expenses reimbursed.

A Cambridge graduate explained anonymously to *The Observer* that the minimum wage is constantly being "undermined". Entry-level jobs in some sectors effectively no longer exist as work is being completed by unpaid interns.

Unpaid internships are also accused of reducing social mobility by making them available only to those who can effectively live independent of a wage for months on end.

Workers should be paid at least the minimum wage if they 'added value' to a company



Her Majesty's Revenue & Customs, in charge of maintaining NMW laws, has only prosecuted seven companies since the introduction of the laws in 1999.

However, two interns have won independent victories at employment tribunals, suggesting that those wishing to get reimbursed are able to if they are willing to fight for it, quite often reaching hundreds, even thousands of pounds worth of reimbursement.

If legally only 'work experience' should be unpaid, those who do internships not only deserve pay but may also be able to demand it by law.



# The quest to save Fitzbillies

*Varsity* meets the husband and wife team who brought the Cambridge institution Fitzbillies out of administration and back to its former glory

Helen Charman  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Fitzbillies, the bakery and cake shop on Trumpington Street, has been an iconic part of Cambridge and the Cambridge student experience since 1922, but in February of this year the hostile economic climate, coupled with high rents and the increasing competition of high street branded coffee shops and supermarkets, forced the shop to close.

Help was at hand, however, in the form of *Guardian* food writer Tim Hayward and his wife Alison Wright, who saw a tweet posted by Cambridge alumnus Stephen Fry lamenting the closure of Fitzbillies.

Alison grew up in Cambridge and already loved the iconic cake shop - her 21st birthday cake was a croquembouche from the bakery.

Therefore, the pair immediately contacted the agents to arrange a viewing of the premises.

Despite the frenzied nature of the application and the marked interest from other buyers, Tim and Alison's business proposal was accepted, perhaps partially due to the fact that they were an independent bid.

The ethos behind their bid for the premises was focussed on tradition and good food, even bringing a Bakewell tart along to their initial meeting with the bursar of Pembroke College, which owns the premises.

Tim emphasises the fact that maintaining the independence of Fitzbillies was incredibly important, speaking passionately about the danger of brands taking over our high streets and forcing independent businesses out, stressing that "the English high street baker is a really important thing we're on the edge of losing."

The original recipes for the famous cakes have been kept, and Gill Abbs, the Head Baker, has 40 years of experience baking Fitzbillies cakes. All the ingredients used are locally sourced and organic where possible and everything is made on the premises. "People don't realise how rare it is to have cakes made from



Tim Hayward and Alison Wright, the new owners of Fitzbillies bakery

scratch", Tim notes.

Renovating and reopening Fitzbillies within just six months is something Tim describes as "incredibly hard work", observing that "you don't have time to realise you're living the dream", although the reaction from townsfolk, tourists and students has been overwhelmingly positive.

**"The English high street baker is a really important thing we're on the edge of losing"**

Tim and Alison and their team are very clear about their intention being to cater for every kind of customer,

with Tim declaring that the aim is for Fitzbillies to be as memorable for the current generation of students as it was for the ones before, as well as catering for tourists and residents of Cambridge.

Fitzbillies hasn't been modernised, but a coffee shop has been added in an attempt to create a more student-friendly environment.

In around three weeks' time another innovation is set to arrive: for the first time Fitzbillies will be open in the evenings and serving dinners, something Tim hopes will help to save traditional British food in Cambridge.

Tim maintains that the most important thing about reopening Fitzbillies, however, was maintaining the atmosphere and tradition of the much beloved institution.

He explained: "Fitzbillies is bigger and longer lasting than any of us... it's a longstanding tradition and we hope to be a part of it."

The project has meant Tim, Alison and their young daughter have had to move from London to Cambridge, something that Tim says "felt really intriguing - I never imagined I'd leave London but I found Cambridge to be incredibly charming very quickly."

Tim may now be an integral part of the Cambridge tradition that is Fitzbillies, but it was a slightly different Cambridge tradition that made him really feel as much part of the town as the iconic business he has taken over: "I definitely feel like a true Cambridge resident - my bike was stolen within two days of my arrival!"

## News in Brief

### Starkey criticised for 'racist' comments

David Starkey has faced fresh accusations of racism this week for comments he made after Michael Gove announced that he wants to put 'our island story' at the heart of the National Curriculum.

While other historians argued that Britain is a diverse society, Starkey said that Britain is a 'mono-culture' and that, outside London, it is "absolutely and unmitigatingly white".

The historian added that we should be focusing on our own culture, adding: "Successful immigrants assimilate or become bi-cultural."

### Going bald against cancer

A group of 17 students from King's College have pledged to shave their hair in solidarity with a student who was unable to return this year after being diagnosed with brain cancer.

Kate McCutcheon underwent successful surgery over the summer to remove the tumour and is now undergoing radiotherapy and chemotherapy.

The group raised £3,000 for Macmillan Cancer Support in the first three days of fundraising, and have secured half of this year's King's Affair charity budget.

To donate, visit [www.justgiving.com/GoingBaldAgainstCancer](http://www.justgiving.com/GoingBaldAgainstCancer)

### NUS calls for action over unemployment

The National Union of Students (NUS) has demanded immediate Government action to tackle youth unemployment, in response to the announcement that the number of unemployed 16-24 year olds has risen to over one million for the first time.

NUS suggested an increase in apprenticeships, the restoration of the Education Maintenance Allowance (EMA), and the protection of support programs for teenage parents, which they considered were simple, cost-effective solutions.

### City urged to provide ice rink facilities

This year the traditional temporary ice rink on Parker's Piece will not be making an appearance, which has roused fresh demands for an ice rink in Cambridge.

A permanent ice rink, costing £2.5 million, has been in the planning stages for the past 14 years.

Several locations have been suggested but none have turned out to be suitable.

Coach of the University ice hockey team, Bill Harris, said: "I think the time will come. It will happen in Cambridge as there is a lot of interest."

# Don't be a drag, just be a queen

Tom Bateman  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Ask anyone to picture a Cambridge student, and they will probably come up with the typical image of the bike-riding academic, clad in college scarf, gown, and, for good measure, a mortarboard.

One man, however, is working hard to dispel this stereotypical image, by introducing a series of cross-dressing nights to the University.

21-year-old Amrou Al-Kadhi, or 'Glamrou' to his fans, first performed at St John's May Ball this year.

He is now organising *Denim*, the University's first and only drag night.

*Denim* at Clare Ents earlier this year saw Glamrou take to the stage to an impressive audience: around 400 people packed into the venue.

The soundtrack to the show was provided by Lady Gaga, who is described on Al-Kadhi's twitter as his "source of endless joy".

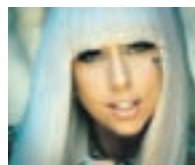
*Denim*'s second edition, held last week at Queens', was hailed as a great success. Around 550 people attended, many of whom cross-dressed for the occasion.

Al-Kadhi, a third-year History

of Art student at Corpus Christi, described the event as "an opportunity [for students] to let go and express themselves."

"I think people get pretty pent up

Lady Gaga provides the backing music and is a "source of endless joy" for Glamrou



here. A lot of people at this age are struggling with their sexuality and identity and Cambridge doesn't really

help with that because you're doing two essays a week."

The event has enjoyed widespread acceptance, and may be indicative of a growing trend across the University. Dan West, a first-year medic at Downing, who in the past has struggled to source size 12 high heels, believes that the popularity of events like *Denim* can only be seen as a positive.

"I'd agree that it is a growing trend, and that's a good thing because it shows people's acceptance of different gender identities. Plus, it's funny watching guys falling over in heels."



# Funding frenzy: chaos

Alumni and benefactors can donate money to colleges for specific purposes and funds. **Samantha Sharman** investigates the effects of the haphazard nature of donation and the confusing system of financial aid it has created across the University



Trinity College's Dunlevie Fund supports "life-enhancing activities" including the Varsity Ski Trip

When we are faced with the task of choosing a Cambridge college, we are advised to consider aspects such as facilities, college size, the Tompkins Table and our 'gut reaction' when we visit them. However, one area in which colleges differ greatly is never mentioned: the financial support and 'perks' available to students during their time in college.

Varsity has taken a closer look into the money offered to students – in the form of bursaries, scholarships and awards – and has found a system filled with disparities, ambiguities and overtly specific fund allocation.

While all colleges may abide by University-wide schemes for financial support – such as the Cambridge Bursary Scheme – they all receive income and endowments to do with as they please, and all colleges have their own independent bursary schemes.

Christ's College, for example, offers £750 for students already receiving the

Cambridge Bursary, under their Rent Bursary Scheme, while Magdalene's own version offers up to £3,400 to their students.

In addition to bursary schemes, many colleges have very specific additional funding, which are by no means equal across different colleges – and some colleges do not receive this money at all.

Churchill College, for example, has a Winston Churchill Memorial Trust, which awards up to thirty £2,000 bursaries per year, in addition to normal Hardship Bursaries.

Fitzwilliam College has up to five maintenance awards of £1,500 per year thanks to the Goldman Sachs Bursaries.

Meanwhile, a group of alumni who matriculated in 1966 from Pembroke College offered a grant of up to £1,000 to Pembroke second years.

As a result, we see that the financial aid available to you is college-dependent, creating an unnecessarily confusing

system.

What's more, the information is difficult to find and not available all in one place, and therefore people are often unaware of the options available to them.

One Pembroke student said: "I don't even know what money is available to me – this system is ridiculous."

This system is muddled further when you take a look at the subject-specific awards available at different colleges, thanks to donations from alumni.

Sidney Sussex, for example, has specific funds for lawyers, natural scientists, mathematicians and engineers – but what about classicists, medics or

**"I don't even know what money is available to me - this system is ridiculous"**

linguists?

Some colleges even offer financial awards for extra-curricular activities, including Trinity College's Dunlevie Fund which enables undergraduates to "engage in life-enhancing activities" including boating excursions and the Varsity Ski Trip.

And if you are looking to be ordained into the Christian Church, Jesus College is the place to go for an incredible amount of funding available for this

specific purpose.

The specifying nature of funds does not end at subjects; some colleges even have financial awards available for students from particular geographical areas.

For example, Gonville and Caius College has a series of 'Richard Darlington Studentships' for postgraduates, as long as they come from Somaliland universities.

If you're from the North West of England, Northern Ireland, South Staffordshire or South Derbyshire and are not at Sidney Sussex, you are missing out on financial aid from funds designated to students from these areas.

Different colleges also offer different financial 'perks' for certain students.

Fire and Environmental Wardens

frequently get rent rebate, but this differs by college; at Magdalene it is a mere £25 for the job, while at Pembroke it is 15% off their total rent for

**"Wouldn't it just be easier to have one source of money for loans and grants?"**

the term.

Meanwhile, while most JCR members do not receive money for their work, at Corpus Christi the JCR president and welfare officers receive £100 off their bill.

The system of financial aid, then, appears to be complex, ambiguous and highly confusing.

CAMBRIDGE

TARGET: £175,000

## ragazine

### Grab your gowns for Formal Freedom

Jailbreak adventures: everyone's favourite hitchhiking event is back for 2012!

Benoit had offered to take us from Limoges to Bordeaux early on the Saturday morning of last year's Jailbreak. He was just one of the amazing people we met: one hand on the steering wheel, he overtook at will; the other hand continuously hopped from one radio station to another. He also managed to tear open a cigarette packet with his teeth and hit on my partner at the same time! Our Jailbreak adventure culminated with us drinking with the locals in a bar in Biarritz, a French coastal town close next to the western Pyrenees.

For those who don't know, Jailbreak is a huge, free, annual charity hitchhike taking place this year on the 27-28 January 2012. 150 teams of two have just 36 hours to get as far from Cambridge as possible. The catch? You can't spend any of your own money, and must hitchhike, beg and barter your way around the globe.

Teams have found ingenious ways to get around the world in the past. Last year, the winners bumped into a Cambridge

alumnus near a cafe. A short chat later, the man was so excited by Jailbreak he got the company he worked for to sponsor the team for £2,000. A day later, they were soaking up the Argentinean sun in Buenos Aires!

A similarly eclectic mix of stories flooded back. Hester and Matt were caught hiding in a train toilet on the way back to Cambridge. The ticket collector was not impressed but yielded after a few minutes of explanation and them almost bursting into tears! Ant and Naomi had the most surreal night of their lives going to Munich, featuring a 4am stop to make pasta at the side of the road and being played a tape of their driver's songs he'd written about sustainable fishing. Another team, dressed as cows, managed to be arrested outside the Parthenon for 'political views'. The team in third place last year escaped the Cambridge bubble to relax on an idyllic Dubai beach.

If you're up for the challenge then sign up at <http://www.cambridgeragazine.org.uk/events/jailbreak/>. Places are going fast, so book ASAP to avoid disappointment! The deadline is the 30th of November.

• £150,000

• £100,000

• £50,000

• £20,000

• £10,000

• £5,000



# in the system

One first year said: "Wouldn't it just be easier to have one source of money for loans and grants, to which people can donate if they want to, rather than a ridiculous number of specific funds for overly specified causes?"

However, some students argued that the vast variety of funds available is actually a positive thing, since it means there are many sources from which students can get money.

Freddie Tapner, a second year Engineer, said: "I really don't see the issue: if people are going to give away their hard-earned cash for specific funds then they deserve to be able to choose a college, subject or area to help which means something to them."

Another second year, who preferred to remain anonymous, said: "I'm fine with people donating money for specific causes. I have more of a problem with the University blindly doubling the government grant."

"There's no reason why those people need almost £7,000 of free money a year – they can borrow half of it like the rest of us have to."

While opinions may be mixed, it is surely undeniable that the system is a confusing one, with apparent disparities dependent on college, course and your area of origin.

## Varsity's favourite prizes and bursaries

1.

**Richard Darlington Studentships**

Gonville and Caius College.

These bursaries help 'gifted students' to undertake postgraduate work at Cambridge - just as long as they went to a university in Somaliland.

2.

**The Dunlevie Fund**

Trinity College.

This fund allows students at the college to "engage in life-enhancing activities".

3.

**Bernard Mortlock and Zelig Timins Fund**

Jesus College.

This gives financial support to anyone who is a candidate for Holy Orders in the Church of England.

4.

**Peter Ellis Bursaries -**

Sidney Sussex College.

Only for students "from parts of south Staffordshire and south Derbyshire".

# Prizes for Firsts

Matt Russell investigates further into this financial confusion and has discovered a great differences in the awards given for Firsts

A Varsity investigation has revealed a large disparity across colleges in the prizes received for students achieving firsts.

In addition to the faculty prizes that are available, students who get firsts in Tripos exams are usually rewarded by colleges.

These college dependent prizes can include up-front prize money, first choice on room ballots, scholars' dinners and other small rewards.

Students attending Robinson or Homerton could receive up to £550 less, in prize money alone, than their counterparts at St John's for achieving a first in university exams.

At Robinson students receive £50 for attaining a first with the prospect of a further £75 if elected into a college scholarship; prizes for Homerton's students range from £50 to £150.

This means that the range between lowest prize and the highest is £550, as a student at St John's could potentially receive £600 for a first, twelve times as much as some students at Robinson and Homerton could get.

Even the smallest prize for a Johnian of £400 is still higher than most other colleges' top prize money, including

Trinity's.

As well as up-front prize money, many colleges offer subsidies on college bills which bring the total reward up quite substantially, although Homerton and Robinson are not included in this.

Girton offers an initial £400 off the college bill, in addition to a £100 prize, while a further £500 may also be deducted depending on the subject.

There is also the prospect of a scholars' dinner for Girton scholars as well as at numerous other colleges, including a seven course dinner for Queens' students.

Colleges such as Christ's and Gonville & Caius provide scholars' rooms, while other colleges like Peterhouse push students with firsts to the top of the room ballots.

Among the quirkier perks on offer for students achieving top grades is the opportunity for Emmanuel scholars to read grace out at formal hall, which also means a free formal.

Meanwhile Trinity allow their scholars to post letters without stamps at the Great Gate Porter's Lodge, although the postage cost is added on to the end of term bill.

## RBS Insurance Graduate Careers Open Evening

### RBS Insurance Graduate Careers Open Evening

Thursday 24th November

6-9pm

La Raza Bar

4-6 Rose Crescent, Cambridge CB2 3LL

All Cambridge students are welcome to join us at La Raza for this informal careers information evening where you can enjoy drinks and canapés whilst finding out more about the exciting graduate career opportunities we are offering in 2012.

Representatives from across all of our business functions will be there to answer your questions about careers in Insurance and talk to you about the market leading development programmes we have created for bright and ambitious graduates looking for an exciting career in business.

The event is informal so please feel free to drop by with friends at any time during the evening and enjoy some food and drinks on us. To sign up for the event in advance, please email [harriet.lunney@rbs.co.uk](mailto:harriet.lunney@rbs.co.uk)

We look forward to meeting you at the event!

We are recruiting now for our industry leading graduate and internship programmes in a variety of business areas including: Actuarial, Pricing & Underwriting, Commercial Insurance and our Chief Operating Office. Please visit our website for more information and to apply: [www.joininsurance.co.uk/graduates](http://www.joininsurance.co.uk/graduates)

The application deadline is 31st Dec 2011 for graduates and 31st Jan 2012 for interns.

For further details or sign up to attend please visit  
[www.joininsurance.co.uk/graduates](http://www.joininsurance.co.uk/graduates)





# The artist of our childhoods

**Quentin Blake**, the UK's favourite children's book illustrator, speaks to **Kirsty Gray** about his aspirations as a young man, Roald Dahl and the future of illustration

He had truly enormous ears. Each one was as big as the wheel of a truck. The nose was as sharp as a knife, and above the nose there were two bright flashing eyes with a fierce and devilish look about them."

They say that over time, an artist begins to mirror his work. But as I take my seat opposite a bright-eyed, round-faced, miniature-proportioned illustrator, I decide that Quentin Blake must be an exception to this rule.

His endearing humbleness only intensified by the extravagant decoration of the Union, Blake could not be further from his recognisably scratchy sketches of long-limbed characters: the Witches, Mister Magnolia and, of course, the BFG himself.

After graduating from post-war Downing with an English degree, Blake has enjoyed the recognition and creative control that many illustrators can only aspire to and exhibited by 323 books, including a fair proportion of which he has written himself.

For example, if it were not for Blake's unique opportunity to influence the words he decorates, our beloved BFG's toes would have been neatly cushioned in uncharacteristically sensible footwear instead of sticking out of the 'pair of ridiculous sandals' that we now cherish.

"I'm very pleased that I've done every book [Roald Dahl]'s ever written," Blake muses with a proud expression that does little to suggest that questions about his most famous creative partnership have become wearisome. "Although, I did find one or two of his books were potentially a little more frightening than they needed to be."

The post-Dahl Blake, however, seems very strong-minded about the work he accepts and the style he adopts: "Sometimes I just don't like the book mainly for, I suppose, literary reasons. But one thing I certainly don't do is advertising to children. I just think that's a bit inappropriate."

Instead, his most recent projects have moved to a much larger canvas



Quentin Blake, the Peter Pan of Britain's most celebrated artists

than short novels. But Blake has not forgotten to appreciate the autonomy 61 years of acclaimed illustrations have earned him. When asked whether he feels restricted by having such a distinct style, he claims no longer to be worried by it:

"I think possibly I might have felt like that in the past because publishers – except for very good ones – find it very easy to type-cast you. Part of their instinct is to want you to do the same thing again. Whereas something you want to do is a bit different."

