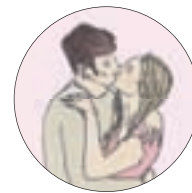


WEEK
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2012

VARSITY



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Friday 10th February 2012
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Snow is in the Cambridge air



"Fucking is the new frigid. So much sex. So little intimacy. Is that freedom, do you think?"



Jeanette Winterson
23

Cam count continues

Two more bodies discovered in Cambridge in the past week add to the rising body count

by Helen Charman
NEWS EDITOR

On Wednesday morning the body of a 40-year-old woman was discovered in the River Cam, marking the third such discovery in Cambridge in eleven days, and drawing attention to the growing number of bodies found in Cambridge in the past year.

At 11.15am on Wednesday, Cambridgeshire Police were informed that a body had been spotted near Ditton Meadows; it was later confirmed to be that of a woman from Cambridge, who is yet to be publicly identified.

This comes just days after the tragic news of another death in the early hours of Monday morning. The body of a man thought to be in his forties was discovered by passers-by in the doorway of St Luke's Church on Victoria Road, buried in the snow following the freezing weather over the weekend.

The body was found not far from the

Riverside Housing hostel for the homeless. Dario Fisher, the studio manager of Minuteman print company, situated opposite St Luke's church, told reporters "it is really tragic that he could have found help just up the road". The man, originally believed to be homeless, was a resident of the Emmaus community, which provides a supportive environment for homeless people, and which the Duchess of Cornwall visited this week.

Just eleven days earlier than Wednesday's discovery, and only nine days prior to the body found outside St Luke's, the body of 37-year-old Marek Bogdan Zajechowski, a missing man from Newmarket Road, was uncovered by a rower near the Fort St George pub on Midsummer Common. A full investigation has taken place, and the post-mortem results have confirmed that he drowned. The police are not treating any of the deaths as suspicious. In total this is now the fifth body found in Cambridge within a year.

Last November, ARU lecturer, former Fellow and Director of Studies in English at Homerton College, Professor Julia Swindells was discovered in the Cam over a week after her disappearance. Just as with the bodies found more recently, the death of the 60-year-old, who was reported to have suffered from depression and extreme paranoia, was not treated suspiciously.

The death of the 52-year-old homeless man, Raymond Boyle, last May Week, however, is being treated as a murder enquiry. Boyle was reportedly stamped upon and then dumped in the water by Jack Robinson, 18, and Daniel Mynott, 17, following an incident on Jesus Green. The coroner's report stated multiple blunt impacts to the head, face and chest, as well as immersion in water and alcohol intoxication, and the prosecution are claiming that the attack occurred without warning.

The trial investigating the two teenagers continues, with Mynott and Robinson denying all charges.

SCIENCE *The chemistry of love*

MUSIC *Errors, of Montreal*

BOOKS *The Art of Fielding, Granta*

FILM *Roman Polanski's Carnage*

ART *Shelf Lives, Booooooooooooom*

THEATRE *Bereavement: The Musical*

WEEKEND WEATHER

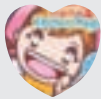


Inside

...24 pages of words, pictures, facts, opinions, thoughts, clues, statements, conclusions, insinuations and the occasional *flash* of genius...

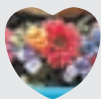
ONLINE BLOGS

Varsitech: The Manson Family. Scientology. Pacman. Dangerous cults with vengeful followers; Jake Harris asks 'what makes people fanatical about videogames anyway?'



Verified: Bill Gates gets some deserved praise from Ciaran McAuley for his efforts (Bill's, not Ciaran's - try harder Ciaran) to eradicate 10 tropical diseases.

Vice: 'Frontline Foods' - 'What's bitchin' in the kitchen?' - 'THIS, is culinary triage': all phrases that fail to adequately describe our Vice blogs this week. Rose Hills shows us how to make chickpea stew; Lucy James ponders the great fryup; and Helena Pike surveys a German cakery.



Vulture: Alex Hitchcock is feeling Kind of Blue about whether to treat jazz as a cultural artefact or recognise it as an ever-relevant Love Supreme. I can only respond 'Time Out!' I need to Ah and Um this one over.



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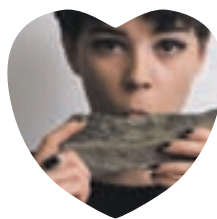
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SCIENCE

Rock of the Week 7

This week we present total heart-throb Heather posing with a hunky slab of phyllite. Looking for love? Look no futher than the University Earth Sciences Department



NEWS

This week's snow 10

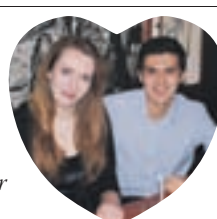
This week's snow in pictures by Varsity readers. Unfortunately the board wouldn't let us include any photos from the Inter Collegiate Snow Penis Competition (see page 9)



FEATURES

Valentine's Voyeur 18

We follow RAG blind daters and Varsity Assistant Business Manager Tristan ('Future investment banker - Kaching!') on their search for love



THEATRE

Marlowe Society 20

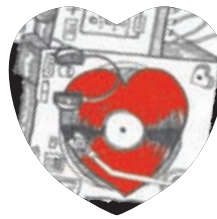
The Marlowe Society revives the comedy of A Midsummer Night's Dream



MUSIC

Love songs 22

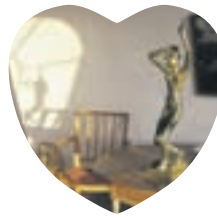
Our Music Editor, Rory Williamson, asks himself 'Why so many love songs?'



ART

Kettle's Yard 25

Curator Sebastiano Barassi talks about its founder's legacy



SPORT

Hare and Hounds 30

Spirits are high despite the freezing weather



Post

Why CUSU is necessary

Dear Editors,

Browsing through this week's Varsity, I came across an inevitable article about CUSU's role and accomplishments. On the whole, the pieces were relatively balanced – two in favour, two against. However, I was struck by one of the arguments against; it suggested the flaw with CUSU was that "council meetings are often dominated by overly political discussions of issues that are not reflective of the priorities of students" and, furthermore, that "the strongly politically minded council meetings are far from a clear medium for the representation of students' immediate concerns."

Surely the very purpose of a union is

to represent the views of its members, often to a higher authority, be it government or the University. The author of this comment seemed to assume that anything "political" is inherently bad. Politics is something other people do. It conjures up images of crazy, Marx-wielding socialists trying to bring down the government, locking horns with equally crazy privileged conservatives, whilst the vast mass of students sit with their heads in their hands and wonder what the hell is going on.

This, to my mind, seems to be a fundamental misunderstanding, or, indeed, prejudice, surrounding the word "political." To say that something is "political" does not mean that it can immediately be tied down to the binary oppositions and categories of specific political ideologies. A union, of whatever form, is a

political body insofar as it is representative – the act of presenting a view point, or criticising or arguing for a point is political because it involves taking a stand.

Regards,
CHRIS PAGE

(Read Chris's full-length article in response to last week's piece online at varsity.co.uk/comment).

Not so long-distance

Dear Editors,

While reading your article "I'm an undergrad... get me out of here!", I noticed a factual error in your reporting.

You mentioned the winning team fled to Singapore "trumping last year's winners", but by all counts Buenos Aires is

completely removed by Facebook. Is it still possible to find romance on the computer, and will lots of romances now be made in the computer? How will this change the world? By making love somehow the result of an app, the result of interpersonal suitability decided by a computer programme? Is it something else about to be taken over by Apple?

Facebook is not romance, it is a targeted market research device which takes the romance out of the world. The site encourages us not to take chances with our desires. Ultimately, however, love is a great risk taking process, and involves taking the sort of risks that make life richer. Facebook and the tabloid world encourage addiction to instant gratification and are ultimately about lust. Love is about subtler, sweeter and ultimately more satisfying romance; it is to be nurtured.

After the snow last week, Cambridge took on a new light. Coated in a blanket of seductive white - and treacherous ice - everything was taken at a slower pace: the city fell quiet, and became romantic again. Couples ventured out at night having snowball fights, and early in the morning in each college courtyard students were building snowmen adorned with college scarves. Cambridge became aesthetically pleasing in a whole new way.

A few days later though, the snow hardened and became icy and difficult to deal with. The dreamy white turned into something else, something more real. And, in reality, it is just such honest, disorganised, messy - and real - love that can deal with the slush and difficulty, and with what comes next; we shouldn't just want it to be a perfect snow all the time, and not want the illusion to melt.



Madeleine Morley & Louise Benson
Editors, Lent 2012

about 200 miles further than Singapore from Cambridge, and last year's record is, unfortunately, not broken yet.

Best regards,
MATTHEW LEE

A magical dissertation

I'm so glad you're doing this: I gave my 'Why Harry Potter is possibly the most crucial morality text of the modern age' manifesto over lunch last week, to an audience of mixed prejudices. But in the end, we have to concede, I was right. Good luck with your paper, I hope that lots of people get to read it- not just your supervisor/examiner. Bravo.

CHARLOTTE QUINNEY
[In response to Edd Bankes's online article 'My Harry Potter dissertation']



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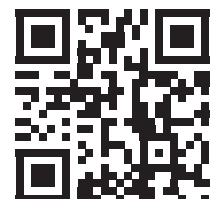
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Future doctor spins a drunken 180 degrees

CAMBRIDGE An undergraduate medical student at Downing College has had his driving licence suspended for 20 months by Cambridge Magistrates' Court for drink driving in the city centre.

Ashley Smaje, 21, left a college party in the early morning of January 21, and described it as a moment of "complete idiocy" when he decided to drive his car, although already twice over the legal alcohol limit.

At around 2.30am Smaje drove along Mill Road through the city centre, and then "lost control of the car and spun it 180 degrees", as described by the prosecuting team.

Along with the 20 month driving disqualification, Smaje was ordered to pay a £100 fine, £85 court costs and a victim surcharge of £15.

The Academic Spring

CAMBRIDGE A boycott of scientific and mathematical journals has erupted in support of Timothy Gowers, fellow of Trinity College.

The mathematician gave his reasons for boycotting Elsevier in a blog post on 21 January. He accused the publishing company, which owns prestigious journals such as the *Lancet* and *Cell*, of charging 'very high prices', and of a process of "bundling" in which libraries must subscribe to a package of journals rather than the one desired.

Tyler Neylon, a fellow mathematician based in California created a website entitled 'The Cost of Knowledge: Researchers taking a stand against Elsevier' in response to Gowers' blog entry. On going to print the number of signatures on the website stands at 4438, with numbers rising exponentially.

Gowers has claimed that he "wasn't really trying to start a campaign": "My intention was merely to make public, and a little more rigid, a policy that I and many others had already been applying, in my case without much difficulty, for several years."

Emma courts new build

CAMBRIDGE Emmanuel College will be expanding if plans for a new accommodation block are approved.

The 1960s splendour of South Court could soon be joined by a further 29 rooms on the western side, backing on to Janus House and visible from Parker's Piece.

Concerns have been raised about the visual impact for the existing area around South Court, but Emmanuel stated that any damage to the visual environment or college grounds would be "minimised".

The council will be considering the application until the 17th February.

Cambridge boosts dementia research

CAMBRIDGE The University has unveiled a £1 million brain imaging study this week that investigates the link between Alzheimer's and Down's syndrome.

Professor Tony Holland, who is leading the research, has stated that almost 100% of Down's sufferers go on to develop dementia.

Symptoms often manifest up to 40 years earlier in those who have Down's syndrome..

The four-year study intends to examine the role of beta amyloid in the development of Alzheimer's. Scientists are already aware that people with Down's syndrome have more amyloid in their brains and hope that their findings will shed light on the causes of this specific form of dementia for the population as a whole.

Prince of Wales lands in Cambridge

by Helena Pike
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Prince Charles and his wife, the Duchess of Cornwall, spent last Wednesday in Cambridge, on official business.

The Prince is no stranger to Cambridge, having graduated from Trinity College with a 2:2 in Anthropology, Archaeology and History in 1970.

However, this time he saw a different side of Cambridge after touching down by helicopter at Girton College, where a crowd of surprised students met them.

A third year Girton medic, Tom O'Pray described the whole situation as "totally surreal" explaining that when the craft flew right past their windows, they "all ran onto the snow with our slippers on to find a load of police men and the Prince of Wales on the cricket pitch."

One student later commented on Facebook how Girton would "email us all, excitedly, when they've added a new book to the library... but not when the future King of England visits the college."

The pair were nonetheless admired by the onlookers; geographer Holly Lovering admits, "Camilla was looking fine: forget K-Middy, CP-B is my new style icon."

Prince Charles and Camilla had to quickly move on, with both royals taking on full, albeit individual schedules, the future king speaking at an education seminar for the Prince's Teaching Institute (PTI) at Madingley Hall.

In his speech to delegates, for the organisation that aims to help teachers



Prince Charles revisited the city of his university days on Wednesday

rediscover their passion, he advocated some alternative methods. He stressed the importance of "teaching the whole person", claiming that schools had neglected "the element of character" for too long. He said that they should instead concentrate on "the key issue" of "how to raise self-esteem, self-worth and self-confidence".

The Prince of Wales gave particular mention to one teacher who taught Latin and Greek, and had promised to explain the origins of the names of Harry Potter spells to them.

Meanwhile, his wife paid two visits, the first being to the Cambridge Welcome Trust Clinical Research Facility at Addenbroke's.

At the hospital, the Duchess was conducted into the area in which the Juvenile Diabetics Research Foundation (JDRF) conduct trials on young people with type 1 diabetes. Here she met the star of the recent film, *War Horse*, 21 year-old Jeremy Irvine, from Gamlingay. The actor was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes at the age of 6 and had to endure up to eight injections per

day, just to keep his blood sugar levels intact, until being fitted with an insulin pump at the age of 14.

Camilla praised his recent performance in *Warhorse*, saying "I loved it and cried from beginning to end". This prompted the admission from Irvine that without the research of JDRF into insulin pumps, he would not have been able to enjoy such a career.

The Duchess then went onto the Emmaus Cambridge Community, a charity for the homeless of which she is royal patron.

Cambridge Union overspends, again

by Stephanie Barrett
DEPUTY NEWS EDITOR

The Cambridge Union Society's annual figures reveal its financial deficit last year of over £250,000.

In the year leading up to 30th June 2011, the Union spent £255,071 beyond their total budget. Their yearly income totalled £669,306, whilst they spent an overwhelming £924,377.

This is a 20% increase in deficit from that of £212,318 in 2009/10.

This may come as no surprise in light of the Union's repeated, annual overspending. For the previous three academic years, the establishment has consistently run up deficits of over £200,000.

To fund these recurring shortfalls, it is presumed the Union resorts to its considerable private financial reserves, which were valued at £7.8m in June 2010.

The cause for the Union's most recent deficit is understood to be its recent formation of a Development and Alumni Office, the aim of which is to help better source funds from alumni and benefactors.

This project, which will in the long term provide financial remunerations, cost the Union £129,000 in the year preceding 30th June 2011. This expenditure on "generating voluntary income" consequently accounted for 14% of its total yearly expenditure.

The Union President, Katie Lam, said of these figures: 'we're trying to establish a stronger relationship with our alumni and be able to offer people membership that is truly for a lifetime, so we have to set up a Development and Alumni Office.'

"[We] are very excited to see what it will be generating over the next decade,

particularly in the run-up to our 200 year anniversary. In the short term, that is costing us money, but we feel it's a powerful investment and a very important one to make"

She admitted that their financial difficulties were aggravated by the current economic conditions and the fact that "our investments have fallen short of their projected profits."

The high cost of running and maintaining the Union is indisputable. She went on to note that "the calibre of our events and speakers in the last few years has soared, and maintaining a building so old is obviously very expensive", following the star-studded line up of the Union's most recent termcard, with speakers including Katie Price, Dominique Straus-Kahn, Zoe Wanamaker and Stephen Sondheim. Commenting on the potentially unsustainable routine of falling on back on accumulated reserves to fund the persistent deficits, Lam insists "the Union certainly plans to come back into surplus" Possible options for long-term financial strategy mentioned were expanding the operations of the Union's business arm, Cambridge Union Society Enterprises Ltd (CUSEL).

The financial recovery time frame, however, remains dubious. Whilst Lam envisages a return to financial stability "within the next couple of years", this vague prediction appears hopeful in light of the cycle of recurring annual debt which they appear to be entrapped in.

The Union is currently promoting its Venetian themed Masquerade Ball, occurring on the 25th February, and with tickets priced at £60 and £65 a head this could perhaps go some way towards remunerating the Union's depleted funds.



The Union has revealed a massive budget deficit for the last year



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Notes on a scandal?

Emma Greensmith and **Isabella Cookson** investigate student-supervisor relationships that venture well beyond the classroom, and discover why the topic is such a taboo

That's such juicy gossip!" We all lean in eagerly as a friend gives the latest instalment of her extra-curricular flirtation with her supervisor. Oh nothing has actually happened, but it could, it might, she can feel it.

Our reaction to what is essentially a non-story characterises the air of scandal in student-supervisor romantic relationships. We are not children, our supervisors are considered our equals in terms of maturity and we conduct our academic relations with them as two mutually respecting adults. So why then does the very prospect of romance cause us to react like a bunch of scan-

'The taboo is a product of uncertain boundaries, and student-supervisor romance is the ultimate blurring of the line'

dalised schoolgirls?

Some light may be shed on this question by asking another one. Irrespective of our own personal opinions about the ethics of such relationships, how many of us are aware of what the concrete university rules are concerning them? There is no easily accessible policy, no clearly displayed university-wide guidelines; it is difficult to know whether a liaison with a supervisor is frowned upon, discouraged or strictly forbidden.

The taboo is a product of uncertain boundaries, and student-supervisor romance is the ultimate blurring of the line, rife with assumptions, contradictions and conflicting opinions ranging

across the full emotional spectrum: from outrage to apathy to enthusiasm.

Former Cambridge student Sam Black, now vice-president of the British Columbia Civil Liberties Association, has publically condemned the intimate nature of the supervision system itself, deeming it susceptible to manipulation and open to abuse:

"In my first year at the University of Cambridge I discovered much of the instruction took the form of tutorials, one-on-one contact between student and instructor. Many of these were conducted in people's homes, and the talk would frequently turn personal in a variety of contexts. Surely this intimacy must be a breeding ground for every kind of intergenerational perversion, and abuse of power imaginable?"

Others voice more laissez-faire attitudes: one student claims that they got the most out of supervisions when there was overt sexual chemistry. In order to navigate through these murky waters, some clearer 'ground rules' must be established.

Murray Edwards have got the right idea, having drawn up detailed guidelines on what to do if an academic relationship becomes romantic, which were adopted by the College Council in July 2007 and are displayed clearly in the college and on its website:

"The University of Cambridge regards the professional relationship between a member of staff and a student as critical to the student's educational development. Any romantic or sexual relationship between a member of staff and a student raises serious questions of conflict of interest and equality of treatment. They may damage the teaching and learning environment for other students and staff, and may pose a risk to the University's reputation.

"Implicit in the professional status and role of members of staff is a

moral obligation to ensure that such conflicts of interest and risks do not arise, and that relationships with students for whom the staff member has direct responsibility in any way remain strictly professional in nature. Staff members have a professional and ethical responsibility to protect the interest of students in this way, to respect the trust inherent in the relationship, and accept the constraints. Members of staff are strongly advised not to enter into any romantic or sexual relationship with a student whom they are responsible for teaching, assessing, advising or supporting; nor to accept any new responsibility for a student with whom they have an existing relationship of this kind.

'One student claims that they got the most out of supervisions when there was overt sexual chemistry'

"The University recognises however that such relationships do nevertheless develop occasionally, sometimes of long duration. In such circumstances, the staff member has a responsibility to notify a superior (such as the Senior Tutor or President) of the situation in confidence. This person will try to assess the best means of protecting the interests of both parties, consulting in confidence as necessary for this purpose; wherever practicable, the outcome will involve the removal of the staff member from direct professional

responsibility for and contact with the student. A written note of the action adopted will be agreed between the superior/colleague and staff member and retained by both."

The policy is not perfect. The notion that if such a relationship were to occur and "a written note of the action adopted will be agreed between the superior/colleague and staff member and retained by both", for example, sounds a lot like the marginalisation of the student involved; decisions will be made on their behalf and without any necessary consultation.

Overall, though, it can be commended for its very existence, for avoiding a dictatorial attitude and above all for getting to the core of the fundamental problem with student-supervisor affairs: supervisors have a duty of care towards their students which is inherent to and inextricable from their position. A romantic relationship of any sort would jeopardise this.

Part of the beauty of romance is its spontaneous and unpredictable nature. Falling for a supervisor is not in itself 'wrong', and a relationship between consenting adults is understandable. The 'scandal' arises from the continuing sense of taboo, and the problems start when supervisors and supervisees mistakenly think that they can carry on having an academic and a romantic relationship without impacting upon either.

Romantic involvement with someone responsible for your learning and development is indeed the ultimate blurring of the line. It's time for us, and the university, to draw that line back in.

One evening, I was walking a drunken friend home after a night at Cindies. As we stumbled towards college, a tall man was cycling towards us. When I called to him for help, he got off his bike and helped me carry my friend back to college.

Once she'd been put to bed and we found ourselves alone, one thing led to another and I woke up beside him the next morning. I got dressed and left as quickly as I could, thinking I would never see him again.

A year later, I began a course with a new supervisor. I turned up, only to be faced with the man of my post-Cindies pull. He blushed, and I pretended we didn't know each other. My weekly supervisions became a ritual of embarrassment and a reminder of a night I'd rather have forgotten. We never acknowledged the situation and awkwardly never made eye contact the entire term.

Thank God I now have a new supervisor.

4th year student

James and I met when I was in my second year, he supervised a course that I had taken the previous year. We met through sport and mutual friends, not our subject. There was never any initial awkwardness regarding our supervisor-supervisee roles: the only slight oddity to the relationship was the 13 year age gap but it was probably stranger for him than for me, introducing his new undergraduate girlfriend when he'd had a PhD for over six years. As time passed and we became more cemented as a couple, things settled down in that sense.

On the other hand, I started to realise that several of my peers had been supervised by James. It was odd to show up to realise that we both knew the same people - me through having sat in lectures with them and him through having marked their work as freshers.

As a supervisor myself now, I can't possibly imagine getting into a relationship with one of my students, but that may be down to the difference between a mid-twenties female and an eighteen-year-old male versus the opposite. I don't think that there is anything wrong, though, with supervisor-supervisee relationships: at University everyone is a consenting adult.

Postgraduate student

INSTANT REACTIONS

What would your initial response be if you heard that someone you knew was having a relationship a supervisor?

"I'd be excited and shocked" – Third year, Magdalene
 "I'd tell them to go for it!" – Second year, Newnham
 "I would think worse of the supervisor in question" – Third year, King's
 "I'd be shocked but not disgusted - we're all adults after all" – Third year, Peterhouse
 "I would be slightly worried about the probable age-gap" – Postgraduate, Sidney Sussex
 "I'd think: why isn't the supervisor married?!" – First year, Robinson
 "Well done to them, is the supervisor hot?" – First year, Murray Edwards

Would you ever consider doing it yourself?

"Sure, why not?!" – Second year, Magdalene
 "Absolutely not, a supervisor has a responsibility of care" – First year, King's

"I wouldn't. I'd find it inappropriate and worry about the impact on work" – Second year, Jesus
 "Whilst I wouldn't rule it out, I'd worry if they were older, because that's less socially acceptable for men" – Postgraduate, Darwin
 "I don't see any fundamental problem with it" – Third year, Robinson
 "The only potential problem would be if their chat was too academic" – Third year, Downing

Would you consider it more acceptable if it were with an academic who does NOT supervise you?

