

WEEK
05
LENT
2012

VARSITY



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10 Features: *Former president of Virgin Galactic, Will Whitehorn, on the future of space travel*



15 Books: *Aliens, monsters and the head of the CUSFS magazine*



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23 Sport: *Hockey*

It's not easy being green



It's wise to energise: students at the 'Rally for Renewables' on Parker's Piece campaign for the reduction of the university's carbon footprint

by John Wallis
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cambridge students participated on Friday in what was possibly biggest action on climate change the city has ever seen. A large crowd gathered on Parker's Piece to take part in the 'Rally for Renewables', organised by student campaign Energise Cambridge which calls for a more ambitious green energy policy from University authorities.

The campaign claims that the University has one of the highest carbon footprints of any higher education institution in the UK, and says it is working with professors and administrators to move energy consumption away from fossil fuels. The rally was called to show student support for Energise Cambridge's recommendations.

According to a campaign spokesperson, Izzy Braithwaite (a third year student at Clare College), Energise Cambridge has sent a "clear and unignorable message that students really care about climate change". Close to 100 demonstrators formed a human wind turbine against the snow and were photographed from the roof of the University Arms Hotel.

Organising the rally was not an easy task, according to Braithwaite. While student response to the pre-rally

publicity was overwhelmingly positive, it was extremely difficult to convince students to make time for the event itself. She stated: "the fact that we got upwards of 70 or 80 people out during a working day on a freezing February morning should be seen as an overwhelming vote of support from the

90%

of students would be prepared to pay an extra £10 per year in university fees to help purchase of renewable energy

student body. There's a strong desire to see more ambitious attempts to tackle energy problems on the part of the University."

She added that CUSU, Cambridge Hub and other student groups had also officially endorsed the campaign.

In response to a survey created by Energise Cambridge, 93% of students agreed or strongly agreed that climate change is a serious threat to humanity and 90% would be prepared to pay an extra £10 per year in university fees to help fund the purchase of renewable energy.

Representatives from Energise

Cambridge have already submitted a policy proposal to the University's Environmental Strategy Committee, which is currently under consideration. The University is due to finalise its next energy contract in September 2013. With this in mind, the proposal states that, "the University's decisions and actions over the next few years will... define its national and international place as either a leader or a laggard in the response to the global challenge [of climate change]." It adds, "each of us has a moral responsibility to reduce our emissions as much and as quickly as possible."

Current University policy states that any emission-cutting measures should be cost-neutral. The new proposal contains four key recommendations: to commit to an ambitious reduction in carbon intensity, to recognise that adequate action requires investment now, to conduct a cost-benefit analysis of renewable energy options and to further student and staff awareness on such issues.

According to Energise Cambridge's website, the campaign is "not aiming to attack or discredit university authorities, many of whom have been supportive of environmental issues." A campaign organiser, Jess Walsh, told Varsity that "The aim is to encourage

WARMING FACTS

In 2008/9, the University's emissions were 77,660 tonnes CO₂ equivalent, and this has been growing every year

94.5% of those surveyed agree or strongly agree that climate change is a serious threat to humanity.

90.3% would be prepared to pay an extra £10 per year in university fees to help fund the purchase of renewable energy.

2010 is the hottest year on global records, tied with 2005.

Atmospheric CO₂ levels are currently at 390 ppm. Climate experts say 350 is the safe limit for humanity.

the University to do more to combat climate change, to lead the way among top universities, and to inspire students to get involved. Renewable energy policy is extremely complex and we are hopeful that the University will build on our efforts to establish much more ambitious targets."

● More information is available at EnergiseCambridge.org

"A delusion is not a psychotic phenomena but a response to one; a constructive attempt to give meaning to one's experience."



5 Science interview:
Darian Leader,
psychoanalyst and
author

MUSIC *Perfume Genius, Shearwater*

BOOKS *Philip K Dick, Ender's Game*

FILM *The Woman in Black, the Baftas*

ART *The Cambridge Affordable Art Fair*

THEATRE *A View From the Bridge, Uneasy Dreams*

WEEKEND WEATHER



PS. Don't let the blues get you down

In a time of universal deceit - telling the truth is a revolutionary act - George Orwell

Inside

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

Varsity Blogs



Varsitech - 'Out of Body Experience' - Jake Harris examines the damage online abuse can cause.


Verified - 'Mental Illness: How do we define it?' - Ciaran McAuley asks what the best diagnostic methods might be in a field we rarely understand.

Vetements - 'Quality Street' - Winter is the time when quality counts. When the elements can be this cruel, we need to button up right. Kristina Bugeja wants to show you how.

Vice - Rose's Kitchen Comforts: French Toast' - It's sweet and savoury. It's exotic homely. It's delicious.

Vulture - 'Gilt: Illumination' - Have you been to the UL's manuscript reading room yet? If not, check out Gabrielle Schwarz's latest forary in illustrated manuscripts.

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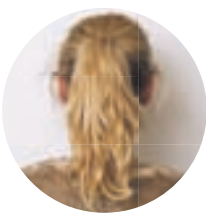
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Cambridge scientists come up with a formula for ponytails



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Cambridge Blues tennis lose 4:8 to Coventary



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Post

Seeing the light with the CU

Dear Editors,

As a traditional Christian with a personal and academic interest in Jewish-Christian dialogue and conflicting feelings about the Christian Union, I found Ciaran McAuley's opinion piece 'A Week To Annoy Thy Neighbour' to be very stimulating. While I appreciate the sincerity behind Mr. McAuley's call for greater tolerance between the Christian Union and non-Christians, I feel that the article appears intolerant in two respects.

First, it portrays the Christian Union as speaking for or representing all Christian students in Cambridge. This is clearly not the case. The Christian Union, an Evangelical Protestant society, is not comparable with the Islamic, Jewish and Hindu Cultural societies which aim to represent all Muslim, Jewish and Hindu students (religious or secular) along non-denominational lines. Second, the article states that the

Christian Union should respect the beliefs of others, but suggests that they should not say that Jesus is the only way. It this true tolerance? We must be careful not to replace intolerance (perceived or real) with an intolerant tolerance.

On a more positive note, the Christian Union has plunged into the interfaith stream and was involved in a dialogue with the Hindu and Buddhist societies. Perhaps the Christian Union has 'seen the light'.

JONATHAN GILMOUR
St. John's College. Ex-officer Cambridge University Faiths Forum (CUFF).

Turn the other cheek

Dear Editor,

"The argument in last week's article 'A week to annoy thy neighbour' [in response to Christian Week] is nonsense. I'm not exactly sure how anything is 'being shoved' into anyone's face.

If marketing Christian teaching, which by the way is quite explicit that Jesus IS the only way (remove that and you get nothing really- I suggest

EDITORIAL

Madness: "My illness is seeing too clearly"

How the weeks have flown by; with our free time marked not by the weekends but by academic deadlines, it's easy to start losing sight of much outside of Cambridge. Equally, then, any problems encountered here are magnified often beyond their true magnitude – ranging from a missed lecture to a misplaced pen. Such a distortion of perspective is easily transferred to those issues that ought to be treated with the sensitivity and respect that their gravity commands; it is when the big concerns are brushed over in favour of the immediate rush of essays, laboratories and crits that we really need to worry. Library fines aren't as important as getting enough sleep once in a while, and exams do not signal the end of the world. This sort of conflation of the two can in itself set the small problems spinning out of control – something we all know as that tired phrase overheard on repeat at your nearest coffee shop: the 'Week Five Blues'.

Coleridge wrote of 'A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear/ A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief/ Which finds no natural outlet, no relief' in *Dejection: An Ode*, the limiting of any outlet for such melancholia underpinning its own intensity. This relief, even in the simplest shapes and forms, is needed more than ever in the face of the relentlessness of the mid-way Cambridge term. Mental Health Week in Cambridge begins today, with talks organised by CUSU on psychiatric medication and diagnosing mental health, complete with times designated for 'non-work' sessions – complete with bubble wrap to pop. The University Counselling service runs all year round, though, and is a service that

more students should be aware of, even simply as a starting-point to locating further help.

With discussions in the past week, however, of the proposed updated and extended version of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual that categorises every type of mental disorder, published by the American Psychiatric Association, a further question is raised over our definition of well-being entirely. Huge numbers of people will be labelled mentally ill on the basis of behaviour that most people would consider normal, with anxieties labelled disorders including shyness in children, and unhappiness after bereavement.

Already, the new manual has been condemned in a petition circulated by psychologists in Britain and the United States, accumulating more than 11,000 signatures. Til Wykes, professor of clinical psychology at King's College London, described how the proposals are likely to "shrink the pool of normality to a puddle." A line uttered in Robert Bresson's classic *The Devil, Probably*, a film characterised by its exploration and final rejection of psychoanalysis, frames the answer to this issue perfectly: 'But Doctor, I'm not ill. My illness is seeing too clearly'.

Really, though, it is mental health itself that needs to be viewed through a clearer lens. Misdiagnosing cases can have immense, far-reaching consequences, and must be better understood before boxes can be denoted to categorise madness at all.



Madeleine Morley & Louise Benson
Editors, Lent 2012

the author tries hinduism), or if the names of the talks given in Christian Week are deemed condescending, then what isn't? I am not sure the writer is following their own recommendation: "to follow the almost universal religious doctrine of 'love thy neighbour', we should respect others' views and beliefs".

Christians have the right or should have the right to publicise and be respected just as much as anyone else, and to be certain of what they believe and to express it. This article smacks of bias."

KURIEN PAREL

What's love got to do with it?

Hi Louise and Madeleine,

I *naturally* read all the lovey-dovey articles first in last week's issue and am sorry to say they were all proper crap. Yes, let's celebrate plurality, but what's this complete inconsistency about, one article promoting prudish 'no-relationship-between-students-and-teachers', the other extolling love and the next

joking about frosty willies (by far the best one) - methinks someone doth protest too much.

Juan's blind date report exudes immature attempts of being sarcastic. Of course it's just my personal vanity, being a mid-twenty mature student - but this again shows the intrinsic problem of this institution accepting (perhaps) intellectually advanced but apparently socially under-developed people: everyone who came here at the age of 18, really.

The only genuine thoughtful words printed in this issue were Jeanette Winters. Guess what, she is no student and well old, isn't she. I take she writes about human kindness, love for a human inspiring love for creation, that sort of thing. In any case, the Valentine bent of last week's *Varsity* is commendable, but failed in exploring less commonplace issues of love.

But praise be to the phallery article which is ace.

FLORENCE HAZRAT
Lucy Cavendish College

Cambridge College Programme scams Cambridge students

by Helen Charman
NEWS EDITOR

Cambridge students Hannah Alderton and Shaun Cook appeared before the CUSU council on Monday to raise awareness of the fact that Taryn Edwards, director of the Cambridge College Programme, has cheated students out of thousands of pounds.

Alderton, a Geography student, and Cook, who studies Natural Sciences, are both members of Sidney Sussex, and both Sidney Sussex college itself and its JCR fully support the proposal to condemn Edwards' behaviour.

Edwards, who describes herself as former honorary senior member of staff at Homerton College, recruited 41 employees, the majority of whom were Cambridge students, to assist on the Cambridge College Programme, a three-week-long summer school for American students in the summer of 2011.

Since the end of the programme, however, the employees have received no payment, with students owed between £1000 and £2000 depending on length and type of employment.

The unpaid employees have attempted to resolve this issue through the submission of an ongoing claim of non payment to the UK employment tribunal. Edwards, however, has failed to respond to any form of communication from the employees.

Edwards has also ignored enquiries from boathouses and other providers of service during the programme and correspondence from the employment tribunal, and due to the fact that Edwards and the business reside in

the US, the UK tribunal has no power to exert legal pressure on Edwards to reimburse the employees their unpaid wages.

Despite this, however, the website for the programme has been updated with application details for this summer, suggesting Edwards is still running the programme despite the tribunal and continued non-payment.

The programme uses the facilities of Cambridge colleges, and Newnham College conferencing office has already accepted a preliminary booking for the programme this year.

College JCRs such as Emmanuel College Student Union are now voting on whether to condemn Edwards' actions

'Taryn Edwards has cheated Cambridge students of thousands of pounds'

and give the students who haven't received payment their full support.

The issue is also being raised of whether any publicity of the programme by college student unions and CUSU should be prohibited, and that no conferencing offices affiliated to the university accept bookings from Edwards or the CCP until all outstanding payment issues are resolved.

The Cambridge College Programme claims to be celebrating its 26th anniversary this summer. It takes on American students who are rising freshmen, sophomores, juniors or seniors in high school, with the website



Sidney Sussex JCR has given the unpaid students its full support and backing

stating that "high academic achievement is recommended" and stressing that the programme can be used for academic credit and mentioned in university applications.

Students that get a place on the programme are charged \$6200, excluding the price of air travel to Cambridge, and lunches, special museum exhibition costs and sporting activities such as rowing or golf.

The "scholars" who manage to procure places on the programme take two courses, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, with the options including cosmology, English literary villains,

nanotechnology, international law and many others, with day excursions and an optional week-long trip to Paris at the cost of an extra \$2,300

The website emphasises the safe nature of the programme, with the students not allowed out in Cambridge after 7pm unsupervised and stressing the fact that no forms of public transportation are used, stating that "the program has a fleet of luxury air-conditioned private coaches used in both England and France".