Yet Blake's style no longer merely decorates the bookshelves and bookshelves of Britain: people can now find his reassuringly familiar handiwork on the walls of hospitals, public squares and museums, too. His fame elevates illustration to a level of respectability that shares wall space with names such as Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec in galleries across the continent. Nevertheless, a recurring theme seems to be

that Blake always embarks on projects that prioritise the needs of the audience over expressing himself.

"I think the handwriting comes through anyway. It's not a question of using a different style but a question of adapting it to that particular audience, I think.

"I'm happy to be identifiable; it's nice for me, in a way. But a thing that I've become more concerned about is to find projects that call for some different version of my style, in a sense. They call for a different level of reality."

"I guess there are other things that I don't reckon I'll ever be able to do."

Now increasingly intrigued by experimenting with new materials and settings, perhaps, in this way, the Peter Pan of Britain's most celebrated artists has grown up over recent years.

"When I was a young man, sometimes I was pleased just to make a professional job out of what I was doing. I had to just live at home with my parents and thought, 'I'll just keep it up until I'm 30 and see how

I'm getting on.' Of course, I passed 30 without really noticing! It just happened."

But it is a token to his modesty that Blake plays down his wide-eyed ambition and a commendable stubbornness to follow his dreams: "Part of getting a teacher's qualification was an insurance policy. I knew that drawing was what I really wanted to do but of course, the received wisdom was that it was very difficult to make a living from it."

In spite of this, Blake gambled and decided to go freelance before he became buried any deeper in what he ought or ought not to do.

Yet surely, in the face of "the Kindle thing and those reading machines" the chances of a student following the same career path nowadays is far slimmer?

"I suppose you could get a double-page spread on one of those readers. And, oh yes, there is animation. I guess there are other things that I don't reckon I'll ever be able to do," he chuckles at the thought. Perhaps something for another Downing student studying English now? "Oh I do hope so, yes."

He may be turning 80 very soon, but Quentin Blake's sanguinity proves that he is certainly still young at heart.

## New hope for MS patients

Emilia Korczynska  
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A new drug for the treatment of multiple sclerosis is being considered for license in the UK after positive clinical trials conducted by Cambridge scientists.

The commercial introduction of the drug, called alemtuzumab, in 2012 will bring to fruition over 20 years of laboratory and clinical research.

Dr Alasdair Coles, a senior lecturer at the Department of Clinical Neurosciences, who started his research on the use of alemtuzumab for multiple sclerosis back in 1991, said: "This is for certain the most successful treatment for multiple sclerosis that we presently have."

The joint efforts of Dr Coles and Professor Alastair Compston, head of the University Department of Clinical Neurosciences, have brought about a significant improvement in comparison to the traditional multiple sclerosis treatment with interferon-beta.

Dr Coles said: "First, just eight days of alemtuzumab significantly reduces the risk of having another relapse of multiple sclerosis or becoming disabled over the next 3 to 5 years, compared to the standard active drug, interferon-beta.

"Secondly, many patients on alemtuzumab experience an improvement in disability, which is not seen after standard treatment. Finally, although alemtuzumab causes potentially serious side-effects, these can be identified and treated provided a monitoring schedule is carefully followed."

twitterati

What's happening in Cambridge?



@MillicentAlice

Millie Riley, Varsity TV Editor

#xfactor comp to find missing word from Rihanna single – \*sings\* 'only girl in the \_\_' – is it (a) world, or (b) KITCHEN – sorry, what's that ITV?!



@AhirShah

Ahir Shah, 3 times featured on twitterati

"It is never pleasant for a Frenchman to encounter a Frenchwoman in a brothel in Germany or Argentina." Cheers Sartre.



@PhilNWang

Phil Wang, Not featured on twitterati as often as Ahir Shah

Whenever I see something I'm really grateful for, I like to put it in my 'thank bank'.



@haxieMB

Haxie Meyers-Belkin, warbling polyglot

How to interpret a line from recent essay notes: "insistence throughout on cones/hats/scrambled eggs/scars...(concealment)"?

Tweet us @varsityuk



QUENTIN BLAKE



**SONY**  
make.believe

# Gift Ideas

Smart  
Offers  
with Sony



Only  
**£149.99**

Model: SRS-BTV25

SRS-BTV25 Bluetooth® wireless speaker for SmartPhone / iPhone / iPad

Stream music wire free from your device, and playback in 360° sound



Only  
**£69.99**

Model: RDP-M5iP

RDP-M5iP Compact dock speaker for iPod / iPhone

Space-saving speaker dock for iPod / iPhone, for home or on the move

iPhone / iPod only for illustration. Not included with RDP-M5iP



Only  
**£74.99**

Model: DSC-W510 Available in wide range of colours

W510 Digital compact camera with 12.1 megapixels

Light, compact Cyber-shot™ camera with simple operation



Only  
**£129.99**

Model: PRS-T1 Also available in Red

The world's lightest eBook Reader

Ultra slim and lightweight reader with superior paper-like touch screen and Wi-Fi®



Only  
**£129.99**

Model: CMT-FX350i

FX350i Micro Hi-Fi iPod dock

Easily play your iPod music out loud and in great sound quality

iPhone / iPod only for illustration. Not included with CMT-FX350i



Only  
**£29.99**

Model: MDR-ZX300

Also available in Blue, Red, White

ZX300 Outdoor headband headphones

Powerful sound on the go: Use with a Walkman® and MP3 player

- Free Next Day Delivery (if ordered before 12 noon)
- Finance options available (check in store for details)
- FREE 5 Year Sony Warranty (on 32" & above BRAVIA TV's)

**Sony Centre**

Instore, online. Collection or delivery.

16 Lion Yard Shopping Centre

**CAMBRIDGE. CB2 3NA**

Tel: 01223 351135

<http://cambridge.sony.co.uk>

'Sony', 'make.believe', 'Sony Centre', and their logos are registered trademarks of Sony Corporation. All pictures are for illustration only. All prices correct at time of going to press. E & O.E.  
Operated by: Shasonic Centres Ltd



# Comment



EDWARD EUSTACE

## Comment Question

The article below suggests Labour has played into Coalition hands, touting a radicalism that just isn't there. But how much does the wider population care about specific policy agendas?

In an media-swamped political sphere, politicians are seeking more and more to maintain a positive image – Blair's famed 'common touch' was meticulously cultivated.

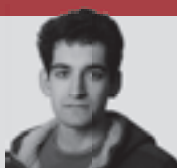
Does image matter more than policy? Has the political reality become no more than a catwalk?

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

## Too little, too slowly, in fact

Labour gripes about government reforms, but the Coalition is hardly revolutionary

Darius Meehan



Labour often accuses the government of going 'too far too fast'. Indeed it is the shadow frontbench's choice phrase not just when criticising the supposed haste with which the government is cutting the budget deficit but also when attacking the extent of their public service reforms. Take shadow treasury secretary, Rachel Reeves, who, appearing on Thursday's 'Question Time', argued Lansley's Health Reform Bill was unnecessary radicalism because satisfaction with the NHS is at an all-time high.

Labour's approach reveals one thing and hides another. It reveals the stasis currently gripping the party, which cannot conceive the need for consistent public service reform within a society whose needs and demographic are always changing. More importantly it cloaks the lack of real radicalism in the current government's plans.

For instance, the aforementioned 'radical' health bill is the opposite side of the same coin of management restructuring used by the last government, except while the last government added managers Lansley is removing them and

giving their responsibilities to GPs in the name of increasing cost effectiveness. It does little more than tinker with one facet of this huge institution. If Lansley was serious about reforming the NHS's cost efficiency, he would address the sky high prices it currently pays for new drugs as pharmaceutical companies patent particular treatments.

He would also examine the possibility of a national health insurance scheme to replace the NHS similar to the models in Europe where the state offers a basic insurance everyone pays into and beyond that private companies offer various health packages, enabling patients to tailor healthcare around their specific needs.

While education reform has avoided the brunt of public criticism there is still a distinct lack of bravery here. Gove implemented Blair's academy scheme nationwide

**"Labour's approach cloaks the lack of real radicalism in the current government"**

so any school can apply for academy status and its semi-liberating effects. But Gove, a Blair admirer, was blinded to the current programme's limitations. It doesn't allow schools to set their own admissions procedures, and in a meritocratic

society where bright children from poorer backgrounds either struggle furiously to attain places in the few remaining grammar schools, such selective schools are sorely needed. The freedoms offered to academies could also be extended: they, like comprehensive schools, are not allowed to expel pupils with the same ease as their independent partners and still can't opt out fully of the national curriculum. This is essential - if we are to have true choice in education then some schools should offer practical apprenticeships, not institutionalised exams.

The Coalition has proven to be equally timid on tax. Despite the gusto from Clegg about taking the million lowest paid out of tax the government has unimaginatively dodged examining a Land Value Tax as operates in Singapore which taxes the profit of landowners whose rent values suddenly rise due to external factors he did nothing to bring about. It's reckoned that the money raised by this could abolish most existing taxes, thus enabling taxes that harm labour and enterprise like corporation tax to be abolished or heavily retrenched.

Finally, the government's mooted line on the EU, which essentially reads "beyond our direct national interest we have little care for developing this institution" is an irresponsible abdication of leadership in shaping an institution

which could be a far greater force for good than it currently is. Instead of detailing the exact design of a UK bus, Europe could be focusing more on cross border crime and terror cells with a European equivalent to COBRA being established. Equally, Europe faces the challenge of the Arab Spring on its Mediterranean doorstep and the consequent challenges of protecting the majority who want change from the minority who seek to crush them with

**"The government's line on the EU is an irresponsible abdication of leadership"**

military force. A special European military task force could be established with the sole objective of rapid-response protection (the 1994 Rwandan genocide has demonstrated that NATO and the UN move painfully slowly, with unacceptable human cost), be that by the use of peacekeepers on the ground as in Bosnia, or the imposition of no-fly zones. These are areas where Britain with fairly large international standing and security experience is best suited to lead, and the government's fearful abstaining is, as on so many other issues, bitterly disappointing and an opportunity missed. Radical? I think not.



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

**MONDAY 21ST**  
**A Global Civics: Do we need one? What would it entail?**

**Location:** Senior Common Rm, 17 Mill Lane  
**Time:** 13:00

**Why:** The simple yet challenging goal of this talk is to deliberate the legitimacy, and advance the feasibility, of an important new concept – the notion of 'global civics'. We cannot achieve the international cooperation that is needed for a globalising and interdependent century without embracing and implementing this important concept.

**THURSDAY 24TH**  
**The meaning of liberal learning**

**Location:** LG18, Law Faculty  
**Time:** 18:00

**Why:** The minister of state for education, Michael Gove, will be setting out his vision for the British education system. Take a look at the criticisms made in the article to your left – then come and see if he can refute them. Plus somebody will probably try and throw something.



# Cut sovereignty, save the EU

The only hope for Europe is greater levels of political union, looking beyond national interest

Vincent Garton



What is the problem with the EU? There are very few people who think there is none – with Greece and now Italy going down in flames, there has never before seemed to be a greater disconnect between Europeans and the EU. The euro seems on the verge of destruction and the ‘European project’ itself seems to be teetering on collapse.

The question, then, is what can be done about it? Increasing numbers of people, not just in the UK, are being brought round to the view that the EU itself must go – that ‘political union’ should be abandoned, and that we should reduce the ‘superstate’ to a free-trade zone.

I reject this view. The problem with the EU is not the extent of political union: it is exactly the fact that there is no political union. Rather than a union of Europeans, we have a union of European governments, and it is responsible not to any electorate but directly to the competing interests of sovereign governments. The EU is criticised for its democratic unaccountability, but this is exactly the point: to be accountable, it

cannot simply rely on never-ending compromises between sovereign states which have their own interests firmly in front of those of Europeans as a whole.

What can better symbolise this problem than the fact that the President of the European Council – feted as a leader for Europe on the world stage – was chosen not by the democratic choice of Europeans as a whole, but by the shadowy machinations of national representatives behind the closed doors of Brussels?

“It is high time to rid ourselves of the idea that the EU can carry on sitting on the fence”

The EU is unaccountable because of the political obstructionism of national governments, who have repeatedly shown themselves incapable of thinking beyond the immediate short-term. The present crisis is a crisis that is driven by national governments.

There is a common European interest. As Coudenhove-Kalergi so prophetically pointed out in the 1930s, a continent of small competing sovereign nation-states is not and has not since the Second World War been an option for Europe: either Europeans can choose to participate in a united Europe, or they choose to surrender themselves to the will



of one or another of the external superpowers that are overshadowing it. Only one of these options guarantees the genuine political freedom of Europeans.

It is high time to cut out the government middlemen, and to rid ourselves of the idea that the EU can carry on sitting on the fence, paying lip-service to national sovereignty on the one hand and supporting the idea of integration on the other. The euro requires an economic government. Europe requires a united foreign policy. Political union cannot be a taboo – it is a necessity.

There are some who have realised this, but there has been no effort to articulate this necessity in a genuinely popular movement. Rather than mobilising genuine popular sentiment, those pressing for European unity have tried to manipulate governments

and operate detached from the people of Europe as a whole. Certainly, many people have decided they do not want more Europe – but they cannot be ignored. They must be persuaded. The EU must be democratised, and a European sentiment must be actively developed. A united Europe is good, but without popular agreement, any attempt to bring it about will be essentially illegitimate.

As for Britain, notoriously Eurosceptic as it is – perhaps it is time to openly challenge this anti-European consensus. What is there for Britain outside Europe? The Commonwealth is drifting its separate ways, and American strategists see the ‘Special Relationship’ as anything but special. It is time for Europeanism to come out of the shadows and engage directly with the people.

# The story of your life online

Facebook is relaunching ‘Timeline’, and revamping privacy features. Do we really care?

Claire Healy



I have a social disease. So said Andy Warhol, and whilst he may have been talking about the heady days of Studio 54, the words resonate with our modern day dependence on the online social network. Halcyon days, or so we may think, where we can share easily with our friends everything that makes us tick – from newspaper articles to YouTube videos to photos of people being sick.

Or so believes the woman speaking on Facebook’s video to explain its new privacy settings. Like an eager pre-school teacher with her centre parting, frizzy hair and suspiciously Christmas-tree shaped earrings, she assures me that new privacy settings have made it easier to share different kinds of posts with different kinds of people.

But despite her reassuring head-bobs, I’m not sure I trust this lady. Her exemplary Facebook user shares with friends insistently

virtuous items, after all: cute puppies abound, and a link to Nelson Mandela is brought out to bless the new Facebook changes with his presence. Surely there’s an evident disjunction between what Facebook wants us to get out of these settings, and what we actually will?

The age and appearance of the woman in the video makes me suspect that it wasn’t designed to be watched by me, however, but rather older Facebookers seeking ‘help’. Younger users are to be left unperturbed, having gone through several oscillations of change in the past. I mean, Bebo? I’ve been there, man.

And yet these most recent changes have been accompanied by a controversy in Facebook’s history barely matched by the billion dollar lawsuits as dramatized in last year’s *The Social Network*. The improvements in privacy control have done little to quiet the hubbub surrounding a proposed ‘Timeline’ feature.

Once launched, the feature is set to radically rearrange profile pages into a timeline of your life on Facebook. Moreover, all it will take is a few more filled-in details for it to trace

back to before you joined the site – your Timeline starts with your birth, and ends with whatever you ate for lunch. I breezed through previous Facebook changes with an evening or so of disgruntlement, but this leaves me feeling more than a little put-off.

“Will there be ‘Death’ pages too, virally announced with a little clip-art icon?”

Previews of the new look feature thrilling prospects like the ‘Birth’ page – complete with a picture, your parental information and a fun anecdote. Will there be ‘Death’ pages, too, virally announced with a little clip-art icon? I doubt it. And yet one can’t help but make such ‘Big Brother’ style speculations in the face of such an announcement, and it seems that over 2 million members of [sic] ‘MILLIONS AGAINST FACEBOOK’S PRIVACY POLICIES AND LAYOUT REDESIGN’ would agree. But this is 2 million against 800 million, after all.

To go back to my favourite Facebook rep with the frizzy hair and her ‘inline audience selector’, the true heart of the issue is all too telling in just one word: ‘Audience.’

All the world’s a stage, and I think it’s safe to say that with recent changes Zuckerberg is simply feeding a human impulse that existed way before MySpace. That is to say, Facebook is less communication than sheer self-preservation, and whilst our urge to fit in and fear of missing out still takes precedent, we don’t care too much who’s reading.

Perhaps, however, much like that weird distant cousin who keeps trying to re-add me, social networking and privacy are two opposites that will simply never completely gel. If you’re one of the 2 million-odd protesting over privacy, perhaps you should just be more careful what you share.

For the rest of us, I suspect that the privacy changes will all too easily be assimilated into our daily use of the site. After all, with users stuck between a rock and a socially outcast place, to oppose the changes might just be too much to think about – and besides, I’m pretty busy tagging photos at the moment, yeah?

## Sssh! It’s Victoria’s lifestyle secret

It’s this time of the year again: some of the highest-paid models in the world blow kisses in barely-there lingerie and a set of wings as part of Victoria Secret’s show. Backstage, the world’s press competes for as many sound-bites as possible from the ‘Angels’, who are not just there to look pretty but also act as spokeswomen of the lingerie giant for the show’s reportedly 8 million people audience.

This year, Adriana Lima, an Angel for 11 years, shared with the Telegraph a bleak secret behind her Victoria’s Secret-approved body. Besides working out with a personal trainer twice a day, Lima, 30, revealed to the Telegraph that she goes on a liquids-only diet 9 days before the show, only to stop eating and drinking 12 hours prior in a bid to ‘dry out’.

It’s totally worth it, because, as Lima stated, “it’s every model’s dream to be an Angel” and the show is the highlight of her life, a legacy she is hoping to share with her newly born daughter: “one day, we are going to look back and it’s going to be very special.”

It’s not a surprise that her revelations caused such a buzz on the internet – Lima later tried to plead a “misunderstanding.” But the only real misunderstanding seems to be her own lunacy and attempts to justify it by falling back on a motherhood and professionalism appeal. It is indeed her business how she maintains her body, but as a public spokesperson, justifying extreme and unhealthy means to do so rightly deserves criticism.

Not only is the iconic, role model status of the Angels problematic in abstract, (parallels with Playboy Bunnies abound – just swap wings for ears). The fashion elite has appallingly embraced this extreme, “athletic,” attitude as some new form of feminism: “It isn’t about being a waif, it was about being empowered” Vogue’s fashion editor Sophia Neophitou said in regard to Lima’s routine.

This is not to say there is anything wrong with the eroticism at the essence of the Victoria Secret Show; its sheer theatricality mixed with an unashamed display of skin makes it into one of the most entertaining fashion events, and one that, to its credit, shows preference for slightly more curvy, healthy looking women.

But glorifying a Spartan regime in the name of wearing multi-million dollar bras as the height of feminism is excessive, and it begs the question posed by the show’s finale song, ‘Run the World?’