"Definitely. It's way more professional on their part and would avoid awkward situations" – Postgraduate, St Catharine's
 "It wouldn't make much of a difference either way to me" – First year, Corpus Christi
 "I'd say it's more acceptable, but I'd still have concerns that, for example, they might supervise me or a friend in the future" – Second year, Peterhouse
 "If two people have chemistry it doesn't matter, as long as there's no abuse of the professional relationship" – Third year, Johns



The chemistry of love

Camilla d'Angelo asks if this complicated emotion can be understood in terms of a set of chemicals found in the brain

It is one of the most powerful and exhilarating states known to man and for centuries love was the domain of artists and poets, depicted as one of the noblest yet most torturous of human emotions. Fuelled by the advent of neuroimaging techniques, it's only in recent years that neuroscientists have finally begun to unravel the complex neurochemical signature of this mysterious phenomenon. Is love merely a cocktail of chemical events in the brain?

It was a series of seminal experiments on prairie voles, one of the few species that, like humans, form life-long

monogamous relationships, which first revealed a chemical and genetic basis to love. Though humans are more complex than voles, human love and vole pair-bonding appear to be mediated by evolutionarily conserved brain areas. This made voles a useful model for studying this seemingly unique human emotion.

'The discovery that love involves the activation of powerful reward circuitries supports the idea that its evolutionary role is to help the survival of the species through attachment'

The studies revealed that oxytocin and the related hormone vasopressin are key chemicals mediating long-term bonding, be it romantic or maternal. Whereas oxytocin acts mainly in females, vasopressin stimulates bonding in males. This was shown using oxytocin and vasopressin receptor antagonists, which abolished monogamous behaviour in female and male prairie voles respectively. Oxytocin's role in attachment is well known; it promotes mother-infant bonds and its release during sexual intimacy is thought to strengthen the emotional tie between partners.

Both neuropeptides bind to receptors located in the brain's reward circuitry, regions rich in the neurotransmitter dopamine. Known as the "feel good" chemical, dopamine mediates the rewarding effects of food and sex as well as the euphoric effects of drugs such as cocaine. So, oxytocin

and vasopressin are thought to interact with dopamine to produce the intense feelings of bliss associated with being in love and to promote attachment.

The vole studies led to the amazing discovery that monogamy may be associated with density of neuropeptide receptors in reward centres. In male voles different variants of the vasopressin receptor gene, which predict different concentrations of the receptor in the brain, determine whether a male will bond with a female.

Moreover, increasing vasopressin receptor density in the non-monogamous montane vole by viral vector gene transfer renders them monogamous. Evidence from a 2008 Swedish study suggests that receptor density may also determine human monogamy: in men, variation in the vasopressin receptor gene predicted variation in marital status and relationship quality.

The discovery that love involves the activation of powerful reward circuitries supports the idea that its evolutionary role is to help the survival of the species through attachment. The neuroscience of love is far from poetic, but it may one day change the way we bond through pharmacological manipulation of love circuitry.

The market is already rife with purported love potions the likes of Enhanced Liquid Trust, an oxytocin-based nasal spray that supposedly enhances trust and relationship formation.



Rock of the Week

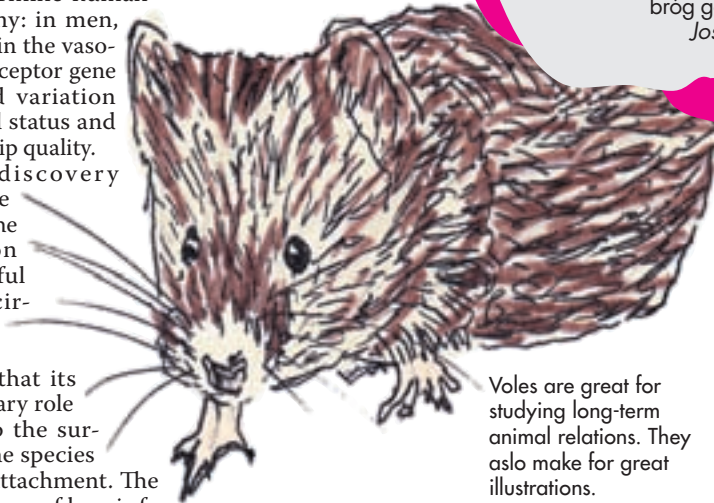
PHYLLITE

Get excited, Heather! This lovely piece of Phyllite washed up on the shores of the Isle of Arran – or rather, was gradually subjected to increased heat and pressure. That's right, this is a meta-sediment from the 'geologist's paradise' itself:

Arran of the many stags
The sea strikes against her shoulders,
Companies of men can feed there,
Blue spears are reddened among her boulders.

It developed on the high ground, and is thus of Dalradian stock. When the islanders first unearthed it they cried: 'Breathnaíonn sé cosúil le bróg go hólac tharraingt!' *Joseph White*

LUZIE MARX



Voles are great for studying long-term animal relations. They also make for great illustrations.

Pseudoscience aside, in the future expect oxytocin-based love drugs to boost romantic relationships and even oxytocin receptor antagonists as anti-love drugs to suppress attachment. Have we finally conquered one of the most elusive of human emotions?

FAQS

Have voles been used in any other important scientific studies?

I don't think so

Why are there non-monogamous voles when all voles look the same?

Voles cheating on each other isn't just because of the way they look! Personality obviously has a role to play.

How long does a vole live for?

Rarely longer than 12 months.

How many litters does a vole have per year?

5–10.

How many baby voles per litter?

Litters average 5–10 young

Jesus, that's a lot of voles.

Yeah, a lot of work for the mother. Who cares though? They're voles. Nobody likes voles. 'That is true' - *Varsity's* Film Editor India Ross.



TAKE FIVE

Herbal aphrodisiacs

Viagra

An old favourite, you may not know that this drug is also used as a cure for pulmonary arterial hypertension. So whether you're suffering from erectile dysfunction, or being too good in bed is stressing you out, Viagra can lend a helping hand.



Phenylethylamine

One of the chemicals related to the pleasurable sensations that result from eating chocolate. Lacking love or still suffering from an awful RAG Blind Date? You know where to turn.

Devil's Weed

A herbal aphrodisiac primarily for women, it is utilized for infertility and low libido in men also. It goes under many names, the official name of the species is *Tribulus Terrestris*, but Devil's Weed is much more exciting.

Chaste Tree Berry

Chaste tree berry extract is believed to exert its clinical action through its dopaminergic effects on the anterior pituitary. Sexy.

Pausinystalia yohimbe

Formerly known as *Corynanthe yohimbe*, it is a psychoactive plant which contains that well-known tryptamine alkaloid 'Yohimbine'. It is widely distributed over-the-counter as an herbal aphrodisiac, which is why the name is so recognisable. *Helen Cahill*



Technically Speaking



by James Vincent
Online Editor

The internet is turning into a TV. Not in the video-on-demand, iPlayer and 4oD way, nor by simply becoming the entertainment hub of the household; I mean that the formats, the systems through which you access content, are slowly merging.

TV has mimicked the 'interactivity' of the web with all that red-button rubbish, but the internet - thanks to the influence of media conglomerates and corporate profiteering - is now taking lessons from the 'box'. The lesson is simple: people are lazy - they want to be told what to consume. TV schedulers have long known this, slotting in 'educational' programs after more populist ones, but putting such power in the hands of a single individual is troubling.

In many ways the internet has answered this problem by providing a greater number of 'content-

controllers' selected by you; whether they're friends on facebook or famous tweeters. The problem is that this system becomes a closed loop where only your own interests are relevant. It's a process happening all over the web: on Google, for example, personalised search results will eventually ignore opinions you disagree with; eg, if you search for news items and only ever click on left-leaning websites eventually Google will stop showing you results with a right-wing slant. Why bother, if you won't click?

In this way the internet is gently folding itself around the individual; becoming a cosy little cube, plastered with personalised adverts and populated by yes-men applauding your politics. The internet is a tool of infinite potential but it is slowly becoming yet another shop-front for big businesses who have learnt that personalisation = monetization; whether through adverts or products. 'Throw away your internet' is a song that hopefully won't be written for a while, but it's worth bearing in mind next time you log in.

Ignore the media storm

This week in Not-Sci, **Jonathan Lawson** advises us not to fear the extinction of the human race by meteors

Space rocks have fascinated humans since long before they were first suggested as a cause for the extinction of the dinosaurs. Throughout history, the passage of asteroids and other leftovers from the early solar system have been a source of fascination and wonder to mankind. However, recent popular culture has distorted these perfectly natural events into a source of fear and terror.

In January an 11 metre asteroid

60,000

How close to Earth an asteroid came in January

passed within 60 000 kilometres of Earth, inciting a flurry of media attention, yet this was the only noticeable effect to the planet. We think of asteroids as instigators of mass extinction events but the truth is that 'near-misses' like this occur, on average, every year. In fact, another similar body passed even closer to Earth less than seven months ago.

Modern technology also means that

we are better prepared for potential asteroid collisions than ever before. Many countries around the world, including the UK and the US, have near Earth object (NEO) tracking programmes which continually monitor the skies for threats. They also model the movement of any bodies they find, and therefore we can predict the approach path of any objects close to the Earth.

Even without human responses, Earth is well protected from extra-terrestrial impacts. Our thick atmosphere generates huge frictional forces when things enter at high speed, which causes spacecraft to heat up during re-entry. This also destroys smaller space debris long before they hit the surface. In order to have any serious global effects, it has been predicted that we would need to collide with a rock several kilometres across for any sizeable fragments to actually hit the ground.

Each of these 'near-misses' teaches us more about the workings of our solar system, and helps to further safeguard humanity against going the same way as the dinosaurs.

Not-Sci is produced by BlueSci, the Cambridge University science magazine from *Varsity*

“Ever your affectionate father, Charles Dickens”

by John Jarman
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cambridge University this week unveiled a letter written by Charles Dickens to his 19-year-old son, just as he was starting life as a Cambridge undergraduate.

Arriving after his matriculation at Trinity Hall in October 1864, the letter offers the collected advice and wisdom of his father, as well as addressing several practical issues that will seem familiar to many of today's students.

Penned while the great author was staying at a hotel in Liverpool, the letter shows some of Dickens' concern for his son's wellbeing while studying

Maths at Cambridge. Beginning “My Dear Harry,” the message outlines practical considerations surrounding his £250 annual allowance. Dickens is quick to warn his son about spending: “I strongly recommend you to buy nothing in Cambridge.”

Taken in the context of the recent tuition fee increases, and increasingly large student loans, some of Dickens' words begin to take on an edge of irony. “Now observe attentively,” the neat cursive text urges. “We must have no shadow of debt.”

Dickens also shows concern for his son's social life; the missive mentions a consignment of alcohol bound for Trinity Hall, including a total of 72

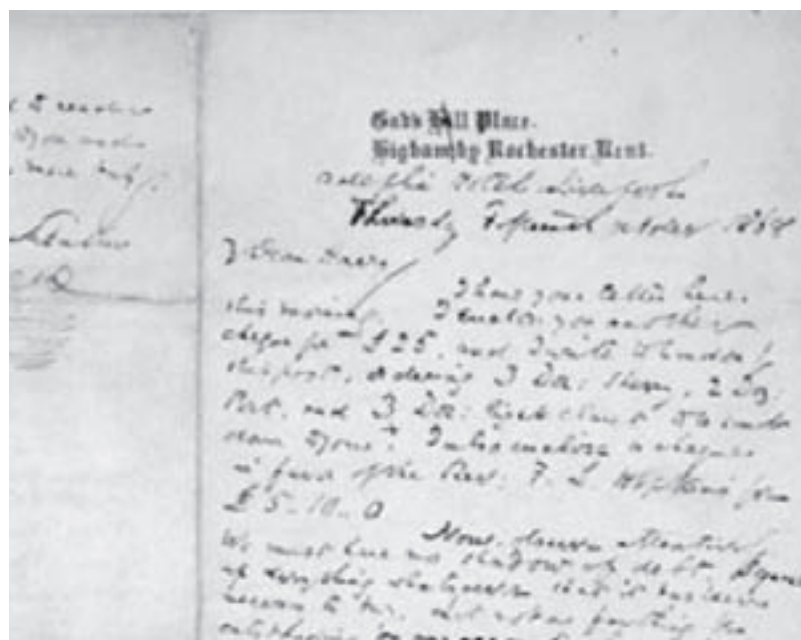
bottles of wine and sherry, six bottles of brandy, and two dozen bottles of port. A £25 cheque accompanies the letter, and we can only assume that this was to cover the cost of a visit to the Cindies of 1864.

While happy to fund his eighth son through a Cambridge education, Dickens Senior still makes clear that he wants to see a return on his investment. He reminds his son of the hardships that he had to endure as a child, forced into work at the age of twelve after his family spiralled into debt.

Charles goes on to reiterate his great expectations: “I trust to your improving the advantages of your past expensive education,” he writes, though reminding his son that he is always able to confide in him. “You will never find me hard with you while you are manly and truthful.”

The letter was donated to Trinity Hall by Christopher Dickens, one of Harry's grandchildren, and this announcement coincides with the 200th anniversary of Charles Dickens' birth, which fell on 7 February 2012 and celebrated nationally.

Dr Jan-Melissa Schramm, fellow in English at Trinity Hall, has written two books about author and editor Charles Dickens, the second of which will be



The letter Charles Dickens sent to his son matriculating at Cambridge is being revisited

WHAT THE DICKENS?

1 Dickens had ten children, and all but one survived into adulthood.

2 Dickens spent three years studying at Wellington House Academy in London, but apart from this he was largely self-educated.

3 Dickens was involved in creating a home for ‘fallen women’, Urania House, where former prostitutes could learn to read and write, as well as keep house.

4 Dickens' surname initiated as a curse, used for the first time in Shakespeare's play ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’.

5 In 1824 Dickens' father, John Dickens, was imprisoned in the Marshalsea Debtor's Prison in Southwark, London.

6 Dickens' wife Catherine's younger sister Mary moved in with the couple, and later died in Dickens' arms in 1837.

published in June 2012. Speaking of the letter, she said: “The letter speaks very powerfully to the parents of students today, not only about caring for their children's spiritual well-being, but also about supplying their material

wants.”

She then went on to add: “It is also very poignant the way that Dickens advises his son about the perils of getting into debt, which of course meant a great deal to him in his childhood.”

Selwyn's spat with Sentamu



Archbishop Sentamu's comments have outraged students at Selwyn, his alma mater

by Hannah Wilkinson
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Selwyn College undergraduates have voted to publish an open letter concerning recent comments of the college's notable alumnus, Archbishop John Sentamu.

The letter, which will be sent to the Archbishop today, asks him to reconsider comments made last month, in which he compared the proposed legalisation of same-sex marriage to the actions of a ‘dictator’.

He stated: “We've seen dictators do it, by the way, in different contexts and I don't want to redefine very clear social structures that have been in existence

for a long time and then overnight the state believes it could go in a particular way.”

The Archbishop gave his opinion on same-sex marriage in an interview with the *Daily Telegraph*, prompting demonstrations from gay rights campaigners, including one outside York Minster.

Sentamu pointed out in an interview with the *Telegraph* that he didn't object to the introduction of civil partnerships by the House of Lords in 2004, going on to say: “We supported civil partnerships because we believe that friendships are good for everybody.”

The letter published by Selwyn undergraduates also questions the Archbishop's statement that marriage

is defined as being between a man and a woman, arguing that the definition of marriage has changed “throughout history” and that its modern understanding as an expression of love “should be equally applicable to both homosexual and heterosexual couples”.

The proposal to publish an open letter on the subject was initially brought before the JCR committee by LGBT officer Lewis Bartlett.

Bartlett told *Varsity* that he felt by making his comments public the Archbishop had invited debate on the matter, in which it was important for Selwyn students to be involved.

“As a notable alumnus of Selwyn, the Archbishop represents the college on a public platform and as his views don't align with the current undergraduates we thought it was important for our views to be publicly stated in opposition to his.”

The proposed publishing of the letter was put to a JCR open meeting on Sunday, in which students had the opportunity to debate the content of the letter. After a vote, the motion passed to the stage of college-wide referendum.

After 24 hours of voting the bill passed with 155 votes – 65% of the vote in favour, and 27% against. The turnout was high at over 59%.

“I'm very glad that the majority of Selwyn undergraduates support marital equality – it says a lot that the current youth are in support of legalisation,” Bartlett said of the victory.

The governments of both England and Scotland have announced consultations on the issue of same-sex marriage, with the consultation in Scotland eliciting over 50,000 responses.

Current Prime Minister David Cameron has also spoken out publicly in favour of supporting gay marriage, announcing to the Conservative Party conference last year: “I don't support gay marriage despite being a Conservative. I support gay marriage because I'm a Conservative.”



Jesus JCR to vote over living wages

by Jonny Barlow
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

This Monday, the Jesus College Student Union followed Emmanuel, in passing a motion calling for all college employees to be paid at least the living wage.

Currently, this level is £7.20 per hour nationwide, rising to £8.30 in London, and is often cited by advocates of the measure as the minimum level required to support a family of four.

The possibility of a Cambridge-specific living wage reflecting the local cost of living, along the lines of that currently calculated by Oxford City Council, was noted in the proposal.

This motion concerns only casual staff, not on a fixed contract, as the college was last week able to confirm to *Varsity* that no permanent staff were paid less than the living wage.

The Jesus JSCU president commented that “students and staff at Jesus have a great relationship. It's good to be able to affirm how important college staff are and that we care about their working conditions.”

The campaign for the living wage is one with considerable national momentum,

with advocates citing drops in absenteeism and increased productivity as benefits to employers of implementation. The campaign also got a boost when it became Labour party policy at the last general election.

Accordingly, the president of the Cambridge University Labour Club and Jesuan, Richard Johnson, having proposed the motion, tweeted that he was “Really proud that undergraduates at my college (Jesus) voted tonight to support a Living Wage for all college staff”. He later told *Varsity*: “Tonight's motion was an affirmation that students want to ensure that the staff who make our colleges such great places in which to live and study have a decent quality of life.”

“Students have more influence on the living wage than I think many of them realise.”

Moreover, the Living Wage Foundation is keen to stress the broad levels of support for the move from across the political spectrum, noting that the campaign has a “vocal champion” in Boris Johnson, and quoting David Cameron referring to the move as “an idea whose time has come”.

INTERVIEW

Helena Kennedy

The barrister, broadcaster and Labour member of the House of Lords speaks to **Helen Charman** about her recent CRAASH lectures, the need for feminism and voting against her party

Interviewing Helena Kennedy, QC, Baroness Kennedy of the Shaws, is an intimidating prospect. Not only is she a formidable legal, political and broadcasting presence, the chair of numerous councils and commissions, a member of the board of the British Museum and principal of Mansfield College, Oxford but she is also something of a personal hero. Baroness Kennedy is in Cambridge to give a series of lectures for the Cambridge Centre for Research in the Arts, Social Sciences and Humanities entitled *The Illusion of Inclusion: Women and the Law*. In this she revisits the issue of women's rights in a constantly shifting, increasingly globalised world that she first dealt with in her 1993 book *Eve was Framed: Women and British Justice*.

'We have a duty and a responsibility to speak for women who haven't had educational opportunities'

Helena Kennedy is clearly used to being interviewed, and she is a gifted public speaker, used to clarifying and standing up for her point of view. She needs no encouragement to initiate discussion on the issue of women and the law, acknowledging the fact that in the almost two decades since she first published *Eve was Framed* many issues that faced women have at least begun to be addressed. Kennedy notes that even just the acknowledgment that there was discrimination in place is a step forward: "I've seen women's issues come up the agenda and now it is finally generally accepted that all was not well".

By no means, however, has the battle for equality been won, with Kennedy stating that "a lot has certainly happened, and there has been a lot of shifting of the sands, but not enough.

Sometimes the last mile is the hardest mile". She also emphasises the fact that we should continue to question the presence of any injustices in the system, and also query why it has taken such a long time for the barriers faced by women to begin to be dismantled. She states that, ultimately, the legal system and the configuration of our society itself "was a system created by men, with men in mind, and you really now have to reconfigure the system to make it conducive to the lives of both women and men today".

Kennedy is matter of fact in her discussion of the issues she is passionate about, and has devoted her legal career to combating, and is adamant that "this is not just a women's issue: it's a men's issue too, and it's ultimately about quality of life". In her career as a barrister Kennedy has focussed specifically on the legal and civil rights of women, time and time again coming up against sexual and domestic violence as key issues. She pronounces the statistics on rape conviction "shocking", noting that part of the issue is society's attitude towards women as a whole: "so much that happens in courts is unacceptable, and it is because of the mythology of women 'asking for it'".

Equally, she observes that problems are posed by "the blurred edges of anything connected to sex, because people bring so much baggage to it". She goes on to talk about how the "crisis of masculinity" hasn't lessened as equality has increased, saying that "I do blame a lot of it on the commodification of sex, the way our lives centre around money and the way in which there has been a coarsening of our world due to the easy access to pornography and the way in which it normalises abuse".

Kennedy has always taken a liberal stance on pornography, which she maintains, but she does believe that it is a contributing factor to the damage society imparts upon women: "I don't



Helena Kennedy giving her lecture as Humanitas visiting speaker for CRASH, at the Mill Lane lecture rooms on Tuesday

believe people run out and commit rape because they've seen pornographic films, but I do think you end up in some ways coarsening the way in which people relate, and there is an addictive quality to the ease of access to pornography now, and it becomes relentless and takes over their thinking in terms of how to relate to women. It destroys the mutuality of pleasure in sexual intimacy".

Baroness Kennedy was born in Glasgow, and identifies herself as being from a working class background, and this informs her commitment to standing up for equality: "I feel incredibly privileged, although from a working class background, to have had the kind of education that has changed my life, and we have a duty and a responsibility to speak for those who haven't had those opportunities".

When asked if she would consider herself to be a feminist she answers yes without any hesitation, and goes on to talk about the problem of young women being unwilling to embrace the term. Feminism has to a certain extent become a kind of dirty word, and Kennedy believes "the media has been successful in demonising feminism", particularly in the UK: "In Britain there has been a co-option of the idea of the independent woman, saying that it's

HELENA BY NUMBERS

1950 Helena Kennedy was born in Glasgow, the daughter of committed Labour activists.

24 At 24 she opened her own practice.

33.3% At 33.3% Helena Kennedy has the highest dissent rate of any peer in the House of Lords.

2011 Kennedy became principal of Mansfield College, Oxford

only all right to be independent as long as you articulate women's efforts to be equal in a way that is not threatening".

Only 20% of the House of Lords is female, and Kennedy is in a minority in her position as a Labour Peer. She is also a minority in another way, however: she is the peer in the House of Lords who votes the most frequently against her

party, with a dissent rate of 33.3%. Kennedy may now be officially sitting in opposition, but she acknowledges wryly that "the truth is, I was always in opposition". She still believes fervently that the erosion of civil liberties and legal rights that occurred under Blair's government were inherently wrong and are now entrenched in law, going on to suggest that "the political class in Britain has lost the trust of the population". She observes that people have begun to realise that "there is an incredible amount of power that lies outside of the nation state. Due to globalisation the 'money men' often have far more power than any elected government".

Helena Kennedy is an indomitable public speaker, and her belief in the importance of the fight for women's rights is both unswerving and pragmatic: with a champion such as her there is hope for the equality cause.

In-phall-ible snow artistry desends on Cambridge

Of course, the recent Cambridge snowfall brings with it the Inter Collegiate Snow Penis Competition. The blizzard on Saturday night kicked off proceedings as the Christ's College team worked through a blizzard until 1am to erect a respectable five foot phallus (5'10").

Christ's had scrounged twigs for pubes; a detail the judges are certain to appreciate. Christ's came too early however, by sunrise Newnham submitted a sculpture with a mighty

erect height of 10'9" and currently lead the competition, trailed by:

Pembroke(6'3"),
Downing(5'9"),
Selwyn(5'7"),
Queen's(5'2")
Trinity(2'6").

"Penis Pending" is the message from most colleges who are having trouble finishing off. Sadly, despite strenuous efforts throughout the night, help from senior fellows, and much boasting over the year of their

giant snow penis, St John's is having trouble getting it up.