Edwards has refused to respond to any press enquiries about the tribunal or the unpaid wages.

Time for Cindies stories

Police were called to Cindies at one in the morning on Tuesday after a completely uneventful non-fight happened outside the nightclub.

What started as meaningless and pathetic posturing quickly escalated into exactly the same and ended after more of the same when police wrestled the men apart from their egos.

It's thought the confrontation began when the two men both claimed to be the creator of the same slightly racist yet wildly popular Cambridge meme.

The argument spilled over into real drama and peril however as each man stood twenty meters apart kicking bins, screaming at their own reflections in shop windows and making desperate attempts to burst, Hulk-like, out of their babyGap t-shirts.

Alas, the bicep flexing was to no avail, though bystanders report some impressive forehead veins.

A terrified onlooker soon raised the alarm and police arrived on the scene just in time, amid fears the two men could potentially go up to each other and bash each other to death with their giant, meaty, heads.

The attendant police officer said: "Can't tell if this is Cindies or a creche for the morally vapid, socially stone-age orphans of an unaccountable drink culture."

Angus Hackdonald

Last orders for Cambridge Pubs?

A council review is under way of the closure of pubs in Cambridge



No more punters for The Punter?



Has The Anchor lost its anchorage?



No longer eager for The Eagle?

by Freya Rowland & Helen Charman
NEWS TEAM

The possibility of the closure of public houses in Cambridge may be prevented by the higher prioritisation of their protection from development plans involving their closure.

This depends upon the results of the city council's review into what role public houses play in society, that is currently ongoing.

Local councillor for Planning and Sustainable Transport, Tim Ward, has pointed out that "It's not just a case of where people can go for a drink. Their closure will deprive both local people and visitors of an important meeting place".

Cambridge's pubs are popular with town and gown alike, yet despite their enduring appeal there has been

a worrying growth recently in the number of pubs closing down and either being converted into restaurants or their sites being put to other uses, such as housing.

Concern has also been expressed that the closure of more and more pubs in Cambridge will result in an even more pitiful choice of venues for students looking to escape their college walls.

For those students who prefer to drink their drinks rather than have them poured down their fronts or, more dubiously, acting as an adhesive between their feet and the floor, then a pub rather than a Cambridge club could be the preferable choice, something that the closure of pubs in Cambridge would threaten.

However, with fewer pubs around, those left will find themselves under

high demand. While the 'intimacy' of a crowded Cindies may be strangely appealing, an overcrowded pub with no spare seats is disappointing.

Cambridge's pubs, much like the rest of the city, are steeped in history, with many of the pubs in the city boasting impressive heritage. The Eagle, on Benet Street, which used to be known as the Eagle and Child, was the first place Francis Crick announced that he and James Watson had "discovered the secret of life" after they had come up with their proposal for the structure of DNA.

As the beginning of week five arrives, then, the impulse to drown our sorrows can be seen in a more positive light: drinking in Cambridge's many pubs, whether historic or not so historic, is one step towards ensuring they remain open and valued.



Cambridge University
Land Society

What career involves finance, economics, law, buildings and allows you to travel?

PROPERTY!

The Cambridge University Land Society is hosting a talk and drinks reception at 5.30pm on Tuesday 21st February 2012 at

Lucia Windsor Room
Newnham College
Sidgwick Avenue
Cambridge
CB3 9DF

International property bankers, **global property** developers and fund managers will talk about their careers and the job opportunities in the industry.

Numerous senior people from the industry will also be available to talk to you during drinks.

The event is free and all are welcome.

To book your place please email Kathy Wallen at culandsoc@warnersbsl.co.uk

Kindly sponsored by:



Not The Place to graffiti

CAMBRIDGE A clubber has been fined £295 for graffitiing the walls of The Place nightclub.

The man in question was attending a friend's stag party when he was caught by a security guard drawing on the walls of the men's toilets.

Cambridge Magistrates Court heard how he had been drinking since 4pm that day.

Explaining why he was carrying a permanent marker pen on a night out, he told the court that he "thought it would be a laugh".

He had offered to return to the club the next day to remove his 'artwork', but still faces a fine.

"I am extremely remorseful," he emphasised.

Astronomical compensation for Cambridge scientist

CAMBRIDGE Dr Andrew Faulkner, a Cambridge scientist who designed the world's biggest telescope, has been awarded £30,000 damages after he suffered abuse from an eminent professor.

Dr Andrew Faulkner, 57, was subject to a "barrage of yelling" from Professor Mohammed Missous, who dismissed him as a "research assistant" during a heated meeting about research into the £1.3billion project at Jodrell Bank observatory, Cheshire.

Faulkner, who is now a senior research associate in the Astrophysics Group at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, decided to leave his position after being called a "subordinate who had overstepped the mark".

The lengthy process is thought to have been of great cost the taxpayer. Faulkner has claimed, "I am glad the matter is finally resolved."

Law Faculty could rule to allow computers in exams

CAMBRIDGE The Faculty of Law is considering allowing students to type official examinations.

A survey has been issued to students asking for feedback on the proposal, with many students pointing out that since most students now type their work on a daily basis, it would make sense to modernise the exam system to allow the option of using a computer to write answers.

Although a number of US law faculties allow students to use computers in exams, currently no English universities have adopted the idea.

If the proposal is approved, students would be allowed to type their answers from next year onwards, using software that closes the internet and other files.

No charge for early student loan repayments

NATIONAL The National Union of Students (NUS) responded yesterday to the government dropping their plans to penalise students who pay their student loans back early.

Vince Cable had wanted to implement a system where there would be additional charges for paying off more of your student loan than necessary, in order to prevent wealthier students from avoiding interest payments.

NUS President Liam Burns condemned the Government's lack of guidance on the best way to pay back student loans saying that: "Ministers must come clean on student finance to ensure those on low and middle incomes are not duped into chipping away at their outstanding debt even when it rarely makes financial sense to do so"

Jesus Green highlighted as a place of sensational violent crime

by Ross Moody
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

The conviction of a teenager for the murder of a homeless man and a knife-point robbery have come together to paint Jesus Green as a particularly dangerous Cambridge area to find oneself in after dark, with homeless people in Cambridge speaking of their fear of so much as zipping up sleeping bags, due to the danger of them being set on fire by groups of teenagers.

Jack Robinson, 18 and of an unknown address, was found guilty of murdering 52-year-old Raymond Boyle in the early morning of 22nd June 2011, after wavering back and forth between admitting only to assaulting the man and additionally admitting his intent to murder him as well.

Boyle's body was found floating in the section of the River Cam running through the green roughly one hour after the murder took place, and Robinson was accused of intentionally drowning him.

Another co-defendant in the Boyle case was acquitted of both of the charges against him, capping the two-week trial. Daniel Mynott, 17, of Cambridge, had been charged with causing grievous bodily harm with intent, in addition to a separate charge for having caused grievous bodily harm.



After dark; Jesus Green has been identified as a site of sensational violent crime.

However, Mynott's role in the attack was thrown into some doubt last week when a police investigator told the jury that Robinson had confessed to the murder less than 48 hours after it had taken place, before retracting his admission after initially putting it into writing.

During the same hearing a recording of Mynott begging Robinson to tell

the police of his innocence was also played to the courtroom.

Robinson has not yet chosen to appeal, and will be sentenced on Friday 2nd March, according to the current Cambridge Crown Court docket.

Meanwhile, last Wednesday night, a 20-year-old victim was accosted by two other young men while walking on a path through the park.

One of the robbers brandished a knife, and the victim was coerced into handing over his iPhone and some cash.

The robbers, who had the hoods of their sweatshirts up during the exchange on the darkened path, have yet to be identified.

Internships: 'unfair, unpaid, illegal'?

by Jonny Barlow
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A new campaign was launched last Monday 13th February to expose the unfair treatment of interns, which in turn leads to many of the top professions becoming 'closed shops', as only the wealthiest have the opportunity to take on the unpaid or expenses only internships available to them.

This campaign comes in light of the heightened importance of internships to the employment prospects of today's graduates, which the Trades Union Congress (TUC) argues has led to widespread exploitation.

Currently, the law is clear: anyone adding value to a company may be deemed a worker, and as such, is entitled to the national minimum wage (£6.08 per hour); however, the TUC has found that one in three internships fail to provide this.

In many sectors, the picture is even more bleak, with 92% of arts internships, and 76% of PR internships listed on the Department for Business Innovation and Skills run website 'graduate talent pool' unpaid or expenses only.

The TUC, therefore, has been able to take a strong stance on the illegality of many unpaid internships, giving its campaign the provocative strapline "Unfair Unpaid Illegal".

Deputy General Secretary Francis O'Grady underscored this point, saying that "too many employers are ripping off young people by employing them in unpaid internships that are not only unfair but, in most cases, probably illegal".

Incidentally, these are precisely the

words attributed to General Secretary Brendan Barber in a similar release in 2010, suggesting at least consistency, if not progress, on this issue.

The campaign stops short of mounting a direct legal challenge, however, with the rhetoric generally aimed at raising awareness of the issues, and encouraging interns to assert their rights more forcefully.

The Rights for Interns website, run by the TUC, acknowledges the difficulty of such a stance, as fear of receiving a poor reference discourages interns from protesting about their treatment, while nevertheless providing clear guidance on the rights of interns.

'Anyone adding value to a company is entitled to the minimum wage'

Cambridge University Careers Service also provides advice on internships, though with a more pragmatic bent, suggesting that charitable resources could be an alternative source of income.

The university, for example, has a fund for 'Bursaries for Public Interest Vacation Experiences'.

However, this shifts responsibility away from employers, who, as far as the National Union of Students, represented by Vice-President Dannie Grufferty, are concerned, are unequivocally at fault: "we need to be clear now more than ever that young people's enthusiasm and desire to work cannot be exploited. A fair day's work always deserves a fair day's pay."

VC to become royal representative

by Hannah Wilkinson
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

The University of Cambridge's very own Vice-Chancellor has been elevated to the illustrious position of royal representative.

Prof Sir Leszek Borysiewicz will now assist Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire Hugh Duberly in his duties as the Queen's representative in Cambridgeshire, along with four other appointees.

As well as representing the queen, duties include acting as escort for royal visitors to the county.

The appointment comes in the first few months of a year dominated by the Queen's diamond jubilee celebrations, ensuring that the Vice-Chancellor's new position will potentially be a busy one.

Cambridge has already had its share of royal surprises this month, with Charles and Camilla touching down at Girton by helicopter to visit the city; maybe Will and Kate will be the next to drop in.

This is by no means Sir Borysiewicz's first royal honour. In 2001 he was knighted for his services to medical education and research in vaccines, including one vaccine to combat cervical cancer.

He was appointed Cambridge Vice-Chancellor in October 2010, becoming the 345th to take up the role.

In his inaugural address to the University, he announced "I am indeed privileged to rejoin the Cambridge community from which I gained so much earlier in my career", referring to his positions as lecturer in medicine



Prof Sir Leszek Borysiewicz will now assist Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire

beginning in 1988 and as fellow of Wolfson College.

Prior to this, he was chief executive of the UK Medical Research Council from 2007. From 2001 to 2007, he held senior positions at Imperial College London,. Initially he served as principal of the faculty of medicine, later becoming deputy rector.

Also selected by Duberly earlier this week were Timothy Breitmeyer, a retired major in the Grandaier Guards from Bartlow, Thomas Green, chief executive of Spearhead International Ltd from Ely, and Margaret Mair, a former Department of Health legal advisor, from Cambridge.

This is Cam FM, coming live from St John's

by John Jarman
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Cam FM completed their move from Churchill to St John's this week, placing the home of student radio in the middle of Cambridge.

The new studio, constructed entirely by student volunteers, was built in the basement of the college in a specially designed room.

Described as high-tech and glamorous in a press release, the facility will allow Cam FM to continue broadcasting programmes live across Cambridge.

The move to the new studio was sparked when Churchill, the station's home for its entire 30-year history, became unable to accommodate the equipment needed to broadcast live shows daily.

St John's was selected in part for its central location, which will allow student presenters from Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin universities to easily access the studio, and for their enthusiasm to accommodate the station.

The move coincides with an influx of talent, with 31 newly-trained presenters ready to begin broadcasting from John's. These favourable circumstances have enabled Cam FM to double the length of its live broadcast

RADIO TIMES

1979

Cambridge University radio (CUR) founded at Churchill College.

1998

Update to the University's computer network brings live online streaming.

October 2010

Cam FM begins broadcasting on 97.2 MHz

February 2012

Cam FM moves to St John's



John Jarman visits the new student radio station at St John's College

schedule, to an impressive 61 hours per week.

Recent successes include an interview with Sarah Brown, one of Cambridge's Lib Dem councillors and the only openly transgendered elected political figure in the country.

Established in 1979, the station first gained a licence to broadcast to just Churchill and New Hall colleges. By 2001, programmes were being transmitted on AM to the whole university, and as of March 2010, on 97.2 FM to the whole of Cambridge and online.

Popular programmes continue to draw a large audience, amongst them the Fo' Show, a comedy panel show recorded at locations around Cambridge, and the Breakfast Show, helping students drag themselves out of bed before lectures.