MARIA DIMITROVA



With the *News of The World* back in the headlines, **Jon Henley** wonders what has happened to journalism as a respected profession

Once, the job of the journalist was clear-cut. We were the Keepers of the Truth (or at least, we thought we were). We had the access, were in the know, got the scoop. You, the great unwashed out there beyond the newsroom, reading your paper over breakfast or on the bus, didn't. We were special. Maybe we were even respected.

In exchange, you expected us to sieve the information we obtained, verify it, decide how important it was, put it in context, and serve it up to you in a form that was legible, digestible, comprehensible and that did not deviate too violently – though this may have been hoping too much – from the Truth. Once too, the job of the newspaper proprietor couldn't have been much easier. Your products sold in their high hundreds of thousands, their millions. Advertisers beat down your door to buy space. Owning a newspaper was a licence to print money. All the above was true when I left Cambridge in 1982. It was true when I became a journalist a few years later, and it was still true maybe as recently as a decade ago.

It's certainly not true now, and it's becoming less true by the hour. It's so untrue, in fact, that it seems worth asking whether journalism even has a future. As I write this, the Leveson inquiry has just opened. Probing a scandal that has so far witnessed resignations, pay-offs, corporate skulduggery, police connivance, parliamentary hearings, the closure of a once-great Sunday newspaper and the public humbling of the world's most powerful media mogul, it will hear evidence that maybe dozens of employees at the *News of the World* were involved in the illegal phone hacking of up to 6,000 people. Few today would argue that journalism is an especially respected profession. Printed newspapers, meanwhile, appear doomed. The circulation of most, in this country and in much of the western world, is shrinking by 10% a year. Mathematically, they'll be gone in a decade. But not only does no one much under the age of about 50 buy a daily paper any more, revenue from the other half of the traditional business model (display advertising) has fallen off a cliff and is not expected ever to recover.

Alan, this is looking a bit too high-brow, pour in a bit more needless prejudice, would you?



CHRIS ROEBUCK

Economically, newspapers have been blown out of the water.

What's driven this, of course, is the internet. With rare exceptions, most non-specialist newspapers provide most of they publish for free on the internet. Editorially, this is a good thing: like it or not, we live in a wired and inter-connected world, and charging for content on the internet will cut you off from that network. Think: what do you do when you follow a link to a newspaper article that's behind a paywall? Not many of you stump up, that's for sure.

Business-wise, however, it's a catastrophe: newspapers' digital audiences may be growing at an unprecedented rate, but no one has yet devised a digital business model that looks even remotely like delivering enough cash to fund the level of journalistic output we have today. Beyond economics, though, the web has changed how we experience the world. It has shortened time and distance; made news more immediate, and more open. It delivers not just words but pictures and audio and video. People who were once handed down news from on high can now compare sources, assess editorial judgements, reach their own conclusions.

Online, readers can check facts, expose mistakes, highlight distortions and, crucially, provide evidence for their own assertions. No longer passive consumers, they can express their views (and a great many do, often in highly unpleasant, not to say offensive terms – a whole other painful debate). Official data, historical records, all sorts of hitherto hard-to-access information is now available to anyone with broadband. Each of us has become, potentially, a publisher. Everyone can create their own content, and discover as much from a vast army of other informed internet users as they can from any mere journalist. And social media like Twitter and Facebook allow everyone to share this manna with everyone else, instantly and for free.

Besides destroying our employers' business model, then, the internet has fundamentally changed the job journalists do. Journalism is, essentially, no longer one-way traffic. We can no longer pretend we are figures of authority. We must solicit, respond, collaborate; link, tweet, blog; incorporate, crowd-source, co-author.

In essence, this New Journalism is about combining what we know or suspect or have found out, with what

you know or suspect or have found out. And to the table, we journalists can perhaps humbly hope to bring a few professional skills, a couple of hundred years of experience and our organisations' resources and credibility. Plus, the *News of the World* notwithstanding, standards of accuracy and reliability that may perhaps not always be those of every back room blogger. It's hard work, particularly if you did journalism the old way. I recently used Twitter (and pretty much only Twitter) to contact and meet a whole host of people across Portugal, Spain, Italy and Greece during a two-week reporting trip in search of human stories behind the economic crisis in southern Europe. It nearly killed me, but I'd have to say it worked.

Above all, though, the New Journalism may perhaps allow us to arrive at a rather more complete version of the Truth than we might have achieved when we were its only Keepers. Which might mean, I do hope, that journalism does have a future. We may not stand much chance of ever actually getting paid for it again, but hey, what's that between new-found friends?

**JON HENLEY IS A FEATURE WRITER AT THE GUARDIAN**

**VARSAITY**

**BLOGS**

**COMMENT**

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



This week, to whet your appetite, *Winfield's World* responds to Laura Macdonald's blog on the hypocrisy of aid

I recently read Laura McDonald's piece on the hypocrisy of the West regarding aid to East Africa; I think it is a good article and Laura makes a fine argument, but there are a couple of points I would like to add. I'm probably wading into a subject that I don't know a huge amount about – but here goes.

As I read it, Laura suggests the West is behaving hypocritically – despite using aid to advance its own cause, it opposes Al Qaeda's giving aid to Somalia and thus promoting its own agenda.

Laura is absolutely right to say Western aid to Somalia has a political dimension – indeed I would go further and say that the distribution of humanitarian supplies, vital to

their target region, cannot fail to be wrapped up in politics. Thus Laura mentions the response to Hurricane Katrina, but this proved to be a major political problem for George W Bush, and was exploited by the Democratic opposition.

That aid is enmeshed in politics does not, however, make its offering hypocritical – and nor does the fact that the West has concerns over Al Qaeda's motives.

*Continued at  
blogs.varsity.co.uk/comment*

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







PLUS MIND MAPS P15, CAM DINE WITH ME P21 & DARK ARTS AT DURHAM P22



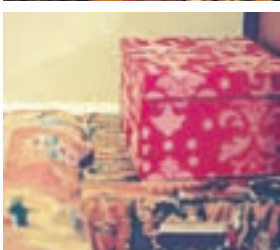
## OPENING NOTES

Louise Benson



When I was halfway through my turn in midair, my view of the ground below me froze just long enough for me to recognise acutely both what was about to happen and, rather more distressingly, the fact that there was nothing I could do to stop the inevitable. My bike whirled round, landing directly on top of me - surely only to act as the crown on a wholly humiliating fall. Worse still, the bruises from my last bicycle crash back at the start of term had only just faded. Both times, the fall came from entirely foolish oversights on my part: squinting up at windows and transporting objects too large to feasibly fit on the slim proportions of my bike frame. More distressing than the discomfort of cuts and bruises, though, is surely the shock that comes with being upright and mobile one moment, and sprawled and thoroughly immobile the next. With the end of term fast approaching, keeping upright is becoming increasingly shaky - particularly with Cambridge's own brand of Christmas-come-early distractions that accompany a term that ends with December barely underway. Most worrying of all, though, is surely the intersection of the two: a bicycle crash caused by the very distraction of staying academically upright. When focusing on all the work to be done and tasks to be completed without yielding to distractions becomes a distraction in itself, we end up trying so hard to avoid that academic crash, that a very real crash - and I still have the grazes to show for it - happens instead. Some perspective, then, is needed before bowing to the stress of work still unfinished - you don't want the crash to be any harder than it needs to be.

## Room of one's own



**Louise Ripley-Duggan** is a third year undergraduate student at Downing, studying Classics.



## From the old to the new

Reaching the end of term, everyone is getting used to Cambridge life. A general state of being fed-up and a desire for change pervades. Stuck in the same place for a short while yet, what better way to liven things up than to see familiar friends from a different perspective - and find the unexpected in old classics re-imagined and made new.

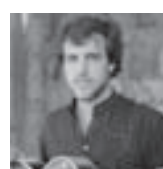
Compiled by John Holmes.

50 Ways to Leave Your Lover - Brad Mehldau

A Paul Simon classic transported into an odyssey in 7. Not even daring to show the melody's face until almost halfway through, this track illustrates why Mehldau is one of the defining jazz artists of the contemporary age, always introducing something new to something known by many.



**Belle – Gilad Hekselman**  
Nothing is better known to those who grew up in the 90s than the films of Walt Disney. This piece from Beauty and the Beast brings a lively interpretation of a beautiful melody.



**Stairway to Heaven – Rodrigo y Gabriela**  
Enormous energy behind what is undoubtedly a dinosaur of rock. Fleet-fingered duo Rodrigo y Gabriela breathe new life and energy into a song that somehow managed to live long past its shady origins as an instrumental from the group Spirit.

**Norwegian Wood – Victor Wooten**  
Wooten again shows his class as an interpreter of the music of others. Beautiful ringing harmonics introduce the melody interspersed with sections that sound impossible to play with only two hands.

**While My Guitar Gently Weeps - Jake Shimabukuro**  
Again another instrumental where a simple song on the humble ukulele

becomes multi-layered with only the use of four nylon strings.

**Satisfaction – Otis Redding**  
Bringing the song back to something more akin to what Keith Richards had envisioned with a horn driven riff, Redding unleashes his open-throated approach to the Rolling Stones classic.

**Routinely Denied (No Return) – Acoustic Ladyland**  
Hendrix rarely sounds better than when interpreted by a quartet that changes a song driven by an iconic opening to one that has a hard Latin swing ridden by a rasping tenor sax in all of musical history.

**Maiden Voyage/Everything In Its Right Place – Robert Glasper**  
Rather than faithful expositions of either the two pieces Glasper mixes the two together seamlessly into an exploration of both, giving suggestions of melodies rather than ever really laying them down.

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

**What are these animal cards up on your wardrobe?**

A good friend from the US saw a book of postcards entitled: "Grandma's dead" - breaking bad news with baby animals and thought of me. Go figure...

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

I think flowers are an absolute must. Other than that I think a room without anything on the walls is tragic.

**What are you reading?**

The last book I read for fun was 'One Day'. I refuse to see the film because Anne Hathaway doing a Northern accent would tip me over the edge.

**What are your favourite things to do in Cambridge?**

Dangerspoons on a Saturday night always reminds me that there is more to Cambridge than our 'gown' bubble. I also love walking around when people come up to visit - it makes me appreciate all over again how lucky we are to live in such a beautiful place.



# The sound of sound poetry

The primordial language of phonemes: **Lawrence Dunn** on the language and voices of poetry written without words, and the part they've had to play over the last century

It's probably true that human beings have always found pleasure in using their vocal chords to make sounds; indeed the expressive quality of this activity almost certainly predates the development of syntactic language. Rousseau regarded music as the origin of language. But this music – if it should be called music at all – was not music 'as we know it'. It most likely involved a mixture of pure pitched vocalisation (song) with more variable pitch found in animal calls and infant-mother vocalisation. In any case, it is this 'primordial' essence that later twentieth-century efforts in 'sound poetry' (poetry written without using words) taps into.

Today we regard the beginnings of sound poetry to be in the art movements of Dada, Italian futurism and Russian futurism, though it is much older. The recognition 'primordial' quality of sound poetry was part of these 'futuristic' art projects from the beginning. Many of these poems read like incantations, vocables ordered to please some forgotten ancestor gods, or to

protect against evil spirits. And yet, they also adhere to the progressive notion of 'avant-garde'. Despite their progressivism, early avant-gardists did not escape the simultaneous forwards-backwards advance that characterised revolutionary romanticism (the exemplar being, of

Many of these poems read like incantations to protect against evil spirits.

course, Wagner).

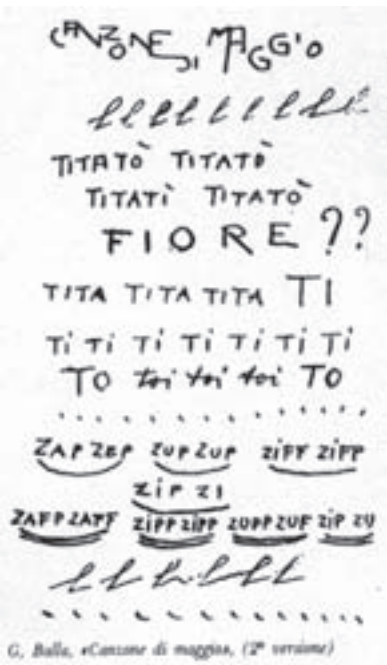
In addition, all of these movements incorporated the linguistic components of their respective languages – their languages' *phonemes* – such that, even without words, German sound poetry is specifically 'German', Italian sound poetry specifically 'Italian', and so on. An example of the latter might be Giacomo Balla's *Canzone di Maggio*, which includes the lines: 'titatò titatò / titati titatò / F I O R E ? ?' Another, more famous example, comes from



Kurt Schwitters's *Ursonate*: 'Fümms bö wö tää zää Uu, / pögiff, / Kwii Ee.'

Schwitters's Germanisms in the *Ursonate* are obvious, and are essential to its summation of Germanic culture—the poem basically being in 'Sonata Form' (like piano sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven *et al.*), but written in the 'primordial' language of phonemes. Thus it is the *Ur-sonata*, the 'basis', a imaginative reconstruction of the primordial origin of the pinnacle of Germanic *Tonkunst*.

While in Germany, Switzerland and Italy, sound poetry was limited in audience appreciation (especially at the Cabaret Voltaire, the centre of Dada), in Russia, sound poetry during the constructivist period become something of a popular attraction. Somewhat akin to the the 'absurdist', low musical-hall tradition in England, audiences would flock to



see absurd sound poetry that, despite its popularity, was regarded as avant-garde by its practitioners.

As the twentieth century progressed, sound poetry developed, particularly with changes of technology and political organisation. Ernst Jandl was one poet associated with the Vienna Actionists, a group that included Otto Mühl and Hermann Nitsch, whose experimentalism and dissidence led, eventually, to crime. In Britain, Bob Cobbing was a notable exemplar of the London experimental poetry scene, his work encompassing concrete and graphic poetry as well as electronically enhanced readings.

Sound poetry remains on the edge, but its concerns – the sound of phonemes, primordial, avant-garde, or otherwise – preoccupy most poets at one time or another.

## LAWRENCE'S TOP 5 SOUND (POETRY) BITES

- Giacomo Balla, Canzone di Maggio (1914)** – <http://bit.ly/vtUjtx>  
Performed by a trio of readers, on the 1977 LP Futura Poesia Sonora.

**Kurt Schwitters, Ursonate (1922-32)** – <http://bit.ly/jE9oPs>  
The man himself reading this, very lyrically, and bizarrely 'scottish' sounding on occasion.

**Bob Cobbing, 15 Shakespeare Kaku (1975)** – <http://bit.ly/uKc4AE>  
A version of Cobbing's poems realised using electronic sounds, with Lawrence Casserly.

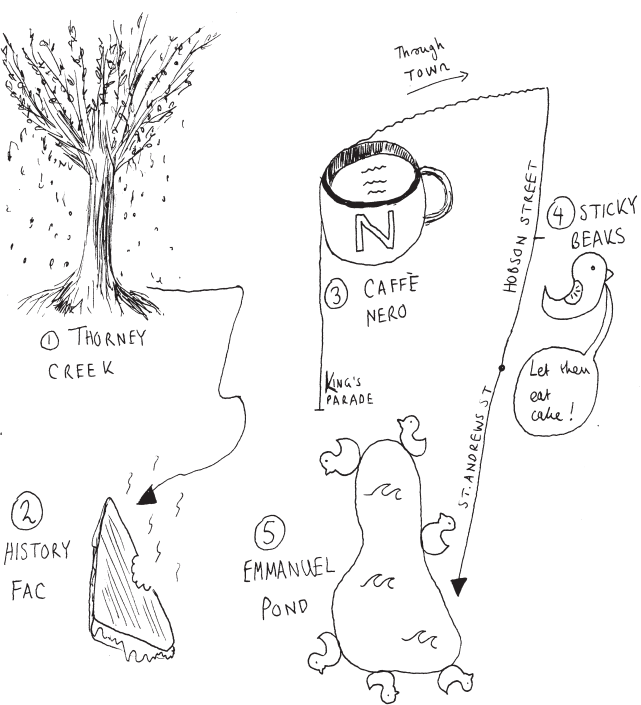
- Ernst Jandl, Ode auf N (1957)** – <http://bit.ly/tC9Sf2>  
Jandl, pictured above, here plays with layering his own voice using overdubbing.

**Alexej Krucenych, dyr bul scyl (1912)** – <http://bit.ly/sOcNZU>  
A vintage recording of this poem from a Russian futurist sound poet.

Much more information about sound poetry, and the above recordings, can be found on **Ubuweb (www.ubu.com)**.

## 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, **Claire Healy** explores Cambridge's best spots for getting work done when you can't face another day in the library.



- 1) Thorney Creek**  
A kind of magical woodland in Robinson, with leafy paths, a bridge over the water and what's got to be 101 resident squirrels. Has a calming effect before facing dreaded essay feedback.

**2) History Faculty**  
Sidgwick Site's lunchtime offers are often on the pricey side, but History Fac. toasties are a winner at only £2.25. Plus, they're cheesier than a Valentine's card from Rick Astley.

**3) Caffè Nero**  
Now don't ask me why, but above all other coffee chains, supervisors always go for Caffè Nero. My DOS once encouraged the whole class to immediately go to Caffè Nero post-supo to 'talk Gawain'...

**4) Sticky Beaks**  
...But for the more discerning alt-supervision venue, Sticky Beaks on Hobson Street is airy, bright and does a mean coffee. Alternatively, porridge here pre a nasty supervision elsewhere will get you through the hour like a treat.

**5) Emmanuel Pond**  
For a French supervision in Emmanuel last Summer, we sat by the scenic pond and fought it out with the ducks for fresh croissants (no joke, big up to that supervisor!)



**Making lists**  
With essays, endless tasks to complete and emails to send, it's finally time to get affairs in order. The satisfaction derived from ticking off completed items makes it all worth it.

**The Rum Diaries**  
Directed by Bruce Robinson, creator of that classic snapshot of British alcoholism 'Withnail and I', based on an unpublished Hunter S. Thompson novel, and starring Jonny Depp, we're excited for a boozy outing to the cinema to catch this new release.

**Unseasonably warm weather**  
Halfway through November and we're still not wearing gloves, hat or scarf. Fingers crossed it lasts to the end of term.

**ASDA coloured wine glasses**  
Delightfully plastic, garish, and available in a variety of bright hues, at £2.50 for ten glasses these are cheap and cheerful at its very best.

**Hamlet at the Barbican/Young Vic**  
One advertised as a "visceral, taut, mud-soaked adaptation", the other starring Michael Sheen of The Queen, Frost/Nixon and The Damned United fame. We can't decide which we'd be more intrigued to watch – and feel inclined to try and catch both.

**Ready-bottled mulled wine**  
The joy of a steaming mug of hot spiced wine is all in the brewing of the beverage – and adjusting the cinnamon, orange and sugar perfectly to taste. The shop-bought stuff just doesn't cut it.

**Clean sheets**  
It's definitely more than halfway through term now: you know things aren't looking good if you still haven't done your laundry. Bundle it all into the wash to bask in post task-completed glory – see 'Making lists' for more details.