Meanwhile, King's has boycotted the patriarchal event and its imperial measuring units.

Instead they sculpted a formidable vagina (10m,68cm). King's has since been disqualified from the competition.

A King's student told Varsity "blah blah King's radical history blah blah blah political correctness gone mad." *Angus Hackdonald*



Looking for work this summer?

University of Cambridge International Summer Schools can offer 4-7 weeks work for Cambridge undergraduate and graduate students. £250 per week plus college accommodation.

For details call network: 60850 or 01223 760850 or email: int.ra@ice.cam.ac.uk

Dancing to distraction

CAMBRIDGE A man has been jailed for stealing women's mobile phones while appearing to grind against them in Lola Lo.

Wassil Bouarea danced up to unsuspecting revellers in the club, distracting them to the degree that he could then steal their phones. One female victim told police she noticed Bouarea dancing close to her and her friends and then, when checking for her phone, realised it had gone.

The 23 year old was arrested on 27 January and was found to have seven stolen phones on his person. Appearing in Cambridge Magistrates' Court he pleaded guilty to stealing and was sentenced to four weeks in prison. The court also heard that immigration authorities may detain him once he has served his sentence.

Cambridge lights the way

CAMBRIDGE Cambridge scientists say they have developed a new type of solar cell that will drastically increase the efficiency of solar panels.

Scientists at the University's Cavendish Laboratory say that their solar cell will increase solar panels' efficiency by up to 25%.

Current solar panels are unable to capture all of the sunlight and a lot of what they do catch is lost to heat. This means that solar panels cannot convert more than 34% of sunlight into electrical energy.

The team, led by Professor Neil Greenham and Professor Sir Richard Friend, have developed a hybrid cell which can absorb red light and use the energy from blue light to create the extra current. Now they can generate two electrons for every blue photon rather than just one electron. As a result, the new solar cells could capture up to 44% of sunlight.

Global warming behind cold snap

EUROPE Scientists have claimed that the recent cold snap across most of Europe is a result of global warming. Experts believe melting Arctic sea ice has exposed large areas of usually frozen ocean to the atmosphere above causing complex wind patterns to alter. They believe that this has led to high-pressure weather system over northern Russia and with the cold easterly winds, have caused the freeze across Europe.

The relatively mild westerly winds that have kept Britain ice free for much of the winter are being blocked by this area of high-pressure over Russia, leading to the bitter wintry conditions of the past week.

Punts for the public

CAMBRIDGE The Varsity Hotel has applied for permission to allow their customers to get a punt direct from the hotel rather than through one of Cambridge's many punt touts. Using the boardwalk in front of the River Bar as a pontoon, they also hope to open up their service to members of the public as well as hotel guests.

The news follows a crackdown on punt touts with the council last year announcing that licenses will be needed to operate punt tours. Pressurised sales tactics and accumulating rubbish by the side of the river have led to riverside businesses demanding action against the touts.

There are currently six official stations for punt operators and the hotel will need to allay fears of congestion as well as rubbish in order to receive permission.

In pictures: snow hits Cambridge

by Danielle Guy
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

As the snow fell on Cambridge, students abandoned the library and returned to their childhood all around the city, in a glorious mix of snowball fights, sledging and snowmen building.

After several hours of heavy snow-fall on Saturday night Cambridge was covered in a thick blanket of snow measuring up to 15 centimeters in some areas. Whilst more northern parts of the country had not much to celebrate about their miserly fog and drizzle, the region which normally boasts some of

the highest temperatures in the UK was a truly beautiful sight.

It really was a pleasure to trudge through Cambridge on Sunday morning, as hundreds of hardworking Cambridge students had for even a short time abandoned their books and escaped the library to run around in the snow.

Students ran carefree across the grass in St John's, three fantastically jolly snowmen emerged guarding the gates of St. Catz and the Hepworth Statue at Churchill was converted into a giant snowball shield. Whilst the normal buzz of bikes was silenced in the city

centre and the vast majority of tourists scared off by the weather reports, students donned their wellies and woolly hats to face the cold and make snow angels.

On Saturday night, as the snow began to fall, students started impromptu snowball fights. Lorna Douthwaite claimed, "It was fantastic because it was so spontaneous – we were on our way back from the bar to do some work, and it wasn't until an hour later that we made it back inside, covered in snow and freezing cold – but hey, it doesn't snow every day!"

A Sunday morning walk around

Churchill College was met with three stranded students from King's, Peterhouse and Homerton making an impressively large snowman, a man skiing across the sports pitches, and the children of some of the mature students making snowmen and sledging down the slopes on the upper playing fields. Other students spent five hours constructing a very impressive igloo.

Even if the carefree attitude only lasts as long as the snow, at least it offered a welcome mid-term break for many students who momentarily forgot the pressures and demands of work and had fun in the snow with their friends.





Thank you to all of those who contributed photographs.



"There is always some madness in love. But there is always some reason in madness" Friedrich Nietzsche

The romantic's recession

An investigation into the rise of emotional inflation, the cheapening currency of love and the difficulties of romance in the modern era

Many of you, like myself, may be struggling at this stage not to sprint off, switch off, or throw a massive strop at the very mention of the bleedin' recession. If I hear one more peep about another credit crunch, double dip, or any other maxim of economic jargon for that matter which just so happens to sound like a potential-chocolate-bar-name... (Inflation – the new Aero? Just a thought.)

Anyway, I digress. For what I actually set out to moa-comment about this week takes the term 'recession' down a brand new, exhilarating path of emotional angst and insurgence. I will be taking the forthcoming celebration of Valentine's Day as an opportunity to reject all things economic, and explore an even more pressing global phenomenon – the death, boys and girls, of modern day romance. Take that, steely bankers.

Thus, I hope that this fast approaching Hallmark holiday of Lovey-dovey Day which has sparked said lament will provide the perfect opportunity for even those of you allergic to numbers and/or current affairs to jump on board the trusty nag-wagon that is recession-themed commentary.

So we begin. In honour of the occasion, today we will be taking a look at another global recession which has hit the world

hard over the last few decades. We will be exploring, with correctness, curiosity and an exacting critical eye, the causes and effects of The Romantic's Recession, otherwise known as The Great Transgression of Romance. Or some other pun of an equally shameful nature.

The Great Transgression of Romance can be dated back to a date perhaps some time ago in the previous century. Some time around then, at least. And though modern experts are still divided in their opinions about the exact root of the recession, several fields of theory point towards The Great Technological Revolution as a catalyst for said decline in romantic output and stagnation of creative gesturing and heart-felt declarations.

In not so many words, we should blame the ruddy internet, the mobile telephone, bloody mass media and the flipping television for the state in which the world of romance finds itself today. For how can we ever hope to miss someone enough to conjure up a ten-page letter of abstract devotion, of universal promises and heart-felt adorations, when a boy is never more than a phone call away? Where's the romance in a three-word text, or an all-singing, all dancing e-card, for crying out loud?

Long gone are the days of hand written love notes, of scribbled sweet nothings to the tune of *Sonnet 116* or John Donne's *Flea*.

Our fast-paced world has chosen to



LUISA FILBY

'Plastic hearts and empty words have evidently become the new twenty-first century trading chips in the cheapened currency of Love'

scrimp on romance; it's time wasting, not a guaranteed success, and if you're not the next Shakespeare or Edith Pilaf, the chances are that any grand gesture of great sentiment is going to actually leave you looking less like Casanova and more like a bit of a wally.

Valentine's Day does of course, however, appear to be the grand exception to this rule. We seem to find it acceptable to make up for a year's worth of romantic neglect by drowning ourselves for one night, and one night only, in the absolutely abhorrent drivel of mass-produced memorabilia;

suffocating under masses of soppy, sickening prose (if we can even call it that) as we walk into shops and are confronted with declarations of love from laminate cards, chocolate boxes and heart-shaped, well, anything. All of a sudden, everyone loves us.

However, the delivery of such sentiments leaves much to be desired, and little to the imagination.

Observations from my first round of Cambridge-based market research revealed a, well, provocative array of romantic declarations to say the least. From examples of bribery: "Be my valentine and I'll show you my tits" to blunt-faced honesty: "I've heard you're easy. You'll do," alongside other eloquently-put phrases: "I love you like well loads," "I love you like a fat kid loves cake," "wanna take a stroll in my lady garden," it became more than clear that romance had died a sad and sorry death. Nowadays, we cut straight to the chase: "Forget the flowers. Let's shag!"

A trip to California last week provided

an opportunity for transatlantic comparison in the world of Western attitudes to romance. I learnt a lot during that trip. Firstly, on a slightly divergent note, that one should never expect too much from hotel staff. "I'm sorry, I've never seen an international stamp before" and "I'm sorry, I don't follow US politics" were among two of the most provocative encounters I had with the short-tempered trout behind the desk.

Anyway, back to love. And my word do they have some over there. "Oh my God, I love your accent," "Oh my God, I love your pants." Oh my God, get a room.

Reading "I only wish to be the fountain of love from which you drink. Alone I climb, but get nowhere. With you, I reach new heights" to the tune of a tinny, synthesised sax rendition of Mariah Carey's 'Without You' off an electronic Valentine's card offset a distinct feeling of nausea in my cynical stomach. And an advert for christianmingle.com with the tag line 'find God's match for you' was just the icing on the cake.

So it's not just the economy suffering from hyperinflation these days. Plastic hearts and empty words have evidently become the new twenty-first century trading chips in the cheapened currency of Love. Love has become a ridiculously overused word, a cog in a great commercial enterprise, degraded by new technologies and mass-marketing.

Sure, Valentine's in itself is an illusory holiday, for 'love' isn't just about one day, making a show and joining the hordes of other hungry couples eagerly awaiting their substandard, overpriced lovebirds set menu (I think I'll have the scallop). But Valentine's 'syndrome' has in fact become a very real phenomenon which pervades our every-day attitudes to romance and relationships, and is worth considering.

This is all, of course, a harsh generalisation of pop culture as we know it. Not everyone is an ILY kinda guy, and people could be doing something a damn sight worse with their time than celebrating a day of love.

And sometimes, just sometimes, we're actually lucky enough not to need to cheapen a gesture with an overused word at all.

Class dismissed.
Emily Fittzell

Whatever you say

THIS HOUSE BELIEVES THE ARAB SPRING IS A THREAT TO GLOBAL STABILITY



ALI LEWIS



I'm a politics student; I'm writing my dissertation on the Arab Spring; it has become extremely boring for me. My dissertation is also ten thousand words long, whereas here I have 300, probably fewer if the lovely Varsity editors decide to make 'Sisyphus's punishment,' 'Uluru' or 'a fucking massive boulder' this week's 'Rock of the Week'. But, much like 'Rock of the Week', the Arab Spring is both vitally important and a media sensation, therefore I feel I have a duty to my regular readers to compare it to either a piss container or a Jennifer Aniston film, which, at any rate, are not poles apart.

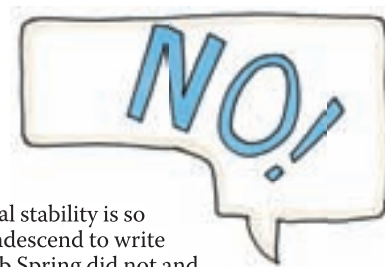
However, this week, I, unlike my circumlocutious and undernourished rival, do actually have the outline of a real opinion on this subject, which is unusual, because anyone who knows me from PPS lectures must've met me in Freshers' week.

Anyway, here we go, real opinion: Firstly, the tendency towards social networking-based citizen journalism is forcing political leaders to make decisions quickly and under pressure. This is extremely difficult, with potentially disastrous consequences, as will be well known by anybody who's reached the higher levels of Tetris – the levels where the music begins to sound like the heart-rate monitor of a Tab editor who's just found an enthusiastic fresher columnist with poorly thought-out social opinions.

Secondly, although many of the former leaders of post-Arab Spring countries were authoritarian, repressive, egomaniacal pricks, at least they were our authoritarian, repressive, egomaniacal pricks. Now we don't know what we've got.

Finally, there does seem to be something of a domino effect at work here, wherein the patient, dedicated older brother of Western leader / Arab leader cronyism has his carefully-stacked pieces knocked flying by the blundering little brother of 20 per cent food inflation.

There: a proper article. I beg to propose.



AHIR SHAH



The notion that the Arab Spring is a threat to global stability is so palpably ludicrous that I'm not even going to condescend to write about it. It is such a self-evident fact that the Arab Spring did not and will not destabilise anything on a global scale – be it social, political, or economic – that I see absolutely no reason to discuss it any further.

There will, of course, be those among you who will question why I am so bullheadedly refusing to mention the Arab Spring in a column about the Arab Spring. You may be asking yourselves: is he doing this because he found it impossible to make this week's Union motion funny? Is he doing it because he forgot to write this article when he was supposed to and therefore had to do it late, in a rush, while hung over? Is he doing it because – despite being a Politics student – he knows absolutely balls-all about the Arab Spring, and wasn't even aware before the revolutions that half of those countries even existed?

To the people asking those questions, I say: HATERS GON' HATE.

The very suggestion that I would use such tricks to get out of having to put forward substantive argumentation is offensive, as is the accusation that I would use lengthy and unnecessary rhetorical questions in order to bolster my word count (which at the moment is 237).

I hope that by this point you are entirely convinced that the Arab Spring has not threatened global stability, and in fact, if anything, has made the world more stable, like Ritalin worming its way into the system of an inquisitive but fundamentally annoying child.

Join us next week, where I will cut my own penis off and use it like a conch shell to hear the ocean as the baying crowds of Versailles chant my name while they descend into orgy.

I beg to oppose.

A week to annoy thy neighbour

What place does a promotional religious week hold in a multi-faith student community? When does religious expression start to become condescending?

As I'm sure many of you will be aware, this week was Christian week. Each year around this time, masses of students can be spotted wearing fluorescent hoodies of the same colour advertising events such as evening or lunch time talks (free lunch included, which is always enticing to students), the week coming to a climax with a céilidh. In essence, this is a week to discuss and promote what it means to be a Christian.

So why does the mere mention of Christian week tend to draw sighs of exasperation from students? It is not that most of us are atheist or agnostic. Atheists and agnostics are, after all, not intrinsically opposed to others having a religion. The answer, sadly, is quite obvious. Firstly, many people do not appreciate the constant bombardment of advertising that the week gets.

Many also feel that the main message of the week is condescending. This week the theme is 'Real Life' with one talk being 'Only Jesus Offers... the Way to God'; a firm put-down to any other religion. In my first year (2010) the main theme was "Rescued"; I can only assume this was from eternal damnation.

The final reason is the nature of approach taken by the Christian Union; most people do not appreciate others'

views and faith being shoved in their face or to be told that their own views are wrong.

There is also the much less prolific Discover Islam week, which begins rather timely today. Until this year I had not been aware of this week, probably due to the lack of advertising at the beginning of lectures. Its events seem to contrast greatly to those of Christian week; no underlying themes, rather a

**'One talk this week is:
Only Jesus Offers... the
Way to God'**

simple introduction to Islam. I have been reliably informed that the Jewish Society holds no equivalent week and that Hindu Soc holds the widely-popular Mastana each year, an event which does not push religious beliefs and has people from different faiths participating.

So what role does a religious week hold in Cambridge? If we look at the broad scope of all the different religious beliefs represented here, the answer seems to be little, as only the Christian and Islamic Society hold one. If the Christian Society can hold such a widely publicised event, then surely every other society should be able to?



King's Chapel: a focal point of religious activity in Cambridge

Furthermore, should the Atheist and Agnostic Society hold a week to give their side of religion?

Ultimately it all comes down to that central principle, 'love thy neighbour'. Due to the nature of Christianity, believers would argue that they would like to be saved from hell and hence we arrive at events such as Christian week. However, at least here in Cambridge, most other faiths appear to be more tolerant of each other, aiming not to convert, but to educate and promote tolerance.

This more open-minded approach

would certainly eradicate some of the more negative aspects of Christian week. Jesus would no longer be the only way to God, but would be a way to God, with other faiths offering ways also. Perhaps that way I would not have been asked two years ago "Do you need rescuing?"

Certainly to follow the almost universal religious doctrine of 'love thy neighbour', we should respect others' views and beliefs. It would almost definitely lead to fewer sighs of exasperation when Christian week is mentioned.

Ciaran McAuley

Lady-Like

FREYA BERRY



What is love? I can no longer consider the question without yodelling it in my head in the style of the immortal dance tune by Haddaway (no, me neither). In any case, I'm not really concerned with answering that question.

Instead, this week, let's look at the transfiguring power of love. It turned the Beast and innumerable frogs into handsome princes, and a short ugly American calling himself Prince into a sex object. There is something about love and royals, however superfluous and balding they are. We all went crazy for the royal wedding, or at least, we were informed by the authorities that we did. Contributors to Wills and Kate's public marriage book struck an admirably contrary tone with 'vast numbers of people couldn't give the tiniest shit'. Meanwhile, Topshop is currently selling a jumper for girls emblazoned with the empowering slogan 'Marry me Harry' (sadly, their charming range of men's t-shirts captioned 'Nice girlfriend, what breed is she?' has been discontinued).

Anyway, I'm not currently stocking up on Reiss dresses and cupcake expertise to lure in the remaining prince. Instead, I've spent the week flicking through Samuel Richardson's achingly long novel *Pamela*, the kind of book that erodes your index finger simply by dint of continued page-turning. *Pamela* – or, *Virtue Rewarded* as the title-page subtly informs us – is about a maid pursued by her wicked master. He hides in her wardrobe as she undresses; attempts to rape her on several occasions; and ends up doing the right thing by marrying her. This is your reward, ladies. Somehow, love makes all this ok.

I get that *Pamela* was written yonks ago, that men don't wear tights outside of misguided themed swaps anymore, and there are no more corseted bosoms heaving passionately over fine bone china. But seriously, 'virtue rewarded' by marrying your would-be rapist? Stuff like this still goes on in various countries whose governments believe that having a vagina behind a driving wheel is way out of whack, and where parents murder their daughters for wantonly being seen conversing with a white boy in 'honour killings'. Yet it's alarming to see it embedded into our own literary history.

The politics of love cannot be underestimated. Everyone bangs on about the 'free love' of the sixties, but this isn't true. Love can't be free when half of society is ostracised by a large section of the workforce, or paid less and expected to tolerate bottom-patting when they actually do get a decent job.

Of course, this work imbalance still continues. There is still a 17% pay gap between men and women; only 10% of FTSE executive directors are female. Don't call me baby until you've readdressed that lot. Happy Valentine's Day, everyone.

Cambridge talks Romantic Gestures

"They're potentially pretty awkward- not really what the Brits go in for!"

Gill Harris
New Hall

"Who wouldn't? Flowers or plants [maybe a cactus since it doesn't need any water? or any plastic vegetation], PDA [rampant sex in the library/lecture room] and chocolate [or tiramisu- sugar, coffee and alcohol, good for the second!]"

Steve Sze, Magdalene

"Well over here, the Spanish are very open about their feelings. People shout 'guapa' at you down the street, and occasionally something a bit more obscene, but definitely not in a romantic way, more like a creepy, please-stop-looking-at-me-like-that way. When you're out they're funny as well – I've had one declaration of love in club. He literally just came and stood in front of me and told me he loved me, and sort of stared a bit. It was a bit awkward if I'm honest! I don't think they're used to rejection."

Lucy Peacock, YA Student
Barcelona

The RAG Blind Date: A personal history

A painful revisiting of RAG blind date history over the last years, recalling three unsuccessful attempts when looking for love

My first was interrupted by her boyfriend. She greeted him with the words: "What the FUCK are you doing here?" after he approached us in the Vaults. I sipped my fruity cocktail in awkward silence.

The second was even more awkward. I had bribed for a girl I had been seeing at the time, only for us to break things off before the date. Neither of us wanted to face that pitfall, so we mutually decided to see if our RAG Blind Date Reps would let us change. Mine only agreed to the change on the condition that I date two women (every year Reps face a shortage of men). Recently single, I was happy to oblige.

'The older student was clearly taking Rag Blind Date as a serious attempt to find a soul mate'

Luck was not on my side. The first form was for my ex girlfriend's flat-mate (I kid you not). The second was only slightly more promising – an older student, a mature woman from a grad college. Disheartened by my bad luck, I hoped she'd be an alluring cougar.

She wasn't.

Nevertheless, I dated both that night. The older student was clearly taking

RAG Blind Date as a serious attempt to find a soul mate. After a pity-pint, I extricated myself and made my way to the second date, which can only be described as "amicable". Nothing happened – not that I had expected anything.

By the time I reached my third year, I decided to take matters into my own hand. I became a RAG Blind Date Rep and gave myself 10 out of 10 in all categories (yes, Reps grade you on a numerical scale based on outgoingness and attractiveness). I approached other Reps and ordered them to give me their best dates. No more girls with boyfriends! No more mature PhD students! I stepped up to the plate and took on three dates. I contacted them and arranged for us to meet in the same pub, one after the other, giving them 45-minute slots to impress me.

The first girl was pretty, but we just didn't click:

Me: "So, what did you do over the holidays?"

Girl A: "I worked in a box factory."

Me: "Oh... umm – did you do anything else?"

Girl A: "I also worked in a crisps factory."

The second girl was fun, and we still remain in contact.

The third was forgettable.

I didn't do RAG Blind Date this year. Juan Zober de Francisco

The sex machine

Kirsty Gray and Katy Browse look at how books that started out in the humble lending libraries of the thirties have adapted to the international market for love stories

This year marks the centenary of Mills & Boon publications, a company synonymous with romance in its most concentrated form. Yet behind the stale plot lines and questionable cover art lies a story of unique adaptability and a business model as shrewd as any on Wall Street. When the Boon brothers inherited the firm it was very much in decline. G.R. Mills and Charles Boon, a pair of refugees from Methuen, had set up the publishing house at the turn of the century and right up until the late 1950s, the revenue from rental libraries and over-the-counter chain stores like W.H. Smith, and Boots the Chemist was booming.

With the rise of television, however, the family firm was in dire straits. Rental libraries had been a form of entertainment for the masses throughout the 1930s. Many of its wares were more questionable than canonical, and when the libraries fell out of fashion it was Mills & Boon's authors that suffered alongside the hardback industry. It was then up to the Boon brothers, Alan and John (the latter an alumni of Trinity Hall) to turn the company into what it is today: an enterprise of global proportions and ferocious selling power. In Great Britain alone, one Mills & Boon novel is purchased every two seconds.

An astute bargainer, John Boon oversaw a "sweetheart deal" on unusually favourable terms with the American publishers Harlequin Enterprises, ensuring a degree of autonomy for the British arm. Mills & Boon itself retains a distinct identity throughout the world.

Such national autonomy has come to fashion Harlequin, now a global conglomerate, selling 131 million books a year in 107 international markets and 29 different languages. One of the secrets to their success? A strict business model that gives its regional editors cut-throat power over what appears on their shelves. They prioritise customs over characters, situation over storyline, commercial value over artistic integrity.

'It is interesting to ponder whether a housewife in India is reading *The Rancher and the Runaway Bride*'

While their novels are idealised, the industry that they work in is not; their books are only available to buy in bookshops for a month. Then, they are online

An early Mills and Boon from Sara Seale, top, published in 1938: she went on publishing all the way up to 1976; A book cover from the Japanese branch of Harlequin. Can you translate this anime fantasy title? Answers on a postcard



for 3 months. After this time, any unsold copies are withdrawn and pulped. Fans looking for particular books after this time must find them second-hand.

Editors, therefore, can take liberties. In order to turn the 'global' into the 'local', romances are transposed across cultural contexts in a process that Professor Eva Hemmings Wirtén terms 'transediting'. Beyond their native Canada, and other English-speaking nations, Harlequin publish in Poland, Japan, Brazil and India amongst others.