Plans for the station's future include upping their coverage of sports events, and producing a selection of live features, including open mike nights and club events.

A new welfare show, produced in

association with CUSU, will feature an interview with Radio 1 DJ Scott Mills in a show concerning LGBT issues, scheduled to air at 8pm on 14th March.

John's students welcomed the move. Claire Huxley, who also hosts a programme on the station at 2pm on Saturdays, said: "It's really practical having the studio more centrally located in Cambridge."

"Hopefully this will help more people to come into contact with Cam FM and the wide range of programmes they offer."

Station manager Ben Weisz, speaking exclusively to Varsity from the new studio, said: "It's a really exciting time for the station right now, and this studio move is a great foundation for us to build on into the future."

He went on to talk about plans to increase the live output even further, including construction of a second studio specifically for training new talent for the station.

● Cam FM broadcasts daily on 97.2 FM and online at camfm.co.uk.



NUS urges for mass protest

by Ciaran McAuley
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

The National Union for Students (NUS) has recently e-mailed members, urging them to stage a mass, nationwide walk-out in protest against the government "selling out education".

The walkout is planned to take place on 14 March and will be part of a larger action week, running from 12 March to 16 March.

In the email, the NUS appealed for students to walk out of lectures, seminars and practicals in the hope that it would drive public discussion on the "damaging reforms".

The action has come as a result of a consultation with members to see what students thought the highest priorities were in regards to campaigns.

Members expressed concern with the rising cost of higher education, with additional charges related to courses, as well as the increase of fees, putting strain on students' finances.

With youth unemployment reaching 22% in November, NUS President Liam Burns stated that the actions of a government were "an attack on a generation" and that "you can't keep hammering young people like this."

Despite the Higher Education white



The nationwide walkout is planned to take place on 14th March

paper being dropped by government recently, there are still fears that universities will be privatised in the near future.

If the walkout is successful, NUS officials hope it will "show the government what campuses look like if they continue to press ahead with their plans of privatisation - deserted."

It is expected that this week of action will be the most significant student action since 2010, when an estimated

thirty to fifty thousand protestors took to the streets of London.

Breakaway groups from the main protest were responsible for the ransacking of government buildings, including the Conservative Party headquarters. Amid widespread arrests, and the Metropolitan Police resorting to kettling students, students were slammed for the violent scenes, while the Met also came under fire for its apparent unpreparedness.

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Rapunzel number: a hair-raising discovery

by Natalie Gil
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Professor Raymond Goldstein at the University of Cambridge and his team have developed an equation which, when combined with a quantity wittily known as the 'Rapunzel number', can predict the shape of any ponytail.

Goldstein, Professor of Complex Physical Systems, said: "It's a remarkably simple equation." It takes into account the stiffness of hairs, the effects of gravity, the presence of random curliness or waviness, plus the length of the ponytail.

The findings explain why a short ponytail comprising springy hair, characterised by a low Rapunzel number, fans outward, whilst a long ponytail with a high Rapunzel number hangs down, as gravity's pull overrides the springiness.

Professor Goldstein worked on the equation with Professor Robin Ball, from the University of Warwick and Patrick Warren, from Unilever's Research and Development Centre.

The question inevitably arises of what triggered their interest in ponytails in the first place? It transpires that it was not a fatherly attempt to engage a teenage daughter in physics and minimise her time spent struggling with unruly locks each morning.

Instead, Unilever, the multinational corporation whose products include TRESemmé shampoo and Brylcreem, approached the researchers several years ago with the hope



MADELEINE MORLEY

Varsity's section editors have been putting the ponytail theory to the test this week

'Ponytails may not seem like the most obvious, or consequential, phenomenon for physicists to study'

of collaborating to study the properties of hair, including its tendency to tangle and the shapes of individual strands.

In practice, the discovery should enable Unilever to create better hair products – great news for those whose ponytails are looking a little limp and lacklustre in the bitter winter cold.

Furthermore, the significance of the research goes beyond hair care. It will aid the computer graphics and animation industry, where depicting realistically the movement of characters' hair has always been a challenge.

Ponytails may not seem like the most obvious, or consequential, phenomenon for physicists to study. However, hair has always interested scientists and artists. Leonardo Da Vinci, five centuries ago, was fascinated by the science of hair, noting the propensity for its waviness to resemble a river.

The research is published in the Physical Review Letters journal and delves deeper into why, as Professor Goldstein recalled: "a bunch of balding, middle-aged men sitting around

a table came up with the idea that the ponytail was the embodiment of all this interesting physics."

However, students are at present dubious over the benefits of such research and no doubt will remain so until they the improved hair products are developed and they can put the equations into practice.

One male student intelligently observed that "no-one even has ponytails any more."

Female students have responded much more positively however, with one science student claiming, "Being able to tie up my hair is so much more practical when I'm in a lab." Perhaps letting it hang loose is a thing of the past after all.

OTHER CAMBRIDGE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE

The first test tube baby

Embryologist Robert Edwards and his colleague Patrick Steptoe, were the first to develop IVF.

Made of stardust

Fred Hoyle and three fellow scientists proposed in 1957 that all elements were made from stars.

Stem cells

Martin Evans' early research at Cambridge University led to his discovery of embryonic stem cells.

The discovery of Pulsars

In 1965 postgraduate student Jocelyn Bell joined Anthony Hewish in the astronomy department of the University to look for quasars, which are certain types of galaxies.

Big bangs and singularities

As a graduate student at Cambridge University, Stephen Hawking working with the theoretical physicist, Roger Penrose at Birkbeck in the 1960s proved that singularities exist.

The structure of DNA

Francis Crick was apparently on LSD when he and James Watson discovered the secret of life.

Improved Brain Imaging Lights out

by Sophie Dundovic
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

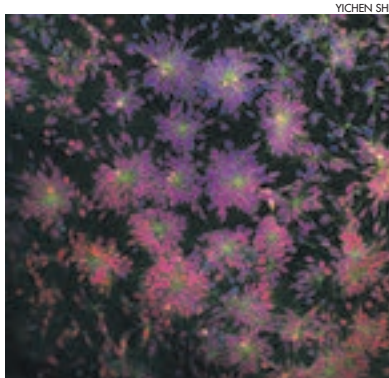
Researchers at the University of Cambridge's Gurdon Institute, led by Dr Rick Livesey, have generated brain cells in the laboratory by reprogramming skin cells.

This is the first time that scientists have been able to generate brain tissue without using embryonic stem cells.

Adult skin cells are reprogrammed so that they develop into neurons found in the cerebral cortex, the largest part of the brain where most neurological diseases occur. With this discovery, scientists will be able to gain a better understanding of the processes the brain goes through during development as well as the effects of degenerative diseases. Cells could also be used to test new drug treatments.

It is hoped that by utilising these measures more information will be uncovered about Alzheimer's, epilepsy and strokes, helping to find more effective forms of treatment.

The study, funded by Alzheimer's Research UK and the Wellcome



YICHEN SHI

Photos straight from the lab from researcher Yichen Shi

Trust, marks a major breakthrough for neuroscience.

With brain tissue in short supply, this discovery paves the way for further research since it means that scientists do not have to use embryonic stem cells in their research.

The news has been welcomed as it means that research can be carried out both ethically and efficiently. Previously, using embryonic stem cells had

been the only way that scientists were able to generate brain tissue.

Initially the focus will be on research but later it is hoped that the cells generated will be used to provide healthy brain tissue which will be able to treat brain damage and neurodegenerative disease.

Dr Livesey said: "You don't need to rebuild damage to recover function as the brain is quite good at recovering itself – it does this after stroke for example. However, it may be possible to give it some extra real estate that it can use to do this."

We can make large numbers of cerebral cortex neurons by taking a sample of skin from anybody, so in principle it should be possible to put these back into the patients."

The findings also mark an exciting development for Yichen Shi who has been at the centre of the research for his PhD.

This promising discovery provides researchers with many possibilities for development and with a few more brain cells at their disposal we should be seeing swift progress in the field.

by Rosie Sargeant
NEWS EDITOR

Monday morning had a particularly dismal start for students this week as the New Museums site, including the Varsity office, was hit by a powercut.

However, with lectures cancelled, many students managed to make light of the situation.

The site lost power at around 10.30am and wasn't restored until after 2pm, causing disruption to the science faculties located on the site. There was light at the end of the tunnel, however, as the problems allowed science students to have a rare lie-in. First-year natural science student Ezra Neil claimed, "It made dealing with my post-Fez hang-over a much brighter experience."

It is thought that the problem was caused by damage to an 11,000-volt cable as part of nearby roadworks.

A UK Power Networks spokeswoman said, "Our engineers have established the problem is on the customer's own equipment, rather than the electricity network which we own and maintain."

While it looks unlikely that such



Certain passages of the New Museums site looked strangely gloomy on Monday morning

issues will cast future shadows on lectures at the site, the powercut nonetheless made for an uncharacteristically black Monday in Cambridge.

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On the Analyst's Couch

Darian Leader, psychoanalyst and author of *What is Madness?* talks to Zoe Large about why we should respect psychotic delusions



ANGUS MUIR

The first thing I notice upon entering Darian Leader's front room is a large, chrome black couch. The second is the bookcase – filled, I assume, with names such as Lacan, Klein, Winnicott; all pioneering explorers of the psyche's darkest corners. If you're already thinking this sounds a bit forbidding, you might be forgiven. While platitudes of 'pop psychology' are becoming increasingly hard to escape, public references to psychoanalysis rarely extend beyond the odd scoff at the Oedipus complex. The image of the analyst ingrained within public consciousness is still that of the bearded academic; a glassily silent figure steeped in esoteric theories.

You might be relieved, on my behalf, to hear that Leader's reality is very different: "analysts come from all sorts of backgrounds," he assures me – "doctors, philosophers, social workers, hairdressers." The variety extends to the personal level – "sometimes as an analyst I'm very talkative, sometimes very quiet. There are no rules except a constant aim: to treat the patient as the expert, generating material which will provide

access to the unconscious." When I ask which personal qualities are essential to the profession, his answer is strikingly brief: "suffering...and a curiosity about people. Just those two."

Psychoanalytic training is, nevertheless, a necessarily complex and thorough procedure. As one part of the seven or eight year (minimum) process, trainees explore their motives with their own analyst, and Leader himself remains in analysis to this day: "if you want to continue grappling with problems in your own life, that's what you do." Indeed it was Leader's desire to understand personal family events which first brought his attention to psychoanalytical ideas, eventually taking him to France to study Lacanian theory for nine years.

Critics of psychoanalysis have faulted its theoretical foundations for being unempirical but Leader remains unperturbed: "the conceptualisation aims to be scientific, but the practice is an art," he insists. In fact he argues that this does not differ it from the NHS-sponsored, statistically-successful practice of CBT: "all the discourse about evidence-based treatment comes from

the pseudo-sciences, not the Natural Sciences," he argues. Yet most of the mental health industry remains intent on claiming an empirical basis – "Biology and Chemistry don't feel the need to prove that they are Sciences, so why do Neuroscientists put it in the name?" he asks provocatively. "What are they so worried about?"

These worries, Leader laments, have propagated a swathe of modern therapies which thrive on quantitative categories and unhelpful statistics, attempting to impose a normative solution on the psychotic. Their diagnostic categories constitute lists of external symptoms, perpetuating stigmatised notions of the mad as jabbering, howling, even violent. But "you can't define madness by symptoms" argues Leader. "Anyone can have a hallucination – if you're on certain drugs or excessively tired. The real criteria lies in how these experiences are made sense of by the person. Some will just dismiss a vision, but a psychotic person will take it very seriously. They will *know* it to be an extremely meaningful message sent directly to them."

Crucial to Leader's own methodology is the distinction between 'primary' and 'secondary' phenomena – "primary being the experience of psychic disintegration, and secondary the ways of finding solutions to this." Delusions are located within the latter category, in which we find "the creative, positive side" of every psychosis. "A delusion is not a psychotic phenomena, but a response to one; a constructive attempt to give meaning to one's experience. One of the sad things today is that the distinction has dissolved, so a lot of therapists mistakenly try to remove secondary phenomenon rather than respecting them."

The real task of the psychoanalyst, as Leader describes it, is "not to get rid of the delusion, but to use it in order to

create a new structure or system; to help the patient find an equilibrium using their own words, memories and histories." The treatment offers profound hope for patients – that their own attempts at self-cure can be recognised and enabled, approached without any of the pathologising subtext underlying even many well-meaning therapies.

The process is often a long one, but Leader emphasises that it "isn't something that can only happen in a quiet consulting room with a couch" Most important for us to remember is that "anyone can make a fruitful dialogue with the mad, if we recognise the distinction between primary and secondary phenomenon." The role of delusions ought to be understandable to us all, for every human faces the hard task of finding meaning in existence. Where the non-psychotic create set routines and beliefs, the psychotic pursue systems with far greater zeal and seriousness. In this, perhaps, the mad are the most rational of us all.

Rock of the Week

MUDSTONE

Bob, you're one lucky guy. This Mudstone is old. Each white line across its black tan back corresponds to one year – and it's sporting a handsome set of racing stripes. Mudstone is a fine-grained sedimentary rock composed, predictably, of mud. My Editor has told me it is 'rare to find such fine lamination' and I can only agree! Despite their use since ancient times, the first book on Mudrocks was not published until 1964. Don't let the name put you off – for the perfect blend of old and new, get yourself some Mudstone; I can't promise the lamination will be as fine, though.