RUFFLE SLEEVE BLACK DRESS: PHASE 8  
NECK DETAIL DRESS: TED BAKER  
PURPLE LACE DRESS: GHOST



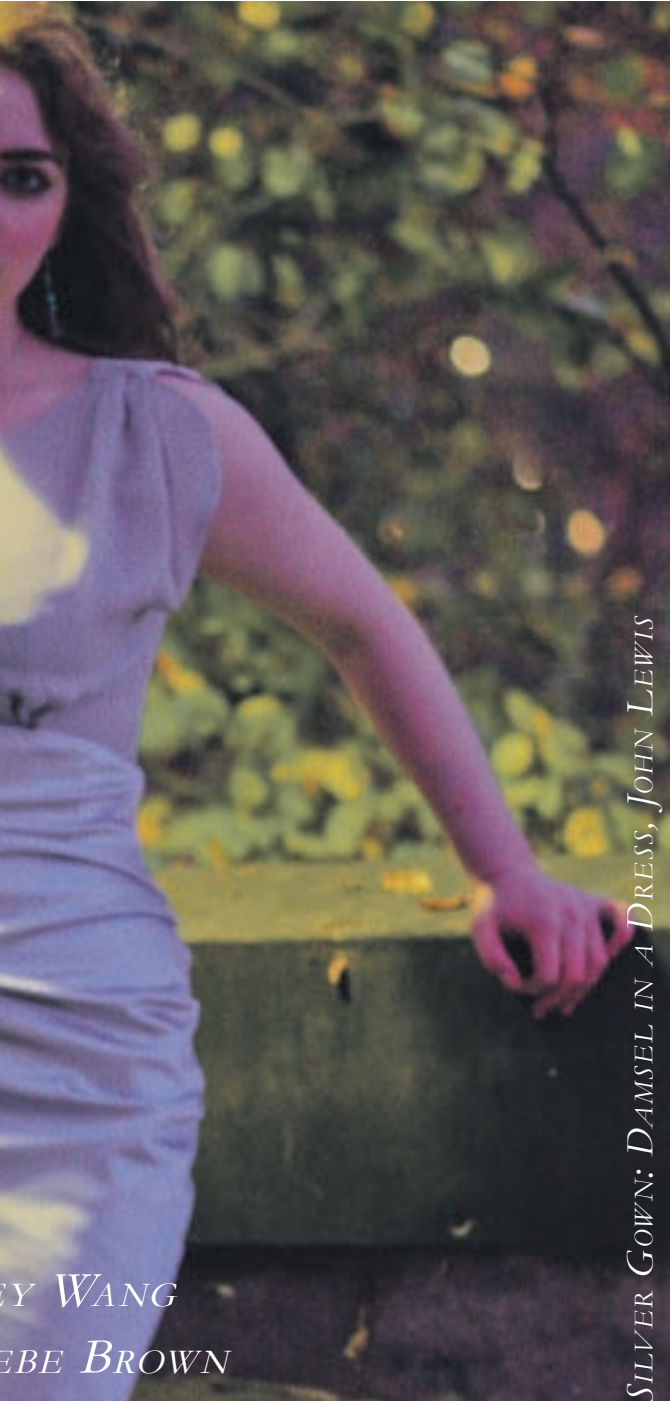
CLOTHING KINDLY LENT BY  
**JOHN LEWIS CAMBRIDGE  
& TERMINAL D**  
MODELLED BY MARIA D.,  
HETTY G., & ELLIE B.

NUDE COLOURED DRESS WITH BLACK DETAIL & APHRODITE DRESS: TERMINAL D



PHOTOGRAPHY BY YINSEY WANG  
MAKEUP BY ELLIE PHOENIX





SILVER GOWN: DAMSEL IN A DRESS, JOHN LEWIS



GOLD DRESS: FENN WRIGHT MASON  
DEEP BLUE DRESS: TED BAKER  
NAVY JACKET: TERMINAL D



# APPLY TO EDIT VARSITY



EMAIL APPLICATIONS@VARSITY.CO.UK

**DEADLINE FOR SECTION EDITOR  
APPLICATIONS: MONDAY NOVEMBER 28**

**NEWS EDITOR; COMMENT EDITOR;  
SPORT EDITOR; ARTS EDITOR; FEATURES  
EDITOR; THEATRE EDITOR; REVIEWS  
EDITOR; BLOGS EDITOR; FASHION EDITOR;  
OUTREACH MANAGER AND MANY MORE**



# Listings

Don't miss:



Talk

**The Neuroscience of Consciousness**  
BABBAGE LECTURE THEATRE - NEW MUSEUMS SITE 21ST NOVEMBER, 18.00 (FREE)  
Neuroscientist, popular author and television presenter Baroness Susan Greenfield asks how electrical firings in the brain translate to consciousness.

Sat

19<sup>th</sup>

Event

**Christmas & all that Jazz**  
EMMANUEL COLLEGE OLD LIBRARY 19.30  
Come enjoy some Saturday night festive cheer with live jazz, mulled wine and a mince pie or two in Emma's gorgeous Old Library. Students Supporting Street Kids and Student Action for Refugees invite you to support worthwhile causes whilst relaxing, dancing and generally having a good time.



Sun

20<sup>th</sup>

Music

**The Naked And Famous**  
THE JUNCTION 19.00 (£14 ADV)  
Formed in various Auckland bedrooms by David Beadle, Thom Powers, Aaron Short, Jesse Wood and Alisa Xayalith, The Naked & Famous took the DIY approach, writing and recording the majority of their music in those very same suburban houses.

Music

**Le Petit Orchestre**  
FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM 13.15 (FREE)  
A concert featuring the works of Handel, Bach, and Vivaldi with Helen Kruger on the violin and Kate Maccaboy as the soprano.

Mon

21<sup>st</sup>

Music

**Musical Theatre Bar Night**  
ADC 20.00 (£6/£7)  
Cambridge University Musical Theatre Society once more present one of its ever-popular cabaret evenings. Featuring the best Cambridge performers singing a wide range of Musical Theatre classics, and a live band.

Music

**Friendly Fires**  
CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE 19.30 (£16)  
The St Alban's three-piece return with their exciting, colourful sophomore pop record Pala; a record packed with senseless beauty, hook-filled spontaneity and sheer energy combining to become a refreshing, dance-laden soundtrack.



Music

**Truly Medely Deeply**  
NEWNHAM COLLEGE BAR 20.00 (£3)  
You've seen them at May Balls and June Events...Now is your chance to see Truly Medley Deeply at their only college performance this term.



Tue

22<sup>nd</sup>

Theatre

**Miss Julie**  
CORPUS PLAYROOM 19.00 (£5/£6)  
From the company who brought you Endgame, ('exhausting', 'utterly enervating to watch' – Cambridge Tab, 'darkly amusing', 'wonderful' – \*\*\*\* Varsity), we bring you the dangerous joy of August Strindberg's Miss Julie, stunningly re-imagined by award-winning playwright Helen Cooper.



Theatre

**A Children's Guide to the Birth of Christ**  
CORPUS PLAYROOM 21.30 (£5/6)  
In Jeff Carpenter's ongoing offence against theatre, now he tackles religion. Do not miss this musical nativity - it's going to be have 'a lot in common with a terrible, terrible night at Cindies' if it's anything like the last one.

Music

**J. Cole**  
THE JUNCTION 19.00 (£16 ADV)  
Cole released his first mixtape in 2007 which found its way throughout music circles and led to his signing with Roc Nation. With the ability to write thought provoking songs packed with sharp wit and clever lines, Cole is able to connect with listeners in a way that is seldom seen among MCs today.

Wed

23<sup>rd</sup>

Comedy

**Fierce**  
ADC 23.00 (£5/£6)  
Tenderly chained to her lover's bed, beautifully decorated with chocolate sauce, Felicity has been abandoned. But that's okay, because she won't be short of company for long. Fierce is the new comedy written and performed by Kat Griffiths.

Music

**New Music Group**  
KETTLE'S YARD 20.00 (£7)  
Playing from students of the University of Cambridge with a programme of twentieth and twenty-first century composers mixed with student compositions.

Film

**Les Enfants Du Paradis**  
ARTS PICTUREHOUSE 17.00 (£7.50 - STUDENT)  
Shot in conditions in the final years of the Nazi occupation, Marcel Carne's Les Enfants Du Paris is a lavish evocation of an epoch with a cast of fictitious and historical characters thronging along the 'Boulevard du Crime' in the theatre district of 1840s Paris.



Thu

24<sup>th</sup>

Music

**Kettle's Yard Chamber Concert**  
KETTLE'S YARD 20.00 (£10)  
With Colin Carr on the cello and Thomas Sauer on the piano.

Debate

**The Union Debate**  
THE UNION 19.30  
'This House Believes the West is Not Prepared for a World Dominated by the Rise of China'. Another promising title. Head down to see if it's actually any good.



Workshop

**HighTide: Escalator Plays - Writers' Group Roadshow**  
THE JUNCTION 18.00 (FREE)  
HighTide are coming to The Junction on their Writers' Group Roadshow, looking for writers based in Cambridge to participate in a one off workshop.

Fri

25<sup>th</sup>

Music

**Imelda May**  
CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE 19.30 (£23.50)  
With her modern take on blues and rockabilly, Imelda May embarks on her biggest headline tour to date in November. Imelda May, born in Dublin and raised in the Liberties, may be an unknown name to some, but to many she is already a superstar.



Event

**Hip-Hop Classes**  
THE UNION 19.00  
(£3 MEMBERS, £5 NON-MEMBERS)  
Have you ever wanted to learn the hip-hop dance steps you see on music videos? Whether you've two left feet or are already a pro, these classes will leave you itching to to try out your new moves.

Music

**Kettle's Yard lunchtime concert**  
KETTLE'S YARD 13.10  
With Mark Seow (violin), Edmund Daley (viola), Héloïse Werner (cello), Marianne Schofield (double bass), and Brendan Musk (piano) all of whom are students of the University.

Outside the bubble

Event

**Tea & Coffee Festival**  
SOUTHBANK CENTRE SQUARE, LONDON (NOV 18TH - 20TH)  
The festival devoted to all things tea and coffee returns to Southbank Centre Square, with demonstrations, tastings and talks led by coffee roasters and tea masters

Event

**Hyde Park Winter Wonderland**  
HYDE PARK, LONDON (NOV 18TH-JAN 3RD 2012)  
Hyde Park gives itself over to Christmas with rides and attractions including a Giant Observational Wheel and two circuses.

Film

**The Nomad pop-up cinema**  
WHITELEYS, LONDON (UNTIL DEC 21ST)  
The Nomad Cinema spent the summer putting on open-air film screenings in parks and garden across London. Now they're at Whiteley's Shopping Centre.

Exhibition

**Terence Conran: The Way We Live Now**  
DESIGN MUSEUM, LONDON (UNTIL MAR 4 2012)  
An exhibition examining the impact on contemporary life of the designer, restaurateur and retailer Sir Terence Conran.

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



## The Quincentenary Library, Jesus

### Best for: bringing out your creative side

Art is unavoidable in Jesus' library – even the view of the world outside is interrupted by giant dinosaur sculptures on one side. You come across four pieces of art just by walking up the stairs.

First, there's Antonio Bellotti's *Annunciation*; then a couple of luridly bright pop art prints; and, at the top, one of Antony Gormley's metal casts of himself, which surveys the library like a skinny, nude library bouncer.

Gormley's daughter Paloma studied architecture at Jesus, and is responsible for initially converting The Shop from a disused building on Jesus Lane.

Downstairs, there is a social area with newspapers and three huge tilted desks set aside for sketching and architectural work...and of course more works of art, this time including a stained glass window by Graham Jones.

But the best aspects of this library are the work booths at the top of the stairs. If the library isn't too full, you



can slide the door closed and hog one of these tiny chambers – with its wall-to-wall books and view of the college's

twelfth-century chapel – all to yourself.

The War Memorial Library, Queen's  
Best for: its history

The old coincides with the new in this former fifteenth century chapel – a mural (albeit behind glass) is next to some metal stairs, while stained glass windows surround an open-plan design on the first floor.

The building was attacked during the Civil War by iconoclast William Dowding, who destroyed the artwork and pulled up the altar steps – hard to picture in the quiet, studious calm of a Sunday afternoon. After the war, it was turned into a library, doubling as a memorial to members of Queens' killed in action. By the nineties, however, more space was needed, and, as the college website puts it, “a new structure was created inside the shell of the building, as a ship is inserted into a bottle, touching the walls in as few places as possible.”



Library-crashers beware though – even if you slink in behind a cardholder, you need one to get out too.

# Multi-story buildings

by Lucinda Higgle

The Jerwood Library, Trinity Hall  
Best for: the view

This is the library you cycle past whenever you use Garrett Hostel Bridge (more commonly known by a cruder nickname) on the way to or from the Sidgwick Site.

The modern rafters are perhaps somewhat reminiscent of the Globe Theatre but from inside, the views are distractingly good. This is definitely the best library of the five to visit if you want the smug feeling of being in a place of work without actually doing any you will probably prefer spending the entire time gazing at the world outside. The

windows at the front on each level overlook the water, so you can watch people in punts as well as passing cyclists. Even at the back, you get a view of the Trinity Hall grounds as well as Clare and King's Chapel in the distance.

The library boasts of having been “designed to be comfortable” and this is no lie – there are cushioned window seats that, judging from the pile of pillows on each, double up as beds if you feel like a kip.



## The Yates Thompson Library, Newnham

### Best for: its beauty

This library is Grade II\* listed and maddeningly beautiful – its blue and white domes and the half-crescent windows inspire a particularly intense library envy.

As well as its beauty though, the YTL has an intriguing history. Built in 1897, it was a vital resource for Newnham students before the ban on women accessing the University Library was lifted in December 1923.

A major expansion and refurbishment took place in

2004 and now a second library, the Horner Markwick – has been built adjacent to the original one.

At 90,000 volumes strong, it is still one of Cambridge's best-stocked college libraries, and it continues to grow – over 1,000 new tomes are added annually.



King's College Library  
Best for: its collections

An informal and cosy library in spite of all the majesty of its high, ornate ceilings and abundant wood-panelling. Well-worn scarlet carpets cover most of the bare floorboards, a world away from the regulation blue or brown stain-hiding kind you're wont to find in most other colleges.

On the day I visited, someone had thought to dot a few empty bottles of Peroni around the entrance, as if to offset the dragon statue and sinister stone face.

The current building is relatively

new. Before its completion in 1828, the college's library had been housed, since the sixteenth century, inside several of the Chapel's side panels.

The books were attached to their shelves by long chains, so that they could be taken down and read, but not stolen.

This practice was commonplace at the time as books were so valuable and the library continued to implement it until 1777.

Now, the library holds around 130,000 volumes, a drop in the ocean next to the UL's seven million, but supersize in comparison to most college libraries. King's certainly seems to pop up perkily in nearly every Newton 'Colleges A-N' search!





# Cam Dine with Me

Victimised vegetarians, dropped desserts and downright cheating. Who'd have thought **Natalie Gil**'s homebaked version of Come Dine with Me would get so messy?

**T**ake a bunch of incompetent and, let's face it, delusional 'chefs', then throw in a healthy dose of arrogance and/or misogyny. Add a cheeky ready meal on the sly, a pinch of culinary talent and the odd piece of "organic, locally-sourced and sustainably-grown" produce. Oh and lashings of alcohol – that's a given. Let this concoction simmer for

approximately half an hour and bon appétit – it's everyone else's favourite novice cooking programme, Come Dine With Me, of course! But, alas, even the most fleeting of viewers knows that it's the snide asides and brazen puns of the narrator, Dave Lamb, that make the show. Food? That's merely an afterthought.

This is probably just as well, because I – along with a few (apparently) gastronomically inept friends – have decided to embark on a similar feat, all in the name of fun. Each pair or individual will prepare a course in the college gyp – sans an oven, weighing scales, and pretty much everything else you'd need to cook a decent meal.

To my mind this could result in one of two outcomes: food poisoning or a defeated trip to the 'Chompers' burger van across the road. I'm intrigued as to what the others are about to prepare, and as per usual, am ravenously hungry, so let the culinary car crash commence!

**The starter: Pork-wrapped prunes with overfilled devil eggs**

Yep, I'd planned for, and had intended, this to be a contest for novices too. Instead, this pair went all Ramsay on us! Based on first appearance, I was impressed, but more surprised. This was not what I'd been expecting. The standard had been set, and the pair claimed it had taken them over an hour.

They'd definitely gone to town – paprika and parsley. My taste buds were re-awoken with all the seasoning. (Not to make a dig at hall food or anything.) And garnish, for God's sake!

All praise aside, they hadn't accommodated to the herbivore in me. Points deducted. Instead of a lone prune, I was given extra parsley. It's a good thing I like parsley, really. Although, being a veggie, I eat leaves all day anyway... But admittedly, it was delicious. They scored well for originality and organisation.

The same could not be said for the main.

**The main: Risotto al Q (con funghi, pollo e pancetta)**

No, unlike what we'd been assured by this chef, making risotto from scratch (chopping onions, frying meat, the works) does not take half an hour. No trace of any presentational effort by the looks of things. But you know what they say: never judge a risotto by its cat-sick-like façade! This self-styled Mr Blumenthal had gone all out and bought, not just any old mushrooms but organic, shitake mushrooms. Funny words get extra points in my book. But unlike Heston, this one was all hair and no flair. I might have come across a sample of Chef Number Two's very own DNA in my meal.

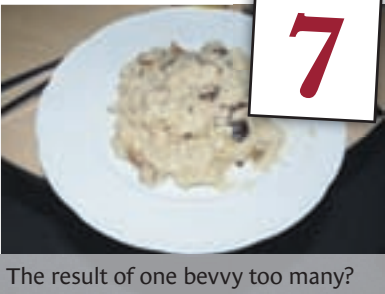
Presentation aside, it was admittedly delicious. Creamy, cheesy, and the perfect way to whet the palate for another imminent 'cheesegasm'. I scored it 7 out of 10 – it beat the starter on taste and, despite the few mishaps, this chef had put a lot of effort into his meal. Aww.

**The dessert: (No-bake) Lemon and raspberry cheesecake.**

Time for yours truly's crack at the culinary whip. First, let it be known that I'm game for cheese all day, any day, and this baby had it in droves. A 300g tub, in fact. I don't understand anyone that can't stomach cheese in a dessert. But, each to their own; I'll take their slice. However, trying to justify the use of a copious, Nigella-esque quantity of butter with the fact that I used 'light' Philadelphia was probably in vain. With a little help from our gyp's freezer (or, our slightly-below-room-temperature-shoe-box) I was able to ensure that this beast congealed. But back to what really counts: the taste. I may not have used a vanilla pod as the recipe specified (£2.50 for a single pod made the prospect of mimicking luxury ice-cream quite unlikely) but we polished off the whole thing. My fellow diners gave me an average score of 8, but they were probably just being kind. Feel the love.



Eggcellent: pulling out all the stops



The result of one bevvvy too many?



Pat Val, eat your heart out



**NO-BAKE CHEESECAKE**

Natalie Gil

The disparity between lack of skill required and the quality of the finished dessert is almost criminal. Summer is over but bask in its memory with this recipe.