By the time the manuscript reaches the respective publisher's desk, the author's job is over and the transediting procedure begins. Sometimes the translation process is sensitive, changing its characters names to those closer to home. Occasionally it is brutal, with the translation abridging the originals radically, censoring and twisting plots.

Some western works simply do not translate. We asked several mainstream romance writers how they thought their books would fair at the hands of international editors.

"As a writer of BDSM erotica, I do have some concerns that other cultures will not understand our specific sexual desires," says Tiffany Reisz.

While Tiffany might find that her niche market does not exist in more restrained countries, the system does allow for a new type of Western export: the sexual stereotype.

"My books are translated into about 19 different languages in 25 countries," Joan Johnston, explained. Joan is not one of Harlequin's authors, having made the New York Times Bestseller List eight times in her 25 year career. Her novels share the same basic notions of escapist romanticism: the woman in trouble, the traitorous enemy, the irresistible hero. Their universal status, however, does not undermine the fact that her titles sell a little slice of



raunchy America. It is interesting to ponder whether a housewife in India is reading *The Rancher and the Runaway Bride* (1993), *The Texan* (2001) or the ultimate of domestic fantasies, *The Cowboy Takes a Wife* (1992) looking forward to the release of this year's

Similarly Mills & Boon has its own international sex appeal. Its lines are rife with historical romance, the Lord who falls for the chambermaid and actually marries her. Think Cambridge, perhaps set your story 200 years back in time and let your word count tick over as the ball-gowns disappear. Think of a pseudonym and then post your manuscript to the London office and you might just become an international best-seller.

If you put it into the Harlequin publishing machine, don't expect it to look the same on the other side of transedication. Or if you have a summer spare, it might be interesting to see how one niche or another translates into Polish.

Those Were the Days
14TH NOVEMBER 1956

The Varsity Survey of Cambridge Life

THE WAY OF WOMAN

THE figures in this article were collected with great diligence by Mr. P. A. 'Pablo' Block, of Caius.

A two page questionnaire was sent to 180 members of Newnham, Girton and Homerton. Questions were asked about their physical assets, personalities, social qualities, and men.

No replies to the questionnaire were received. Pablo investigated and discovered he had forgotten to put his address on it.

Undiscouraged, he set out to question 150 girls, personally.

There followed five exotic weeks in which 73 miles of Gothic corridor was covered.

Ladies, this is you.

1. PHYSICAL ASSETS

The kindest thing that can be said is that they're up against it! Those magic proportions (5 ft. 2 ins.; 8 st.; 33 ins., 23 ins., 33 ins.; 5 ft. 5 ins.; 81 st.; 34 ins., 24 ins.; 34 ins.; 5 ft. 8 ins.; 9 st.; 35 ins.,

by RON HALL

25 ins., 35 ins.) elude all but a few. Only 15% have anything approaching model proportions.

Only 50% have moderately slender legs. There is a predominance of pointed and stubby noses over the cute and the retroussé. But they do have nice eyes; 58% dark and vital, and 26% blue and intense, as against 13% hard green and glinting, and 3% crossed.

2. EMBELLISHMENTS

A certain lack of sophistication in make-up. 75% have

pyjamas, and one in ten wears bedsocks.

3 SOCIAL

As many as a third have never had a man in their rooms (before the redoubtable Pablo that is). Never at all. But 94% can name all the men's colleges.

20% admit to clutching their handbags at social occasions, 90% like in to a date and 15% forget to thank him afterwards.

4 PERSONALITY

65% try to be gay; 35% try to be madly gay. 40% giggle. A quarter don't go into breakfast. Four out of ten leave their undies lying around in the drying cupboard. 30% claim to be arty; 40% claim to be musical; the remainder claim to be both arty and musical.

Over half admitted they were in Cambridge for what they could get out of it.

5. MEN

Sent on application with parent's consent.

Well there is the Cambridge female. Ghastly I think. But Pablo tells me that in spite of their bad figures and sweet really and he's going visiting them all again just to make quite certain he got all the results right.

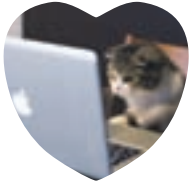
Only three-quarters of the women eat breakfast.

graduated to indelible lipstick. But only 11% use mascara, 5% eyeshadow, and 3% eye pencil.

Dress tends to be neat but conventional. 80% prefer separates to jeans and sweater. 85% of cotton blouses are neatly ironed, and slacks in town are definitely out. Short evening dresses are preferred to long.

Nearly a third actually possess green Paisley dresses, and sham velvet moccasins, and many of the rest can't see anything wrong with them. In bed they nearly all wear

VINNY'S TOP 5 BLOGS



boingboing.net

A mixture of web-activism, gadgetry and generally well-educated geekery. Currently running a feature called "My Favourite Museum Exhibit"; excellent stuff.

openculture.com

Billing itself as "The beset free cultural & educational media on the web!". And it is. Current posts include "14 Years of US Weather in 33 Minutes, Set to Beethoven" and "The Internet Imagined in 1969". Ec. Lec. Tic.

ubuweb.com

Another educational media resource; but focused on avant-garde material. Anything from visual to sound poetry, expanding into film and sound art .mp3s. And with Beckett's lovely mug smiling over the front page.

codecademy.com

Not a blog per-se, but a regular visit might do you good. This site is basically a course in how to code in java. All set in a fantastic, sort of game-like, flash interface, complete with achievements to unlock.

reddit.com

A massive social link-sharing site, where users upvote and downvote their material. Also an active community, that indulges in random acts of pizza, and motivates itself (sometimes) politically. Also; videos of cats.

A view from the blogs

Varsity doesn't just happen in the paper. Online editor, **James Vincent**, selects a few examples from this weeks blogs

VARSITY BLOGS

The J-Word: innovation or imitation?

VULTURE

Alex Hitchcock's series 'The J-Word' continues with a look over where the genre should head next.

Across the pond, the BAM debate rages on, as Nicholas Payton replies to his critics Jeremy Pelt and Marcus Strickland with an indignation and sense of wounded pride worthy of Fabio Capello. As Brad Mehldau asks: "how could we survive without the bitchy, bickering fun of polemics?" Another response from the online blog last week argued:

"I feel that the problem is that jazz music today doesn't describe the oppression and struggles of today, and is rather trying to continue to describe, musically, the struggles of the 60s and prior. If jazz musicians can describe the human experience of today through improvisation, then I think that will go a hell of a longer way in terms of propelling jazz music, than changing its name."

This first raises a question as to whether improvisation, one of the most immediate and spontaneous forms of musical expression, can have relevance outside the present context in which it

is situated. If an instrumentalist today has learned to improvise in the style of, say, Louis Armstrong, their playing could either be seen as a representation (inauthentic or otherwise) of the music of Armstrong's era, or as having been transformed by a combination of its immediate context and the musician's own experience into something that is relevant and appropriate to the present.

More generally, there is no consensus on whether jazz should be treated as a cultural artefact and preserved, as if behind glass in a museum, as a reminder of the role it has played in social and racial unification in America in the twentieth century, or whether

it should be allowed to develop and mutate unchecked, exposed to myriad worldwide influences.

There are compelling cases for both. If the music as it existed in New Orleans in the 1910s and 20s or in New York in the 1950s and 60s is no longer played, huge elements of an indigenous art form will be lost. It is true that there is recorded evidence of the music at various stages of its development, but it inevitably loses some of its characteristic vitality in the transition between live performance and recording (even one that manages to capture the original atmosphere well).

On the other hand, saxophonist and composer Henry Threadgill, who has added his voice to the rising chorus of those who claim that the word 'jazz' has lost its meaning, is wary of any attempt to recreate styles from the past. He concedes that an appreciation of the history of the music is vital to an understanding of how to continue in the tradition and move it forward, but rules out the possibility of innovation or creation within any style that is not rooted in the present:

"I don't really believe it's possible to do it, to play legitimate music from another period, because music is tied into social situations too. Social, emotional reality, and psychological reality

is all connected culturally to any art form, and you can't jump back and place yourself."

None of which is to say that records such as *Kind of Blue* or *A Love Supreme* should occupy any less of a revered place in the history of the music. Illustrating the importance of appreciating and engaging with past innovators, Threadgill compares the student of music to the student of art: "you look at painting and frescoes and you see where perspective came in and where infinity came in". It would be impossible to progress without due respect to Davis, Coltrane et al. But if Threadgill is right in arguing that art is a product of and relevant only to its cultural and social context, an attempt to replicate it in one of its past forms authentically is self-deception.

There is a fine line between imitation and adaptation; neither of these two should be dismissed outright, and it would be wrong to assert that the two approaches cannot be adopted consecutively, if not concurrently. As each generation of improvisers brings to bear their own experience on the music of their predecessors, the music will inevitably split into many different directions. Whether this amounts to desecration of jazz as a valuable cultural artefact is up for debate.



The Fandom Menace: loving games too much

Jake Harris continues his exploration of gaming culture with a look at the zealots of the gaming world.

VARSITECH

Fanaticism is commonplace in gaming. Ceaseless battles rage across the vastness of the internet over whose console is superior, forums flame with debate over why *BioWare* beats *Blizzard* and today I saw "Halo is 4 n00bz" written in the snow. (Actually I wrote it myself just so I could put it on this list, but you get my point).

We're probably all guilty of it to some extent. At school, me and my friends were Nintendo fanboys, and regarded

PS2 owners with an air of intellectual revulsion. Ok, so we were kids, but this kind of thing goes on at all ages and for all people. Microsoft, Sony, Nintendo, Valve, Naughty Dog, Activision, Square Enix all want our money. They want to use you. And yet we'll still defend them in a fight.

One reason might be the sense that some companies are on your side. When you buy a game for your phone for 69p its hard not to fall a little bit in love, especially considering Infinity Ward are screwing you over for £39.99 a pop. Both companies are out for your cash, but the different ways they go about it

have a huge impact on your attitude toward them. When you're shelling out for *Skyrim*, a small part of you can't help but question "is this really worth it?"

Today on Steam, the hugely popular online distribution platform, you can buy *The Binding of Isaac* for £3.99. You can walk away from that without a doubt that you got your money's worth, and feeling good toward Steam. They're not doing it out of the goodness of their hearts though; many small transactions can outweigh a few big ones. I even wonder if that feeling that Steam have almost done you a favour is their little way of stopping you from obtaining

games via less scrupulous means.

We don't just like games because they're cheap though. People get fanatical about all kinds of games, big and small; I think some fans genuinely feel that their game has provided them with a better experience than one of its competitors. They get defensive because they feel this rival game is 'undermining the genre' or 'diluting the market'. That may truly be the case. They might just feel that people playing lack a bit of perspective here: everything is a matter of opinion. Just because your current state of mind, gaming history and, hell, every element of your individuality means

this one game is perfect for you doesn't mean that's true for everybody.

Regardless of both the above points, there are still *Modern Warfare* and *Battlefield* fanboys, who are paying top money for triple-A games (and thanking developers for the privilege). The experiences they provide aren't all that different *runs for cover* (I know when you're really into a genre small differences matter, but if you like shooting stuff, either one of these games is going to do the job). I think a lot of people get behind these games for no other reason than because they want to support something. There's something deep inside people that makes them need to be fans. Why do people support football teams? Why do people watch *Coronation Street* and not *Eastenders*? Really believing in something makes us feel good and, more importantly, makes us feel part of a group. Maybe it's a kind of tribe mentality hanging around from 150,000 years ago. Only now we argue about whose metagame is the deepest instead of fighting to the death.

The Comic Strip
LEWIS WYNN





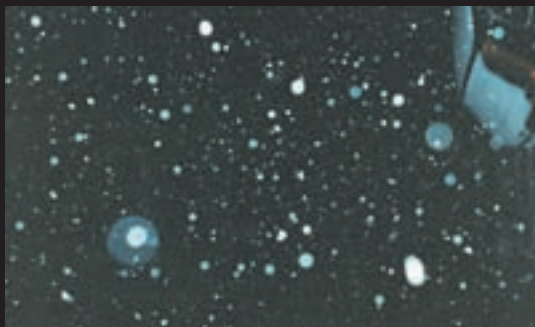
1. Charlie in the afternoon



2. Berocca in the faculty.



3. The cast of *Elektra*.



4. Christ's Pieces obscured by the snow.



5. King's looking Narnia-esque.



6. Dancing at the desk.

My Cambridge Week

SOPHIE CRAWFORD
3RD YEAR, GIRTON

LISTINGS

Pull out and pin up on your board

Friday
10th

Saturday
11th

Sunday
12th

M

MUSIC

Fêtes françaises

THE HALL, KINGS COLLEGE 9PM; FREE

Pianist Roy Howat performs Chabrier's Aubade, Melancolie and Idylle, and Chopin's Nocturne In E. Pre-concert talk 7.45pm, Chetwynd Room (free entry).



Peepholes, Gentle Friendly

PORTLAND ARMS 8.30-11PM; £5.50

As part of Upset the Rhythm's Kingdom tour, these bands team up with a line-up that resonates deep within landscape, drawing on forgotten pasts and remembered futures in equal measure.

Ghostpo

ARU (EAST RD.),

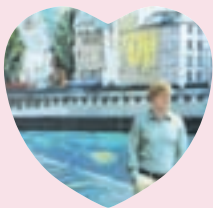
The London-b Cambridge v electronic dift rambling mus

FILM

The Syrian Bride

L1, ASIAN STUDIES FAC., 1.15PM; FREE

A family deals with the anxieties of a wedding day while also confronting the political turmoil of the Middle East in this drama, a collaboration between Israeli and Palestinian filmmakers.



Midnight in Paris

FISHER BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S 7&10PM; £3

In Woody Allen's most recent film, an American writer in Paris travels back in time to the city's artistic heyday of the 1920s.

True Ro

ARCHITECTURE D

A Valentine's ArcSoc film. there will be themed refres from 6.30 be

TALKS

Nationalism and the City

CRASSH, 7 WEST ROAD 5-7.30PM; FREE

Professor Blom Hansen will give the keynote address to the conference *Nationalism and the City*. Followed by a wine reception.

Big Pink Read

CAMBRIDGE CENTRAL LIBRARY 2-5PM; FREE

Panel discussion entitled 'Coincidence or controversy? LGBT writers sidelined from this year's Booker Prize' featuring comedienne VG Lee and Dr Pauline Palmer, author of *The Queer Uncanny*.

Simon Callow

CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE 7.45; FROM £12.50

Actor and writer Simon Callow reads excerpts from his soon to be published biography Charles Dickens and the Great Theatre of the World, which discusses his love of the great writer.

VIEW

Bereavement

ADC THEATRE 11PM; £5

(Until 11th Feb) Curtain up and spotlight on six characters as they blunder through Bereavement's funny little cabaret, trying to make sense of grief and the unexpected extras it throws up.

London Assurance

CRIPPS AUDITORIUM, MADGALENE 7.30PM; £4

(Until 12th Feb) Dion Boucicault was author of dozens of successful plays, of which only a handful survive. *London Assurance* opened at Covent Garden in 1841 and was the hit of the season.



Russian

CORN EXCHAN

Adolphe Ad ghosts and ve by Jean Cora Petipa.

STAY IN

POD: God is dead?

WWW.GUARDIAN.CO.UK/AUDIO

What did Nietzsche mean by the death of God? Benjamin Walker and guests explore the legacy of the German philosopher's statement.



EAT: Loch Fyne

37 TRUMPINGTON STREET CB2 1QY

(From 11th Feb) Loch Fyne is offering a special Valentine's brunch this weekend, including either Bucks Fizz or champagne, for £15. Treat yourself!

READ: S

BY E. F. SCHUMA

This radical century's into methods – wh as "gigantism resonance th

GO OUT



Secret Porter's Ball

CAMBRIDGE UNION 7.30PM; PRICE TBC

Three hours of the best of Cambridge's comedy scene with special guest appearances followed by a live music after party. All profits go to Amnesty International.

Not What I Call Kambar

FEZ 10PM; £3 BEFORE 11, £4 AFTER

Strict dress code of 'full on carnival'. Flamingo head pieces and bejewelled bars, string vests and pea whistles please.

MIND MAPS

1. The Fountain

I loved The Fountain even before its trendy revamp, back when it was home to a bunch of odd-looking thirty year olds attempting to relive their youth.

2. Roundabout

Speaking of returns to youth, the roundabout on Midsummer Common is my preferred method.

3. Grand Arcade car park

Forget Castle Mound, here you'll find the best view over the whole of Cambridge.

4. Antique Shop

Here I bought a framed portrait of a rather stern looking, bearded man. I haven't checked the back yet to see if he has a name – it's more exciting not to know.

5. The Cam

Sometimes I get the urge to jump into the river, fully-clothed, for a swim. Unfortunately it's harder than it looks to swim in shoes. The punters tend to look a bit scared when they see me clinging onto the sides of their boat.

Bob Winslow, Peterhouse, 3rd year Architect.





MIXED UP QUEEN OF HEARTS



What better way to show your Valentine you care than with a lurid pink cocktail?

Pouring it over your scantily clad self (see left) is optional, but recommended.

Recipe is also easily adapted for singletons – simply triple the gin. You’ll be alright.

INGREDIENTS

Pomegranate seeds
Lychee fruit (canned)
1 part gin
1 part lychee juice
1 part fresh grapefruit juice
Ice

YOU WILL NEED

Martini glass
Cocktail shaker

METHOD

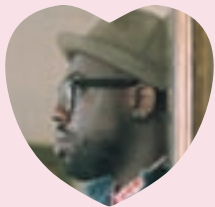
1. Place one or two lychees and a few pomegranate seeds in a martini glass.
2. Combine the gin, lychee juice, grapefruit juice, and ice in a shaker.
3. Shake and strain the cocktail into the martini glass over the fruit.

Monday
13th

et

DOORS OPEN 7PM; £11 ADV.
ased MC comes to
with his off-kilter, loopy
ties, and his delightfully
sings on modern life.

Tuesday
14th



Wednesday
15th

Bach Organ Recital

THE CHAPEL, MAGDALENE 1.15PM; FREE
Throughout 2012 Anne Page will be playing all of J.S. Bach’s organ works in 23 concerts on 14 organs in Cambridge colleges and churches.

Thursday
16th

Clare Music Society

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL 8PM; £5
CCMS perform Joseph Haydn’s *The Creation*. Soloists are Maud Millar, Nicholas Mogg and Stefan Kennedy.

mance

CEPT 7PM; FREE
Day (Eve) Special with
As it’s a special occasion,
a reception with Valentine-
shments and tunes, starting
before the film.

A Separation

MCCRUM LEC. THEATRE 8PM; FREE
Presented by Corpus Films. Complex Iranian drama about a broken marriage and social class. Tipped to win the Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film.



Drive

FISHER BUILDING, ST. JOHN’S 9PM; £3
Though a loner by nature, Driver (Ryan Gosling) falls in love with his beautiful neighbor Irene (Carey Mulligan), a vulnerable young mother troubled by the return of her ex-convict husband.



Lord Douglas Hurd

CAMBRIDGE UNION 7.30PM
Baron Hurd of Westwell is a Conservative politician who served in the Thatcher and Major cabinets as Home Secretary and Foreign Secretary. He now serves as patron of the Tory Reform Group.

Sam Zarafi, Amnesty International

ALISON RICHARD BUILDING, SIGEWICK SITE 5-6.30PM; FREE
The director of the Asia-Pacific programme discusses his work in this region.

Royal Manuscripts

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM 1.15-2PM; FREE
Dr Doyle presents highlights of the British Library’s Royal collection, containing illuminated manuscripts gathered by the kings and queens of England from the 9th to the 16th century.

Ballet: Giselle

GE 7.30PM; FROM £22.50
am’s ballet of love, betrayal,
vengeance; choreographed
lli and revised by Marius

The Boys in the Band

ADC THEATRE 7.45PM; £6
(14th-18th Feb) With an all-male cast, Mart Crowley’s hard-hitting drama about homosexuality in the 1960s comes to the ADC stage for the very first time.

Moments

ADC THEATRE, LARKUM STUDIO 8PM; £4
(14th-18th Feb) Debut from writer Hellie Cranney, the winner of ‘Best Script’ in the Cambridge 24 Hour Plays 2011. In her words, ‘a play about what we’re willing to share, and what we keep to ourselves’.

G.G.T.H

ADC THEATRE 11PM; £5
(15th-18th Feb) Combining experience from Now, Now, The Mexican Standoff, and the Footlights Pantomime, comedy team The Outside Joke bring you dark, sexy sketches,

Small is Beautiful

ACHER (1973)
challenge to the 20th
exication with mass market
at Schumacher described
n” – has never held more
an it does today.



DVD: A Bigger Splash

CORN EXCHANGE 7.30PM; FROM £22.50
Jack Hazan’s artful, disturbing 1974 film about Hockney and his gay inner circle has been described by Martin Scorsese as “one of the finest films I have seen about an artist and his work.”



AVOID: People in Love

Unless you are one – in which case, you’ll be staying in and avoiding bitter haters anyway.

EXHIBITION: Identity

JESUS COLLEGE CHAPEL; FREE
(From 9th-16th Feb) Photography by Tanne Spielman and Matt O’Kane, see below (Pick of the Week) for details.

Prints after Chardin

R. 16, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM; FREE
Investigates the appeal of Chardin’s familial imagery for the 18th-century public, and takes a close look at the skill of the printmakers who interpreted his canvases into graphic art.

BRIGHT SIDE OF THE ROAD

OLIVER REES

I like Lana Del Rey. I like Lizzie Grant. Everyone seems to be giving her a hard time at the minute for not being authentic enough (including *Varsity*... shhh), which I think is a little bit self-righteous and stupid, though I can understand it. In the spirit of authenticity, though, I think I should confess a number of things. One. I do not take the pictures in this column. Two. I don’t think that *Varsity* should have themes, because it is a newspaper. Now that is out of the way, and I am as authentic as I can be, I can talk about love, which is, after all, the theme of this paper.



VARITY STOPPED SOME STUDENTS AS THEY WADED THROUGH THE SLUSH TO ASK THEM: ‘WHO IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN YOUR LIFE?’.

I love Lana Del Rey, and think you should too. I didn’t think her performance on Saturday Night Live was that great, and I don’t really like her lips or the fact that she wasn’t honest about her background. But I think that is what love is meant to be like. Loving people is a risk, because it is trying to make out that a person is perfect. If there was a graph of words you could say to make someone seem perfect, love would be pretty high up; like “oh, that girl is so great, I love her.”



But often love can mean that a person is really, really imperfect (Lana Del Rey). Seeing that someone is great and imperfect at the same time is real love though (I think), so this Valentine’s day make sure you know that the most important and lovely person in your life is amazing, but not perfect (seriously don’t tell them though as it will end so so badly!). Oh, and one more piece of advice: make sure the person who is the most important to you knows it. Like if that person was Lana Del Rey then send her a bunch of flowers or something.



Pick of the Week

EXHIBITION: Identity

Thurs 9 – Thurs 16 Feb, Jesus College Chapel; Free

Featuring images of students’ pin boards, historical portraits of identity and images of identity through a lifetime. Curated by Tanne Spielman and Matt O’Kane. Foreword written by Grant Smith, former Chairman of the Association of Photographers.

FILM EDITOR

Oldboy

Fri 10 Feb 8pm, Buckingham House Lecture Theatre, Murray Edwards

The second in Park Chan-Wook’s ‘Vengeance Trilogy’, this film won the 2004 Grand Prize at Cannes.

India Ross

ART EDITOR

Affordable Art Fair

Sat 11 – Sun 12 Feb 10.30am-5pm, Wolfson Party Room, Trinity

Hunt around for bargain art by local and student artists. Most items under £50.

Holly Gupta

SENIOR ARTS

Love in the Time of Cholera

Sun 12 Feb 8.30- 10.30pm; Claire Hall Bar, Free

Mike Newell’s adaptation of Marquez’s novel charts a love story which spans over 50 years.