Joseph White



TAKE FIVE

Mad Scientists

Albert Einstein

Our favourite crazy man of science, Einstein, liked to take his sailboat out on the water on windless days, "just for the challenge."



James Lovelock

Inventor of the microwave, all students are indebted to this man. He has also made unnerving, controversial predictions about climate change, claiming "The inertia of humans is so huge that you can't really do anything meaningful". I'm not sure I actually think he's that crazy

Jack Parsons

Parson had no formal education, but managed to develop a rocket fuel that would guide the United States into space. He also practiced magic, claiming to be the Antichrist. Tragically, Parsons blew himself up during a lab experiment at his home in 1952.

Nikola Tesla

Tesla is the man credited with the invention of the wireless radio. He was also a "manic genius that slept little," which makes me question why I haven't been able to invent something useful yet.



Freeman Dyson

Respected nuclear physicist who also wholeheartedly believes in extraterrestrial life and thinks we'll make contact within the next few decades.

Helen Cahill

Written in the Stars?

This week's Not-Sci, written by **Bethany Jones**, about the science of astrology

"Your adaptable character expresses itself through skill and efficiency ... endowed with the moral sense of a worthy, right-thinking, middle-class citizen."

Recognise yourself? Roughly 94% of people believe this astrological description applies to them. Astrology is one of the oldest human practices. Until recent centuries it was considered a part of physics, as it uses defined rules to make

6,000

The approximate number of professional astrologers in the USA

predictions about invisible phenomena.

Attempts have been made to validate astrological theory. In 1955 the 'Mars Effect' suggested a connection between athletic prowess and the planet Mars. It was later found that the data had been selected to support this finding, and so was invalid. Investigations combining many studies (meta-analysis) have found that astrology cannot predict your fortunes or personality,

and similarly, people cannot correctly identify their astrological profile from a selection. Furthermore, it is unusual for people with similar astrological profiles to have similar personalities.

Despite a lack of evidence, many of us still place value in astrological predictions. The 'Barnum effect' describes our tendency to apply generalisations to ourselves. We also select for predictions that confirm our expectations, discarding anything that doesn't fit. Also, we are all prone to flattery.

Hence, typical horoscopes focus on the things we want to believe, use double meanings and vague references that cover all possibilities and give universal advice. No wonder, then, that birth chart interpretations seem to accurately describe everyone!

It's important to be open minded about unobservable things; there was once similar scepticism towards gravity. However, it seems unlikely that our lives are written in the stars. By the way – that birth chart interpretation you thought sounded like you? It's that of Dr Petiot, the notorious mass-murderer.

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

Technically Speaking



by James Vincent
Online Editor

Printers that print printers. What a magical phrase. Sublime, fetchingly baroque, and a perfect example of sonnet form. Use it as a personal mantra when you doubt the future of humanity; or, repeat it three times whilst standing on one leg and somewhere a printer gets its wings.

3D printing is pretty self explanatory; using various types of quick-setting plastics, models are constructed, one layer at a time, from digital plans. 3D printers are now selling for as little as \$500 and online communities enable individuals to share and download plans they've designed; anything from necklaces to iPad stands can be printed, and forthcoming innovations like the ability print circuitry and metals will only expand the possibilities.

This technology destroys economies of scale quite incredibly

(i.e., there's no price difference between making 1 or 1000 spoons) and puts the means of production directly into the hands of individuals. Imagine breaking a vacuum cleaner or blender and instead of having to send off for a new part, simply printing the replacement yourself. Of course, copyright/patent laws are going to flip their shit, but this will become part of ongoing piracy problems – The Pirate Bay has already created a 3D printing category, neatly dubbed 'physibles'.

But what about PTPPs (*sigh*, it even initialises nicely – like a tiny train building up speed); well, okay, they're not available to domestic markets yet, but the phrase represents the common-sense-warping possibilities that 3D printing promises. The Economist likened it to the steam engine or transistor – when these technologies were invented no-one could have guessed their impact, but they changed the world profoundly. So go on, whisper it to yourself, if you dare: printers that print printers, printers that print printers, printers that print printers.

Intelligence? Madness? Sadness?

This Mental Health Week gives us an opportunity to confront the many taboos surrounding the issue of mental health, and to take a look at our own attitudes towards ‘madness’ here in Cambridge

Here we are at one of the best universities in the world. With achievements piled up as high as the stack of books (not necessarily all read) on each of our desks, we are considered among the brightest of our generation. That in itself is a terrifying thought – at least for the majority of us. Far more unsettling though is the fact that for all our supposed intelligence, our towers of achievement can be toppled just as easily as anybody else’s. Each of us has been able to use our mind as a key to this renowned centre of learning but few of us consider the possibility that we may lose control of this, our passport to Cambridge.

‘Madness’ has always had a role to play here. The list of alumni who have gone on to be either diagnosed as mentally ill or suspected to be so expands day on day. The self-reflection, sensitivity and constant rumination that is a common trait among Cambridge students is also a common symptom among those suffering from depression or anxiety. Add in the fact that stress and a loss of self-esteem are often triggers to many different mental illnesses and the extent of the problem becomes clearer. Despite the prevalence of mental health issues at the university, many old ideas and harmful attitudes to such illness continue to exist.

It is now my fourth year at Cambridge and throughout my time here I have seen people go through unnecessary suffering due to both their own misunderstanding and that of those around them. I have been shocked to hear seemingly intelligent people say that the mentally ill cannot be trusted, are immature or are merely seeking attention. I have been equally surprised to

hear from sufferers that they deserve their illness – that it is a punishment of sorts. Upon questioning, there is never an underlying reason why this should be – just a conviction that it must be so. Misguided individuals from both parties contribute to the stigma that exists and they all need to reevaluate their attitudes in order for the situation to improve.

Firstly, let me take the views of some of the sufferers themselves:

‘No one or nothing can help’ – That is the voice of despair and hopelessness speaking. It is not true. The danger with this opinion is that a sufferer may not seek the help they need. This is available in a wide variety of people and therapies: friends, tutor, college nurse, GP, UCS counsellor, psychologist, psychiatrist, medication, CBT therapy... Not all of these will work, most of them will take a frustrating amount of time to do so, but eventually something will help.

‘I am weak’ – This is a common thought both to those who have just recently fallen ill and those who have suffered from mental illness for years. Mental illness can affect anyone and it is not the fault of the sufferer. In believing this statement, a person robs themselves of the strength they will need to cope with their illness.

‘I am eccentric’ – Well, at Cambridge, this one is probably true. However, when eccentricity starts to have a negative impact on your life it is time to question what lies at the root of it all. Sometimes, the answer will just be that you are a very odd individual – and there is no harm in that at all. However, at other times, certain strange and uncharacteristic behavior can point to a mental health problem. Often friends will be the first to notice any significant changes therefore it is worth listening to

them if they have any concerns.

Let us now turn to the views of those we tentatively deem ‘sane’:

‘It won’t happen to me’ – I sincerely hope it doesn’t but no one can guarantee this. This view implies that a person has control over the misfortune that befalls them. It is true that, just like physical health, there are measures that can be put in place to diminish the risk of mental illness but, also just like physical health, illness can come to anyone at any time, regardless of the care they take. This attitude inadvertently criticizes the mentally ill by suggesting that there was something that they could have done to avoid their illness.

‘I have seen people go through unnecessary suffering due to both their own misunderstanding and that of those around them’

‘Best not to speak about it’ – Mental illness is not contagious so what harm could possibly befall anyone in speaking about it? Much has been done already to decrease the taboo of mental illness with terms such as Winston Churchill’s famous ‘black dog’ allowing people to understand more fully and to talk more freely about madness. Just like the severity of illness differs so does the individual’s ‘black dog.’ This persistent follower can range from a black Chihuahua puppy in your handbag to a humongous rabid Rottweiler, frothing at the teeth with its jaw clenched about your neck. Speaking about it can help both sufferer and friend to gauge where they are on the scale and the level of



TABITHA ECCLES

support they need.

‘They’re keeping up with work – they must be fine’ – The effect on a person’s work is a common measure used by friends and staff alike to judge how ill someone is. Many students who suffer from mental illness see this as flawed. It is fair to say that for some, a symptom of their illness could be the complete inability to work. However, for others, work is another way to withdraw into themselves away from company – itself a symptom of many mental illnesses. Society tends to picture busy people as those enjoying all that life offers. However, many sufferers fill up their time so completely that they do not have a chance to consider their mental wellbeing. Avoidance as a solution in the short term may seem like the best option but it can lead to extreme and sudden mental distress, with lasting consequences.

And so I leave you with one final view that is shared by both parties:

‘It is not a laughing matter’ – I must

admit that this statement is intrinsically true. However, it often helps both sufferers and their friends to turn the awful absurdity of the situation into a laughing matter. There is something deliciously English about being able to find the humour, however dark, in any situation. It is quite simply a case of ‘you either laugh or cry’ – and if you’re mad, chances are you’re crying anyway so why not laugh, too?

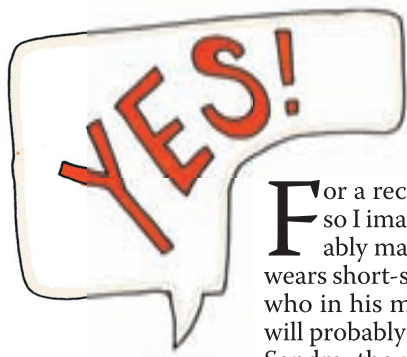
Tabitha Eccles

● “We all know that Cambridge can feel like a stressful place to be, and it is important that all students recognise that they have their own mental health to look after, and that they can seek help when they need it. There is a wealth of free, confidential services available in Cambridge, offering anything from a listening ear to more structured support, from your college nurse to the University Counselling service.” —

ROSIE O’NEIL, CUSU WELFARE AND RIGHTS OFFICER

Whatever You Say

THERE’S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS



ALI LEWIS



For a recent graduate in normal business you get up early – or so I imagine – and you presumably make coffee. You will probably make it for a man named Mark, whom you hate and who wears short-sleeved shirts with a tie. Then your line manager, a man who in his mid-30s still wears gel in his hair and calls you ‘mate’, will probably ask you for two more coffees: one for him, and one for Sandra, the unbearable nasal woman – draped in slimming black like the world’s shittiest optical illusion – with whom for reasons of boredom and apathy, he is half-heartedly flirting.

You will have to go to their wedding.

After this, work will start. You will be forced to watch a three hour interactive training video where you must repeatedly tell the slimy idiot robot man on the computer screen that the answer is C (‘Report the incident to a senior colleague’) and never B (‘Agree to work illegal overtime, it’ll get the job done’), despite the fact that if you actually refused the overtime you’d be kicked out before you could say ‘unpaid internships are of dubious legality’.

But, what does it matter? There are a thousand other graduates drowning in the heated pool of the middle class jobless paradox: I’ve tried everything and I just can’t find a (decent, well-paid) job (in my field of interest) anywhere!

What makes show business any different? Well, as a showbiz intern, instead of getting up early, you get up very early. And instead of making three coffees, you make thirty. Unfortunately, you do still have to do the stupid training video. Apart from the idiot robot man, there really is no business like show business. I beg to propose.



AHIR SHAH



On Monday afternoon, an email went out asking whether any of the Footlights Committee wanted to speak in the Union’s termly comedy debate, where we would stand in opposition to the motion “This House Believes There’s No Business Like Show Business.”

When I read this email, I knew I could not do the debate. I was behind on my dissertation, sleep, and life, and could not be bothered to string together some second-rate bullshit that would inevitably be so tenuously linked to the motion that it would almost hurt. I could simply not be fucked to write said low-grade dishwater and then seek to pass it off as ‘comedy’ for an audience of baying morons. I felt there was too little time between my receipt of this email and the Thursday night would-be performance to pretend to have an opinion on a motion so trifling and inconsequential that it made my soul wince just thinking about it.

Fortunately, *Varsity* is published a day after the Union debates, and by now I feel really strongly about the opposing the idea that there’s no business like show business. Ha-ha!

REMEMBER: To claim that there is no business like show business is to say that show business is so unique, so apart, so removed from all other industries that it is impossible to create any meaningful comparison between show business and anything else. This would be the case, were it not for the fact that show business is, in absolutely every single respect, totally indistinguishable from the commercial trawling of shrimp.

Think about it. Many, drawn in by one, or few. The importance of ‘the net.’ The fact that I find the entire industry cruel and upsetting, probably because of my vegetarianism.

Next week’s column is about mercy killing.

I beg to oppose.

Are you better off at Bangor?

Outrage sparked by the off-hand comment of a secondary school maths teacher leads us to question whether Cambridge is really right for everyone

Once again, this week has seen the return of the immortal Oxbridge debate around the country. This time it's comments made by an exasperated sixth form maths teacher who, when cornered at the end of the day by a particularly 'driven' child asked him – "who cares about grades anyway?" Is it better "to go to Cambridge with three As and hate it or to Bangor with three Cs and love it?"