*Prep time: 30 mins + setting time  
Serves: 5 greedy people (or about 8 with self-control)*

**FOR THE BASE**

- 200g digestive biscuits
- 100g soft butter

**FOR THE TOPPING**

- 300g tub of cream cheese
- 200ml carton of double cream
- 1 cup icing sugar
- Juice of 1 lemon (or a vanilla pod if you enjoy throwing money down the drain)
- Berries of choice (most are out of season so frozen are a good alternative)



- CLAUDIA STOCKER
1. Put the digestives in a plastic bag and release your pent-up frustration by smashing them with a rolling pin.
  2. Melt the butter in the microwave for 30 second intervals until its runny. Mix the crumbs and butter together to form a sandy paste.
  3. Flatten the mixture out at the bottom of a cake tin. If you're not so well-equipped in the culinary department, use a flat plate and line its circumference with a cardboard. Put this in the fridge until it's hard and cool.
  4. Beat the cream until it's thick enough to hold its shape. This exercise warrants your guilt-free enjoyment of the final product.
  5. Beat in the packet of cream cheese until the mixture is smooth.
  6. Add the icing sugar and lemon juice/vanilla pod. Use up your last bit of elbow grease to carry on beating it until the consistency is smooth and dense.
  7. Pour the topping onto the base and spread evenly. Leave it to set in the freezer for about 4 hours or for about half a day in the fridge (it'll be worth the wait).
  8. Decorate with berries, but beware of the juice which could permeate through it and cause collapse. If any "friends" turn their nose up at this, just keep their portion for yourself.

**SENSEI** always reminded us to keep our eyes open to today's culture.

**YET** no matter how we try, we always find it difficult to do so in particular areas ...

**FOR E.G.** when it comes to accepting **"ROCK"**

**WITH** our martial arts training at Dojo

**BANGING** our head into a **"WOK"** to strengthen our neck muscles, yeah, that's our **CUP OF GREEN TEA** BUT **BANGING** our head using **"Rock"**

...mmm...we just can't get our heads around that.....particularly those **Nine Inch Nails** (as illustrated)...**WE WERE TOLD** to wake up to today's culture by **LISTENING** to Rock by some kids... **BUT HEY WHAT DO THEY TAKE US FOR !!!** ..some kind of **IDIOTS** rocks don't talk...in fact that they don't **make any noise at all!**

**\* DOJO. SERVING NOODLES THAT ROCKS!!!! \***

**DOJO** ( Oh btw. just to clarify, we serve great food, not kung foo )

noodle bar 1-2 Millers Yard, Mill Lane, Off Trumpington Street, Cambridge CB2 1RQ T : 01223 363 471 www.dojonoodlebar.co.uk



Poet's  
Corner

## Finisterre

A warning,  
It is torrential  
You nod, waiting outside,  
Unrealising I have seen  
Your white lung  
Slabbed on greystone  
Off season.

On the front  
Surrendering into  
Black railings  
I breathe slowly,  
Blank concrete glance  
Off the promenade:

Tide coming in.  
Nowhere, really,  
Cold boots in the rain  
Mud on the inside  
Old kindness ending in  
Whispered final terror

Time to go now.  
Too long and too cold  
You have been braced  
Bone-cracked  
Tented;  
Now the tide coming in.

EMMA STIRLING

## Malindi

You roguish lights!  
You terrify, bedazzle  
We clamour for your favour,  
Welcome your ranks with endearments,  
Yet you betray the brevity of imposters,  
Lustre, Lucre, sweaty ash,  
Then nothing but an elevated stillness,  
Singularity,  
Can't we but holdfast to the path?  
Linearity, spirals to jarring peaks,  
Bob and barrage, weave and  
Wonder,  
From Roman to rustic! Ha! So we must  
start afresh  
Cast back, extrapolate,  
Or hold still and aim without eyes  
Taste the headwind, at a pace, sails can  
but invert  
And the umbrella? Well, it no long con-  
ceals but captures  
Thoughts are fleeing,  
Directions are by definition, themselves  
Not long to go  
Stillness shines eternally ethereal ripples  
distort,  
And then it is gone but always there  
Shifting of mirrors  
They are out guides,  
They remind us of what we saw,  
But too often they crash  
Into each other, into themselves, into that  
blackest of precipices  
And directions are no longer  
Themselves

PARIN SHAH

Dark arts at  
Durham?

The world's favourite teenage wizard is the subject of a new course offered at Durham University. Reactions have ranged from enthusiasm to disgust – but what, asks **Charlotte Keith**, do we find so potty about studying Harry Potter?

Wring your hands in jealousy, Potter fans. A new module is on offer at Durham University, created in response to demand from the student body: 'Harry Potter and the Age of Illusion'. As part of a BA in Education Studies, undergraduates can opt for a course which promises 'to place the phenomenon that is Harry Potter™ in its social, cultural and educational context and understand some of the reasons for

“The enduring popularity of the novels testifies to their imaginative power

its popularity'. Themes explored will include 'the commodification of education', 'the moral universe of the school, and 'J.K. Rowling and the legacy of the school story from Rudyard Kipling to Grange Hill'. University registrar Carolyn Fowler called it 'a serious but innovative' module; certainly, if the learning outcomes (these include 'an ability to problematise reality as a social construct') are anything to go by. And the bad news: the module will involve 22 lectures, 11 seminars, a total of 167 hours' read-

ing...and a two hour exam.

One Durham student currently taking the course said, 'Mock all you want, it's actually quite challenging. The novelty of studying Harry Potter wears off after about two weeks.' Another was more upbeat, enthusing that 'it's pretty cool to get to re-read the Harry Potter books and call it work'. Despite Durham's claim, though, that this is 'the first, or among the first, module of its kind in a UK university' – the States have been on the Harry-Potter-academia bandwagon for much longer.

Frostburg State University offers a course entitled 'The Science of Harry Potter: How Magic Really Works', which claims to explain magical events through the basic principles of physics. My personal favourite is Oregon State University's program, 'Finding Your Patronus', which examines what Martin Luther King Jr. and Albus Dumbledore have in common as part of the induction process for Freshmen. These courses use the popularity of the novels as a way of engaging student interest in more 'serious' academic topics,

sweetening the bitter pill of philosophy or physics, and teaching essentially traditional topics through an Potter-focused lens.

But do the novels merit consideration as an object of study in themselves? If as prestigious a university

Stanford thinks it worthwhile to offer the course, 'Harry Potter: The Meaning Behind the Magic', which examines the novels as literature, their impact, influences, and reception, the answer seems to be yes. From a literary perspective, the series is fascinating because it is a patchwork of so many different influences: boarding school novels, quest plot archetypes, medieval romance, the Homeric hero, myriad mythologies. Epic in length and

“The point of the Potterverse, and of the magical module, is that it has the potential to shine a light on our own world

(arguably) scope, the novels weave all this material into one cohesive whole, an utterly compelling and comprehensive alternate world that lies just beyond the barrier at King's Cross. As one student at King's College London – who wrote a coursework essay on the reception of classical ideas in the Potter novels – said, 'it wasn't just about writing an essay on wizards, it was about the influences and mixing of different mythologies, cultures, and histories'.

If you're feeling jealous of those Durham students, with their shiny new Potter module and glow of academic innovation, never fear. When it comes to the serious study of contemporary culture, Cambridge is not lagging behind. Last year, candidates for the contemporary literature paper in Part 2 of the English Tripos were invited to comment on a passage which analysed the Twilight novels as 'crypto-Mormon propaganda that takes delight in the pleasure of half-naked teenage boys'. And the Education Faculty Library can always promise the delight of a book entitled 'Media and the make-believe worlds of children: when Harry Potter meets Pokemon in Disneyland'.

Anyone who can't see the appeal and intellectual importance of this kind of study is seriously lacking in

Unusual  
or useless?

*Ten courses you didn't know existed...*

**Equestrian Psychology**  
Glyndwr University

**Stained-glass window studies**  
Swansea Institute

**Robin Hood Studies (MA)**  
University of Nottingham

**Brewing and Distilling**  
Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh

**Substance misuse**  
Neath-Port Talbot College

**Puppetry**  
University of London

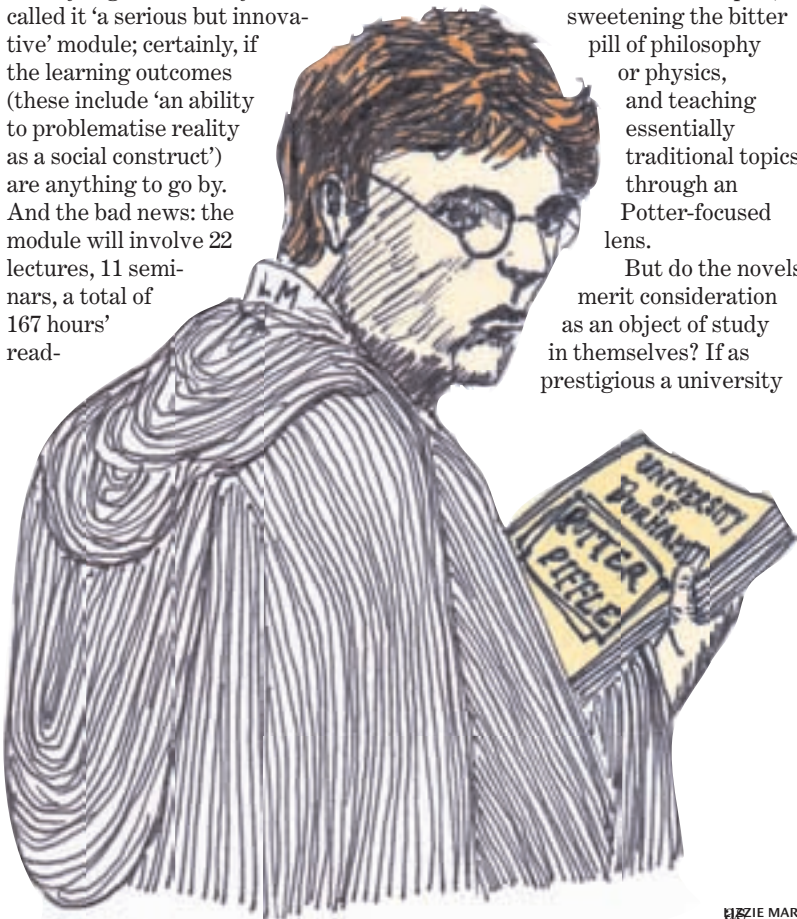
**The Beatles (MA)**  
Liverpool Hope University

**Piano Pedagogy**  
University of Belmont

**Contemporary Circus**  
Bath Spa

**Cruise Management**  
Plymouth University

open-mindedness. And, worse, risks comparison with Voldemort, who, as Dumbledore tells Harry, does not understand or value 'children's tales, of love, loyalty and innocence' which have 'a power beyond the reach of any magic'. The enduring popularity of the novels testifies to their imaginative power: defending the new module, Dr Martin Richardson, course leader for Education Studies at Durham argued that 'the point of the Potterverse, and by extension the magical module, is that it has the potential to shine a light on our own world.' And who better to comment on these texts than the generation whose progress to adulthood, whose view of the world, has been shaped by them?





# Cue the music

Ever since the heyday of silent film, music has been an integral part of the movie experience.

**Alice Bolland** pays homage to the under-appreciated art of the soundtrack

The choice of soundtrack – whether incidental score, pop hit or grungy cult classic – has the power to make or break a film. Take a look at some classic examples: what would *Jaws* be without those two notes? Imagine that scene in *Apocalypse Now* without Wagner’s “Ride of the Valkyries”. How much better would *Pearl Harbour* have been without Faith Hill’s irritating background whining? (Ok, it would still have been rubbish, but potentially less rubbish.) Music permeates a film; music and film are intrinsically linked and often the success (or failure) of a film can be related directly to the score or soundtrack.

For some reason, music is an incredibly emotive stimulus, with the ability to transport a person back to a moment in the past within an instant. Thus movies have the power to

“Music is an incredibly emotive stimulus, with the ability to transport a person back to the past in an instant

immortalise music. You cannot hear Celine Dion belting out “My Heart Will Go On” without visualising Kate and Leo clinging to the side of the *Titanic*. “Stuck in the Middle with You” will forever be associated with *Reservoir Dogs* (for better or for worse). And it is nigh on impossible to hear Chuck Berry’s “You Never Can Tell” without doing a little Uma Thurman shimmy.

Furthermore, a number of great film soundtracks have become even more famous than the films in which they first appeared. “Moon River” was first sung in *Breakfast at Tiffany’s*, in 1961. Ben E. King’s “Stand by Me”, from the movie with the same name, is now better



known than the film itself. And Elvis Presley’s acting debut *Jailhouse Rock* has been utterly eclipsed by the success of its eponymous pop hit.

Of course it’s not just individual songs that can capture the essence of a film. When thinking about movie music, the immediate examples that spring to mind are those iconic scores which have become synonymous with the films themselves. Can you think of *Star Wars* without humming the Imperial March to yourself? Similarly with *Lord of the Rings*, *The Godfather*, *James Bond* and, most recently of course, *Harry Potter*; for these films the scores are an integral part of the action, representing recurring motifs and thus linking the films to one another.

Today, it seems that original soundtracks are becoming scarcer. For whatever reason, be it the phenomenon of internet downloads, or the economic crisis, labels seem less confident in investing in a wholly original soundtrack than in the past. Looking back, the 80s stand out as the wonder years, when movies, and their soundtracks, flourished. The 80’s can lay claim to some of the most iconic movies – *Blade Runner*, *Raging Bull*, *Blue Velvet* – not to mention the influx of dance movies – *Footloose*, *Flashdance*, *Dirty Dancing* – all of which have become celebrated for their recognisable soundtracks.

Yet there are still directors out there who prioritise a good soundtrack as a necessity for a good film. Darren Aronofsky, once cult

idol, now main-stream favourite, continues to wow with his innovative movie style, a large feature of which is the atmosphere created by the background music. The iconic *Requiem for a Dream* score (sadly plundered by the X-factor) remains one of the most effective soundtracks to date. Clint Mansell, genius behind many of Aronofsky’s films including *Requiem*, also provided the original music for *Black Swan*, which gave the film its emotional impact.

Tarantino, too, retains his reputation for phenomenal soundtracks, as does Martin Scorsese (with the exception of *Shutter Island*

“Perhaps due to the phenomenon of internet downloads, labels are less confident in investing in a wholly original soundtrack

– don’t worry Martin, everyone makes mistakes.) Unfortunately a number of Hollywood big-shots seem to think that when it comes to soundtracks, the bigger the better. *Inception* was blemished by its ridiculous soundtrack, as was *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*. But then, subtlety is rarely a facet of Hollywood features.

A soundtrack created effectively is a truly admirable feat; done sloppily (as is so often the case) it has the potential to ruin the entire movie experience.

## Arts Comment

Art history’s side dish has been left in the larder. Time to bring it out

Yates Norton



Staring into a forlorn fridge which is shrine to, well, nothing, the very idea of food as art sometimes seems as remote as Himalayan tea (unless of course you are thinking Minimalism). And when formal hall elicits more laughter than admiration from its main course of ‘mattresse of lamb in a blankette of jus with clouds of garlic foam’, the very notion of a pedestalsed pie seems absurd.

Gone are the days of tomatoes parading as swans. These days, the only food institutionally recognised as art, qua art, is rotting meat a la Damien Hirst (something my fridge is currently plagiarising)

A nourishing, if specific, history is at hand, for food art is not a passe relic of 70s culinary tastelessness. In fact it has a venerable tradition, with no less than the papal court as its patron. With its very own room in which these so called sugar trionfi were prepared, and artists as famous as Bernini designing them, the 17th-century Vatican took its culinary art seriously. If they had the heavenly host in gilded sugar, our own Angel Delight surely suffers by comparison

Thankfully these religious tableaux were not for the mouth, but eyes alone. Whatever one’s religious affiliations or sympathies, the thought of biting off the Messiah’s head might be difficult to stomach.

The culinary feats of Golgotha and the Last Supper in sugar, were no doubt exercises in the treasured art of wit and metaphor. Nevertheless, one cannot help thinking that these were merely the sugar coatings of a moralising core: your stomach rumbling whilst contemplating the agony? Proof is in the pudding that

one’s bodily wants and yearnings are debased and sinful. Pandering to a Catholic obsession with the body and sensual pleasure, gustatory or otherwise, these sculptures were not only virtuoso culinary monuments, but also probed the intense relation between art and consumption, literal or imagined.

Consumption and art is all the more pronounced today. If art’s condition in the 20th and 21st centuries is to circumvent a greedy culture industry, then cooking might provide an alternative. As a gourmand friend declared, cooking is a way to create, enjoy and consume without corporate middlemen, and without the culture industry sticking its fingers in your pie. Of course there is a food industry; corporate, distended like a stuffed trout and voracious, making TV shows and probably owning the patent for the food foam machine©. But cooking, especially if you source produce locally and ethically, allows us to be creative in a world that is increasingly merely productive.

It is easy to be irreverent about something which is generally so available in our society. Food remains highly politicised, often ethically dubious, and hardly universally available. Roland Barthes has warned us of the politics of margarine – now we know that food and cooking is no saintly affair. Even so, there is an argument to be made in favour of promoting greater sensitivity to its creativity, as well as its wider social and ethical permutations. Today’s food should be treated as though it were as precious as Pope Urban VIII’s Messiah in sugar. Even (and perhaps only) if we decide to bite into it.

## Bucket List

Five music videos to watch before you graduate

### 1 Big Time Sensuality

*Björk, 1993*

Björk rides around New York on the back of a truck, lighting up the city with absolutely amazing facial expressions. Utterly uninhibited.

### 2 Lightning Strikes

*Klaus Nomi, 1982*

He came from outer space to save the human race. Watch this if you’re feeling groggy – you’ll be electrified back into life before you know it.

### 3 First Day of My Life

*Bright Eyes, 2005*

And here’s one for weepy, calmer days. Perhaps it’s a predictable choice, but sometimes the simplest videos are the best.

### 4 Sat in Your Lap

*Kate Bush, 1981*

Only Kate would roller-skate around a school hall in a white robe, accompanied by bulls, jokers, and men in cone hats (uncomfortably reminiscent of KKK attire?).

### 5 Frontier Psychiatrist

*The Avalanches, 2001*

A monkey, parrot, and grandpa-turtle hybrid re-enact the samples which make up these four minutes of musical genius. Just watch it.





# The Column

Sainsbury Laboratory



Is this, I am wondering aloud, the building with which the Sainsbury family bought Lord David Sainsbury's chancellorship? Particularly after the allegations of staff coercion surrounding Sainsbury's election, this leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. Still, the argument goes, perhaps we shouldn't mind. After all it is a rather nice building.

Built by Stanton Williams using, in part, a £31m grant from part of the Sainsbury Family Charitable Trust, its main purpose is research into plant sciences. In the middle of the botanic gardens, it houses many thousands of seeds and seedlings (including those brought back by Darwin from his Beagle voyage), with around 120 botanists and plant scientists using it currently for research purposes.

Incorporating a number of different elements, the building seems to me something of a mixture. Its columns echo the classical temple, suggesting academia also. The long, almost austere colonnade on the east side bars the (from some angles, hidden) fenestration. But behind the façade and the cafe, the architectural language perhaps lapses into 'conference centre' territory.

But this is far from being a 'usual' building. On the contrary, its soft, cotswold-style stone gives it a kind of gentleness unusual to neomodernism. Despite the building's accomplishment being uneven, overall, the building is modest, yet not self-effacing; it is quietly elegant.