Zoe Large

Want to draw a mind map, take your week in pictures, or see your event listed on these pages? Get in touch with seniorarts@varsity.co.uk

A RAG Blind Date special

On Tuesday night, Cambridge's pubs, cocktail bars and restaurants were full to the brim with dates. Single, double, triple - and even a few odd numbers - jostled for space to conduct their awkward meetings under increasingly inebriated conditions. *Varsity* took the ultimate people-watching opportunity and caught a selection of the dates in question over the course of the night



THE NIGHT BEGINS...

8pm

Yasmin (EMMA) & Johnny (ST. JOHNS)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

Y: Interesting...not the average medic!
J: I didn't really know what was going on...

HEART METER:

Y: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
J: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

Y: Snog
J: Snog

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

Y: ???
J: Perhaps. Perhaps.

Tristan (DOWNING) & Faye (CHURCHILL)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

Y: Very 'friendly'
J: Very chatty which relieved the awkwardness of him admitting just how much shorter he was than me

HEART METER:

Y: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
J: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

Y: Snog
J: Seems like the marrying kind...future investment banker, perhaps? Ka-ching

James (FITZWILLIAM) & Katy (CHURCHILL)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

J: Her clock necklace is forcing me to look straight at her breasts...
K: He's not my actual date but at least he found a replacement for me! He's pretty cute.

HEART METER:

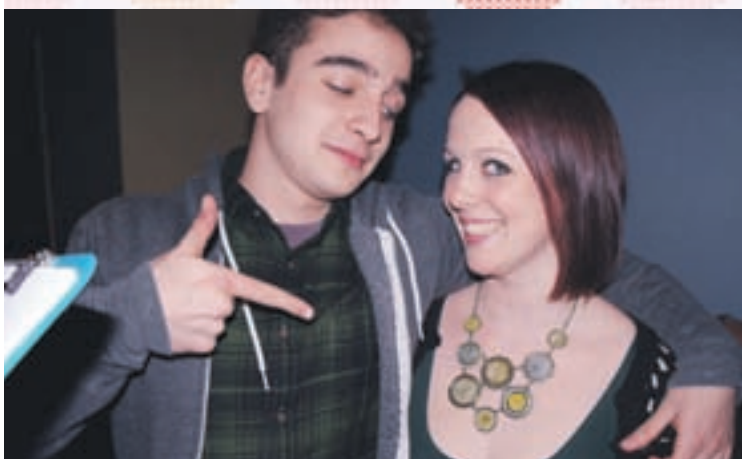
J: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
K: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

J: Marry
K: Snog

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

J: Definitely
K: It's only 8.30, anything could happen!



11pm

James (FITZWILLIAM) & Katy (CHURCHILL)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

J: Still can't stop looking at her necklace/breasts...
K: Pretty cute, I think I said. Two hours on, let's make that very cute! I think his eyebrows are very alluring

HEART METER:

Y: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
J: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

J: Hell no!
K: There's three of us so probably not

Freya (CHRISTS) & John (GIRTON)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

F: Uh-oh...
J: I thought she was well nice.

HEART METER:

F: Flatlining.
J: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

F: Avoid. Like the plague.
J: Marry

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

F: Yes!
J: Long walk back to Girton...

Bruno (PEMBROKE) & Felicity (CHRIST'S)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

B: Lovely
F: Decent looking but a bit of a toff...

HEART METER:

B: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
F: ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

B: Snog/Marry
F: Snog

MOST AWKWARD MOMENT?

B: Too many to count
F: When he tried to take a drink out of the glass holding the atmospheric candle. I had to tell him that it wasn't his drink.

CHARITY CASES



Annually, **Cambridge RAG** raises and gives around **£160,000** for local, national and international charities by organising some of the most exciting and outrageous university-wide and college-based events.

This year's supported charities are:

- Alzheimer's Research UK
- British Red Cross
- Médecins Sans Frontières
- Unicef UK
- WaterAid
- Cambridge Rape Crisis Centre
- Foodcycle
- Haven House Children's Hospice
- Jimmy's Night Shelter
- Wintercomfort for the Homeless



Dominic (CLARE) & Anna (DOWNING)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

D: There was no whip...

A: I am very (very) very happy.

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

D: Yes

A: Marry

CHOICE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION:

D: Definitely not Alison. Who's Alison?

A: We bonded over our shared Indian heritage

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

Y: Marry

J: Snog

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

J: Definitely

K: It's only 8.30, anything could happen!

Charlie (GIRTON) & Rhonda (SIDNEY SUSSEX)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

C: Very nice and polite girl

R: Very posh

HEART METER:

C: 

R: 

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

C: Marry

R: Avoid

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

C: Probably. Damn.

R: I wondered... and then I found out he's a massive tory.

10pm

Jackson (TRINITY) & Lily (DOWNING)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

J: It's all positive at this end!

L: Lovely American accent

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

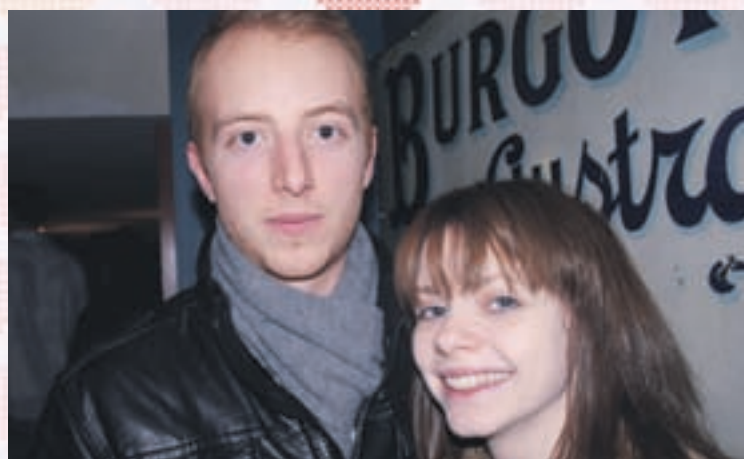
J: I reject the fundamental premise of the question

L: Marry. 'Obv.' 'Blind date 4 lyf'

CHOICE TOPIC OF CONVERSTATION:

J: Ski vacations

L: Geek chat and pizza vouchers



Josie (CAIUS) & James (TRINITY HALL)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

JOSIE: He's really nice, friendly and sweet.

JAMES: She's really chatty, friendly and lovely

HEART METER:

JOSIE: 

JAMES: 

SNOG/MARRY/AVOID:

JOSIE: Marry, he's great!

JAMES: We should have a few more chats...if my girlfriend lets me

ARE YOU GOING HOME ALONE?

JOSIE: Probably going home to my boyfriend.

JAMES: Probably going home to my girlfriend.

midnight

Matt (ROBINSON) & Becca (CAIUS)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

M: Really very lovely

B: He's not awkward! By far this is the most important thing

HEART METER:

M: 

B: 

CHOICE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION:

M: Tupac! Finally a girl who gets Tupac

B: We study the same subject so I'm afraid there was some faculty talk



The Little Gem

LETTICE FRANKLIN

When the snow started



to settle on Saturday night, so too did differences. Pavement was indistinguishable from road, horrid hill colleges were fairylands just like Kings or Trinity, and strangers on the street became friends. It perhaps offered us a taster for Valentine's Day, which, like snow, unites us all, leaving us head over heels, like many this week, on Cambridge's new ice rink previously known as the Sidgewick Site, submerged in a pa-retty uncomfortable but perhaps, retrospectively wonderful experience.

Valentine's day is surely supposed to be about solitude with your One and Only Hoochie Coochie Pie. In restaurant world, however, Valentine's Day is actually about ramming you all in together, and in Cambridge's tiny tiny restaurant world, that means the scintillating possibility of playing footsie with your date, your DOS, your dentist, and your best friend's date, all without leaving your romantically dim, rose-bedecked table. SCORE eh.

Irony aside, this does represent a victory. You. are. in. a. restaurant. What's more you are (in my clichéd dream) in a dim, rose-bedecked restaurant. You have done the unthinkable and thought to book a table in a restaurant on the one night in the year when you obviously should, but obviously never do.

In reality, most of us will be forced out in the snow, while the rest of us will be in restaurants we never consider going to on any other day of the year.

I had a pre-emptive taster of this when I visited, this week, HK Fusion. Have you ever been there? Probably not. Have you ever walked past it? Yes, every day.

Located bang opposite John's, it boasts a pretty spectacular location and plays to it; the lucky couple that get to sit in the goldfish bowl that is the front seat have a view of porticoes and trellises galore, and of the lucky twosomes trotting happily hand-in-hand to Côte, Bill's, Pizza Express (heart-shaped dough balls a-go-go) and to be honest anywhere else.

HK Fusion's food leaves a lot to be desired - maybe a good thing for your chances on a date... The apparent speciality is 'fried ho fun', and going on the tasteless oiliness of our meal, I would imagine this dish offers nothing more than bad jokes for awkward moments...

Playground

HELEN CAHILL

Being Thatre Editor filled me with an emptiness this week. It's a glamorous title, but I couldn't help feeling disconnected wasting away in front of the soul-less whirring computers of our production room when I sat down to make my page. I resolved to discover why I had been feeling so hollow, so I took it upon myself to go to the theatre for the first time this year, thinking my sense of isolation could stem from my total ignorance of the scene on which I'm reporting.

It wasn't easy. I travelled through snow and ice, and the arrangements for attending the afterparty were heinously complicated. Suffice to say, it was well worth it to attend 'Curse of the Oxford Revue' at the Burton Taylor Studio, Oxford. I literally haven't seen any comedy like it this term. *The Cherwell* reviewer unambiguously claimed that it did 'contain sketches of sheer, comic genius'. Bland, but ultimately correct.

There's a theatre world out there, and I'm committed to immersing myself in it. Wednesday saw the first night of Tone Deaf Theatre's hard-hitting production 'Fresher's: The Musical' at the Durham Student Union. Who could resist the temptation to relive Durham's Fresher's week? It'll be all the more exciting for missing it in the first place. Doug Gibbs directs, teaming up with the legendary choreographer Emma Cave. This is a theatrical dream-team I can only imagine will work wonders, and a perfect opportunity to see the front-line in action.

My journalistic conscience is rotting. I fear the inevitable backlash from my adoring fans if I give up my position, so my only choice is to go where the magic happens – goodbye humble *Varsity* offices – I'm off to the theatre.



Marlowe magic show

Millie Steele talks to Lily Arnold, director of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, about reality, student theatre and tent construction

As I walk into the Cambridge Arts Theatre to meet professional designer Lily Arnold who has been working on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the Marlowe Society, I am confronted by a pop-up Halfords tent. Student Phil Shipley and I grapple with it whilst Lily reads us the instructions on how to fold it up. When I ask what it's for I'm told that Hermia takes it into the forest with her when she runs away from home. How sensible.

The word "realistic" isn't one that is usually associated with the play *A*

'Lily tells me that she finds the enthusiasm and willingness of the students here refreshing'

Midsummer Night's Dream, but that is what this production team is hoping to achieve. It's difficult for an audience to fully invest in fantasy, Lily tells me, so they have worked on making the characters believable and honest. The magic in the play comes from the fact that they are all only human, and yet have these extraordinary powers and undergo amazing transformations. "It's almost the magic of everyday life... like a pop-up tent."

The main thesis for this production

sprang from the idea of setting it in a kind of "urban wasteland," think the outskirts of London, and this has inspired the other design aspects of the play. It opens with the court scene depicted as a Canary Wharf-like corporate affair, but as the characters fall into the dream this disintegrates into a building site. Lily tells me that it was important for each group of characters to have their own unique space, giving them ownership of their environment. It's about creating "a playground for the actors to live in."

The costumes have been kept contemporary, but in a playful way. They have experimented with everything from vintage rockabilly to tattoos and masks. The fairies are described as "modern-day gypsies" wearing tweeds and earthy fabrics, whilst the court officials are business-like in suits.

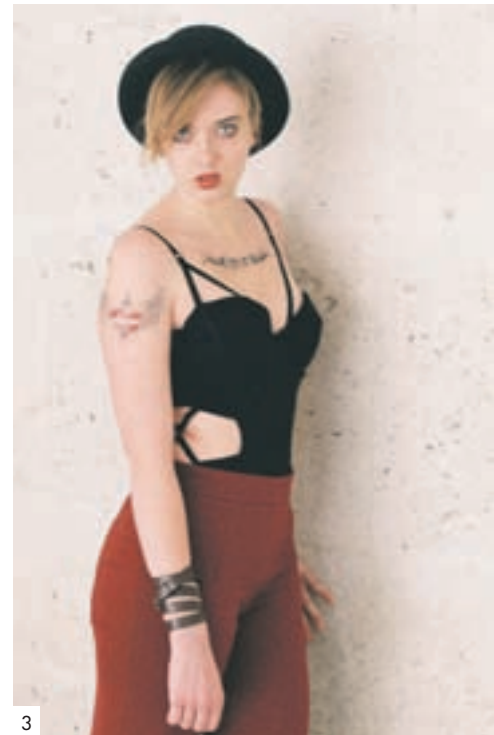
Having worked for the Royal Shakespeare Company Lily tells me that she finds the enthusiasm and willingness of the students here refreshing. She is impressed by how much work the students have put in, and Phil quickly agrees that the amount of preparation far exceeds any production he has done before.

The Cambridge University Marlowe Society has alumni such as Ian McKellen, Sam Mendes and Peter Hall, and this may well be where the next generation of professionals is born. As such, the cast are keen to get to as close to a professional level as they can.

The actors have been working



1. Mairin O'Hagan plays Titania, with Mateo Oxley as Oberon. 2. Mairin and Mateo are photographed by our talented Editor Louise in John's (unfortunately) 3. There was an arsey Porter who didn't want the shoot to happen, but it (obviously) did anyway 4. You can't really see the snow, but it was actually bloody cold.



particularly hard on technique, says Phil. Director Kate Sagovsky has focused on the use of movement, and much of the comedy comes from a physical place. "It's really silly," says Lily, "but in a tangible way." They have had fun in particular playing with the *Mechanicals*, trying to invent a feasible way in which a group of builders may decide, on the spur of the moment, to put on a play. Both descend into laughter as they recount a recent rehearsal.

Like many student productions it will be clever and thought provoking (with maybe even a comment or two on society thrown in), but unlike many attempts at Shakespearean comedy, it may actually be very funny.

Boys are back in town

Jack Belloli talks to Guy Woolf, director of *The Boys in the Band*, about reviving Matt Crowley's seminal screen-play

Guy Woolf can't believe his luck. I catch up with him in Pat Val just before he sets off for the first full run-through of next week's ADC mainshow.

For his first experience directing in Cambridge, he's amazed how everything's fallen into place: he's working with a great cast in his perfect venue - he waxes lyrically about how he'll map the interior of a flat onto the ADC stage - with a play that's clearly close to his heart.

Woolf was introduced to the film of *The Boys in the Band* ten years ago. He calls it 'an acting tour de force': it builds to a crescendo, both in its humour and its serious revelations, by keeping its nine characters onstage almost throughout. The cast have worked on maintaining this intensity through improvisation and detailed character work, a hard task.

But this isn't the only reason why the

play is important. Described as the 'first explicitly gay play', it was playwright Mart Crowley's response to accusations that his older contemporaries, Edward Albee and Tennessee Williams, disguised gay messages behind stories of heterosexual relationships.

Guiltily, I play the devil's advocate: why revive a play associated with the still-marginalised New York gay community of 1968 in the surely-more-enlightened Cambridge of 2012? The director stresses that the play isn't outdated and, while Cambridge remains a particularly tolerant place to work and study, he's keen to follow Albee in 'eternally remaining vigilant'. He deliberately chose a performance slot in LGBT History month, and is in contact with Gay Times and Stonewall to generate publicity.

Woolf wasn't the only one itching for the play's revival. He's made contact with Crowley, now in his seventies,

who's been generous in his response, sending Woolf a signed copy of the script and giving him permission to cut from the text.

Ultimately, however, the production isn't dominated by any agenda: the company's keen to present experiences common to any kind of identity crisis, and to remind us that the play only presents an infuriating one-night slice of its characters' lives.

I ask Woolf if there's anything surprising he wants audiences to look out for: he mentions his introduction of the song 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?', a reminder that these characters' futures are contingent and uncertain even after the curtain falls. But I'm more certain that we'll be in a position to love this play when it opens next week.

● *The Boys in the Band* is the ADC mainshow from Tues 14th - Sat 18th Feb (Tue & Wed £8/£6, Thu-Sat £10/£8)



Members of the cast in rehearsal for *The Boys in the Band*

BELLA LAMPOUGH SHIELDS



LOUISE BENSON



Bereavement: The Musical

ADC Lateshow

★★★★★

“The final number that declares us to have learnt nothing at all feels unconvincing and a little reductive.”

●●● The principal joke of *Bereavement: The Musical* is neatly contained in its title, and despite evident good intentions and a number of genuinely moving and entertaining sequences, it struggles to expand beyond the central premise to meaningful ends.

In a series of what we might call musical sketches, composers Jeff Carpenter and Mairin O'Hagan and director Andy Brock populate the stage with a parade of characters, each of whom have suffered a bereavement of some kind, and each of whom disclose their predicament with a song.

It certainly seems interesting to make a distinction between grief and bereavement in a way that draws attention to the oddly perfunctory nature of social practices surrounding death: we enjoy a hymn detailing the awkward formality of funerals, a refusal to seek counselling from a brilliantly animated Rosie Brown, and a funny and well observed but perhaps laboured song that interrogates the impropriety of a teenager's need to masturbate, even in the wake of his mother's death.

It is the witty choreography and musical cheek that really earns *Bereavement: The Musical* its laughs – its slick, self aware mockery of the musical theatre genre through a characterful piano accompaniment and chorus choreography is highly entertaining and makes up for unremarkable melodies.

However, it is in the more contemplative, serious scenes that the endeavour falls down. An overblown meditation on single parenthood and an admission from a bereaved teenager that she is no longer “daddy's little girl” serve as reminders that, as a genre that trivialises and simultaneously sentimentalises its subject matter, musical theatre isn't always the appropriate medium in which to address the agony of bereavement.

That's not to say that the handling of a serious theme in a lighthearted framework is fruitless, but it seems

necessary that the tonal dichotomy eventually makes an interesting comment on the material in hand. The final number that declares us to have learnt nothing at all feels unconvincing and a little reductive.

Jeff Carpenter, however, who briefly mentions his own bereavement and motivation for composing the musical in a pre-opening night *VarsiTV* interview, is a touching presence as the accompanist. He remained impressively engaged with the cast members for the duration of the performance.

If the show fails to persuasively convey its primary sensibility, then it is the subtle poignancy of Carpenter's presence that eventually communicates the amusing, enlivening and intelligent treatment of difficult subject matter that lies at the core of the production.

Pandora Haydon

HELEN CAHILL



Haydon found Jeff Carpenter's presence as the accompanist moving

THE VARSITY STAR GUIDE

★★★★★

Nightmare

★★★★★

Insomnia

★★★★★

Dream on

★★★★★

The stuff dreams are made of

★★★★★

Living the dream



4



“On the evidence of this show, the only difference between Corpus Smokers and the stand-up in ADC Footlights Smokers is that you can buy a ticket for Corpus on the door.”

●●● Smoker reviews have been stuck at three stars all term long, and it's easy to appreciate why: anyone brave enough can come and have a go, some acts are good, others bad – which makes for shows that are inevitably 'hit and miss'.

Corpus Smoker

Corpus Playrooms

★★★★★

Last night's Corpus Smoker, however, gets that extra star. The reason? A shorter line-up of higher quality made this Monday's offerings just that bit better than usual.

Styles ranged from the halting to the conversational but never felt awkward. Julia Newman is female, Jewish, American and funny. After a nervous start she developed a relaxed set, and as a relative newcomer to Cambridge she is a name to keep an eye out for.

The crazy observational humour and measured delivery of Stefan Arridge contrasted starkly with this but his jokes were delightfully and hilariously unpredictable.

Bhargav Narayanan went down well with half the room, but never got everyone on his side. His fellow comics enjoyed

him the most as he trampled all over the rules of stand-up, showing no deference to the audience, and it seemed that this, far more than his smutty humour, was what had them laughing.

The room was united, however, in appreciation of Phil Wang's closing set, whose style means that, if he just keeps talking, the jokes keep coming and the audience keeps laughing.

Whether by chance or intention, the relatively small number of acts (there were ten in the first Smoker of Michaelmas term) left time for compere Pierre Novellie to share jokes, anecdotes and wonderfully funny life stories. His humour and manner are both first-rate, and his performances are enjoyable to watch because he so clearly enjoys being entertaining.

On the evidence of this show, the only difference between Corpus Smokers and the stand-up in ADC Footlights Smokers is that you can buy a ticket for Corpus on the door. With things going this well, that may not be the case in future.

Richard Stockwell

What's the best thing about costume design?

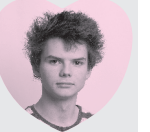
The joy of the designer comes from playing with cultural norms and making them relevant. An accurate reconstruction of Russian eighteenth century dress works in film, but would fall flat in a theatre because people wouldn't read it properly. It is only through infusing contemporary images of identity that a character can be accurately interpreted and that's where all the fun is.



Georgia Haseldine
Costume Designer

Critique

FRED MAYNARD



I am tempted to use this week's column to shamelessly plug my upcoming show, *Uneasy Dreams*, a surreal, blackly hilarious adaptation of Franz Kafka's short stories, with puppetry, music and existentialist terror combining to create what will surely be one of the term's highlights, at 9.30 in the Corpus Playrooms, tickets a bargain at £5. However, this would be in violation of all proper journalistic ethics, so I won't. But such temptation does remind me of how much we in the theatre world must fight for publicity.

The business of getting people to actually come to see shows is a pretty tough one around here. Oh, sure, an ADC mainshow playing something well-known can sell out weeks in advance, as can Corpus now its marketing is hitched to the ADC bandwagon. (Though I like to think Elektra's success was down to Sophie Crawford's intimidating and ubiquitous poster-bound face daring people not to buy a ticket)

But the two ADC venues are the over-conspicuous iceberg-tip; plenty of other good stuff goes underattended. You haven't truly done theatre here until you've had to go into the bar before an 11pm lateshow at Queens' and try to corral drunkards into the theatre so you have some kind of audience: "I promise, it'll be hilarious!"

Too many venues are off the beaten track – you don't casually wander down into the Pembroke cellars or trek over to the Newnham Old Labs or even into the English Faculty's Judith E Wilson studio – great and unique venues though they all are. The fact is that there aren't enough theatre-going people in Cambridge to serve all these places. At a university like Bristol, which has actual drama students, and more undergraduates, they might put on three shows at a time, with large gaps in between. We are trying to sell six shows a week to a student body that frequently doesn't have the spare time for sleep, let alone challenging physical theatre.

We are left with a painfully oversaturated field – you have to fill an entire auditorium off the force of marketing alone. You find yourself in the dead of night, stalking like a rather sad PR ninja down Burrell's Walk tacking up last-minute posters. You find yourself machine-gun-posting increasingly desperate statuses trying to make your show sound wacky and fun (and definitely selling out fast, definitely). Sometimes people will come up with an idea for “viral” marketing – a YouTube “trailer” or a blog (go see the Seventh Seal tumblr – it's really rather good, but you have to know that it's there to find it). So yes, getting people to the theatre can be desperate. But consider the dominance of the British theatre scene by Cambridge grads – the last four National Theatre artistic directors are all Cantabs – and maybe there's an upside. After all, necessity is the mother of ruthless getting-ahead. Maybe all this frantic show-whoring is what makes us good administrators in the real theatre world. Yes, come to think of it, being shameless is a good thing. Incidentally, Critique's tip for next week is *Uneasy Dreams*, a feast of (*I have to stop you here, Fred – this is shameless. Theatre Ed.*)

Listen

RORY WILLIAMSON

I feel this page has enough of my self-indulgent ramblings on it already this week. So, instead of spewing more random thoughts at you, I've decided to flag up good albums that have been released so far this year that even the oracle of *Varsity's* music page didn't manage to cover.