The twitter world was alive and affronted within minutes. One policy advisor to the education secretary even suggested implementing a rescue mission. Of course, the whole scenario has been grossly exaggerated. Firstly, Bangor University doesn't offer a degree in mathematics. Secondly, the teacher in question was clearly trying to give some perspective. The student, after all, trotted off at the end of the year to Warwick University, the three promised As in hand, unharmed by his encounter.

However, the teacher's account does raise an interesting point. Are some prospective Oxbridge candidates being discouraged from application? The national media is always saturated with articles on every aspect of the admissions process. However, especially after the publication of a Sutton Trust report, the disparity in applications statistics has come to light. Perhaps the more pressing issue is not poverty of

achievement but poverty of aspiration. On a wider note, how far are the teachers of today neglecting the brightest in favour of achieving more Cs across the whole board and so moving up the league table?

With regards to the article's situation, I can't decide where my sympathies lie. In explanation, the teacher describes how he came here to do maths, a subject that he "ate, drank and slept", but subsequently, he saw his love 'nearly die'. As a historian who naively took on further mathematics a-level, I do appreciate how ill-thought through study can kill an interest, but how far do our own negative experiences allow us to influence others?

While reminders of reality are all well and good, this could have backfired; a less confident and perceptive student, a teacher whose firm tone comes across as more annoyed than he thought. This student could easily have ended up as just another capable, intelligent youth, frightened from application. Obviously this scenario isn't quite reconcilable with grand debates about the state of the English education system but, somehow, this doesn't sit right. I always thought the pupils who strove hardest and pushed themselves furthest were the ones who made teaching worthwhile, not a chore, but maybe I'm just an idealist. *Helena Pike*

But what is better: "to go to Cambridge with three As and hate it or go to Bangor with three Cs and love it?"

The question posed by Jonny Griffiths, a maths teacher in Norfolk, to the 'obsessed' student who did not quite manage to get the high A he wanted in his desperate bid to work towards Cambridge, deserves more than an elitist scoff and dismissal. In many respects he is completely right.

Obviously there is a degree of rhetoric on Griffiths' part; he is clearly trying to get his student to see that killing yourself over one module at the age of 17 is not necessarily worth the pain. But how many people – including myself – were that same kid, the one that when it came to revision time threw everything aside in the panic, that thought one less minute revising may mean the difference between a B and A, the difference between Cambridge and some other 'inferior' university? The reality I'd paint now to my 17 year old self is similar to what this maths teacher is telling his student.

Whilst I cannot comment on what Bangor is really like, what I can do is talk about Cambridge. Do I hate it here? No, but like many others I don't love the place to pieces either. It is easy to mock the workload of friends at other universities, but even those at Russell Group unis get free time. They get an ability

to live. Sure, there are people here who manage to fit in their rowing, their rugby, future political careers, their sleep, their social life and their first class degree, but these are the minority – are the rest of us really getting the most of our degree? Just as Griffiths is telling his student to enjoy being a teenager, how often do we allow ourselves to enjoy this time of our lives, being at university? If we allow much time, we fail to take advantage of being at the 'best university in the world'. If we don't, we miss out on making the most of being young. All this is before we factor in just how pretentious the conversations you overhear around the town can be, the lack of 'normality' here, or how little there is to do within the locale of Cambridge compared to other student cities around the country.

The reality is that Cambridge is not the heaven painted by the press nor the prospectuses, and it is not the instant access to the upper echelons of government or high culture (those are decided, still, by your family, class and background before you even have to worry about the words 'personal statement'). It is a wonderful place to learn and to be tested to one's maximum – but it is not the only way to get employed. Don't let the bubble fool you, Cambridge is not the centre of the universe, and it is not the only way to get an education. *Johnathan Booth*

Ladylike

FREYA BERRY



We don't really have good, old-fashioned madness anymore. If celebrities go on an embarrassing bender or have too much sex, they blandly check themselves into a clinic. If an advertiser is trying to sell a deal, we're told we'd be 'mad' to miss it. Beyoncé goes 'crazy in love', which apparently involves caressing oneself in front of industrial fans and writhing attractively in a burning car. Actually, the last one is kind of mental.

We have so many words for madness – bedlam, lunacy, insanity, derangement – and so many mad characters in literature, from the Mad Hatter to Miss Havisham. But rarely do we hear of people actually going mad (Britney shaving her head doesn't count).

Proper sectioning is rarely encountered or talked about. Yet between 1800 and 1900, Britain's mental asylum population increased by a factor of ten. And, as mental illness was apparently more prevalent in women, the right side of the hospital (where they were housed) was always larger.

Ever since Olivia died amongst the flowers in Hamlet, there has been something uncanny yet alluring in female madness. Indeed, when I'm cross, my classicist boyfriend likes to tell me I'm being 'womby' – the word 'hysteria' derives from the Latin 'hystericus', meaning 'of the womb'. Naturally, this epithet helps me to calm down not at all. But this kind of ingrained female element to madness is intriguing. In the last two hundred years, many young women were confined to the asylums simply for causing trouble for their male relations.

One young woman, Evelyn, spent twelve years in various asylums from the age of 21, sent by two doctors who were persuaded she was mad by her father. He showed them a diary entry in which she described her hatred of relying on male relations, and detailing how she kissed a policeman in the street 'to create a stir'.

The two professionals diagnosed her with 'adolescent insanity'. They never even met her. Various letters from her records show that her father later prevented the release of reports stating that she was in a fit mental state to be discharged.

In the 1970s and 80s, many of these asylums were shut down. Clearly, locking women away for slightly risqué behaviour is no longer the done thing. Yet I recently attended a 'radical German interpretation' of Hamlet at the Barbican – cue groans at the back, but actually, it was brilliant. A modern production with a stage covered in earth, it was filthy and grotesque, yet compelling. The mad Ophelia juddered and shook and tore open her top disturbingly centre-stage.

Mad women are sexy. Gaga, that barometer of our times, has told us this ad nauseum. But it's a dangerous thing to sexualize mental health. Both genders need to be careful of this womby portrayal of women.

Cambridge talks Religious Tolerance

"My Jewish faith plays a large part in my Cambridge life. For me it's the feeling of family and community that I love, it feels like going home every week and it can be really inclusive. I do not think that religious societies are exclusive and alienating for others. I think religious tolerance here in Cambridge is great."

Jess Solomon, Trinity

"Being part of the CU Hindu Cultural Society has definitely been one of the best aspects of Cambridge life. My faith has helped me to stay focused and not digress from my moral values. Although I don't drink, this hasn't prevented me from enjoying student life! Apart from differences in funding between religious societies which offers a slightly unfair advantage to some, in my experience Cambridge students in general are very open minded and inquisitive about religion. I think most students are more likely to have an intellectual discussion about religion than display any hostility or hatred towards a particular faith!"

Nikhila Ravi, President of the Hindu Society

"There are an awful lot of churches in Cambridge. There may even be more churches than people. I'm not sure how I feel about that"

Passer-by, overheard on Kings Parade

Reviewing the Reviewers

What exactly is the point of a review?

This piece essentially comes from being nosy. So there I was, innocently flicking between Facebook and Plato in the faculty computer room, when I overheard a very interesting conversation indeed. Some poor creative type was fuming to her equally arty looking companion over a review on a recent musical in this very publication. Obviously, lacking the self control not to, and having it on great authority from a friend that this particular night was really rather good, I took a little look at this review myself.

It was easy enough to spot. Two stars; not exactly generous. It was perhaps a little snide and wordy for my tastes but unarguably well written, and, if you can believe it, very interesting. Scrolling down to the bottom of the page however, and the comments could have come from a thread on Mumsnet about, let's say, legalising cannabis for Under 12s; the outrage was hitting menopausal levels.

This made me think; what is the point of reviews? Are they written to entertain or to inform? And how, when dealing with things so individual and subjective as theatre, music, art, and even food, can a journalist's opinion be trusted by a readership with such complexity of taste? The answer is, as I believe, that it simply can't.

Moving away from the small yet cutthroat Cambridge dramatic scene and the occasionally over-enthusiastic world of student journalism, this constant three-way slugging match between reviewers, reviewees and readers continues. All you need is 30 seconds on the website Trip Advisor (and I recommend it – these guys don't hold back) to see that what justifies a five star review for one person, barely gets a two from another. Nevertheless, each review makes entertaining reading.

So, if these reviews are to be entertaining

or interesting in any way, they simply have to be subjective. After all, if they're not, you're just reading a synopsis. Why then do people allow themselves to get so worked up about a review they don't agree with?

I myself have fallen into this trap many times. I remember, as a laughably self-satisfied fifteen year old, having read a review by A. A. Gill in which he compared the presenter of a documentary to her mummified subjects, writing a letter to The Times, and coining what I thought was the incredibly scathing line; "for a food critic, this article was in dreadful taste". I really shouldn't have been allowed a pen, let alone stamps, and needless to say it was never printed. But somehow I held onto the hope that Mr Gill read it, and in a moment of revolutionary epiphany decided to change his ways forever. He didn't.

All reviewers should be entitled to their opinion, but we must accept as a given that these are the opinions of one person, not of many, much in the same way as the BBC legal team distance themselves from the musings of its more outrageous broadcasters.

In conclusion then, I would like to offer two pieces of advice.

To the poor creative type upon whom I ever so rudely eavesdropped, I leave this, a noteworthy point left by one of the commenters on the review; "I think the standing ovation begged to differ."

And finally to the reviewers themselves; perhaps a little disclaimer wouldn't go amiss. Maybe something along the lines of; 'These are the opinions of me and me only. It is entirely possible you will think they're a load of shit.'

Disclaimer: These are the opinion of Lottie and Lottie only. It is entirely possible you will think they're a load of shit. *Charlotte Meggitt*

Sheer lunacy?

Hugo Schmidt talks to Will Whitehorn, former President of Virgin Galactic, about the business of space and the recent return of space travel to the political sphere

Is there any single image of human accomplishment greater than Neil Armstrong standing on the surface of the Moon, and the monument that stands there? “We came in peace, for all mankind” Like many children, I fed on images of spaceflight, from documentaries of the landing and the pulp science fiction worlds of Star Trek and Doctor Who. Space means achievement and the progress of man-kind.

Yet the question is often asked, “What happened to the future?” 2001 is a decade behind us, and there is no occupied space colony, with or without an insane computer to govern it. The feeling of disappointment is palpable. Bruce Charlton, professor of Theoretical Medicine at the University of Buckingham, writes “The standard line is that humans stopped going to the moon only because we no longer wanted to go to the moon, or could not afford to.” He suggests that all this is “BS” adding, “I suspect that human capability reached its peak or plateau around 1965-1975, at the time of the Apollo moon landings, and has been declining ever since.”

The same uneasiness seems to surface in each US political cycle. In 2005, George W. Bush proposed a manned mission to mars. Barack Obama pledged a further \$6 billion to NASA, saying that the end-goal was ‘the capacity for people to operate and live safely beyond the earth’. Right on cue the presidential hopeful Newt Gingrich announced an American moonbase by 2020, adding that, when there were 13,000 prospective Americans living on the

moon, it could then apply to become a new US state. Asked about this and the backlash that has come from it, he stressed that this “was not a slip.” “[It was] a deliberate effort to start a conversation on the topic at a time when the Chinese, the Indians and the Russians are aggressively moving into space”. All of these proposals have met with varying degrees of opposition,

It is therefore both fitting and ironic that the next generation of spacecraft is being constructed without any government aid or subsidy. Elon Musk, the man behind Paypal, co-founded the private space company SpaceX, and has devoted himself to getting all the way to Mars. Meanwhile,