The building's orientation also suggests some concession to the position of the sun vis-a-vis the building's heat distribution: the courtyard behind the façade is something like a deliberate sun-trap. The reference to the 'greenhouse' topic in the glass-fronted cafe is inevitable, and successful. Much of the building does a good job—more so than other Cambridge buildings built at the same time—of integrating itself into the environment (in this case, an already sculpted, semi-artificial garden), its more clichéd, rear parts hidden by a line of trees and vegetation.

In all, this is a fine building. Whatever distaste one might have as to the University's conflicts of interest, I am glad to have it here. It is an accomplished and welcome addition to the already beautiful botanic gardens. And the cafe does do good coffee. **LAWRENCE DUNN**

## FILM

### Wuthering Heights

★★★★★



In some ways, one's interpretation of Wuthering Heights can say much about one's character; Sylvia Plath's poem of the same name begins 'The horizons ring me like faggots,/Titles and disparate, and always unstable', while Ted Hughes' similarly titled work in his collection Birthday Letters opens with the lines 'Walter was guide. His mother's cousin/ Inherited some Brontë soup dishes'.

For Stephenie Meyer, it was the inspiration for the Twilight series. In her new adaption and follow up from 2009's Fish Tank, Andrea Arnold has Kaya Scodelario as the older Catherine Earnshaw, an actress whose appeal on the first series of Skins rested on her mystery. Mystery, however, is not Catherine's distinctive feature, with her adult life being marked by desperation and a disquieting inability to control her emotions. As a result, I had deep misgivings as to whether or not this new film would be successful.

Thankfully, the overall sense was that Arnold is someone who understands Brontë's vision. One of the key features in the novel is the number of different narrators, all with their respective biases and voices.

This adaptation does not have enough space for Nelly Dean or the cantankerous and fervently religious Joseph to be as present on screen as on the page, but this is for good reason. The third most significant

character in the film is nature, the Yorkshire moors serving as more than just a picturesque backdrop for an inspiring love tale.

Nature is a complex and reflective force, never quite fully on Heathcliff's side. There is enough sloppy peat to satisfy both Hughes and Heaney, and at times the branches and the twigs seem to be wailing and later raging, the tormented passions of Heathcliff and Cathy being too much even for the landscape.

The key turning point in the film occurs when the young Cathy and Heathcliff (excellently played by newcomers Shannon Beer and Solomon Glave) are spotted spying into the window of the more genteel Thrushcross Grange, home to the Lintons. After dogs are set on them, Cathy stays and recovers from her injuries in the Grange, while Heathcliff is thrown out. It is from this moment that the two become increasingly separated from one another, with Heathcliff's sense of

rejection being amplified by the cruel treatment he faces from Cathy's older brother, Hindley. His bitterness becomes manifest and almost immediately disturbing: he takes to slitting the throat of a sheep.

The rest of the film is littered with similarly repugnant deaths of animals, most significantly when the young Hareton copies the hanging of a dog. Such moments are deeply

This is a film that understands and revitalises the classic

uncomfortable, with two people during the screening I attended even walking out after the sheep scene. However, they are still justifiable: to be unperturbed by Wuthering Heights, a tale of opposition, inversion and unrestrained passions, is not to understand it.

Part of the reason Fish Tank was so successful was that it

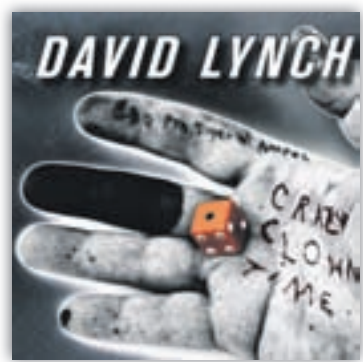


Young Heathcliff played by newcomer Solomon Glave

## MUSIC

### David Lynch - Crazy Clown Time

★★★★★



A key part of David Lynch's appeal as a filmmaker is the constant lack of understanding; his darkly surreal world evades concrete meaning, pulling the viewer along a disjointed path that nonetheless remains fascinating. Unfortunately Crazy Clown Time, his first album as a solo musician, does not. His delight in the disturbing is taken even further on this project, but repetitive song structures and perplexing vocals too often expend any atmosphere that has been created.

The disappointing aspects of this record are compounded by the fact that Lynch has had a hand in much of the delightfully creepy and inimitable music of some of his greatest films. These high expectations do seem

justified on the opener 'Pinky's Dream': guest Karen O's exhilarating vocal narrates an intense and dark tale, with the swirling echo of guitar and insistent, almost tribal drums propelling the song to its disastrous climax. The feverish car crash narrative is intrinsically cinematic, which is why it is engaging; Lynch's principal skill remains the creation of visual atmospherics.

However, the next track indicates the more perplexing content of the album; the electro-pop of 'Good Day Today' comes off like a watered-down, mechanical version

Lynch's principal skill remains the creation of visual atmospherics

of New Order, more than outstaying its welcome through relentless repetition.

The vocals, here and elsewhere, are a large part of the record's failure to connect with the listener. Lynch's voice is always either filtered through a vocoder or sounds like the delirious and aged croak of the clown from the album's title. This approach can prove unsettlingly effective, as on the misanthropic, obsessive 'Speed Roadster', but its prominence over often subtle and brooding backing makes for uncomfortable listening that becomes what Lynch's films, even at their worst, never do: boring. **RORY WILLIAMSON**

## MUSIC

### Filthy Lucre I at the Vaults

★★★★★

First of all, a disclaimer is in order, as I am no music student and therefore some of the subtleties of this night may well have been lost on me.

The initial hour was spent on an instrumental number by Terry Riley called 'in C': the idea is that the man on keyboard (and I did feel sorry for Freddie James at this moment, whose talent as a pianist was being wasted) plays C over and over, whilst others have short excerpts of music that they play whenever they want. This, in theory, is an asset to the Minimalist movement, in that it is different every time and can be played by amateurs... unfortunately, that theory did not quite translate to practice and rather than being inclusive, it felt slightly jarring.

However, that is the sole criticism, as the rest of the night was a triumph: the venue started to fill up just as the music started to cohere with the ambience created by the psychedelic, Woodstocky visuals and the multi-coloured lighting.

The drinks were cheap but still high quality – the Vaults did the cocktails they do best – and the rest of the music was varied and gauged the overall mood successfully. The rendition of 'Your Light is Spent' by Sam

refused to swallow or cover its disheartening events with an ever-present soundtrack, instead being brave enough to punctuate the inappropriate relationship between a fifteen-year-old and her mother's boyfriend with stillness. Such shuffles and mumbles are retained for the majority of Arnold's third film, the squelch of hurried feet in mud and the swiftness of a caning matching the excellent cinematography, intermittently focussed and dull.

Unfortunately, the last few minutes of the film is mired by the inclusion of a song, the abysmally mediocre 'Enemy' by Mumford and Sons. The film centres on violent emotions and should not close with a band more appropriate for a John Lewis Christmas advert.

Although Scodelario's performance was not as disappointing as expected, hers was still the weakest. In the years between Heathcliff's departure and his sudden return as a wealthy man, his old foe Hindley has become weak and desperate, his old coarseness replaced by an anaemic appearance. Adult Cathy cries at the return of her old love, but she is not as petulant and vengeful as she ought to be. In contrast, James Howson fully understands the deranged nature of his character's obsession, with some of his scenes again being difficult to watch.

This is a film that understands and revitalises the classic, not just because it's, unfortunately, the first version to feature a black Heathcliff. Rather, it rightfully shakes away any accusations that Brontë's novel is essentially a clichéd romance.

**SALOME WAGAINÉ**  
Playing at the Cambridge Arts Picturehouse.

Oladeinde was relaxed and not at all overbearing, and a beautiful version of Metronomy's 'The Look' complemented the program too.

These choices served both as an act that people could sit and watch and as comfortable background music for those otherwise engaged. The finale, a cover of Arcade Fire's 'My Body is a Cage', exhibited the talent of all the soloists.

The venue started to fill up just as the music started to cohere with the ambience created by the psychedelic, Woodstocky visuals and the multi-coloured lighting

Finally, Filthy Lucre did what it promised to do and subsided into a club night. Though there was not a great deal of people partaking in the dancing, those who did enjoyed it immensely and when the DJ stopped playing at 1am it was clear from people's disappointment that the night had more potential mileage.

As they say, leave them wanting more. Now I'm no expert on music, but in terms of what I consider the most important currency, namely fun, this night excelled. **DAISY BARD**



MUSIC

Portico Quartet at the Junction

★★★★★

I make no pretence to impartiality: I love Portico Quartet. I urge you to stop reading this stupid review right now, and to go and buy their first two albums. Or listen to them on Spotify. Whatever you kids do these days. I've wanted to see them live for ages, but for various reasons the best I ever managed was to hear a few muted chords through the plastic of a festival portaloo during a particularly

unpleasant morning.

But the five stars are not merely a mark of my pathetic admiration for the band; they really did play a great gig last night at the Junction. The eerie opener set the tone for the evening. The night was a chance for Portico Quartet to experiment with playing their new material live before the upcoming album release in January. Those hoping for a run through of all the old classics were disappointed – for a little bit. Their new stuff sounds great. The four young men are refusing to be typecast by the sound which won them a Mercury prize nomination and unexpected popular success.

During the evening the bassist used a bow as often as he plucked, and the saxophonist, hang player and drummer exploited a bewildering array of electronic instruments to play with new sounds, including one song which sounded like techno.

I urge you to stop reading this stupid review right now, and go buy their first two albums

“Techno!” was the gobsmacked word on everybody’s (well, some people’s) lips as we filed out at the

end. This kind of music is a far cry from the effortlessly melodious jazz of their first album, but that doesn’t matter, because it’s good.

A potential criticism would be that this new sound seems to sideline the excellent saxophonist in favour of the drummer and the bassist. But in such a consistently skillful group of musicians it does not matter if the focus shifts, because wherever it lands there’ll be good music. If you didn’t stop reading earlier, you have to now, so go and buy the first two albums and get ready to book tickets for the next gig in January. You will not be disappointed.

FELIX BAZALGETTE

LITERATURE

Black Cat Bone by John Burnside

★★★★★

Having previously expressed qualms about the judgments of literary prizes, I approached the winner of this year’s Forward Prize for Poetry warily. With an un-translated Latin quotation from the psalms opening the first sequence, ‘The Chase’, I was already formulating discontented grumblings about unnecessary displays of erudition, affectation, self-importance... Let me make it clear: I did not want to like this collection. And then I started reading.

‘Everyone becomes the thing he kills - or so the children whisper, when they crush

a beetle or a craneffy in the dust through the snuff of it bleed through the grain of their fingers’

Black Cat Bone works as a cohesive whole, with the poems informing each other in surprising ways. This collection is more than a convenient chronological group of poems: together they create a dark world of fairy tales, and fear, and gloomy woods and lost (sometimes murdered) love, and bitterness and pain slowly turning into beauty.

The long opening sequence, ‘The Fair Chase’ narrates the pursuit of a mysterious creature ‘glimpsed through a gap in the fog, not quite discerned/not quite discernible’. This hunted animal – or presence, or spirit – then becomes the hunter, stalking the reader across the collection, reappearing in various guises: ‘a glimpse/of something/at my back// not heard, or seen/but felt/the way some distant//shiver in the barley

registers’.

The more macabre elements here – take the title sequence, where Burnside imagines drowning the beloved and burying her in the woods – have fallen foul of some critics, but for me, Burnside’s restraint and technical mastery avert any sense of melodrama.

The death of the elusive love-object, ‘more song than woman’, echoes the earlier shooting of the creature ‘with an intent that felt like love’ – alarming but alluring.

One reviewer described the collection’s poem sequences as ‘dreamscapes’, which captures their uncanny, haunting quality, but doesn’t do justice to Burnside’s linguistic precision. The sheen of a corpse is ‘the curdled glaze of everafter on my father’s skin’; a glade is ‘candy-striped with light and frosted grass’. Burnside’s brilliance at putting his poetic finger on things – the faith, I suppose, that he could put anything

into words – makes what he chooses to leave undefined all the more interesting.

The poet takes influences as diverse as fairy-tale and folklore, voodoo, blues lyrics, the Song of Songs, and transposes them into his own unique voice: ‘before the songs I sang there were the songs/ they came from’, he confesses, ‘patent shreds of Babel, and the secret/Nineveh of back rooms in the dark’.

This is an eerie, disturbing, and frankly marvelous collection: lyric poetry of the highest order. Yes, I was troubled by the fact that such aesthetic pleasure could be gained from reading about corpse bridegrooms, amnesia, and hyenas.

Black Cat Bone is one of the best new poetry collections I’ve come across in a long time. For once, the advertising spiel on the cover, which promises ‘unnerving poems that hang in the memory like a myth or song’, holds true. CHARLOTTE KEITH

FILM

Campus Moviefest 2011

Competitive filmmaking is an odd idea, but a film competition whereby a winner is chosen according to the number of views amassed by the contestants is downright absurd. If cinematic excellence equated to ‘bums on seats’, Avatar would be the greatest film ever made. Alas, the entrants in the bafflingly ill-conceived Cambridge Campus Moviefest 2011 are fated to endure such misrepresentation.

Students are allocated a seven-day period in which to put together a five-minute short, to be showcased online. The film with the highest view count by November 20th is deemed the winner and screened at a grand finale in London. A list of current rankings, regardless of students’ filmmaking prowess, generates a self-perpetuating bias whereby the leading film, currently an absurdist piece called One Man’s Part, is likely to attract further views based purely on its position atop the leaderboard.

Thus the rankings are a little skewed, with the current leader barely distinguishable in quality from the excellent last-placed satire, News Wasp, and the sublime-to-ridiculous array in between. Not to disparage the Homerton Filmmaking Society’s One Man’s Part, an ambitious homage to Stoppard and Beckett in which



the nature of reality is blurred into a surreal circular rote. While the premise is good, some conspicuously poor performances exacerbate what is already an insipid dialogue, and those were five minutes I really could have done without.

Collectively, the films are to be congratulated for their cinematography, and considering the budgeting constraints, they are aesthetically accomplished (one assumes the production teams to be populated by arts students). There are signs, however, that the plague of awkward silences and offbeat shots that has beleaguered cinema in general is infecting the artists of tomorrow. The inexplicably bad A Man So Gentle, That He Could Not Walk, doesn’t trouble us with themes or dialogue; rather it is affectation incarnate, complete with disembodied masks and floating umbrellas.



Similarly superfluous offerings arise in the form of sixth-placed Found, an unambiguously dreadful compilation of footage from around Cambridge one can only assume was put together in some kind of post-Cindies stupor, and Bulbhead, of which the title really says it all.

Ranked fifth, Julia Lichnova’s micro-biopic My Name is Joe Rubini is a gratuitous account of the Faustian ramblings of a chain-smoking musician one assumes to be ‘kind of a big deal’. Beautifully shot, but angst-ridden to the point of satire, this is either an accomplished Spinal Tap-esque spoof, or five minutes of indulgent fawning - I can’t quite tell. As a reflection on the theatre of rock and roll, however, it is poetic far beyond the impotence of most of its rivals.

The current runner-up, Tale of a Blind Man with a Camera Head,

conjoins a similar melancholy, this time in the form of a shrewdly-conceived fable on perception, in which a blind man is able to see the world through the lens of a disposable camera. Shot entirely through lens itself, this piece cleverly circumvents the tackiness of budget equipment with the raw authenticity of a world behind plastic, asking whether it is a world worth seeing at all.

Far and away the best, however, if we are in the business of pitting one film against another, is Patrick Sykes’ Motivational Speakers. A study of the compulsive tendency to escape, we hear three personal accounts: a believer, an obsessive nail-biter and an actress. There are no gimmicks, no embellishment; this is an expressive paradigm in which five minutes carry the weight of an entire feature-film. The quiet glory of the church lies incongruous with the visceral ignominy of the nail-biter; neurosis and faith are ironically aligned in soothing a common anguish.

Absurdly misplaced in seventh position, this piece never overtly grabs at success, but represents a triumph of pure emotive force over pseudo-intellectual snobbery and dodgy camerawork. In an era where power and YouTube hits go hand in hand, one can only hope that with a last-minute rush of interest, justice in the student cinema scene may be restored. INDIA ROSS  
To view the films yourself and vote in the competition visit <http://www.campusmoviefest.com/festivals/303-university-of-cambridge>



Tracks

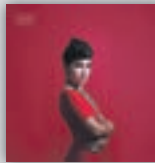
Trouble books - Houseplants



The final track on last year’s criminally over-looked Gathered Tones, ‘Houseplants’ makes

mundane life into a blissful, meandering dream. Gorgeous ambient textures and trembling acoustic guitar create the song’s fragility that constantly seems on the brink of collapse. Linda Lejs-ovka’s almost spoken vocal is by turns relaxed and profound as she sighs about pushing her worries “deep in this armchair” and muses on household objects. The song’s triumph is that its constituent elements almost sound accidental yet they are utterly transfixing; ‘Houseplants’ seems to arise from nothing, but somehow transforms melancholic tedium into transcendence. RORY WILLIAMSON

Nite Jewel - Sister



B-side to the new 7” *She’s Always Watching You*, this dusky, melancholic

track is from the current fashion for suburban and mundane daydream pop vein, yet is not as heavily reverby and lo-fi as past Nite Jewel releases. Tighter and more together but with the same fragile mystery, angelic drone and drum box tranquility associated with Ramona Gonzalez, this track is her most emotionally exposed and endearing to date, made even more serene with the accompanying lilting and lolloping bass played by Gorillia Vs. Bear’s Cole MGN. A new and promising direction away from what has become very obvious, over-done and self-conscious lo-fi, Nite Jewel enters a new realm of enchanting beat-box pop. MADELEINE MORLEY

Emperor X - Erica Western Teleport



Front man Matheny is a science teacher, a one-time Physics Ph.D

candidate and a mad inventor who formulates his scattered and sputtering lyrics with such precision in order to create a convoluted pop out of loosely and surreally connected observations. Possibly about a long train journey and trying to forget a broken heart, the sounds of tracks, rustling carriages and meticulous bleeps along with the disjointed thoughts and Matheny’s deep, ironic American drawl means listening to this track sounds like gazing out of a window during a train journey when you have far too much on your mind but you’re not quite sure what.

MADISON MONROE



10 Questions for...

John Finnemore



John Finnemore read English at Peterhouse College, matriculating in 1997. In his final year he was Vice President of the Footlights, and went on to contribute to BBC4 radio shows *Dead Ringers* and *Safety Catch*. Finnemore writes and performs in the comedy *Cabin Pressure*, has appeared on Radio 4's *The Now Show* and is co-writer of *David Mitchell's Soap Box*. His radio sketch show *John Finnemore's Souvenir Programme* aired on Radio 4 in September.

**What's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to you?**  
"I don't think anyone noticed."

**Worst public moment?**  
Sixth birthday. Sooty brought me up on stage. Sooty's handler asked me a question. I took too long to answer. Sooty pretended to fall asleep. Theatre full of children laughed at me. One day, when he least expects it, I shall be revenged upon that bear...

**Magic power of choice?**  
To invite you to take a card, any card, and be able to tell you what it was.

**What's the last thing you saw?**  
Fake answer: *Juno and the Paycock* at the Lyttelton.  
Real answer: Two episodes of *Modern Family*, and half a *Porridge*.