Sharon Van Etten – *Tramp*: what the singer-songwriter's third release loses in *Epic's* uncomfortable intimacy, it gains in a greater scope and confidence. Van Etten has mastered the art of rendering simple lyrics devastating, while her voice has a bruised grace that is as irresistible as it is painful to listen to.

Porcelain Raft – *Strange Weekend*: Mauro Remiddi brings a refreshingly mature approach to lo-fi dream pop; the murky production and hazy textures may sound familiar, but his experienced musicianship and resonant lyrics make this a record worth sticking with. The whole album seems to exist in a fragile realm apart from reality, taking on an intangible quality on tracks like the aptly titled 'Shapeless and Gone.'

Chairlift – *Something*: Despite a fairly underwhelming debut, Chairlift, now a duo, have slipped into an 80s electro-pop guise that suits them well. The warped screech of synth finds a thrilling counterpart in Caroline Polachek's energised vocal. The latter half may tail off a little bit, but with dynamic pop songs as infectious as 'Amanaemonia' and 'Sidewalk Safari,' the record remains memorable.



What's love got to do with it?

Why is pop music so stuck on love songs? **Rory Williamson** bemoans the ubiquity of songwriting about love, finding solace in the the self-consciousness of The Magnetic Fields

All songs are about love." This was the blanket generalisation I was faced with over Christmas after another rant about the uniformity of Adele's sentimental balladry. Perched high upon my dubious elitist pedestal, I delivered a suitably blunt and derisive response; surely it was more than a bit reductive to suggest that an entire art form could be centred upon one emotion. My taste, of course, was far more wide-ranging, my mind broadened by the work of boundary-pushing songwriters who would never be discovered in a rut of churning out love songs. Comfortably smug though I was, there remained a niggling doubt that my assurance was misguided.

A cursory glance at the current top 40 would certainly seem to prove me wrong, as far as pop music is concerned: the mechanical hit-makers continue to stick to the twin formula of amours in da club and insipid ballads designed to fill empty ice-cream tubs with tears. The homogeneity of this subject matter is terrifying, but then pop music is practically about being pristinely formulaic; there's a reason the phrase "the perfect pop song" has gained currency.

It's not worth getting too caught up in decrying the stagnant pit that is pop songwriting, though. It's clear that in spite of my misgivings, something in this formula works. As much as I'd like to deny that all songs are about love, it is certainly a unifying aspect of much music, an emotion that taps into something universal that we respond to. The ubiquity of the love song in all its forms

has arisen because it is a surefire way to achieve mass appeal; whether it be because we want to imagine the shared pain of a break-up or to pretend that the songs are about us, our appetite for them is voracious.

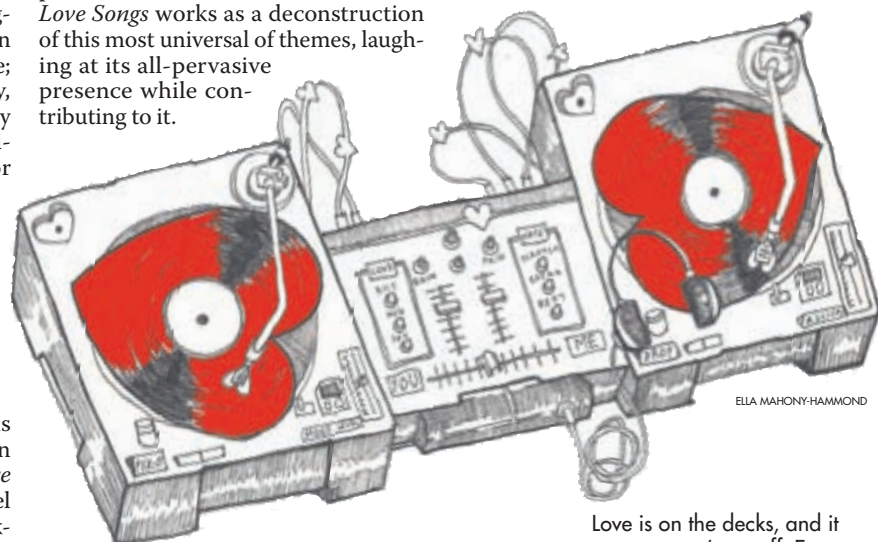
'Mechanical hit-makers continue to stick to the twin formula of amours in da club and insipid ballads'

This isn't just true of mainstream pop music, though – and here's where my pedestal starts to look a little bit more precarious. The archetypal singer-songwriter draws from the same inspiration in the form of confessional heartache; an album I've been enjoying recently, Sharon Van Etten's *Tramp*, is resolutely a break-up record. Indeed, as I frantically scoured my music collection for evidence of its multitude of different themes and genres, my hypocrisy began to make itself clearer. Even the output of my treasured miserblists Arab Strap could probably be summarised by this immortal couplet from 'Glue': "Sex without love is a good ride worth trying, / But love without sex is second only to dying."

Ironically, the best solution to this predicament is perhaps to be found in The Magnetic Fields' seminal *69 Love Songs*. I turned to it as I began to feel like the narrator of its song 'Busby Berkeley Dreams': "I should have forgotten

you long ago, / But you're in every song I know." As the kind of cynic for whom the concept of romance conjures up little more than a reserve of bile, I refused to listen to a three-disk epic of love songs for a very long time.

What a mistake that was. Stephin Merritt, the genius behind The Magnetic Fields, has accurately described the record as containing 69 songs about love songs, not love. Its dizzying array of genres and rotating cast of singers mean it is an amorphous monster of a thing; it seems at once to encompass all possible experiences of love and to ridicule the possibility of ever doing such a thing accurately. From throwaway genre exercises like 'Love is Like Jazz' to parodic duets like 'Yeah! Oh, Yeah!' *69 Love Songs* works as a deconstruction of this most universal of themes, laughing at its all-pervasive presence while contributing to it.



Love is on the decks, and it won't get off. Ever.

"This could have been a more mature, slow, rewarding kind of record...but often the desired effect falls flat"

When Errors released their debut album, the brilliantly titled *It's Not Something But It Is Like Whatever* in 2008, I was a big fan. Treading the same kind of ground that was doing so well for bands like Holy Fuck, but with a darker edge, they seemed at once innovative and definitively current. Their sophomore effort added an energetic burst of upbeat hooks to the mix.

This third album doesn't quite fit either of these descriptions, but neither is it distinctly its own thing. For the most part, the big hooks are gone, and there is a return to a more groove-based aesthetic, with each song a carefully, subtly constructed soundscape.

In the case of the two singles, 'Magna Encarta' and 'Pleasure Palaces,' this works well; on these tracks the album's increased focus on vocals-as-instrument creates absorbing atmospheres,

over which the beats dance and play.

This could have been a more mature, slow, rewarding kind of record; indeed in some ways it is, but often the desired effect falls flat. With the hooks, the humour is also gone. As is much of the momentum: like much of the album, 'Blank Media' and 'Earthscore' carry a series of slightly disjointed variations over a powerful rhythm, without worrying too much about how these variations relate to one another.

This creates songs that are interesting on paper, but not compelling in the flesh. Although the sense of atmosphere is strong, from one end of a song to another, there are generally few events which demand much attention.

For all that, this is an intelligent and well-crafted album. In the light of two previous records, which do better than what this album does best, I'm just not sure if it justifies its own existence. *Joey Frances*

"Fragile but ferocious, there is no white light at the end of the tunnel, just white noise"

Unless those £3 cocktails you chug have Elixir of Life mixed into its swampwater, everybody croaks sometime. Death is universal, but people's reaction to the reaper is not. Some tear out their hair; others throw a party.

An anthropologist's paradise, a wake is a brew of cigarette exhale, swirling whiskey and fulminating fiddles consumed by the mourning kin staying awake until dawn, while the departed

drifts to sleep. It is both a celebration and a lament – an acknowledgment that life and death, light and dark are two sides of the same coin.

Paralytic Stalks is the 10th studio album by the prolific Kevin Barnes and his band, of Montreal. His latest effort is a step away from 2010's relatively streamlined indie-R&B effort *False Priest*. *Paralytic Stalks*, a proudly confused and convoluted record and probably their least commercial to date, has a much darker and more sinister subject matter than its predecessor.

If *False Priest* was obsessed with the joy of sex, *Paralytic Stalks* is concerned with the consequential, 'la petite morte.' What makes this record remarkable is how colourful and polychromatic its approach to such bleak subject matter can be.

It's quite a claim, but this might be the band's most experimental record to date. 'Wintered Debts,' the album's absolute peak, could be of Montreal's 'Paranoid Android.'

It begins as an Elliot Smith style ballad, but over the course of seven schizophrenic minutes in heaven, it

mutates into a honky-tonk country stomper, stumbles into baroque pop and crash lands into clattering piano chords and strings.

'Exorcismic Breeding Knife' pushes this experimentalism further than anything else to be found on the record; it doesn't just lack melody, it bludgeons it around the head with an entire woodwind section. This stupefying spoken-word track feels like the soundtrack to a Hammer horror film too eerie to be allowed to exist.

This made-up word "exorcismic," presumably a combination of exorcism and orgasmic, is undoubtedly the best way to describe *Paralytic Stalks*: achieving ecstasy and delirium from purging and purifying.

'Spiteful Intervention,' a Perspex confession box filled with shame, regret and self-loathing, could be the catchiest song in this largely hookless collection. Elsewhere, on 'Malefic Dowry' he admits to his valentine that he is "in fear of your schizophrenic genius," something the listener could say to Barnes himself about this delightfully dissonant LP.

Paralytic Stalks is both completely chaotic and incredibly intricate. Fragile but ferocious, there is no white light at the end of this tunnel, just white noise – but it couldn't be brighter. This record, one of their finest, is no casual listen; it demands one's attention as it collapses around the listener in a wave of entropy.

This is the beginning of an exciting new phase in of Montreal's already impressive and varied career. A rebirth. *Dominic Kelly*

Blowout Comb
DIGABLE PLANETS (1994)

Always smooth, always stylish. Figureheads of the jazz hip-hop movement in the early nineties, the Planets achieved fame with their eclectic samples, biting politics and playful reverence of the jazz greats who inspire their music. *Blowout Comb*, their second and final album, stays true to their tradition but the beats are dark, even ominous; their rhymes, a little more aggressive, even cocky. And it sounds damn good. *Theo Evan*



Philophobia
ARAB STRAP (1998)

Perfect for Valentine's Day, *Philophobia* (the fear of being in love) is a dank journey into the depravity of human relationships. With perhaps the most memorable opening line ever, Aidan Moffat begins by drawling "It was the biggest cock you've ever seen"; from there, restrained, brooding post-rock provides the backdrop for unparalleled lyrical wit. This is a catalogue of miserable mundanity, but Moffat is a charmingly acerbic companion. *Rory Williamson*



Paralytic Stalks
of Montreal
★★★★★

Why is the measure of love loss?

Jeanette Winterson, award winning author, ponders fucking, frigidity, love and hate

I have spent most of my life thinking about love. I understood early that love could be exciting, extravagant, risky, reckless, heart-racing, heart-breaking, complete, catastrophic, desired and desperate. And I knew that love was like a scent trail and I would follow it. That love could not be a thought-experiment. That love should never count the cost. That the cost is the exchange of the self as a single currency.

I set out to fathom love because I lost it too soon – at six weeks old when I was adopted. Losing love early shapes the idea of love into its opposite: Loss.

Why is the measure of love loss? Our binary oppositions are too crude. The opposite of love is not hate – in fact love and hate are as close as a pair of hostile brothers, as anyone who has fallen out of love, with a person or a cause, will know.

If love means to gain everything then to lose love is to lose everything.

But I don't mean the hit or miss of another person. Love is oddly impersonal – it is a quality as well as an emotion. Nobody teaches us this quality and so we are left with the emotion – inevitably directed at another person.

What I have found is that once cultivated, like courage or self-control, love the quality is more durable than love the emotion.

When I learnt how to love, I found that I was not waiting to find love. Match.com is irrelevant.

My purpose is to love. I love.

In all circumstances? Of course not in all circumstances, anymore than courage or self-control is present in all circumstances. But I am aware that this quality of love now belongs to me. No longer on the outside waiting to be discovered (you too can find love) or worse, fallen into, like a hole in the ground (falling in love again).

'Sex is a very good way to avoid attachment. Men are better at this than women'

I have had so many reckless encounters. I have never been a love-rat but I have been a love-piRATE, jumping ship, avoiding duty, flying under my own flag. When I believed love was loss – and I believed it with poetic fatalism, there could be no genuine attachment. Attachment to another meant a rendezvous with loss. I preferred to fuck with death.

Sex is a very good way to avoid attachment. Men are better at this than women but at least they get some pleasure out of the (self) deception. For women, fucking is the new frigid. So much sex. So little intimacy. Is that freedom, do you think?

Was I free? No. I have always enjoyed sex and taken pleasure and treasure

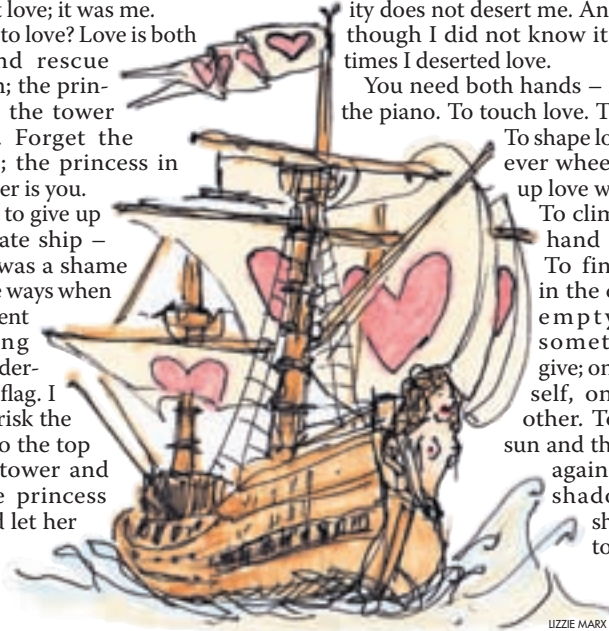
from those wooded islands I visited and those other ships passing in the night. But I was not free because I was in thrall to my private narrative of loss.

I did not know that love could be reliable like the sun; the daily rising of love.

As I get older I find that I know less and less about more and more. Also, I know more about less. I know something about love having boxed its shadow for so long. I found that the insubstantial thing I hit and hit and hit was not love; it was me.

How to love? Love is both risk and rescue mission; the princess in the tower is you. Forget the gender; the princess in the tower is you.

I had to give up the pirate ship – which was a shame in some ways when I had spent so long embroidering the flag. I had to risk the climb to the top of the tower and get the princess out and let her go.



Yes, let her go, to love in her own way, freed from all the towering assumptions about love.

What now? The point is to love well, with or without an 'object'. The sun shines, with or without an 'object'.

And when I love you, it is for yourself, as you are, not as a trophy for my ship or as a hostage to my flag. Love increases in the company of the other, and finds itself again as an emotion – the signal emotion – when you are there. But if you are not there, then love as a quality does not desert me. And never did, though I did not know it, and many times I deserted love.

You need both hands – like playing the piano. To touch love. To hold love.

To shape love on whatever wheel. To scoop up love where it falls.

To climb the rope hand over hand.

To find her face in the dark. To be empty-handed sometimes. To give; once for yourself, once for the other. To catch the sun and throw it back again across the shadow of the ship you used to sail.

Read
CHARLOTTE KEITH



When did we fall out of love with reading? And why? Even students studying for a literature-related degree are more likely to spend their free time drinking, socializing, or (the weirder ones) writing columns about reading. This in a university full of books, where we all seem to be reading all the time – but mainly, if not solely, with the aim of getting a degree. It used to be socially acceptable – expected, even – for a Cultured Person to list 'reading' among their hobbies. Now, it seems kind of naïf. Anyone skeptical about the value of reading as a pastime is in good company: a lot of books worry about the dangers of too much reading – and question whether reading really gets you anywhere in life. Because if you're reading, you're not living. Don Quixote, is driven insane by reading too much, imagining he lives in a book, (the irony, clearly, being that he actually does...). Reading is a time-consuming, life-consuming process: at once intensely private, and inherently shared, uplifting and troubling, frustrating and elating – whatever it is you've chosen to read.

But it's worth it. C.S. Lewis claimed that "we read to know we are not alone." A little like falling in love, perhaps?



The Art of Fielding
Chad Harbach
★★★★★

●●● In today's fiction there is a certain kind of book. This modern sub-set of book is about 500 pages long in (entirely unnecessarily) size-14 font with (even more unnecessarily) double-spaced lines. And it always deals with young Americans at college. Think Eugenides' *The Marriage Plot* and you have the sort of book I'm talking about.

Now, there isn't anything wrong with this: as a during-term bed-book there is in fact very little better. You don't have to think hard. You barely have to think at all. You can even start to see the American 'colleges' that serve as the only settings as King's, Pembroke, St Catharine's. 'They are talking about me!' the student reader gasps. This is not what *The Art of Fielding* sets out to be. Unfortunately, that is what it becomes. It took 10 years to write, and, to quote the *Guardian* review, "may be the first debut novel to have another book written about it before it was even published." It is bordering on being the most hyped-up book of the year. But Harbach could have done a lot better.

The novel is about a high-school student, Henry Skrimshander, who is abnormally good at baseball. Spotted at a match in a 'no-name tournament' by Mike Schwartz, an athlete of Westish College who has ruined his joints playing sports in which he will never progress, Henry is whisked from his limited-prospects life to 'play ball', to 'live his dream'. There he shares a dorm-room with Owen: exceedingly bright (and gay). He meets the college president, Professor Affenlight: a 60 year old Melville scholar who has written the (gratuitously titled) critical work,

Sperm-Squeezers, about homo-eroticism, (who thinks *he* might be gay). As one expects from 'the campus novel', things go from bad to worse. A bad throw from Henry smashes into Owen's skull and sends him, along with Affenlight in *loco parentis*, to hospital, where a romance blossoms between teacher and student. Romantic bliss, perhaps, but misguided and brief. Meanwhile, Henry undergoes a crisis of self-doubt, unable to throw with his former skill, and leaves Schwartz, (the team's captain and Henry's mentor), questioning his own life-choices. Paradise seems determined to crumble.

At this point in the novel it was very, very, very tempting to give up, copy and paste a review from some obscure online-blog and send it to the *Varsity* offices. (*He's fired - Ed*). "This can only go one way", I thought. "As dictated by the precedent of *High School Musical*, the rag-tag baseball team will win this national championship." And sure enough, they did. Predictability of plot aside, the writing is often sloppy and the dialogue, wooden. Owen could not speak more like a stereotypical, well-read gay person if he tried. There are good passages, but with 500 pages of writing, it's hardly surprising that there is something good.

Maybe it's me. Baseball is, after all, an American obsession, and I know nothing at all about the game. But this book is billed as being 'not just about baseball'. It's supposedly a novel about working hard, about trying and trying again, and again. It is easy to read, and nicely relaxing, but *The Art of Fielding* is not the book of the year, it is an over-hyped cliché.

Joe Harper
● *Fourth Estate*, £16.99, hardback



Granta 118: Exit Strategies
★★★★★

●●● "How do we get out of what we've gotten ourselves into?" If Iraq and Afghanistan are the first things that spring to mind, you'd be largely mistaken.

Despite a couple of overtly 'political' pieces, the majority of contributors return to that perennially favourite literary subject-matter: love. Or, rather, that even more perennial favourite: what to do when it all goes wrong.

The best pieces tended to have a certain nonchalance; an appealingly offhand quality. Claire Messud's account of her father's death and John Barth's vignette on the end of his writing career (in writing, as he wryly acknowledges) were masterfully fluent. Issue 118 is also – as usual – a beautiful physical object, sumptuously

illustrated (and featuring a poignant photo essay by Stancy Kranitz, charting the fates of a forgotten island community, for whom there may be no viable exit strategies). One of the best things about Granta is its combination of established literary figures – Adrienne Rich, Alice Munro, – with new voices.

The necessarily fragmented nature of the magazine format thankfully repays the kind of disjointed reading that the harassed (or hyper) student has to resort to. Being interrupted by a friend, having another cup of coffee, resuming, finishing one item and flicking through for another that looks good – this is all part of the pleasure of journal-reading. And you don't have to feel guilty about 'not having time to read' – because how long can a five-page story take to read?

Charlotte Keith
● *Granta Books*, £18.99, hardback

POET'S CORNER

from *Variations upon the Western Wind*

i.

The stones remember me
Ay, in the pale and deathless hour
Between the sun's setting forth and the sun's return,
They recall
The shape of my long hand
The taste of my heart interred, respiring
Amongst the moss and mulch

Isabella Shaw (look online for the full poem)


Watch
INDIA ROSS

Love, actually, isn't all around. We owe our loss to a succession of high profile mood-killers, from the terminal analysis of Woody Allen to the pre-menopausal whinings of Sarah Jessica Parker. They have landed us in a soup of ironic heartthrobs and arm's-length affairs, with a too-cool-for-schoolness that infects the cinema.

As the burly male lead evolves into the awkward man-child, the idea of an 'ironic crush' is rapidly becoming obsolete. If Gosling and Gordon-Levitt are the new Bogart and Brando, our view of romance must have undergone a serious re-think.

Love has been sidelined into comedy, abandoned by serious filmmakers for fear of losing their mystique. In the late '90s, romance and big pictures were synonymous, with consecutive Best Picture winners in *The English Patient*, *Titanic* and *Shakespeare in Love*. And one wonders why *Twilight* does so well.

Always on the money, *Mad Men*'s Don Draper observes, "Love was invented by guys like us to sell nylons". As the corporate world gets a stranglehold on emotion, decent cinema is inclined to duck out of the race, leaving courtly love buried in the archives. Frankly, Clark Gable should have given a damn.



We'll always have Paris...

James Gray explores the enduring romance between Parisian culture and the big screen

The French are coming: as *The Artist* dominates the blogosphere, and the Cotillard and Poésy brigade moves from token Euro-flicks to globally-recognised projects, our love affair with the boho-Parisienne is flourishing. The city has endured as an icon of romance where sentiment dwindles elsewhere, amassing a list of high-profile dalliances to rival those of the Playboy mansion.

The Hollywood musical *Gigi* (1958), based on Collette's novel of the same name, harks back to the hedonistic delights of the Belle Époque, as bon-viveur Gaston tries to woo the enchanting but childishly naïve Gigi. In a tale that testifies to the Hollywood cliché that love triumphs over everything, the viewer strolls like a Baudelarian flâneur through the Bois de Boulogne, savouring the visual feast

'Our love affair with the boho-Parisienne is flourishing'

of 'Gay Paris'. The pastel colouring of Metrocolor gives the footage an antique quality, like the hand-coloured photographs of yesteryear: stern monochrome superimposed with gaudy pinks and blues.

But, in Paris, even hanging out with the dead in Père Lachaise has a certain romantic cachet. *Paris, Je t'aime*



Owen Wilson and Rachel McAdams explore Versailles in Woody Allen's greatest commercial success, *Midnight in Paris*

(2006), a collaborative work by 22 directors, is a kaleidoscopic anthology of short films about chance meetings, glances exchanged on the metro and, ultimately, the enduring power of love. When this famous cemetery becomes the scene of a lovers' spat, the relationship is saved by none other than Oscar Wilde (well, his metaphorical reincarnation).

It seems then that in death, as in life, Paris has always been the muse of

creativity, something Woody Allen's latest release *Midnight in Paris* (2011) attempts to harness. This romantic comedy centres on the divergent ambitions between an inspiring novelist, Gil, and his fiancée. Opening with a picture postcard montage of Paris, Allen flirts with the city of love's literary past.