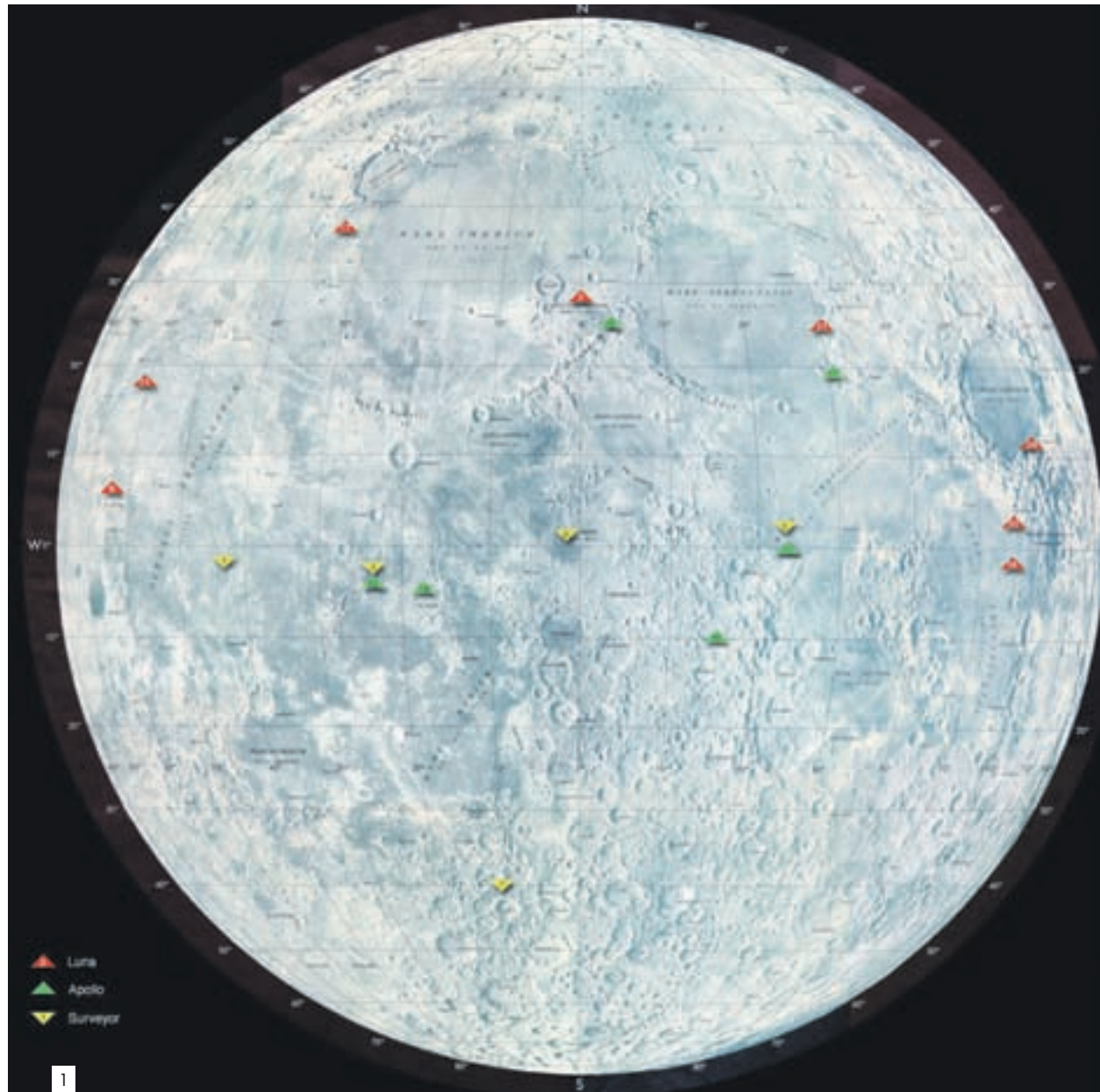
‘The Chinese, the Indians and the Russians are aggressively moving into space’

Robert Bigelow, Las Vegas billionaire, is investing \$500 million in the world’s first private space station. The most prominent of these efforts though, is Virgin Galactic, launched by entrepreneur Richard Branson. Founded in 2004, its website offers private trips into space at the price of \$20,000, and it has been claimed to handle all of its work with a budget equivalent in the equivalent of one NASA shuttle flight.

It was with this in mind that I interviewed the former President of Virgin Galactic, Will Whitehorn. He has recently

(Clockwise, from left to right)

1. Map showing landing sites of first shuttle to make it to the moon in 1969, Apollo 11, as well as Luna, and Surveyor missions
2. The Soviet ‘Sputnik 3’, the next launch after Laika, was a research satellite to explore the upper atmosphere and the near space. No animal abuse reported.



stepped down from his position as president, handing over the responsibilities of the role to the ex chief of staff of NASA, George Whitesides. US law mandates that only a US citizen may head a company operating in space. Whitehorn has moved on to the UK government’s science and technology council and directing the Loewy group.

Originally from Scotland, Whitehorn was headhunted in 1986, by the Virgin Group. “I was approached by Sir Richard to join the company. I was only 26 at the time. Virgin had, in total, about 250 employees, and I relished the prospect of going to work for this young entrepreneurial company that had just launched an airline”. Whitehorn recalls, “Looking through my CV, Richard Branson saw that

I had been part of a helicopter search-and-rescue in the North Seas, and he said ‘That’ll be handy’. And I said, ‘Why is that?’, and he said “Because I am about to fly a balloon across the Atlantic, and then I’m going to fly it across the pacific so you can look after my search-and-rescue on both of those. Both of which ended up happening.”

I ask him what it is like working for Sir Richard.

“Richard Branson is a fascinating person to work for. He is one of these characters who is highly intelligent who was never formally educated, because he was very dyslexic when he was young, and found it very difficult to pass his exams.” This did not stop Branson from forming the UK’s first student newspaper that would later be sold to the NUS and is now sold as The National Student. “Having overcome that disability in later life, he has become a voracious academic reader, and very interested in science, engineering, history and economics.

“He developed the technology for balloons that could fly in the jet streams above thirty thousand feet, and cross wide distances of ocean,” - a hitherto unequalled feat. One of these balloons was apparently the size of Canary Wharf. “In one case he landed in to the sea between Ireland and Scotland, and in the other he landed in the arctic of northern Canada.”

Such record-breaking was shrewd in terms of publicity and would open the path to space. “We built a plane that a friend of Sir Richard’s, Steve Fosset, called the Virgin Galactic Global Flier. Fosset flew around the world in it on a single pint of fuel in 2004. It was that plane which lead us into the space project”. The new aeroplane was composed of carbon composite structures, the key to its lightweight durability. Any atom of a given elemental type has a number of ‘hooks’ that allow it to bond with others, but only carbon has four hooks and combine with itself. This provides extreme flexibility and durability.

SATELLITE-TURNING POINT

TYPICALLY enough the satellite episode, a turning point in the history of science, of philosophy, of theology and of history itself, has had as little impact on this centre of learning as the result of a baseball match in Milwaukee, perhaps even less.

We have lived through an event which has destroyed the concept of ‘world’—and how many times does that word come into theology alone—and few of us have lingered on its significance for longer than it takes to down a cup of coffee, before turning to the fourth leader or Rufus and Flook.

The philosophers and intel-

lectuals consider the whole matter far too close to valves and radar screens and politics and Americans. The politicians write a thousand words (by Wednesday old boy!) on defence and leave it at that.

The scientists grudgingly admit it as an inevitable step, although of doubtful importance at the moment, in the direction of interplanetary travel; and then they go back to their figures.

The theologians are too busy arranging political shower baths for church-going undergraduates to have time to look up to the sky and realise that Sputnik sets a challenge to the very basis of all religious thought.

The historian notes the occurrence ‘with interest’, but since nothing like it has ever been known before it should

not, for a while, be given too much attention. It is left to the simpler souls to wonder and to wonder. “God so made the world . . . All the world’s a stage . . . The world in which we live is part of a solar system . . . in the beginning . . . The New World. The Old World . . . No one in the whole wide world.”

Man now has contact outside the world, outside the firmament which surrounds it, he has contact with the heavens. Perhaps somewhere some great minds are beginning to weigh up and analyse this miracle, but for the moment in Cambridge it seems that next week’s films are of slightly greater importance.

David Howell

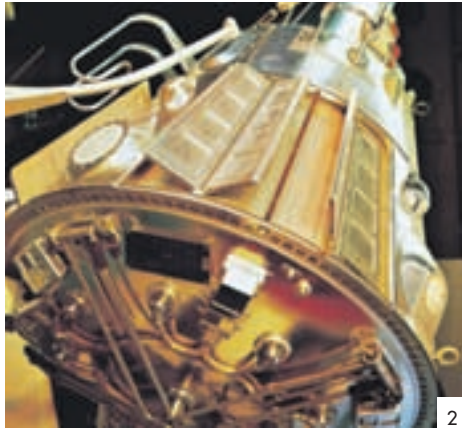
SPUTNIK 2

The first dog in space.

Laika was the first living creature to orbit the Earth, launched on a trip on board the Soviet Sputnik 2 in November 1957. It was a metal sphere weighing about 18 kg (40 lbs) in total.

She was said to have died painlessly in orbit about a week after blast-off but it was later revealed she died from overheating and panic just a few hours after the mission started. Her return journey was never planned.





4. NASA shuttle Atlantis.
5. The WhiteKnightTwo (WK2) carrier will ferry SpaceShipTwo and thousands of private astronauts, science packages and payload on the first stage of the Virgin Galactic sub-orbital space experience. Book your tickets online now.
6. The US governmental subsidy of NASA has proved a little hard to rationalise...
More Cox & Forkum's cartoons may be seen at coxandforkum.com

the government, causing serious trouble to the private companies that came later, a problem that the free market in the UK did not encounter. Whitehorn disagrees, referring to the governmental shuttles he says that the difference between them and Virgin Galactic's generation of spacecraft is 'the difference between crossing the Atlantic in a liner and crossing it in an airplane.' It's a strong claim to make, but looking at the sleek design of Virgin's craft compared with the clunky shapes known to us all, I find myself half-convinced. Moreover, it's not all image; the designs do not require the damaging reentry strategy, the new materials do not distort as aluminum does, and the launching platform, another plane in mid-air, does not have the risk of ground-based launches.

More outré ventures into space will have to wait, however. Moon bases and the colonization of Mars have little commercial viability in the short term, whatever political capital they might have. Gingrich is not alone in speculating though; Capitalism Magazine, an ezine devoted to radical capitalism, ran a piece advocating the selling

of Mars to private interests as a spur to exploration and colonization.

That's probably a little far from most people's sense of the reasonable, but there are commercial opportunities in space.

"Solar power...if it could be done in orbit and microwaved down to earth, could be very, very efficient," Whitehorn suggests, implying an alternative route for exploration. The moon, it seems, may also be a valuable commodity after all. He notes that it is rich in Helium-3 a possible fuel for fusion reactions. It makes the comparison between government-owned railways and private firms all the more relevant. A shuttle service owned by any one country could signify a monopoly if the day comes when the element is mined and transported.

That makes me sit up; very often, revolutionary change is brought about not by completely new technology, but established technology raised to a new scale. As the interview concludes, I have my doubts. I can't help thinking though, if there is any future for human space exploration, it lies here.



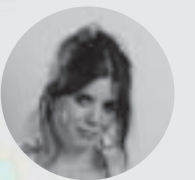
6

COX & FORKUM



The little gem

LETTICE FRANKLIN



Look dudes, take the price of your meal, multiply it by nine, minus two, add the price of your drink, take away the price of your olives, then divide all that by three!" This was the exasperated cry of one economist friend, as she watched arts student after arts student attempt and swiftly fall into whirlpools of confusion while trying to work out exactly how much we saved with our exciting Prezzo voucher.

As one of this gang of no-hopers, I love vouchers because, for the only time in a restaurant, the arrival of the bill is genuinely more exciting than the arrival of the drinks and food that follow. It is, for one thing, a total surprise, even with apparently quite easy 2 for 1 deals. I mean, can you ever be ready for the amazing deal that is Orange Wednesday?

Wednesdays in Pizza Express smell more of anticipation than of garlic butter. Awkward team-bonding dinners, double dates, etc. should always be held there and then, as - or is this just my incredibly boring conversational technique? - you can while away the hours with exclamations: "Free dough balls!" "And imagine if we went to the cinema!" and... "CAN. YOU. TEXT. YOUR. GODMOTHER'S. DAUGHTER'S. BOYFRIEND. RIGHT. NOW. AND. GET. 17. CODES?"

This last terse comment alerts you to this deal's downfall. Orange Wednesday descends to Orange Tense-day paretttt quickly. Leaving you stuck in a nightmare, a Pizza Ex(treme)stress.... And quips boasting wordplay like that are apparently not that hilarious and serve no useful purpose, thank you very much Lettice. Sigh.

To ensure your friendships, comic reputation, and - a handy bonus - path through the Pearly Gates, while still saving money, head to Michaelhouse Cafe between 2.30 and 3.30. Its customers sit peacefully in the nave, watched over by stained glass saints, enjoying, for only £3.95, generously loaded plates of daily specials, usually including quiches, casseroles, and always full of flavour and hearty goodness. Here the future's bright, in fact the future's hopefully heaven - and in the mean time, there are enough very good roast potatoes at really reasonable prices in Michaelhouse to fill a lifetime.

"These were the materials that could provide the breakthrough, at much lower cost, much lower environmental impact than large, ground-based rockets." Originally intended as a cheaper and more durable way to launch communication satellites, Whitehorn and Branson soon realized the potential for space tourism. Virgin Galactic now boasts \$10 million in deposits, five hundred bookings in total. "They're starting to get the science customers as well, Whitehorn adds. "They've

"You've been part of a helicopter search-and-rescue team...
...That'll be handy"

got a contract with NASA for sub-orbital space science, and the science research institute of Texas."

There's the question of how a private company can manage in a government dominated field. The first railway lines built across the United States were built by

The Comic Strip

LEWIS WYNN





1. My sister said she wanted cheese for her birthday



2. Valentine's Day with the English Librarians.



3. My friend at the (excellent) bread stall. Dig the hat.



4. A dubious anagram for 'Newnham is cool'.



5. Getting props ready for *The Talented Mr Ripley*.



6. Almost took out a cyclist to get this shot. Sorry!

My Cambridge Week

EMILY NEWTON
1ST YEAR, NEWNHAM

LISTINGS

Pull out and pin up on your board

Friday
17th

Saturday
18th

Sunday
19th

M

MUSIC



Opera: Venus and Adonis
THE CHAPEL, QUEENS COLLEGE 7.30PM; £3
A one off opportunity to see Blow's beautiful and bittersweet work performed in a college chapel. Part of Queens' Art Festival.

Galliard Trio
FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM 1.15- 2PM; FREE
Enjoy free music recitals in the beautiful surroundings of the Museum's galleries. A programme of Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, Poulenc, Albéniz.