**What are you reading?**  
*The Brief and Frightening Reign of Phil* by George Saunders. Really good.

**Guiltiest pleasure?**  
Arson.

**Favourite Cambridge haunt?**  
Summer: outside The Mill.  
Winter: inside The Maypole.

**Fondest memory of studenthood?**  
Some of the Footlights Smokers I did. But see also: 'Most excruciating memory of studenthood?' - Others of the Footlights Smokers I did.

**Who would you invite to your dream dinner party?**  
Peter Cook, Eric Morecambe, and the three of my friends who would 1. most like to be there and 2. know to shut up and listen. (Oh, and, I don't know, a pie.)

**Favourite joke?**  
What has eight legs and one eye?  
Two chairs and half of Sooty's head.  
JOHN SPOKE TO SOPHIE LEWISOHN

THEATRE

Tartuffe

ADC

★★★★★

With its flouncy collars, melodramatic frippery and generous dollops of moral iniquity, Peter Lunga's production of Molière's *Tartuffe* is ridiculously funny. It's also seriously attractive. In accordance with the prodigal indulgence of both its farcical genre and narrative substance, the aesthetic backdrop to *Tartuffe*'s satire of ludicrous hypocrisy is gratifyingly lavish. The production's attention to detail, from the sumptuous interior of India Lewis's decorous salon, to Talia Robertson's ingenious make-up and Apurva Chitnis's emotionally sensitive lighting, is very impressive, and complements some highly polished

Flouncy collars, melodramatic frippery and generous dollops of iniquity.

performances. In the light of polish, then, gleaming with a theatrical sheen which his thoroughly greased locks seem keen to emulate, is Justin Wells's eponymous *Tartuffe*. Bombastic grandiloquence, and a sanctimoniousness which is at once positively oleaginous, exude from the pores of this impostor, who has entertaining difficulty containing the passions of his lascivious flesh within its priestly cladding. Flamboyant, mercurial, aggrandised, and with it hilariously engaging, energetic

and entertaining; adjectives of melodrama accrete around Wells's *Tartuffe* like the endless profusion of mannered gestures that comprise the body language accompanying the vocal agility of his speech. He's not the only one to commit physically to the choregraphical grammar of farce: wild chases, stage-sprawling tantrums, closet-concealed eavesdropping and close encounters of a table-top kind ensure that



Maid Dorine (Charlotte Quinney) cuddles up to Cléante (Julian Mack)

THEATRE

Grimm Tales

ADC

★★★★★

How time flies. The arrival of the freshers' lateshow reminds me that exactly a year has passed since I stepped onto stage in the same timeslot, full of enthusiasm, cheer and innocence. Now here I am, an older, bitter creature relegated to the auditorium, poison pen ready to excoriate those who have come so quickly with their fresh, irritating faces to replace me, my increasing redundancy made clearer with every line of dialogue and sight gag, my only true desire to get to the bar afterwards and bemoan these insolent foetus-thesps into a pint of Pegasus. Yes, I should hate these people. It is lucky, then, that this is the most preternaturally likeable cast and production I have yet come across in Cambridge. Part of it is the lack of pretension. The title is no trick – this is the *Grimm Tales* told properly, with just the right balance of wonder and hilarity. There are few greater joys in theatre than watching a simple job done perfectly, and this gets damned close. We are ushered in by

the cast themselves, my usher Emma Powell casually carrying a ukulele. I jokingly asked her if she was going to sing to the queuing audience. She considered the idea, and promptly burst into an enthusiastic "When I'm cleaning windows", for no particular reason. I knew instantly that I was going to love the play. The cast is very clear about their mission: they start the play by simply asking for quiet, introducing themselves, and telling us that they are going to tell us stories. And they do so, without any attempt to make the *Grimm* tales "relevant" or clever, nor any stylistic grandstanding by the poet laureate



Molière's language is milked by the whole ensemble for all its burlesque comic potential. Particularly memorable are Saul Boyer's arthritic yet agile Orgon, whose cane-waving and almost audible joint-creaking add preposterous panache to his patriarchy, and Charlotte Quinney's scurryingly charismatic Dorine, who is as quick on her toes as her tongue to ensure she gets away with every ounce of her maidly mischief.

The stage dynamic the actors create is indefatigably buoyant and incredibly pacy. Dialogue bristles with every innuendo exploited and not a breath of comic potential is cut short. Somewhat ironically, however, whilst this is most of the time one of the production's great successes, at others it becomes excessive, and results in a feeling of breathlessness, whereby some of the production's most brilliant and hilarious moments are detracted from. Frustratingly this is not because episodes like *Tartuffe*'s proposition to Elmire or Mariane's despair over her engagement to him are in any way lacking in themselves – quite the contrary, they are exemplary displays of interpretative flair and comic timing.

However, integral to the delicious grotesquerie of the genre and played with such consistent commitment by the whole cast, excess is, in general, suited to *Tartuffe*. From Georgia Wagstaff and Ryan Ammar's petulantly adoring Mariane and Valère to Rachel Hunter's cantankerous Madame Pernelle; Adam Patel's impassioned Damis to Stefan Nigam's self-satisfied Monsieur Loyal, each performance well and truly lived up to Molière's scripted menagerie of vaudeville caricatures.

The veritable flourish of Olivia Emden's final performance as Law Officer (after her equally facially elastic Flipote and Laurent) brings the action to resolution with a French accent that is every bit the cherry on the gâteau of a delectable production. All in all it's a ludicrously uproarious night of fun with a double-pronged comic purpose: to expose social disparities by ridiculing them, and to help us all to forget it's Week 6.

And you'd never believe it but they're all freshers...  
CAMILLA WALKER

and here we were treated all kinds of simple pleasures; the climax being the Cinderella ball scene turned into an extraordinary puppet dance that is so uncynical a take on the fairy tale I actually found myself cooing with a childlike awe. We also had chocolate coins thrown at us (even a direct hit in my left eyeball couldn't

The title is no trick – this is the *Grimm Tales* told propely, with just the right balance of wonder and hilarity

dent my enthusiasm) in a pre-panto season burst of extravagance, but this was no childish show. It just had the innocence of one. The cool, jaded Cambridge audience clearly were taken in by the combined sophistication and exuberance, and duly roared its approval.

It is delightfully ironic to me that the freshers' show lived up to its name – it felt so fresh and fun and honest that I can only cast aside my curmudgeonliness and welcome more new blood into the Cambridge scene: long may these scamps lighten the ADC with childish laughter.  
FRED MAYNARD



COMEDY

Beginning Middle End

Corpus

★★★★★



**B**eginning *Middle End* is the latest project from Oliver Rees, the perennial matchmaker and ‘ideas man’ from Jesus College behind last year’s Anonymous Pigeon and Library Whispers. His mission is to create meaningful connections in Cambridge - an ambitious undertaking.

The *Beginning* of the project invited shy lovers to anonymously declare their passions by SMS via Rees’s website; the *Middle* saw 500 roses delivered to admired students’ pigeon holes; and the *End* is the play at Corpus, which describes itself as “a showcase of real life love stories and relationships”. Every moment in the show is based on a real-life experience submitted anonymously to Rees before being fleshed out by the actors and directors. This is expertly done: with little more than two chairs and a screen, the six actors present in nine scenes the inception, development and culmination of three relationships.

The first couple, Alice (Sophie Crawford) and Dominic (Harry Carr), are on a blind date. It isn’t a

promising start: Alice almost chokes on the leggiera pizza Dominic has officiously taught her to pronounce properly. Carr and Crawford work brilliantly together: he is loquacious, prattling on about how he’s going to Oxford (the impending interview is just a formality), while she is taciturn, bringing him down to earth. When we next see them Alice is unsuccessfully trying to gain Dominic’s attention by gasping interestedly over her Cosmo article on men’s sexual secrets, while Dominic’s eyes remain riveted to his laptop screen - ostensibly on his essay on Foucault. When Alice asks to have a look, she is unconvincingly informed that her French won’t be up to it. The emergence of their incompatibilities, sexual and intellectual, is tightly constructed and cleverly directed by Natasha Moules and Hatty Carman.

If Rees is so sanguine about his audience finding love after the show, why do all his love stories End?

The next pair, directed by Amrou Al-Kadhi and Check Warner, exhibit a similar academic inequality. Though Izzy (Rozzi Nicholson-Lailey) and Sam (Jack Parlett) bond over how



terribly Izzy’s Oxford interview went, it isn’t a bond that can last. Their *Middle* scene makes effective use of the double-fronted Corpus space, with each character facing a different audience, failing to communicate with each other via an increasingly unreliable Skype connection. Their relationship is subtly acted and uncomfortably believable.

Lisa (Deli Segal) and Jack (Lewis Owen) comprise the final couple. Jack is an ageing English don; Lisa is his American PhD student. Jack is very interested in Lisa’s thesis on Donne, letter writing and the mingling of souls. He paces his office opining on the wonder of human contact, murmuring about the significance of the touch of a hand, the meeting of eyes, the caress of the lover’s body... Lisa shrinks in her chair and tries to steer their conversation back to her studies. Deli Segal is persuasive as the unwillingly victim of Jack’s desires (and her Chicago accent

never wavers), while Lewis Owen plays the lecherous and unbalanced professor, convinced that Lisa has led him on, with conviction. The direction by Celine Lowenthal and Maddie Dunnigan works well, with the couple’s positioning on stage conveying the attractions, repulsions and power struggles of their relationship.

Academic men get a bad press in this play. We are presented with a prurient professor, an insensitive Oxford student and an obnoxious Oxford interviewee. All three women are patronised as their intellectual inferiors: Dominic scorns Alice’s decision to apply to Bristol (‘party girl?’); Jack is too busy regaling Lisa with hilarious stories of how his mate’s plate landed on high table in formal hall and it was the funniest thing ever to remember to ask how her essay went up in Edinburgh; and Jack is more interested in Lisa’s physique than her thesis.

For a play which concludes with the wish to create ‘new chapters’ for its audience, *Beginning Middle End* gives a worrying portrayal of the kinds of love possible in the university environment. If relationships are so easy to create and Rees is so sanguine about his audience’s chances of finding love after the show, it is unfitting that all the relationships in his play have to *End*. **SOPHIE LEWISOHN**

THEATRE

East

Corpus Playroom

★★★★★

**P**erhaps not quite *Marat/Sade* (the only person to walk out of tonight’s performance did so on account of a coughing fit), this production was nevertheless uncompromising in its delivery of Berkoff’s *Elegy for the East End and its Energetic Waste*. Set in 1960s London, its portrayal of the tensions of adolescence in the East End - sexual, racial, physical and otherwise - could in fact be equally applied to any city today.

The language is remarkable - a fusion of Shakespearean sonnet and Cockney barrow boy, which must surely have been influenced by Berkoff’s role in *A Clockwork Orange* just a few years before the play was written. Director Arthur Kendrick’s decision to intersperse scenes with slightly incongruous musical interludes lent the performance overtones of a perverse carnival. Particularly memorable was Les (Guy Woolf) and Mike’s (Justin Blanchard) piggy-back motorcycle, replete with chugging motor, as well as an abundance of appropriately testosterone-fuelled fights.

So visceral and relentless was much of the action that the slightly bizarre element of metatheatre halfway through was particularly powerful.

Whilst it is initially quite enjoyable to snigger at the plethora of anatomical euphemisms, there are times when the sheer sexuality becomes overwhelming, and the discomfort this induced in the audience was, at times, audible.

A major theme of the play is the concept of manhood, exemplified by archetypal lads Mike and Les, whose machismo sometimes veers towards the ridiculous in a form of brilliant self-parody. The relationship between the pair - at times filial, but often rather more bestial in nature - was engaging. Add to this the character of Dad (Rupert Mercer), whose bigotry was delivered with a worrying nonchalance, and there is certainly no lack of masculinity in its basest form. If anything, Dad was portrayed slightly softer than I had expected, given his preoccupation with an era of marches, Mosley and beating up ‘Kikes’.

The rampant masculinity was by no means limited to the men. Sylv

(Olivia Vaughan-Fowler) laments the confines of her gender, again with Shakespearean echoes, but with a frankness equal, if not greater than that of the boys. Vaughan-Fowler certainly captured the frustrated sexuality of this part, and gave hints of the ‘filth’ that was the subject of Mike’s devotion to her.

Whereas the constraints of her sex rile Sylv, Claudia Blunt’s Mum is more pacified. Her distant mutterings about popular culture throw the explosive behaviour of the other characters into sharp relief, and Blunt’s make-up - like the long-suffering Judy to Mercer’s Punch, to continue the carnival theme - add an almost surreal quality to her monologues.

Given that most of our insight into these characters arise through these monologues, the inventive use of lighting was a particular success; even if it did highlight quite how much spit accompanied some of the invective, this was curiously appropriate.

But if the torrents of obscenities, fists and bodily fluids (mostly, I hasten to add, figurative, with the exception of a particularly gruesome scene in a dark cinema) aren’t too much, then *East* can be thoroughly recommended as an antidote to the more saccharine depictions of adolescent relationships and sexuality on offer in Cambridge’s theatres this week.

**ADAM HUNT**



“Visceral and relentless”: one of Guy Woolf and Justin Blanchard’s “testosterone-fulled fights”

Behind the Scenes

The Producer



**A**t my first interview for the role, I was told that “being a producer is like being an architect. The play’s the building. No, it’s more like being the miner. Getting the material. Scratch that, they’re the foreman. Organising the team.”

Odd metaphors aside, the producer is vital – almost every Cambridge production has at least one. Part of the appeal is the people you end up meeting, working and drinking with. It’s an easy way to get involved in the immersive world of the theatre without surrendering vast amounts of your time, and after all the organisation, you’re able to relax in the auditorium on the opening night and be proud of what you’ve helped to bring on the stage. That, and the trivial matter of the aftershow party.

It is a role there’s a lot of confusion about. Sometimes a producer is on board from the application process, or they can join once the show is underway. Generally though, it involves getting a team together, organising rehearsals or arranging auditions, prop acquisition, admin, alliterative listing – anything the director doesn’t want to do. You can view it as daunting or invigorating; on one project I was informed we didn’t have a technician a day before the first performance. Roaming the ADC bar, getting increasingly drunk and asking strangers if they could use my lights was an experience, nonetheless.

Amidst the quests for odd props (locating plastic male breasts, a latrine, and a carrot that looked like Hugh Gaitskell have been the three biggest challenges) are occasional moments for smugness. When a sleep-deprived colleague tells you they’ve spent three hours scouring the internet for a ‘snowstorm ornament’, bitterly complaining that it must be the only item that doesn’t even exist on the internet, being able to direct them to snowglobes.com is the sweetest of victories.

I recently hung up my producing boots (they were getting a little worn) but it’s something I can whole heartedly recommend – whether as a stepping stone or as a quarry in its own right. **TOM POWELL**



## *Farm shops*

JESSICA DONNITHORNE

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



# Week Seven: *Varsity* hits the gym

In the penultimate installment of *Varsity Sport*’s weekly look at some of the minor sports, we talk to the president of Cambridge University Olympic Gymnastics Club, **Jolyon Winter**

Matt Dickinson  
CHIEF SPORT CORRESPONDENT

**When and where did you first become involved in gymnastics?**  
When I was 17 I watched the film *Jump London*, which motivated me to attend my poorly-equipped local gymnasium in Dorchester, where I trained for just over a year.

**Is it the norm to begin training at a very young age?**  
I think it’s hard to start training as a novice at university, but it’s possible to benefit from gymnastics at any age. Having said this, the very best performers are usually two or three years old when they begin training.

**What is it that appeals to you about gymnastics?**  
Learning new moves is very addictive, especially if you’re videoing your work and able to trace improvement. I think there’s also a large element of wanting to show off to other gymnasts, which motivates you to keep learning.

**What have been the highlights of your career as a gymnast?**  
The 2011 and 2009 Varsity events where I placed 4th and 2nd respectively in the individual competitions were a real highlight for me. A lot of people don’t care for the competitive dimension of gymnastics, but I personally find having a target like the Varsity event encourages me to train that much harder.



Total focus: gymnastics president Jolyon Winter flies high

**Who’s the best gymnast you have encountered?**  
Our ex-captain Alex Hedges presided over the Isle of Man men’s squad for a while and subsequently placed 19th individually at the last Commonwealth Games. He was a real talent, often wowing us with his ability to perform double back-flip dismounts off bars.

**What makes a good gymnast?**  
I think perseverance is the key attribute of any good gymnast.

Executing a new move first time is very rare and, even if accomplished, you have to drill the move many times before it becomes safe to perform it in any environment. You really have to possess a certain tenacity to get the most out of the discipline.

**Is the discipline’s popularity confined to certain parts of the country?**  
Gymnastics is largely confined to urban areas where the equipment

and space is available. I trained at a very basic club as there is rarely much rural interest in the activity.

**What sorts of people are drawn to gymnastics?**  
I think natural athletes are drawn to gymnastics as an activity which demands sustained application from both body and mind. There’s certainly an element of fear attached to learning new moves, which can also draw reckless characters to the discipline.

**How will the team be preparing for the Varsity encounter?**  
Oxford is the only team we compete against during the year, so we are always keen to prepare effectively for the Varsity encounter.  
We adhere to the ‘Varsity Ten Commandments’ two weeks prior to the event, which means you are unable to drink, see girls and must stick to a rigorous diet. Some go as far as not attending lectures.

**What would you say to any freshers who wish to try gymnastics?**  
Often those who begin keen are put off by the physical demands of the discipline. I would say be sure to try gymnastics a few times, and be patient in overcoming what might appear at first to be insurmountable difficulties.

**Could the discipline ever find international popularity?**  
I doubt it somehow. YouTube parkour phenomena such as Damian Walters are great in drumming up interest in the discipline, but gymnastics is not comparable to a game such as football, where you can pick up a ball and play anywhere.  
Specialist equipment is required to get ahead, and this will always hamper the mass appeal of gymnastics.

**Do you play any other sports?**  
I do enjoy playing tennis and cross country running. I also ski whenever I get the opportunity.

# Tennis Blues continue stellar season

Cameron Johnston  
TENNIS CORRESPONDENT

The men’s tennis Blues have retained their position at the top of the Midland 1A League with an emphatic 10-2 defeat of Birmingham University.

Facing opponents who had lost two of their first three matches, the Blues expected, and were expected, to win but needed to be sharp from the off. In the opening doubles, little and large teamed up in the form of Repton’s Jamie Muirhead and Sydney’s Sven Sylvester. Both served explosively. Muirhead was lithe and agile at the net to cross off low dying returns, and Sylvester made the most of his six feet three inches to pummel smashes down into the court and up into the rafters.

They nicked the opening set 6-4 and were handed a break at the start of the second when their opponent hit three double faults, just the encouragement the Cambridge pair needed to canter to victory, 6-1.

Yorkshire’s Cameron Johnston and Cyprus’s Constantine Markides complemented each other effectively on the adjoining court to take the first

set 6-1. Johnston’s served well early on to take the pressure of his partner at the net, while in the return games Markides compensated for Johnston’s suspect backhand flaps with laser-like returns and the odd sumptuous lob.