In contrast *Les Amants du Pont Neuf* (1991) is not about a rich American's holiday but rather the desperate day-

to-day existence of two young vagrants. Inverting our associations of Parisian haute 'culture', while mixing the realities of homelessness, alcoholism and drug addiction, this is a visually exhilarating story of *l'amour fou*, a wildly romantic love letter to Paris.

In the words of John Berger: "Every city has a sex and an age which have nothing to do with demography... Paris, I believe, is a man in his twenties in love with an older woman."

Carnage isn't sharp or original enough to be a biting satire"



●●● As Luis Bunuel showed in his surrealist great, *The Exterminating Angel*, gather a group of impeccable bourgeois characters, shove them in a room together, and you will see all carefully constructed shiny social veneers disintegrate into uncouth, animalistic behavior.

Carnage

Roman Polanski
★★★★★

Carnage is almost identical, though less effective, in the way it takes a sharp dig at social hypocrisy amongst well-groomed elites. Two hopelessly civilised professional New York couples are thrown into an apartment to resolve an altercation between their sons. Quickly though, the exchanges of polite chitchat and offerings of apple cobbler melt into whisky-soaked squabbling, spousal over-sharing and a torrent of vomit in this lacklustre adaptation of Yasmina Reza's play *Gods of Carnage*.

The two couples in question are the Longstreets (Jodie Foster and John C

Reilly), parents of the 'disfigured' child, and the Cowans (Kate Winslet and Christoph Waltz), parents of the aggressor. Foster excels as the self-consciously liberal mother of the injured boy, passionately spewing cloying social 'truths' about her experiences in Africa.

All four characters are essentially exaggerated city stereotypes: the smug do-gooder, the suited sleazy professional, and the right-winger dressed up all nice and liberal by his embarrassed wife. Foster is likened to Jane Fonda, while Waltz patronises the blue-collared Reilly by feigning interest in his plumbing business, and pretty Winslet is called a phony.

Beyond this there is always a sense that neither of the couples ever existed beyond the apartment, they seem to share no common history or chemistry. Also, by the film's close Polanski has included such a number of foiled attempts by the Cowans to leave the Longstreet's apartment it becomes overly theatrical. On stage this may have been amusing but here it's artificial and gimmicky.

Films deconstructing and satirizing the lives and pretenses of the middle classes aren't especially hard to come by and there are many done better than this. Half an hour in and we get it; people are obsessed by weird social conventions. *Carnage* isn't sharp or original enough to be a biting satire, and hasn't the emotional depth to make any important statement about social identity. Abby Kearney.

● *Carnage is currently showing at the Arts Picturehouse*



Oscar-winners Christoph Waltz and Kate Winslet in *Carnage*

GOING GLOBAL FRANCE

FILM: *Priceless*
DIRECTOR: Pierre Salvadori
YEAR: 2006

Valentine's Day is just around the corner, and what could be more fitting than a flirty French rom-com about an upper-class escort?

The film stars the beautiful Audrey Tautou as Irene, a self-proclaimed escort who frequents only the nicest bars and restaurants, funded by a plethora of drooling old men who happily support her frivolous lifestyle.

Also in pursuit of the glamorous vixen is Jean (the strangely attractive Gad Elmaleh), a barman hopelessly

in love, and willing to lose everything to get the girl. And lose everything he does. Eventually resorting to Irene's line of business, Jean soon becomes a firm favourite with rich older ladies.

The film is incredibly clichéd – but since when was that a bad thing? In this cold weather it's the perfect movie for a night curled up under your duvet with a takeaway and a glass (bottle) of wine.

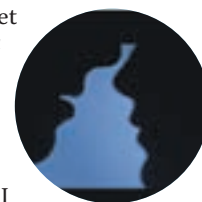
Alice Bolland

Cine-file

LOVE

Put down your *Titanics*, forget *Sleepless in Seattle* and *When Harry Met Sally*, and find yourself a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Then work yourself towards *Annie Hall*, and there you'll find my personal favorite L-O-V-E film, *True Romance*. I read somewhere that 'you should be embarrassed your love life isn't as cool as this movie'. I couldn't agree more.

This is Tarantino on love (via Tony Scott) and he smashes it. As you'd expect the film is lush, bursting with colour; set to a brilliant soundtrack including a 'theme song' by Hans Zimmer and the crisp voice of Chris Isaak. Contrasted with tracks like *Nymphomaniac's* 'I Want Your Body' and 'Outshined' by Soundgarden, the film is built on contrasts, and



supposedly those harsh realities that begin to talk about real-life love – a love where you rescue your wife from the clasp of a pimp, race across America with a case full of cocaine in the hope of a hasty exit across the border to Mexico.

Its an unlikely romance, both in the context of the film and in real life, but it's a bloody cool one. Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette never looked so good, and when you've made it through this rollercoaster you will find yourself, strangely, yearning for a love as cool as theirs, and for a little Elvis of your own. Tom Heart

TRUE ROMANCE IS SCREENED FOR FREE ON 13TH FEB, 7PM - ARCHITECTURE DEPT

On a similar theme: *Pierrot le Fou* (Jean-Luc Godard, 1965), *Before Sunset* (Richard Linklater, 2004), *Annie Hall* (Woody Allen, 1977)

The Secret Life of Kettle's Yard

Curator Sebastiano Barassi shows **Holly Gupta** how to appreciate the small things

There's a reflection of a venetian blind, can you see it? In Kettle's Yard, Sebastiano Barassi makes me stand in front of a painting which catches light off a window. It happens to be by the Catalan artist Joan Miro. 'Can you see the zigzag pattern, which is continued in the cider-press screw?' he asks, pointing to a tall wooden construction which repeatedly curves around and upon itself, spiralling up to not-quite touch the small blue painting. The two forms sit unconsciously side by side, one confident, one on the brink of not being there at all.

His point is to highlight the 'conversations' happening between the objects at Kettle's Yard, placed in order to allow the mind of the viewer to create connections and connotations. Like in a still life or piece of music, Barassi tells me, these items are carefully distributed around the house-stroke-gallery in order to form a polished work of art in itself: if you remove one note (pebble, chair or sculpture) you spoil the whole.

The process was not so much a curatorial as a creative one. The way Barassi describes Jim Ede, the visionary founder, creator and composer of Kettle's Yard, makes him sound as much of an artist as those whose work he was so passionate about, which ranged from British sculptor Henry Moore to the Polish fisherman Alfred Wallis. A work by Brancusi sits on a piano in the same way as a lemon on a table. Images are hung at ground level in way that could equally be debasing or practical – a chair is, by luck or chance, located adjacently.

These contradictions seem characteristic. A self-proclaimed 'friend of

artists' rather than straightforwardly a collector or curator, Ede had a different way of going about things. Wallis, who he incidentally never met, used to send parcels of ten or twenty works; Ede would return the ones he didn't like with a cheque. On seeing that the Tate who he then worked for wasn't going to buy the main body of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's work upon the artist's death, he declared it 'unacceptable' and bought it himself. These two men are today the best represented in the gallery, which contains many significant works: two of the latter's sculptures were recently loaned to Tate Britain for its exhibition on the Vorticist movement (Barassi voices displeasure at Gaudier-Brzeska's underrepresentation).

A joy of the collection as a whole is its apparent lack of an agenda: it does not represent anything more than an era and a taste. The site he selected in Cambridge for his project, not as grand as he desired because 'he couldn't find a college willing' to support him, instead embodies its owner's informal and generous attitude. Wanting people to feel like 'they were being welcomed into someone's personal space', he would greet them himself, offering tea at the end of the visit. The four pre-existing cottages of Kettle's Yard, joined haphazardly yet thoughtfully, set the scene for these encounters.

Behind this attitude seems to have lain a belief in the power of art to change in great ways, even if by increments. The lending scheme Ede developed through which students could have their own work of art from the gallery for a term is representative: believing you should live surrounded by beautiful objects, regardless of means, he found a way to make this happen for others. His



"You can find beauty from all sorts of things"

mantra seemed to have been that 'you can find beauty in all sorts of things.'

When Ede grew older and moved out of his gallery-home, Kettle's Yard

'His mantra seems to have been that "you can find beauty in all sorts of things"'

changed. A painful transition period saw 'quite a traumatic time for him': the life of the first curator was 'quite difficult' because Ede couldn't really let go. Today, twelve years after his death, the majority of visitors are not students from the university (although some still come here to revise before exams, Barassi tells me). The house no longer showcases contemporary art because the display hardly changes, and it is no longer 1958. Red dots stuck onto floors



and surfaces carefully mark the positioning of each item, now set in stone.

However, at the same time it continues to function and even to evolve. A gallery for changing exhibitions of contemporary art has been built, and is this year being added to: a large studio, seminar space and art store will form an education wing. The items on show in the bedroom of Ede's wife Helen can be switched around because it was not open to the public during her life. There is movement even in apparent stasis. And as for Barassi: preservation of the house and its contents largely keeps him busy.

Amidst the building work an opportunity has also arisen – those Gaudier-Brzeska and Wallis pieces from the collection are now being shown in the exhibition space. There is still much to be done – and seen.

Look
HOLLY GUPTA



Does anyone remember the woman who loved the painting so much she kissed it? No? Admittedly a fairly minor occurrence in the scheme of things, the antics of the intriguingly named Rindy Sam in 2007 got me thinking. What was it about Cy Twombly's spare triptych 'Phaedrus' that she found so compelling? Did she really say 'this red stain is testimony to this moment, to the power of art' as advertised on the BBC website? And what was she thinking – on both counts?

Perhaps the *Guardian's* Jonathon Jones has some of the answers. One of his blog posts speculates on the general phenomenon of physical art-love at some length before coming to the conclusion that there's 'no use romanticising gross vandalism'. Images of the Phaedrus panel post-smooch do look somewhat sad, degraded – and, yes – vandalised.

However, at the same time I can't help finding it gently amusing. This is perhaps because I have a slightly sick sense of humour, or more plausibly because the incident reveals something about our bizarre attitudes to art. On one hand, the Rindy Sams are falling over themselves to rub themselves against great works of art; on the other, the ultra-rich are tripping over each other to spend ever-larger sums of money to possess them. Both of the above, post-giggle, make me feel slightly nauseous. Why can't we express our love in an appropriate way?

How about just (see the name of my column) looking? Possession, in art, is not nine-tenths of the law.



Shelf Lives

The University Library until 16 June

★★★★★

"Eight hundred years have done nothing to dull the vibrancy of the illustrations of a thirteenth century Bible: each perfect circle representing a day of creation"

●●● The first thing that strikes me when I walk into the University Library's exhibition room is how small it is, how quiet, dimly-lit and empty (OK, so it's 9am on a Saturday morning, I suppose that could explain it).

Shelf Life is essentially a collection of collections; a display of the donations of previous Cambridge-students-turned-College-Masters to the

University Library. The manuscripts are ordered in a rough chronological arrangement, ranging from the first century BC to the twentieth century. Eight hundred years have done nothing to dull the vibrancy of the illustrations of a thirteenth century Bible which catches my eye; each perfect circle, representing each day of creation, is studded with glimmering gold stars which leap from the discoloured pages.

There is a section devoted to Persian

art (including a pair of red leather slippers studded with green crystals taken from beetle shells – the nod to Orientalism is irresistible here), and another to Chinese art (including a manuscript where you can still see the lines, albeit a little faded, that the scribe drew on to keep his writing aligned).

I move inside. We're skipping through the centuries now. A fifteenth century Roman binding with intricate red and gold knotwork. An eighteenth century binding made of embossed silver. At the back of the room is an original manuscript written by Virginia Woolf. She has a small, characteristic scrawl, and writing that slants up at the ends of her lines. It's a treasure chest for literature lovers here. John Clare and John Donne stare up at you from the ink at the other side of the glass.

Shelf Life is a small, random but varied collection of literary treasures. Maybe you do need to be a bit of a geek to really enjoy it; to look at a magnificent edition of the *Chronicle of World History* and imagine it resting on the shelf of a King or an Earl; to see an Anglo Saxon prayer book and consider that twelve hundred years ago another pair of eyes admired the very same page. Yes. You probably do have to be a geek. But hey, it's Cambridge. Aren't we all?

Assallah Tahir



"Some people, it seems, have been taking flattery a bit too seriously"

●●● Imitation, I was always told, is the highest form of flattery. Some people, it seems, have been taking flattery a bit too seriously. Canadian based artist Jeff Hamada has started 'remake' – a project centred on, you guessed it, remaking famous works of art. But rather than being about replicating classics stroke for stroke, entries must be photographs

Booooooom: Remake/Submissions

booooooom.com/
2011/10/04/
remake-submissions/

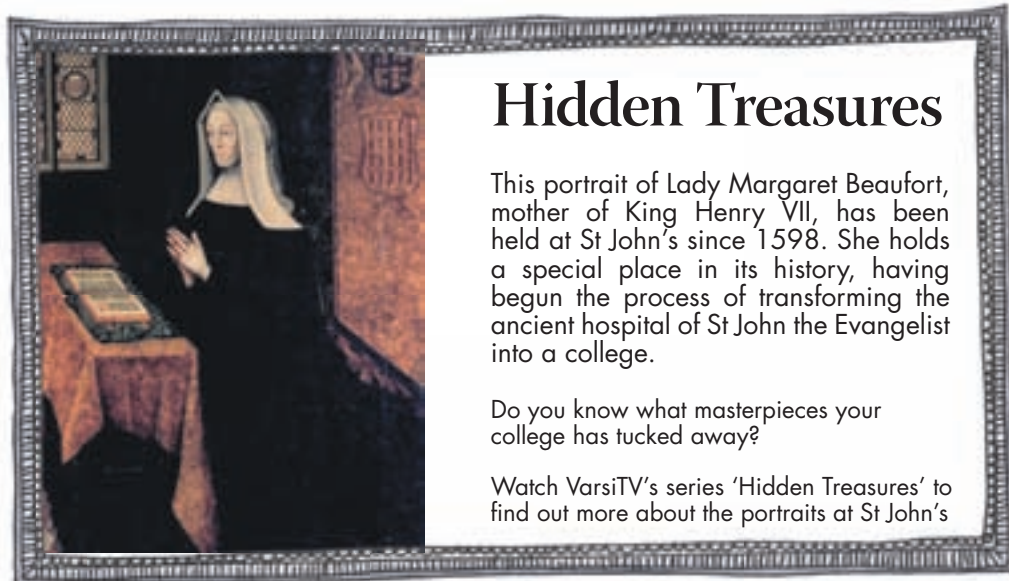
only, with creative energy going into 're-creating and re-staging the image'.

The 30 or so entries range from the inspired to the much-to-be-desired. A personal favourite has to be Stefano Telloni's version of 'Le Désespéré'

by Gustave Courbet. Telloni has got the dramatic wide-eyed facial expression down, quite literally, to an art.

While it's good fun just to enjoy the new interpretations, I have to add that they do make you look afresh at paintings which have become overly familiar. As with those 'spot the difference' puzzles, in looking at two versions you notice subtle nuances previously hidden.

That said, I could have done without Spencer Harding's remake of 'Wanderer above the Sea of Fog' by Caspar Friedrich – I wouldn't be surprised if it was a holiday picture of his that he happened to notice bore a slight resemblance to the aforementioned. *Hector Manthorpe*



Hidden Treasures

This portrait of Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of King Henry VII, has been held at St John's since 1598. She holds a special place in its history, having begun the process of transforming the ancient hospital of St John the Evangelist into a college.

Do you know what masterpieces your college has tucked away?

Watch VarsitV's series 'Hidden Treasures' to find out more about the portraits at St John's

*Je t'aime ...
moi non plus!*





ALICE AND ARTHUR WEAR (L-R Clockwise)

1 Alice wears Dress *Three Floor* Arthur wears Hat *Model's Own* Shirt *Vintage* **2** Dress *Three Floor* **3** All Clothes *Three Floor* **4** Alice wears Jumper *Three Floor* Skirt *Stylist's Own* Shoes *Model's Own* Arthur wears Shirt *Vintage* Hat Shoes and Trainers *Model's Own* **5** Jumper *Three Floor* Skirt *Stylist's Own* **6** Dress *Three Floor* **7** Shirt *Vintage* Hat Shoes and Trainers *Model's Own*

WITH THANKS TO JEMPORIUM VINTAGE AND THREE FLOOR CLOTHING

PHOTOGRAPHS Vanessa Jackman **STYLING** Claire Healy & Naomi Pallas **MODELS** Alice Gibb & Arthur Sturridge

Creeps on the street

Will our obsession with other people's clothes ever end? **Abbie Saunders** investigates

Street Style: a term which, to most fashion followers, has connotations of trawling through page upon page of style-savvy fashionistas initiating a reaction that is known as 'outfit envy' in its greatest extreme: "Oohs" and "Aahs" and "I need THATs." But what is it about 'street style' that has got us hooked on the likes of Vanessa Jackman and Garance Doré's blogs, refreshing the page twice-daily like the dedicated fans that we are?

The concept of Street Style has transcended the boundaries of fashion journalism, reaching its target audience in a way that no catwalk show could fathom. Just about every other Vogue-reader now has a fashion blog of their own, trying to emulate the success stories of worldwide Street Style photographers, and there seems to be an ever-increasing market for it. Let's face it: many among us have to admit to being caught up in the whirlwind of 'shoe porn', 'leather lust', and 'thrift-shop finds' that these sites provide...

Varsity caught up with lawyer-turned-photographer Vanessa Jackman (our photographer this week) to find out her take on the world's lust for 'street style': "I think people love street style because it is a little more raw and

real than, say, an editorial in a glossy magazine where the model has been in hair and make-up for a couple of hours, a stylist is choosing the clothes, there is great lighting and an amazing photographer. Girls use those shoots as inspiration and then interpret/make it their own for everyday life - and that is

"I can't see an end to the insatiable appetite for Street Style in the near future"

what Street Style captures."

So is it the accessibility of the outfits that draws us to street style photography? Perhaps, as long as the catwalk survives, so too will street style. We can look to these photographs of anybodies, everybodies, nobodies, to contextualise the appeal of the catwalk - and to provide a refreshing change from its polish. But with more and more amateur-photographers taking to the streets and filling the blogosphere with mediocre photographs - of mediocre outfits - is the novelty likely to wear thin? Vanessa Jackman thinks not. "I can't see an end to the insatiable appetite for Street Style in the near

future! I suspect the number of blogs across the world will continue to grow."

However, Vanessa Jackman is one of many super-bloggers to have turned away from fashion, and towards lifestyle, scenic, and travel photography in the recent months. For her, Street Style was never the end goal: "there are so many people I meet that I spend only a few seconds photographing that I would love to spend more time with, to make portraits." This shift in the industry's aesthetic has led to a 'wide-angle' approach towards fashion photography: covering everything from Street Style - to cupcakes.

So why do we obsess over such trivial details such as the print on a floral skirt, or a decorated muffin, when there are obviously much greater concerns in life? Perhaps this broadening of the subjects of fashion photography is a means of accommodating a more worldly substance, perhaps it's a step away from the Street Style we know and love: or maybe it's as simple as our inherent attraction to a pretty picture - regardless whether they contain clothes.

● Check out more of Vanessa's photos at: vanessajackman.blogspot.com



Taste
CLAIRE HEALY &
NAOMI PALLAS

My mind is telling me no/ But my body, my body's telling me yessss!" Whilst R.Kelly here might be talking about there being nothing wrong with a little bump 'n' grind, when it comes to the shopping experience of a committed 'man-repeller', the King of R&B's words ring just as true. Every fashion-conscious shopper is - at some point - faced with a sartorial decision that puts relations with the opposite sex at risk. According to Leandra Medine of awesome blog *The Man Repeller*, this specific type of fashion girl is defined as follows:

Man repeller - noun: 'outfitting oneself in a sartorially offensive way that will result in repelling members of the opposite sex. Such garments include, but are not limited to: harem pants, boyfriend jeans, overalls (see: **human repelling**), shoulder pads, full length jumpsuits, jewellery that resembles violent weaponry and clogs.' If you have worn any of these items, then congrats - you repel men! Perhaps your new plaid maxi dress with matching poncho wasn't such a good decision after all. As Fashion Month rolls around this week, the style set's choices will hold 10% of the population in pure fascination, whilst the rest of the nation scratch their heads in bemusement. But the heart wants what the heart wants: and if the object of your affection is an overpriced neon tweed jacket then that is completely fine with us. It'll remain loyal, won't chat back and will never go to bed angry.

Our shoot, named after Serge and Jane's classic anti-love song - roughly, 'I love you ... nor do I' - whispers of young love -and its tribulations. That, or it just sounded fun cos it was in French. So for this Valentines week the message of our page is as follows: if you can find a boy to wear matchy-matchy cutesy clothes with you, great! And if not, find solace in our pretty-as-a-picture photographs of Arthur and Alice, explanatory under-wear to remove any nasty surprises and killer movie star couples. If you're most comfortable in harem pants, then go for it girlfriend ... just expect a

gift card for New Look to land in your pigeon hole come the 14th...



Hot stuff!

The heart wants what the heart wants - find your perfect match, from smutty rings to cutesy cards



Heart and Sparkle T-Shirt, £20, edimac.com

LCD Ladies Heart Watch Pendant Necklace, £20, American Apparel



Prestat Fine Heart Chocolates, £8.99, Selfridges



'I've got 99 Problems, But You Ain't One' Card, £2.75, lazyoaf.co.uk



'Shimmer Twins' Red Heart False Eyelashes, £15, Asos



'FULL BUSH' and 'UNCUT' pants, £18 each, House of Holland



'Doggie Style' Karma Sutra Ring, £25.97, etsy.com/shop/erotic



'Tea to my Heart' Infuser, £14, Urban Outfitters

Sex, Violence, Sharp Bobs - we're talking about our **Doom Generation**: Killerrrr Style!



Blues lose in a spirited performance



LAURA KIRK

The Cambridge GK intercepts a Loughborough attack

CAMBRIDGE 39
LOUGHBOROUGH 47

by Laura Kirk

The Netball Blues produced a gutsy performance to lose narrowly to a strong Loughborough 3rds side. Following a heavy defeat to Leeds Metropolitan last week, the Blues had regrouped and went toe-to-toe with Loughborough for the majority of the game.

Loughborough started strongest, their shooters capitalising on their opportunities and the uncharacteristic handling errors of the Blues, carving out a lead in the first few minutes. However, some particularly aggressive defending by Chloe Maine and Laura Spence in the Cambridge end prevented Loughborough from relaxing into a flow, and allowed the Blues to build their attacking play with Elizabeth Dalgleish

making some superb feeds to the Cambridge shooters.

Cambridge started the second quarter with much greater intensity, causing turnovers from the Loughborough centre-passes and producing flowing transitional plays. Loughborough's former composure and dominance was unsettled by the pressure of the Cambridge defence, and at times the Blues appeared completely dominant.

'The Blues will not be disheartened by this defeat'

With the gap between the scores rapidly closing, Sophia Anderson's superb defence caused countless turnovers in the Cambridge end, preventing Loughborough from feeding the ball into their

shooters and allowing the Blues to come within four goals of the opposition.

The fourth quarter saw Cambridge display some excellent attacking play, particularly in the form of Gina Dalgleish at GA, whose movement around the Loughborough end allowed the Blues to release shooter Jade Lane and put more pressure on the opposition. Unfortunately, Cambridge could not sustain the pressure they had shown throughout the match and Loughborough ran out eventual winners with the final score 39-47.

The Blues will not be disheartened by this defeat, particularly given that their opposition had recently beaten their very own Loughborough 2nd team the previous week. The Blues will be looking to build on this spirited performance, in which they improved rapidly as the game went on, as they build towards Varsity at the end of February.

INTERVIEW

What's your sport?

Olivia FitzGerald talks to Eton Fives player **Jack Weller**

What are the main skills involved?

In order of importance, hand-eye coordination, charming manners, quick acceleration and/or long arms, the ability to bend over quickly and often without warning, lightning reactions, determination and drive (but not so much as to compromise no.2)

When did you first start and why?