Oliver P...
WEST ROAD CO...
The clarinetist... Schubert and...

FILM



Ingmar Bergman
COLERIDGE ROOM, JESUS COLLEGE 7.30PM; FREE
A screening of Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* in advance of its running at the ADC on 22nd-25th (see VIEW). Student artwork exhibited before and after the film.

Mulholland Drive
ARCHITECTURE DEPT. 7PM; FREE
David Lynch wrote and directed this look at two women who find themselves walking a fine line between truth and deception in the beautiful but dangerous netherworld of Hollywood.

The Won...
CAMBRIDGE ART...
Based on Do... Polish director... film tells the s... Tom Ricks, w... scandal costs...

TALKS

Angela Carter & de Sade
ENGLISH FAC. GR06/07 1-2PM
Clare Walker Gore argues for the centrality of The Sadeian Woman to Carter's oeuvre, and offers a reading that places it alongside her seminal collection of short stories, *The Bloody Chamber*.

The Photograph
CRIPPS THEATRE, MAGDALENE COLLEGE 2PM
A panel of practitioners and academics discuss how photography contributes to our understanding of image, alongside an opportunity to see some recent work by a leading photographer.



Forum: I...
CAMBRIDGE UN...
Can we prev... again? Your... the views of... including MP... community le...

VIEW

Moments
ADC THEATRE, LARKUM STUDIO 8PM; £5
(Until 18th Feb) The story of how a few chance encounters can impact on the rest of our lives. A play about the comfort of strangers, what we're willing to share and what we keep to ourselves.

Uneasy Dreams
CORPUS PLAYROOM 9:30PM; £5
(Last night) An adaptation of the short stories and sketches of Franz Kafka; his fables turned into a fairy-tale carnival of outcasts and grotesques.



Heard A...
THE JUNCTION...
Third Angel... a contempora... world as they... Sheffield The...

STAY IN



DVD: The Eel
Released this week. Director Shohei Imamura shows that eels are not just a tasty sushi treat, but also a symbol of the human condition. Winner of the Palme d'Or at the 1997 Cannes Film Festival.

POD: The Optimism Bias
<http://bit.ly/talisharot>
(From 19th Jan 2012) Acclaimed neuroscientist Tali Sharot visits the RSA to explain the biological bias towards optimism, and its effect on our lives and societies.

GO OUT

Book Fair
THE GUILDHALL 12-6PM; £1 ENTRY
(Until 18th Feb) The PBFA Cambridge Book Fair provides a wonderful opportunity to see and buy a wide selection of rare, antiquarian & secondhand books.



King's Affair Launch
FEZ; £3 BEFORE 11PM, £4 THEREAFTER
Presented by Body Shop. Kings Affair is renowned as the costumed antidote to the monotony of traditional May Balls. Join the countdown to ticket sales here.

Queens'
QUEEN'S COLLEGE...
(17th-22nd F... music, acous... dance, fashio...

MIND MAPS

Parker's Piece skate ramp:
I'm always there skating or chilling; it's not big but we've got to work with what we've got.

Potato Van in Market Square:
I really like potatoes, I think it's the Irish in me. Get some complex carbohydrates in y'all with a variety of toppings.

Kambar:
oh wait...
Th Q Club
Discothèque for vampires. The place to go for Industrial, Goth, Dark wave and Alternative 80s vibes. See you there.

Braybrook Bookmakers:
'You're better off betting on a horse than betting on a man. A horse may not be able to hold you tight, but he doesn't wanna wander from the stable at night' - Betty Grable

Ella Mahony-Hammond, Kings, 1st year English student..





MIXED UP
FULL MOON
MADNESS



Folk wisdom has it that the full moon brings out the lunatic side in all of us.

Sadly we'll have to wait until the 8th March to see the real thing. But don't worry, if you squint hard enough at this creamy cocktail, you'll see the moon's craters inside your very own glass.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 part Russian Vodka
- 3 parts Tia Maria
- 2 parts heavy cream
- Cherries

YOU WILL NEED

- Martini glass
- Cocktail shaker
- Ice cubes

METHOD

1. Add the vodka, coffee liqueur, cream and ice into a cocktail shaker.
2. Shake, then strain over an ice-filled glass.
3. Add a straw and decorate with the stemmed cherry.

Monday
20th

ashley
CONCERT HALL 1.10-1.55PM; FREE
st performs works by
Mozart.

Tuesday
21th

Some Enchanted Evening
ADC THEATRE 11PM; £5
CUMTS presents its Gala Night of
songs from the musicals - from the big
showstoppers to heartfelt ballads.

Wednesday
22nd



HEX
VODKA REVOLUTIONS, RM. 2; £2 GUESTLIST/ £4
Cambridge's newest and most forward-
thinking bass music collective launches
tonight, bringing electronic music to
Cambridge alongside lots and lots of
rum.

Thursday
23rd

man in the Fifth
S PICTUREHOUSE 2.20 & 6.50PM
Douglas Kennedy's novel,
or Pawel Pawlikowski's new
story of American academic
who absconds to Paris after a
him his job.



A Dangerous Method
CAMBRIDGE ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, MULTIPLE TIMES
The genesis of psychoanalysis is the
focus of director David Cronenberg's
latest offering, as Jung's mentor Sigmund
Freud isn't convinced by his student's new
method.

Carnage
CAMBRIDGE ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, MULTIPLE TIMES
Roman Polanski turns his attention to
skewering the hypocrisies of the middle
classes in this adaptation of the Yasmina
Reza's play *The God of Carnage*.

Riots
ION 7PM
ent them from happening
opportunity to challenge
a panel of frontline experts
s such as David Lammy,
aders and the police.

Etgar Keret
MILL LANE LECTURE ROOM 1, 5.30-7PM
As part of Jewish Book Week, Etgar Keret
comes to Cambridge to discuss his latest
short story collection *Suddenly, a Knock on
the Door*. He is a best-seller in Israel, and
a leading voice in Israeli cinema.

Lord David Owen
THE PARLOUR, PETERHOUSE 8PM
In the 1974 Labour government, Owen
served as Health Minister and Foreign
Secretary. He was co-founder of the
Social Democratic Party, and now sits in
the House of Lords.



about The World
BPM; £8
and Mala Voadora present
ary interpretation of the
y see it. In conjunction with
atre.

Midsummer Night's Dream
CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE 7.45PM; £23/18
Blending movement, mask-work and
new music with Shakespeare's original
text, Kate Sagovsky (RSC Season 2011)
directs Cambridge's Marlowe Society.

The Seventh Seal
ADC THEATRE 11PM; £4 (£5 FROM THURSDAY)
(Until 25th Feb). Ingmar Bergman's
stunning and highly influential film has
been adapted specifically for the ADC
stage.

Les Justes
CORPUS PLAYROOM 7PM; £5
Written by Nobel Literature Laureate
Albert Camus, this play tells the story of
a group of Russian Socialist Revolutionar-
ies as they plan to assassinate a Grand
Duke.



Shrove Tuesday
If you don't have any leftover eggs and
flour to use up before the start of Lent,
then go out and buy some. Defeats the
point, maybe, but pancake day only
comes once a year!

The Big Chill
CHETWYND ROOM, KINGS COLLEGE 11AM-5PM
Part of Cambridge Mental Health Week
(16th-22nd Feb). Free massages, yoga
classes, zumba classes, bubble-wrap,
food and music. See facebook.com/
CUmentalwealth for other events.



Art Festival
GE
(eb) Events involving classical
tic performances, film,
n, poetry and visual arts.

Exhibition: Kevin Safe
BYARD ART (ONGOING)
Kevin Safe is inspired by the vast
fields, trees, expansive landscapes and
architecture of Wiltshire and Somerset.

Jarvis Cocker
LADY MITCHELL HALL 7PM
Organised by Prof John Kinsella, Judith
E. Wilson Poetry Fellow. Hear the ex-Pulp
frontman reading his song lyrics.



BRIGHT SIDE OF THE ROAD

OLIVER REES

One of my aims in life is to never live in an irregularly shaped room again. I don't know why, but the "L" shape of the room that I currently live in just drives me crazy. I know that it is a classic first world problem, but it is strange how some people don't mind it. A friend of mine had the same room last year and loved it because it allowed her to have "chilled booze in bed" (the sink is right next to the bed in the long bit of the "L"!).

For me, though, there is something about a regularly shaped room that is safe and secure. You know exactly what's going on in a regular shaped room; it holds no surprises.



VARSLITY STOPPED SOME STUDENTS ON THE NEW MUSEUMS SITE TO ASK THEM: 'WHAT DRIVES YOU CRAZY?'

A lot of people I know aren't big fans of surprises either. Being a third year, I am obsessed by other people's futures, wondering where all my friends will be in a year's time. It is so interesting how some people are driven crazy by the fact that they don't know what they will be doing in a year, where they'll be living or who they'll be going out with. Other people are completely happy to drift and 'see what comes up.'



Though Cambridge really discourages this attitude, what with the permanent CV and future planning sessions, I think that too much planning might actually be a bad thing. One of the happiest people I know spent six years after university travelling, working and living in Paris and making new friends. He has more stories than anyone else I know under 30 (though he doesn't have a pension...!) And so it just makes you wonder: maybe surprises are a good thing, and maybe we should embrace the unknown (and "L" shaped rooms).



Pick of the Week

The People's Portraits Exhibition
Ongoing 2-4pm, Girton college; Free

In 2000, the Royal Society of Portrait Painters mounted a millennial exhibition entitled People's Portraits. The idea is to represent people from all walks of life, and thereby offer a picture of the United Kingdom as it moves from the 20th century into the 21st.

THEATRE EDITOR

Pilot
Tue 21 - Sat 25 Feb 9.30pm
Corpus Playroom; £6/ £5

A one-set, one-act comic farce. See p.18 for an exclusive *Varsity* preview with the cast.
Helen Cahill

MUSIC EDITOR

HEX - RUM'N'BASS
Thurs 23 Feb; £2 guestlist/ £4
Vodka Revolutions, Rm. 2

Five Cambridge DJs including those from Now That's What I Call Kambar, Head Honcho and others
Rory Williamson

SENIOR ARTS

The Priory
Tue 21 - Sat 25 Feb 7.45pm
ADC theatre; prices vary

Winner of the Laurence Olivier Award for 'Best New Comedy, fresh from the London stage.'
Zoe Large

Listen

RORY WILLIAMSON

I'm a miserable bastard. It's a fact I've come to accept, but the way it influences my music taste is becoming increasingly alarming: on shuffle, my iPod will quickly turn the banterous atmosphere of a 'pre-lash' into one of funereal gloom. Who needs upbeat music when you can listen to the exquisite misery of Xiu Xiu's 'Dear God, I Hate Myself'?

Indeed, it comes as no surprise that I took so immediately to the new Perfume Genius album, with its oppressive melancholia. I'm certainly not alone, though: I may take love of miserable art to extremes, but it's undeniable that we're drawn to musicians, as well as other artists, who dramatise extreme emotional struggle.

It may not even be overstating things to suggest that personal expression of this kind is almost always bound up with inner pain. Not only is the number of musicians who committed suicide alarmingly high, the stories of their mental instability fascinate us; take Ian Curtis, for example, whose troubled life has been the focus of two films in the last decade.

Why are we attracted to the artistic expression of misery? It's possible that the answer is more positive than might be expected: the creation of something beautiful from a place of desperation and instability is a powerful assertion of human strength and perseverance, something that combats the very despair it engages in.

Or maybe we're all just miserable bastards.



Keeping snobbery under raps

Dominic Kelly notes the conspicuous snubbing of rap music at the Grammys and explores the unfair dismissal of a genre that has been seeing an exciting, vital rebirth in recent years

Kanye wasn't at the Grammys on Sunday night. No, it's cool, maybe there was a clearance sale on at the Persian rug and man-skirt factory or something, but despite bagging four plaudits (all exclusively in the rap category) and once caring so much about an award he stormed a stage at the VMAs to complain about it, Mr. West was M.I.A. and gave the ceremony the middle finger.

If the Grammys felt snubbed, that discord was probably mutual. West's own morose Mellon Collie and magnum opus *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*, a record generally agreed by the music press to be not just his best but one of the best records in our lifetime, failed to be nominated for 'Album of the Year' over Bruno Mars' debut. One of them is a Hennessy and self-loathing fuelled rampage through the Guggenheim reflecting on the hamartia of hedonism. The other has the 'The Lazy Song'.

You cannot call 'foul' simply because your favourite album hasn't won. What can't be denied, though, is that award-winners are not ordained in a vacuum or purely the result of some empirical judgement. What is deemed worthy of victory and what is not says a lot about the nature of the musical zeitgeist. The fact that only once has a rap act won the big gong at the Grammys (Outkast in 2004) surely says something about how the genre is perceived critically.

That's not to say rap music never gets any critical attention. Some Guardian readers were aghast at Azealia Banks's rip-roaring game-changer '212' rightly

featuring as the runner-up of their 'Singles of 2011' rundown and nearly spat their chai all over their iPads. "How could a rap song possibly be better than Bombay Bicycle Club or some other generic unchallenging landfill indie? Bah!"