The Cambridge pair broke in the first game of the second set and seemed set to give their opponents a thrashing, but Markides’s serve misfired in game two to give the Midlands renewed hope. Revived, they threatened repeatedly to break Johnston’s serve and only a fortuitous half-volley and the Birmingham

After four matches, the Blues have won 73% of the sets and 62% cent of the games played



pair’s jangling nerves prevented a breakthrough. The Light Blue had steadied the ship and struck back in game nine to secure that elusive break and, in time, the match.

At 4-0 up after two matches, the Blues needed only two wins from

four singles to win the tie. Muirhead, at number three, and Sylvester, at number four, were first to take to the court. Muirhead faced an unusual opponent in Finn McNally, who combined the flat forehand of Michael Llodra with the Eastern grip of Tim Henman. After some early tussles, Muirhead brought his backhand to bear, hitting some screaming winners to both corners and thus recording a routine win, 6-4, 6-2.

Sylvester also started well. He dictated with his rhythmic serves, and cannily directed his groundstrokes to his opponent’s weak backhand rather than to an erratic but potentially dangerous forehand. At 6-3 up, he looked the victor, but he allowed Henderson to sneak back into the match by dropping his opening service game of the second set.

Thereafter, his momentum ebbed away and the Birmingham man took the match, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Markides needed no encouragement to preserve his unbeaten record at number two. He looked fitter and stronger than his pallid, spindly-legged opponent and pulled him from



All smiles: the Tennis Blues toast victory against Birmingham

side to side like a marionette. The Cypriot’s tee-shirt, reading ‘Run’, proved to be ironically appropriate since his match amounted to a fitness lesson. Yet he also spared his finesse for some glorious lobs that would have graced any highlight reel of the French wizard, Fabrice Santoro.

At number one, Johnston took his cue from Rafael Nadal in assuming a ‘buen cara’, or good face; he tried to look impassive in both triumph and adversity. This demeanour proved

invaluable against a temperamental opponent, Joab Wayne, who repeatedly threw his racket into the back netting. A combination of good serving and aggressive forehand returns gave Johnston the first set 6-3. Dejected, Wayne rolled over in the second to hand Johnston the set and the match. After four matches, the Blues have won 73 per cent of the sets and 62 per cent of the games played.

Most importantly, however, they still top the Midlands 1A division.



# Thank God! Jesus trump John's

Varsity Sport asks which college really is the bee's knees when it comes to sport

Michael Taylor  
DEPUTY SPORT EDITOR

In the third and final of this term's special features, Varsity continues its relentless quest to quantify everything athletic in Cambridge. This time, we ask another simple question: which of our colleges is the best at sport?

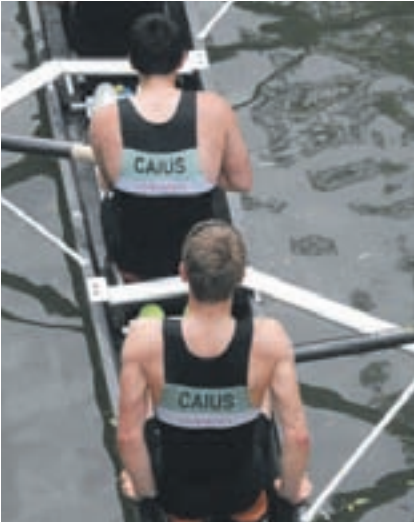
This could be sensitive; equally, it could be revelatory. Will the reputations of the Red Boys and the Jesuans stand up to scrutiny? Is the excellence of rowers and rugby players at post-graduate institutions shared by their college neighbours? Is there a dark horse within the pack? Well...

To get somewhere near an answer, *Varsity Sport* has done three things. First, we have tallied the number of Blues, Half-Blues, and 'colours' sportsmen belonging to each college, with Blues – to reflect pedigree, kudos, and historical standing – counting as double towards that total.

Second, *Varsity Sport* has looked into the numbers of Hawks at each college. While this may seem pointless (because every Hawk will have been included in our first census), there is a subtle importance to this: not every Blue, Half-Blue, or sportsman with colours has applied to join the Hawks.

Therefore, we regard applying to and joining the Hawks as a fairly reliable index of sporting sociability, something which obviously differs from straight-up sporting accomplishment.

Finally, we have assessed the performances of colleges across five



of the most popular inter-collegiate sports: rowing, rugby, hockey, cricket and football. Again, this may demonstrate bias towards the more traditional, but *Varsity Sport* contends these are the sports which best define and nurture sporting cultures within colleges.

To this end, we have looked at the following. First, there is boat club performance in Lents and Mays, neither of which will have done Caius any harm. Second are rugby leagues and cuppers, where perhaps inevitably John's and Jesus

have scored best. Third included are hockey league and cuppers, where Catz's clean-sweep has been suitably reflected. Fourth, cricket cuppers, in which Jesus, Caius, and Christ's have booked out the final since 2008. Finally, the football leagues, where Trinity's dominance is recognized but perhaps under threat.

So, what did we find? In truth, as much as we expected. Jesus was top, and John's second – although the margin between them was definite and significant. Third and fourth came Catz and Caius, whose respective

Top 10 Sport Colleges	
Rank	College
1	Jesus
2	St. John's
3	St. Catharine's
4	Caius
5	Trinity
6	Downing
7	Girton
8	Robinson
9	Trinity Hall
10	Queens'

Top 10 Sport Colleges (Scaled)	
Rank	College
1	Jesus
2	St. Catharine's
3	St. Edmund's
4	Corpus Christi
5	Robinson
6	St. John's
7	Downing
8	Caius
9	Hughes Hall
10	Trinity Hall

population of the university's hockey and cricket squads is attested to. Trinity, Downing, and Girton were close behind that pair, while Robinson, Trinity Hall, and Queens' rounded out the top ten.

What, then, might lie behind these findings? Bias towards sportsmen during the admissions process? Likely not – those days almost entirely gone. Encouragement from certain tutors and certain directors of studies? Again, this is not Porterhouse Blue – only the rare fellow is ever seen attending college sport.

Reputation? Just maybe – sporting myths and legend surely perpetuate sporting success, acting as a magnet to those for whom Cambridge is more than academia, mitigating the effects of the student body clearing out every three years.

One factor, however, demands examination, for it almost certainly – and more than any other – has

influenced the results of our survey: the size of colleges. Indeed, there should be little surprise that larger colleges (John's, Caius, Trinity, etc.) have fared better; after all, the greater the pool, likely the more sportsmen.

Consequently, when this sporting index is adjusted to account for college populations, a different picture emerges. True, Jesus remain top, but both John's and Caius drop four places, while Robinson move up three.

Elsewhere, Girton, Trinity, and Queens' disappear entirely as Corpus, Hughes Hall, and St Edmund's leap into the top ten from 13th, 14th and 18th, respectively. Punching above their weight, one might say.

Does this per capita table reflect the real state of college sport?

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

## Blues slain by slick Saracens outfit

Michael Taylor and Sam Oakley  
RUGBY CORRESPONDENTS

This was carnage. Had Saracens maintained this pressure, this pace, and a standard of play touching on excellence, record numbers would have been shipped. It was 39-3 at the interval, it could have been more, and some woeful place-kicking had knocked ten off the lead.

Forten minutes, though, there had been peace: the Cambridge defence was brave, the hits ferocious, the Edwards effect in place. On 11 minutes, the dams burst.

It began with a simple catch and drive, with Saracens skipper Jamie George taking it off the right of the maul. The second took only 12 seconds: the catch was taken from the kick-off, the ball was shipped wide, stepped inside, and Rodd Penney sprinted 40 yards unopposed.

Soon, Cambridge were off the mark: Steve Townend, the fourth man to start at fly-half this year, landed an excellent penalty outside the visitors' '22.



Cambridge: utterly outplayed

But, when Saracens got the ball back, this was knife-and-butter stuff. Penney got his brace within a few breaths and four more scores

came in the closing stretch of the half. A catch, a drive and an offload to the right gave George his second, before blindside Will Frazer found himself on the end of a string of offloads. George then completed his hat-trick – for a hooker? in half an hour? – at the base of another maul, while Scott Spurling charged over to signal the interval.

Where gaps were found, Saracens had penetrated; where there were none, they were made. It was rampant, irrepressible, and the Blues could only do so much.

Halves such as these comprise all that is glorious and ludicrous about high-end university sport: the professional confronting the amateur, the balancing of prestige and success, and the perennial truism that even humiliation is absolved and forgotten by bringing down Oxford. Are these good things?

The second half saw change. Off came Saracens' England U-20 stars and in their absence the Blues began to feel their way into the game.


Initially, though, it was 'as you

were', the physicality and pace of the opposition leaving the Blues bewildered. The absence of fast ball and even a third phase in attack, coupled with – as Matt Thomas might confirm – crunching defence, left Cambridge looking toothless.

A series of deft Saracens offloads following a mid-pitch turnover found the Blues under their own posts just three minutes after the restart. The large crowd must have feared catastrophe.

Yet, a 60-metre interception from Steve Townend breathed life back into the Blues. The back row,

When Saracens got the ball, this was knife-and-butter stuff. In truth, they were a cut above



headaches, there was at last some continuity in the Blues' play.

Again, Don Blake was at the heart of this; again, the Blues' best player. He bossed his forwards at the fringes, exploited Saracens in the tight, and allowed the Blues a foothold in the game.

It was from this kind of platform that Tom O'Toole chipped through the blindside defence and collected to finish in the corner. Another impressive kick from Townend cut the deficit to 46-17.

Cambridge controlled much of the rest of the game and final reward was given by Kristian Cooke's last-minute try down the blindside. Respectability was attained; or, if not, then at least face was saved.

Still, even if the pack deserved the riches of the second half, concerns remain about the lack of meaningful backline penetration, perhaps underscored by the absence of Rob Stevens. The second half was a moral victory, but against an opposition of such quality, an upset was impossible. Final score: 46 - 22 to Saracens.



Continued from page 32

a fantastic save to deny his opponents any hope of consolation.

Inspired by Karakashian's heroics, the Blues pressed on and twice added to their lead before the final whistle. Jamie Rutt supplied the fourth goal, driving home the loose ball from a Totten challenge on the edge of the area. The fifth, a determined James Day header from a well placed corner.

The score-line reflects a disciplined Cambridge team performance. Ross Broadway and Totten competed for everything in the middle of the field and, going forward, the side always looked sharp in front of goal. Moreover, goalkeeper Karakashian, though rarely called upon in this game, offered a penalty save so impressive that even the travelling fans broke into applause. Undoubtably, this was an all-round team performance.



Goalscorer and defensive rock: centre-back James Day (Jesus) strikes a pose

### Varsity Sport caught up with Blues captain Paul Hartley after the game:

It was a comprehensive comeback, what did the Blues do well today? I think in the second-half we looked scrappy at times and didn't keep the ball particularly well for a five or ten minute spell. After that though we started to focus, get the ball down and play some confident passing football.

Who do you feel was man of the match today? It wouldn't be fair to pick out one player out after such a good team performance. Ant Childs played exceptionally well, as did Rick Totten. Some of the crosses put in by Jamie Rutt were also excellent, and you have to give credit to Stef for the great save from the penalty.

How are you feeling before your cup encounter with Aston on Wednesday? We'll go there full of confidence after this result. A few of the lads have stepped up from the Falcons and performed well, so selection for that game will be tough.

## Commentary Box: Luke Donald...golf's saving grace?

Tom Tryon



Golf isn't all about golf. In the early hours of Friday morning the world's number one golfer greeted the arrival of child number two. It was the culmination of an emotional few days for Luke Donald; just three days previously his father died suddenly on the other side of the Atlantic.

This was a timely reminder that amongst all the million-dollar prize funds, world ranking points and continent-hopping involved in the life of a professional golfer, there's a human at the centre of it all. And that humanity is exactly what the sport needs to restore its reputation.

While it's been a career year for Donald – ticking off the number one ranking, US money list and probably the European money list next month – it's been far from an *annus mirabilis* for golf. Just last week, comments from Tiger Woods' sex-caddie Steve Williams caused a storm akin to the John Terry race row currently engulfing English football.

On Thursday, a frustrated John Daly walked off the course at the Australian Open for probably the last time in a not dissimilar fashion to the way Carlos Tevez ran away to Argentina this week. At the start of the year Elliot Saltman was branded a cheat after being found guilty of a 'serious breach' of golf's rules. And parallel to this all are the continuing woes of Woods, golf's fallen hero.

This all seems a far cry from some of the golfing moments the grey-haired, plus-foured men will tell you about, if you hang around a club bar for too long on seniors' morning. They remember fondly the famous 1969 Ryder Cup where Nicklaus conceded Jacklin's putt on the final hole to tie the match.

Or the story of Greg Norman, who took defeat with such grace and composition when he handed the 1996 Masters to Nick Faldo after throwing away a six shot lead. Some might even spin the old yarn of Jesse Sweetser at the 1926 British Amateur, who refused to accept the title when his opponent in the final was hours late for tee-off and the organisers declared the match would be forfeited. He went on to win anyway.

Golf is at a cross-roads right now. While nobody sees the sport descending into the bickery and individualism of Premiership football, the danger to its reputation is all too real. The quiet and unassuming Donald has found himself at the top of a game that is in need of a statesman. And there is no better man for the job.

Over the course of 2011 he's duelled with the best and won – Lee Westwood at Wentworth, Webb Simpson at Disney and Martin Kaymer at the World Championships – but with modesty, grace and dignity.

He withdrew from the HSBC Champions in Shanghai last week as his wife approached her due date, saying: "making history in the sport is very important to me, but the roles of husband and father are the most important...being there for my wife and family is where I have to be."

Donald isn't going to dominate the sport in the way Woods has done for the last decade, nor is he going to attract crowds to the same extent as the new talents of Rory McIlroy and Rickie Fowler are. But Donald can be a role-model for the game, a leader by example and a statesman. The game needs an injection of humanity, and the Englishman is the perfect candidate to provide it.

# American Footballers seize last minute win

Jack Tavener

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT

The Cambridge Pythons, the University American Football team, had their second match last weekend, pulling off a nail-biting last minute win against their biggest rivals, Anglia Ruskin.

Having been humbled by their defeat at the hands of Northampton, the team approached the game with a different mentality, and this showed. The defense completely shut down the Ruskin attack, letting them gain less than 50 yards for the entire first half, in large part due to captain Thomas Piachaud, who was seemingly everywhere on the field. Although clearly dominant, Cambridge went into the half tied at 0-0.

All this changed in the second half.

The defense continued its dominance, constantly pressuring the visitors into mistakes, while the offense began to threaten a score.

The breakthrough finally came on a fourth and inches play from the halfway line, when the offensive line made some great blocks and running back Tom Lindsell burst through for an electrifying 45-yard score. After a nice run for the two point conversion by Jack Tavener, Cambridge led 8-0.

It looked as though Cambridge would hold on for the win as the offense continued to threaten. However, after a nasty injury to their starting quarterback, Anglia Ruskin saw some life, as their big new quarterback began to run through the Cambridge defense. Deadlocked at 8-8, neither team could make the breakthrough, and the game went

into overtime, where each team is given a possession to score in a sudden-death format.

Cambridge were unable to get much going on their first possession, until new quarterback Joe Yarwood threw a beautiful pass to Matthew Hawkins for a score, to give



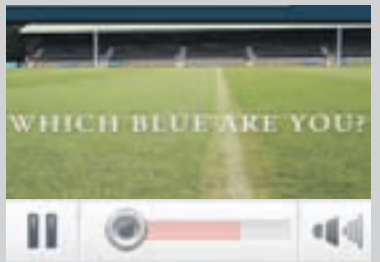
Pythons linebacker: Nicholas Courtenay

Cambridge the advantage. Anglia Ruskin came right back, and after a hard-fought drive, levelled things up. On the next possession, Yarwood once again stepped up for Cambridge, unfazed by the pressure, throwing another touchdown pass, this time to Andrew White. Anglia Ruskin once again took the field and, after a few tense moments, Captain Thomas Piachaud forced a turnover, winning the game for Cambridge.

After the game, Coach Julian Fuller said: "You know the real metal of any team is to pick themselves up and continue fighting when they have been knocked down. To come back and fight and fight again is epic". Joe Yarwood was nominated as the team's MVP for the day, but, from the performance, this was clearly a real team effort.



Type into google:  
<http://bit.ly/p3pmdw>



Just over 3 weeks until the Varsity Match at Twickenham. Not excited? This slick video by Jack Wills should help get you in the mood.



SPORT

“Donald has found himself top of the game that is in need of a statesman.”

Tom Tryon on the crisis enveloping golf and why Luke Donald is key to its future p31



# Five-star Blues hit form

Blues footballers romp to victory at Fenners to send the Londoners packing



Silky skills: Haitham Sherif (Girton) waltzes past the London defence on the way to a brace of goals

CAMBRIDGE UNI. 5  
UNI. LONDON 1

Matt Dickinson  
CHIEF SPORT CORRESPONDENT

The rout marks a third successive win for the Blues in what has been an impressive start to their season. Having conceded in the 25th minute, Rick Totten and Haitham Sherif put the Blues ahead before the half. Sherif then wasted no time in scoring a second after play resumed, with Jamie Rutt and James Day adding their names to the scoresheet late in the game. The University of London management admitted they were disappointed that the city’s colleges could only muster an eleven man squad. Indeed, when the team’s centre-forward picked up an injury

towards the end of the second half, they found themselves down to ten men for a substantial period of time. The London side must surely have hoped for better, having drawn 2-2 with the Oxford Blues just ten days earlier. In the opening stages of the game, it must be said, the visitors did at times look threatening going forward. Certainly they should have done better when, with plenty of goal to aim into, a lofted cross into the Blues’ six yard box went unpunished. Cambridge meanwhile displayed great patience in trying to break down a London side who consistently got men behind the ball, and whilst they retained possession for long periods, extensive pressure from the visitors was enough to blunt the Blues attack early on. Mid-way through the first half centre-back James Day made a dynamic run from the half-way line,

threading the ball through to Sherif whose shot across goal drifted just wide. It was, then, against the run of play that the London side took the lead in the 25th minute after a looping long-range shot deceived the Cambridge keeper. Karakashian’s penalty save was inspiring enough to draw applause even from travelling fans Just three minutes later, however, the visitors found themselves a man down after a strong tackle saw their centre-forward leave the field for the remainder of the half. From this point onwards, the Blues looked entirely in control. Sherif often dropped deep to distribute the ball to the wingers as part of a new-look



4-5-1 formation. It was not long then before this dynamism going forward saw a corner converted by the most spectacular of Rick Totten headers to level the game. That was quickly followed by a second just before the half, as a perfectly weighted through ball from outside the area saw a deflected shot headed in by a quick thinking Sherif. On their return to the field, Cambridge dominated and a spectacular George Hill cross delivered from just past the half-way line found Sherif at the back post to make it 3-1. Towards the end of the second-half however, the game took a dramatic turn when the visitors were awarded a penalty for what the referee dubiously deemed to be handling of the ball in the area. The spot-kick was taken well, but Blues stopper Stef Karakashian made a



## Blues Rugby vs Saracens p30

RESULTS ROUND-UP	
RUGBY	
BLUES	22
SARACENS	46
FOOTBALL	
BLUES	5
UNI. LONDON	1
HOCKEY	
BLUES	2
DEREHAM	4
TENNIS	
BLUES	10
UNI. BIRMINGHAM	2

9 771758 444002

46 >