I first started playing in Year 6 at school, half due to the suggestions of a suspect history teacher who ran fives and half through hearing that you got to miss whole days off school travelling to Eton, Shrewsbury and other magical lands.

Is there a particular type of person who tends to play Eton Fives?

Ex and current public school boys.

Is there anything particular about Fives that specifically appeals to you?

You can be very mediocre, perish the thoughts of a severe training regime and still consider yourself to be in the top 100 players in the country... there are probably about 150. I also enjoy its deceptive nature, although it may seem like glorified "catch" or "pat-ball" it can be just as tiring and demanding as squash, not to mention that matches can go on as long as 3 hours.

How often do you practise?

About 3-4 hours a week, unfortunately the team is restricted by only having access to one court.



OLIVIA FITZGERALD

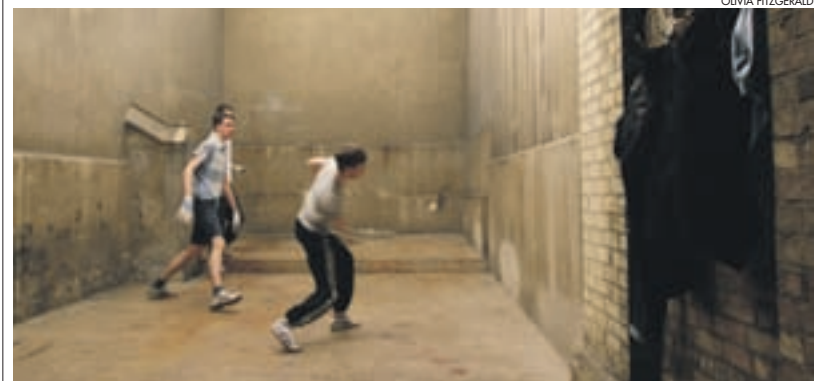
Jack keeps his coat on while playing

Any fitness or nutrition regime involved?

Nothing of note, though occasionally I attempt to eat with my gloves on to improve dexterity and break them in.

Why would you recommend it to someone who has never played the game before to do so now?

It is one of the most severely underplayed games in the country seeing as only a handful of schools have the resources to offer it as a sport. The layout of a court with steps and a buttress would indicate that the last thing you should do in it is run around as fast as you can, but the quirky nature of the court and rules adds to the appeal – you also get to say silly posh words like "blaggard" and "pepper-pot" unashamedly.



OLIVIA FITZGERALD

Apparently this is what Eton Fives looks like

Hockey Blues left out in the cold by Holcombe

CAMBRIDGE 2
HOLCOMBE 3

By Hannah Rickman
HOCKEY CORRESPONDENT

It was a disappointing day for the Women's Hockey Blues, who travelled to Kent for a fixture against fellow mid-table team Holcombe. Over the last few weeks the Blues have struggled to convert promising performances into results.

The game was played in subzero temperatures and it was Holcombe who were quickest off the mark. A cheap turnover of possession combined with a flashy display of skill gave Holcombe the first goal. A second followed minutes later, catching Cambridge napping to put the score at 2-0 after ten

The Blues rallied, with strong tackles from half-backs Clare Parrish and Anna Wilson allowing Cambridge to thread together some attacks. When a ball from the midfield was flicked onto



JACK NAYLOR

The Blues line up in defence

a Holcombe foot in the D, Cambridge won a penalty corner. Becca Naylor's strike was well-saved, and the clearance found its way to a Holcombe midfielder, whose pass onwards split the Cambridge defence, allowing the striker to score on the break to put the Blues 3-0 behind after fifteen minutes.

The rest of the first half saw skilful

attacking play by Abi Gibb and Georgie Kilbourn, resulting in several penalty corners which the Blues were unable to convert. Susie Stott and Alex Maskell linked up well, with Maskell shot beating the keeper but hitting the crossbar. However, as the half-time whistle blew it was Holcombe who were convincingly dominating play.

Coach Chris Marriot's half-time talk helped the team to focus, and Cambridge went back to the field with newfound self-belief. The next ten minutes saw a return to the fluent, confident

'Stott placed a killer finish into the bottom corner for her second'

play which the blues have aspired to all season. A long ball out of midfield was chased down by Maskell, who drove around the baseline, slipping past two players to place an inspired pass across the Holcombe goal, which Stott made no mistake in finishing at the back post. Captain Mel Addy made some crucial tackles, and the Cambridge press was working much better. Great work-rate by Izzy Smith and the rest of the forward line placed increasing pressure on Holcombe possession, forcing errors which eventually led to a Cambridge short corner. Charlie Banfield slipped

the ball to Stott, who placed a killer finish into the bottom corner for her second goal, to make the score 3-2.

There was plenty of time left for the Blues, but regrettably with the margin narrowed the team returned to a more conservative style of play. As legs tired, the Cambridge players' footwork and discipline deteriorated, and captain Addy was unlucky to receive a green card for a missed tackle. Both teams had chances, with keeper Vicky Evans doing well to clear a number of loose balls. However, despite some promising attacks Cambridge were unable to find the crucial third goal, with the game finishing 3-2 to Holcombe.

There were some positives to be taken from the second half, but Cambridge left the field disappointed to once again fail to convert promising play into much-needed points. Star performer was Alex Maskell in her first season for the blues, who impressed with her relentless work off the ball and aggressive play with it.

Snow stopping the Hare and Hounds



Robin Brown in the Men's A Race

by Polly Keen

Cambridge University Hare and Hounds travelled to Cardiff last weekend for the British Universities Cross Country Championships with high expectations. The frozen solid ground and extreme lack of hills didn't resemble your typical cross country course, however neither this, nor the consistently falling snow, fazed the hardy light blue runners.

Following their fantastic Varsity victory in December and a 4th place team finish in 2011, the Cambridge Men's A team had high hopes of displaying their distance running pedigree against the rest of Britain's institutions. Over the 10.6 km race, the silver medallist from Varsity, Robin Brown was the first Cambridge finisher in 34th, backed up by extremely decent performances

in a very strong field from Will Ryle-Hodges (37th), Will Mackay (47th) and Tom Watkins (55th) to form the scoring quartet. St Mary's took the overall team title with Cambridge finishing in a very creditable 5th place; to walk away disappointed from finishing just outside the medals is testament to the team's current strength and depth.

'The spirit of the Light Blue Ladies was unquestionable'

As the snow continued to flurry, the women were next to race over 7.4 km. With several of Cambridge's top female athletes missing due to illness and injury, the Light Blues were disadvantaged in the team stakes. However

the spirit of the Light Blue Ladies was unquestionable through the event. Individual highlights were Fiona Hughes finishing in a very solid 68th and Polly Keen's 51st place in spite of many recent injury problems.

Last off was the Men's 8.1 km B race although the standard definitely defied the race title! This gave Cambridge ample opportunity to exhibit the depth of talent within the club at the moment. Matt Grant made a very welcome return to racing after injury, finishing in 34th place and leading the Light Blues home, with Cambridge's B and C teams finished 12th and 20th respectively. Factoring in the multiple teams from St Mary's and Loughborough, it was impressive to note that only four institutions were able to field a stronger second team than Cambridge on this day.

Pythons on the way up

By Thomas Piachaud
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

Halfway through their season, the Cambridge Pythons talk past, present and future. Team Captain and founder Thomas Piachaud spoke with Varsity: "With four games under our belt, I couldn't be happier with where we stand." The Pythons have a record of 1-3 in the British Universities American Football League, but Piachaud is optimistic. "The majority of our players have only been playing for three months, a fact I have to keep reminding myself." In spite of this inexperience, the Pythons beat local rivals ARU, "a definite sweet point." With the snowy weather postponing the Pythons fixture against Greenwich, they found time to enjoy the Superbowl together at the Union. "We had around 300 people attend the party we put on; let's hope some turn into players!"

American football is unlike soccer or rugby in the respect that the majority of people who turn up for training at the beginning of the year are completely



The Pythons in action earlier in the season

new to the sport. In its 18 month existence the squad has grown from Piachaud alone to 37 registered players and 5 coaches. "We are hoping to move forward in terms of recruitment, but at the moment we don't have shoulderpads for everyone, a position I didn't think I would be in in our first year!"

Varsity spoke to rookie Oliver Tattersall: "Having been an average soccer

player I never thought I would represent my university at sport, but I get to do exactly that with the Pythons. I couldn't recommend Gridiron (an umbrella term for football played in the United States and Canada) more highly as an exciting, physical and rewarding game. And who wouldn't want team outings to play pre-Super Bowl touch in the snow on Parker's Piece?"

Kickabout

TIM KENNETT

I'll miss you Fabio

Fabio Capello has quit his role as England manager. I am sad. I grew to respect Capello when I found out that he lead Milan to 58 unbeaten games in Serie A. I grew to like him when I found out that he was a collector of fine art (his favourite artist is Wassily Kandinsky). I also enjoyed the video of him being mean to Stuart Pearce, currently the England's caretaker manager, who seems like a bit of an idiot.

Fabio's loss will be a cruel blow for English fortunes. His effectiveness is undeniable. His overall win percentage is 66.67 per cent, which includes a victory over Spain last November. For reference, Sir Alf Ramsey recorded a win percentage of 61.1 per cent, and Steve McClaren 50 per cent.

Simon Kuper and Stefan Szymanski, in their wonderful book *Why England Lose*, conduct a more thorough analysis, concluding that – making allowances for the small sample size – Capello can be said to be England's most overperforming manager.

So Fabio will be missed. I would suggest that, when looking to replace him, the FA again look to Italy, whose national team is a model for international football in an age where it no longer represents the most elite competition.

Italy, under the stewardship of Cesare Prandelli, are about more than just results. Prandelli has applied domestic disciplinary bans to his international call ups. He has organising training on a pitch built with Mafia money, and confiscated by the police, to call attention to the

ongoing corruption in the game.

Arguably the best thing Prandelli has done is to call up Simone Farina, left back with newly promoted Serie B team Gubbio. Farina was a whistleblower in a match-fixing scandal. Prandelli called him up as a reward for his good morals. As a way of highlighting the problems in Italian football. As a way of making the national team significant again.

I would suggest that the next England manager should adopt this holistic approach. To make the England team really stand for something.

The FA seem amenable to this idea, given that they've stopped John Terry from being captain because he is undergoing a criminal investigation. Sadly though, I suspect that they are merely desperate to avoid looking like they are complacent about racism. Which they are.

My suggestion for England's next full-time manager would be Brendan Rogers, currently of Swansea City.

He could try and replicate Swansea's possession based style, much like Gary Speed was doing with Wales. He could be given a mandate to introduce promising young players like Danny Welbeck, Daniel Sturridge, Kyle Walker and Alex Oxlade-Chamberlain into the senior team. He could make the English national team a statement of intent. A national team committed to style, youth and morality. A team who aim to impart principles to a game that all too often seems to represent everything that is wrong with the country.



INTERVIEW

Off the field

This week **Olivia FitzGerald** meets Lucy McGennity, co-ordinator of BUCS fixtures

What is involved as co-ordinator for BUCS fixtures?

As Bookings and Sports Club Co-ordinator, half my job involves managing the bookings for the facilities under the Physical Education Department and the other half involves all the BUCS administration. This includes the weekly BUCS fixtures, individual competitions, rearrangements, disciplinary issues and much much more.

Favourite part of the job?

Simply, when we win. There's nothing like good results being sent in on a Wednesday evening/Thursday morning. It's always satisfying when all the hard work put in by myself and the teams pays off. I especially enjoy the fixtures when we beat Oxford for the bragging rights when I attend regional meetings where I see my Oxford counterpart.

Worst part of the job?

Waking up on a Wednesday morning to bad weather! This is always a nightmare as I know it'll mean fixtures will need rearranging. This can be tough as Cambridge terms are shorter

than many of the opposition. My skills as a negotiator have increased dramatically in the last four years!

Do you ever get to watch any of the games you organise?

Not as much as I would like. Unfortunately, as the start times for BUCS matches are all varied, problems arise at different times so it makes it very hard to get out of the office. It is important for the clubs and our opposition that I am contactable for as much of the afternoon as possible.

What do you do in your spare time?

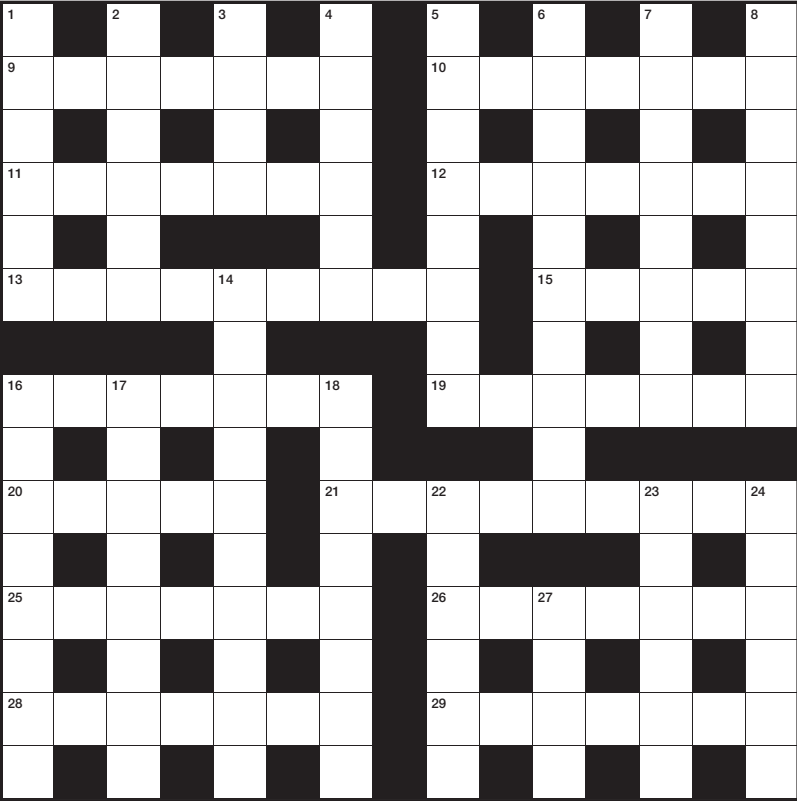
Watch as much sport as possible! I have an Arsenal season ticket so am at The Emirates most weeks with my Dad, although this has been quite painful at times this season!

● Each week Varsity will be featuring 'Off the field', meeting someone whose work to support the teams of Cambridge is not always appropriately acknowledged. If you have a particular 'Unheralded Hero' who you think deserves recognition, please email sport@varsity.co.uk with your nomination.



Good smile Lucy!

Varsity Crossword **NO. 538**



- ACROSS**
9 Push, nag, create emotional problems (4-3)
10 Universal best man is idealistic (7)
11 Demonstrating collect, Ernest in church (7)
12 Composer quietly under capacity in first instance (7)
13 Police officer to check up on mid-form (9)
15 Chip up for hole before clubhouse (5)
16 Removed each pen to make less classy (7)
19 Penguin ruler (7)
20 First noisy anglers in a ditch see dragonfly larva (5)
21 Re-sit in start of physics gives rise to inflammation (9)
25 Envious stare at drugs containing nasty unknown (4,3)
26 Covering a third of the planet, make peace without unknown in charge (7)
28 God very good on a goddess (7)
29 Hard to see my uncle Arthur inside (7)
- DOWN**
1 Hot food I preceded with cold (6)
2 Performs dizzy ascent (6)
3 Initially Jude used the extra to make rope (4)
4 How to fish and surf? (6)
5 Put strangely in phrase to invoke punishment for thief (8)
6 Handle parchment for firing gunpowder (10)
7 Remove and bury after Sid went back (8)
8 Write message and arrange nice first party with her (8)
14 Unknowns arranged with nice deep suitability (10)
16 Trick and entice showing disrespect (8)
17 Versions cut charged particles (8)
18 Disguised no late heartless men; oxygen, for example (8)
22 Cork shooter amongst alcopop gunge (6)
23 Duck when trade union is followed by loud man (6)
24 Building safe against attack and within a nurse cures (6)
27 Straw rooster (4)

ANSWERS NO. 537:
ACROSS 1 Famish 4 Headache 10 Rancour 11 Located 12 Wheelwrights 14 Around the clock 17 Larger than life 20 Stately homes 24 Olympic 25 Allegro 26 Entitled 27 London
DOWN 1 Forswear 2 Montego Bay 3 Seoul 5 Eclogue 6 Decathlon 7 City 8 Eddy 9 Dry Rot 13 Scrimmaged 15 Nightspot 16 Teaspoon 18 Reticle 19 Hallam 21 Hello 22 Rome 23 Cyst

The **Fab**
Varsity Quiz

- Why are engagement rings worn on the fourth finger of the left hand?
- How many words are there for love in Greek?
- How many couples get married in Las Vegas every day?
- Which fashion mag famously had a naked Beth Ditto on its debut front cover?
- Apart from modeling and sining, what do Vanessa Paradis and Kate Moss have in common?
- In what year did Jeanette Winterson receive her OBE?
- What is the most-read children's book in the UK?
- Whose son is Cupid?
- How long did it take after DH Lawrence wrote Lady Chatterley's Lover for it to be published?

ANSWERS: 1. The ancient Greeks thought that the fourth finger contains the vena amoris, or the 'vein of love', that runs straight to the heart. 2. Four. 3. 315 on average. 4. LOVE magazine. 5. Dating Johnny Depp. 6. 2006 7. The Very Hungry Caterpillar – read by parents on average nine times a year. 8. Venus. 9. 32 years.

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SPORT

29 *Netball: A gutsy performance with some excellent attacking play from Cambridge*
BLUES vs. LOUGHBOROUGH



Mo' snow, no problem



JOHANNES WHITAM

With not much by way of a run-up, it was a challenge getting the height to get up on the rail. Mike shows you how

by Adam Fuller

On Saturday night snow fell, and the response was mixed. Many returned to childhood, building snow-figures and throwing snowballs with reckless abandon. For most of the sportsmen of Cambridge, however, the response was less positive. With many matches already cancelled on Saturday due to the cold, snow brought the inevitable postponement of yet more, and made further laughing stock of our so-called "winter sports". Indeed, true winter weather can even send professional sportsmen packing, with multiple premier league fixtures called off over the weekend. However for the select few of the Cambridge University Ski and Snowboard Club Freestyle team, such surprisingly seasonal weather was a source of instant excitement.

Normally consigned to the sterile snow-dome in Milton Keynes, this was finally the opportunity to play a "home" fixture, and choosing the right spot was critical. Scouts went out, and it was clear that the number one option wasn't viable. Undeterred, Salt-dog ventured into the Sidgwick site, and struck gold: "Found a sweet rail in Sidgwick opposite divinity faculty." Game on.

The buildup was far from over,

however. First, the ski-unfriendly steps had to be turned into a flat ramp. Secondly, a jump had to be manufactured to get up onto the rail. Finally, suitable camera trickery had to be set up to capture the moment. As Josh put it, "this is for Facebook". Hannis came well prepared, with a remote flash to compensate for the grey day. A lot of hard graft later, and they were good to go.

That didn't mean it was easy. With not much of a run-up, it was a challenge

'Mike was stomping it'

getting the height to get up on the rail. Once you did, it was about commitment, because "you're not going to do it by accident". With a brick wall on one side and a sizeable drop on the other, that was certainly believable.

As passers by stopped to stand and stare (and obviously take pictures), the freestylers began to make headway. Designated "too slow" for boards, the skiers began to find the rail, with Brookes leading the charge only to take a bad knock to the ribs. Salt-piece and Geoff made similar progress, getting up onto the rail but never riding the length of it. The reason for this hesitation was clear – catch one ski and you've had it,

ADAM FULLER

and they almost did with a couple of big bails. Mike had no such hesitation, and was absolutely "stomping it", riding the whole rail time and time again like clockwork. The others were quick to point out why it was easier for him ("it's easier to [insert slidey thing here]"), but in reality, he was just nailing it.

It was a joy to behold, and the whole

thing was incredible. Ludicrous, to see four guys riding a rail on the Sidgwick site. Hilarious and terrifying, some of the bails. So you can keep your snow-dusted colleges, your snowball fights and your monstrous snowmen. Because the real place to be was out the back of Divinity, watching Mikey stomp a rail.

About Thames

by Milo Harries

Sir Matthew Pinsent, speaking at Wednesday's press conference at Somerset House, described it as "an enormous day for the Boat Race": in 2015, the women's Boat Race will move from Henley to London to take place on the same course as the men's. Varsity had a man on the scene to hear the full details, and to check that Sir Matthew is as nice in person as on television (he is, he's lovely). Robert Gillespie, Chairman of the Boat Race Company Ltd., welcomed the advent of "complete parity", saying that it was the culmination of a "natural and logical progression". He explained that the delay until 2015 will allow the benefits of the funding increase to filter through over two full Boat Race cycles, whilst also giving time to address the "massive organisational challenge" of augmenting what is already a substantial event.

It was also announced that global investments company BNY Mellon will be sponsoring the Boat Race for five years from 2013, whilst its subsidiary, Newton, will continue to sponsor the women's. The men's and women's Boat

Clubs of both universities are to receive equal funding from the sponsors, meaning that when the move does occur, the composition of the women's crews will likely be different to the crews of the Henley days. The increase in funding for the Women's Boat Clubs is expected to bring with it a jump in the number of top-level foreign postgraduate rowers, Gillespie saying that he would be "absolutely astonished" if future Women's Boat Race crews did not contain a similar number of elite athletes to the men's boats. He predicts that amongst outstanding American grads in particular, "demand [for places] will outstrip supply in a very significant way".

'A fabulous step forward'

Good news, then, and not only for those barely-affiliated-to-the-university postgraduate rowers of the future. Baroness Grey-Thompson, Chair of the Commission of the Future of Women's Sport, has called the move "a fabulous step forward", saying "I hope that other sports will follow suit in recognising the importance of women in sport".

Table tennis take top of the league

UNIVERSITY The Cambridge Men's Table Tennis team defeated rivals King's College London 14-3 in the penultimate match of the season in an exciting but eventually crushing victory. The team was inspired on two fronts: to avenge a defeat last year in the BUCS Cup, and to complete a double victory after previously beating King's the week before.

The match began rather tensely with King's College front man Brian Li winning his first match easily. However, after Wing Chan defeated Brian Li in the second round of matches after a five-set thriller, the momentum was firmly in Cambridge's favour and stayed that way for the rest of the match. The King's team, feeling dejected, were unable to stop Nick, Takehiro and Wing from collecting all four singles victories.

Wing was chosen as the Man of the match, and the win today makes him the only Cambridge player unbeaten in the league this season.

Tennis Blues reduce Leicester to rubble

UNIVERSITY The Cambridge Tennis Blues travelled to a dreary Corby to take on Leicester in a top-versus-bottom clash in Midlands Division 1A. It was expected to be a routine victory for the Blues, who took out the tie in a whitewash in Michelmas Term.

Playing at number one, Sven Sylvester barely broke a sweat as he took out his match 6-0, 6-0 in less than 45 minutes. After losing a tight service game at 2-1, number two Josh Phillips recovered to find his rhythm and take out the match 6-2, 6-1. Making his debut, Fred Floether made a perfect start to his Blues career with a 6-0, 6-0 victory. At number four, first-year Ryan Ammar conceded only seven points winning 6-1, 6-0.

Cambridge went on to win both doubles matches to give them a comfortable whitewash against the league bottom feeders and a two point lead at the top of the table.

Sport cancelled

EVERYWHERE The inclement weather led to cancellations for most outdoor sports. In college rowing, the Newnham Short Course was cancelled, while no college hockey or netball was played. The Blues rugby team had their fixture against the Army postponed due to a frozen pitch, while the Addenbrooke's Cup, which would have seen a footballer's Town vs Gown, was also called off. Similarly, university lacrosse and hockey did not go ahead.

● **Looking forward, the Robinson Head today is looking unlikely, while the women's Blues Boat hope to compete at Henley on Saturday.**



Snow and cold led to cancellations across the weekend and into the week