The problem with this acclaim is that, more than other genre, it is all too regularly linked to how unknown and underground the artist is. The logic is: some guy rapping outside Manor House tube station at 3am > than anyone with a record deal. Appreciat-

'The problem is that a significant proportion of the public still treat rap music as a fast-food genre, devoid of any real substance or artistry'

ing rap music in this way only acts as a boost to one's own credibility and the artist gets chucked away as soon as they attain any real success.

One individual who does admittedly get wheelbarrows full of praise is Gregg Gillis, aka Girl Talk. Girl Talk, to the uninitiated, takes rap music and sanitises it for the 'hipster' populous, mixing and gentrifying it with rock so that middle-class boys and girls can get their rocks off, perhaps hoping it'll provide them with some 'edge'. There is no love for the source material here, just 'irony' - that cynical, snobbish, loveless



Azealia Banks is driven to extreme measures by the Guardian readers' outrage

substance as sticky as the dilapidated dance-floors those brogues shuffle on.

But even this isn't as condescending as when an artist deservedly receives kudos and it's written off as novelty. Ghostpoet, who played a barnstorming gig at Anglia Ruskin on Monday, was nominated for the prestigious Mercury Music Prize last autumn for his debut *Peanut Butter Blues and Melancholy Jam*. His work was nominated because it's a left-field, ephemeral, heart-wrenchingly honest hoard of tracks that no one else in the British music scene would have dared to produce at the time. Despite what an alarming number of journalists said, his nomination was not a token gesture, it was well deserved.

The rap scene doesn't need pity; it's arguably in the staunchest health it has ever been in. Tentatively leaving

the shackles of gangsta rap behind, it's rediscovering its identity - it's vital and self-aware. Two of its brightest hopes are A\$AP Rocky and the aforementioned Azealia Banks, both of whom release their highly anticipated full-length debuts this year.

So why isn't rap deemed suitable to win major crossover awards yet?

I think it's related to what Raymond Williams wrote about academia refusing to accept "culture being ordinary" - maybe judges still have a dichotomy between 'culture' and 'streets' instilled in their mind. The problem is that a significant proportion of the public still treat rap music as a fast-food genre, devoid of any real substance or artistry. But rap is changing; the current scene's evolution is the equivalent of Dylan going electric. The times they are a-changing.

"If it doesn't have the majestic sound of previous records, it lacks the spontaneous energy of rock"

●●● Shearwater are working within a certain kind of ornithological-themed indie that makes much of a romanticised account of the natural world, and the approximation of folk traditions which comes along with it.

Of course, I exaggerate a little the specificity of the generic boundaries into which they fit; the point is that, despite a measure of variation, Shearwater's sound feels unmistakably generic.

Animal Joy

Shearwater
★★★★★

This is not a good thing, but rather creates the impression that Shearwater's sound has had its day; it belongs to the late noughties, the time of their acclaimed *Island Arc* albums.

Of course, this wouldn't matter if *Animal Joy* were an assured enough effort, but alas. Many tracks, such as opener 'Animal Life', or 'Pushing The River', show the band's aptitude for intricate instrumentation, and yet the

majority of the songs make very little of this. Despite subtle piano and bass interactions, and clever yet understated percussion, the final product ends up neither original nor inspiring.

The exceptions are 'Insolence' and 'Run Down The Banner'. These tracks have much sparser arrangements than the rest of the album, and as such manage to pull off a romantic, other-worldly melancholy that the others hint at but never effectively reach.

The band claimed that *Animal Joy* was going to mark a move towards their rockier side, and I think the success of these two more low-key songs demonstrates that this would be ill-advised. If it doesn't have the majestic sound of previous records, it lacks the spontaneous energy of rock.

This sums up the experience of listening to the album: though well constructed and technically adept, it is entirely unsurprising. *Joey Frances*



"Mike Hadreas produces songs of startling, aching beauty in the face of emotional anxiety and pain"

●●● *Learning*, Mike Hadreas's 2010 debut as Perfume Genius, dropped silently from nowhere but pulled anyone who heard it into a harrowing journey of abuse, isolation and loss. It was a record that was simultaneously intimate and distant: the lo-fi production and swathes of brooding synth created an effect similar to hearing whispered confessions through radio static, at once obscured and searingly direct.

Put Your Back N 2 It

Perfume Genius
★★★★★

Put Your Back N 2 It begins in a similar vein, with the delicate vocal of 'Awol Marine' muffled by the production before being consumed by a gradually increasing haze of electric guitar. On the next song, however, things change; in what seems to be a purging of his previous work's cloaked, murky sound, Hadreas's voice sounds unsettlingly close and clear as he entreats us to "hold my hand" backed only by gently plucked acoustic guitar.

This is indicative of a growth that is present throughout the record: there is a marked increase in confidence both melodically and instrumentally. Many of the songs on *Learning* sounded so slight and fragile that it seemed they might splinter into a thousand fragments at any moment; *Put Your Back N 2 It* sees his compositions take on a more robust form by way of subtle instrumental embellishments and a more assured vocal performance.

That being said, this record is not too radical a departure: the songs here are still built around delicately repeated piano figures and a voice imbued with

the same tender grace as Sufjan Stevens. The tone also remains relentlessly melancholic, such as on the stunning '17': heavy, mournful cello strains beneath a trembling delivery, while a reverberating drum beat occasionally echoes in the darkness.

This introduction of percussive elements is perhaps the most striking addition to Perfume Genius's sound, giving a dynamic drive to songs like 'Hood'. *Learning* cuts like the ambient wailing of 'Gay Angels' cultivated a kind of oppressive stasis that is thrown into relief here, a progression that sees a corresponding movement emotionally as Hadreas resolves to love fully and "fight not to do you wrong."

'Hood', the lead single from the record, generated an ironic controversy that adds weight to the lyrical defiance of internalised homophobia on preceding track 'All Waters': its video, which features two topless men embracing, was banned from Youtube for not being "family safe."

This censorship renders the assertion of increased comfort in his sexuality that colours many of Hadreas's lyrics all the more resonant. On songs like the title track, he crafts a kind of beauty from sexual explicitness; frank and tender, he celebrates the fragility and closeness of two exposed bodies, maintaining "there is still grace in this."

Put Your Back N 2 It, then, still has the redemptive spirit of *Learning*; Mike Hadreas produces songs of startling, aching beauty in the face of emotional anxiety and pain.

A restorative triumph.
Rory Williamson

Hypnotic Brass Ensemble
HYPNOTIC BRASS ENSEMBLE (2009)

For today, no bass, no guitars, no piano, just a load of horns and a sturdy percussive backbone. A great counter for those week 5 blues: the Hypnotic debut is one of delightful bluesy simplicity, impressive musicianship and enticing grooves, with meticulously upheld intensity throughout. Mind stimulating or complex, perhaps not. But few albums make me tap my foot so aggressively. Truth be told, it's a little scary. *Theo Evan*



Secret Name
LOW (1999)

Often overlooked in favour of the more accessible *Things We Lost in the Fire*, Low's fourth record is perhaps the fragile pinnacle of their expansive oeuvre of slow, brooding beauty. Mimi takes the lead on many of these songs, lending an unspeakably mournful clarity to songs like 'Two Step' and the, stunning claustrophobia of 'Weight of Water.' The pace is resolutely slow, but every chord, every word, strikes with masterful precision. *Rory Williamson*

Out of this world, all in our heads?

Frederic Heath-Renn argues that science fiction tests the limits of what can be imagined

Writing a defence of science fiction's ability to be literary feels rather like writing one of those features that pops up in newspapers every so often, inevitably headlined something along the lines of "Biff! Zap! Pow! Comics aren't just for kids any more". We've had *Maus*, we've had *Watchmen*, we've had *Tintin in Tibet*: surely it's an accepted fact by now that comics are, as the new Oxbridge collaborative magazine puts it, 'the 9th Art' (between television and, presumably, video games).

Similarly, should anyone question the capability of science fiction and fantasy to produce classic novels discussing the human condition, it feels unnecessary to argue. You could simply gesture in the direction of *The Left Hand of Darkness* or *Brave New World* and let them work it out for themselves. But the problem with this approach is that it encourages the idea of a divide between literary and genre fiction - that LeGuin and Huxley transcended the boundaries of SFF and wrote actual proper books instead. It's this idea which leads to such ridiculousness as Salman Rushdie's and Jorge Luis Borges' work being classified as 'magic realism', when if *Midnight's Children* and the magnificent "*The Secret Miracle*" aren't fantasy, I don't know what is.

In all genres, of course, there is some division between 'proper' novels and populist pulps dashed out for airports. After all, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle got a knighthood,

while Dan Brown has to comfort himself with a lot of money. But in SFF this divide is felt more keenly than in other genres. It's a great shame, because even the most conventional speculative fiction has a unique ability to interrogate what it means to be human. Whereas Philip Roth and Doris Lessing have to limit themselves to writing about ordinary humans in order to discover how humanity functions, the auspices of science fiction and fantasy allow the writer to come at the question from the other end. By throwing an ordinary person

into sharp relief against an alien, a creature from another world, they can explore the difference between them, and ask what it is that makes one human and the other not - as in J. F. Bone's *The Lani People*, which addresses whether there is any way to distinguish between the human and the merely near-human. This is perhaps one of the more obvious ways in which genre fiction can make important points about our existence, but is by no means the only one. Much genre SFF may seem oddly philosophical to the inexperienced

reader. Take James Blish's *The Quincunx of Time*, for instance, which uses the conceit of advanced technology to examine predestination, free will, and related questions in ways that even we without our future-predicting devices can appreciate. Because of its tendency to depart from the real world, SFF is uniquely placed to deliver ideas to the reader without the difficulty of expressing them within the constraints of reality. And thanks to its well-developed and well-known conventions, genre SFF is also brilliantly able to play with the idea of

'Is there any way to distinguish between the human and the merely near-human?'

fiction itself: Diana Wynne Jones was well aware of the clichés of fantasy, which is why in *Howl's Moving Castle* she was able to subvert them to such great effect.

So, while there's little doubt that some science fiction and fantasy novels are as 'deep and meaningful' as standard literary works, I'd like to see more consideration of the good work of questioning and interrogation that even more outwardly rote and conventional books do. Even the most fantastical of SFF books were written by humans, after all, and we are very good at talking about ourselves, even - or especially - when pretending not to.

● Frederic Heath-Renn is magazine editor for CUSFS



CHARLOTTE BELAMY

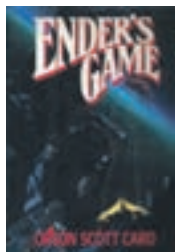
Read
CHARLOTTE KEITH



A gloomy city, dark towers reaching to the sky, hundreds of people crowded into high-speed transport-capsules. Each one is hunched over some device, enthralled; they do not see the city flash past outside, they are elsewhere. Within each device is a universe of almost infinite possibility; an alternative reality partially created and sustained by the hunched-over figure. For each person, this otherworld is entirely real - until suddenly, the device is snapped shut, that reality, postponed, but still there, inside the device, awaiting re-activation... I clearly should not become a SF author. This description of 'reading on the tube', however, was intended to demonstrate how mind-boggling the idea of the book actually is. Time-travel has always been possible for readers. Literature depends on the brain's capacity to embrace an alternative reality, be it Austen's drawing room or Alpha Centauri. 'Cognitive immersion', in scientific parlance. To read is to be someone else, somewhere else, but also more (most?) fully oneself. To leave 'reality' behind and entertain a writer's delusions. As Philip K Dick said, "It's not just 'What if' - it's 'My God; what if' - in frenzy and hysteria. The martians are always coming."



"Will a wonderful novel be remembered in popular imagination as a mediocre film?"



Ender's Game by Orson Scott Card:
how will the film turn out?

●●●A modern conundrum for bookworms everywhere: how is a reader supposed to react upon discovering that one of their favourite novels is next in line for a Hollywood adaptation? My own reaction to learning about the intended film version of Orson Scott Card's classic sci-fi novel *Ender's Game* lay somewhere in a no-man's-land between ecstatic happiness and cartoonish horror. The author's involvement in the screenplay, and the news that Harrison Ford has been cast in a major role, allows for some cautious optimism. However, the fact that the same film company also produced the *Twilight* series - not to mention that the director's most recent cinematic effort was *X-Men Origins: Wolverine* - fills me with the dread of an android who has just been asked to empathise. Card's skilled combination of convincingly human characters with a beautifully imagined alternate future is not easily replicated. And I cannot quite shake the fear that what I have long considered a wonderful novel will be remembered in popular imagination as a mediocre film.

Our premise is this: Earth's military races against time to train exceptional children for an imminent conflict against vicious alien aggressors. Six-year-old Ender is the most gifted of these children; and, with humanity's hopes of survival resting on his shoulders, he has to suffer through the most brutal training program in the galaxy. So far, so low-budget B-movie. I fully admit that my synopsis - like every other summary I have seen of *Ender's Game* - fails to do justice to the ambitious scope and devastating emotional impact of Card's novel.

It is a description which highlights (due to plot necessity) the fact that *Ender's Game* is science fiction - Alien invaders! A Chosen One! Battles in space! - but entirely bypasses the concern for humanity which is at the heart of the novel. Never let it be said that I don't appreciate the 'science' of science fiction. But it is, to my mind, recognisable human behaviour in an imagined setting which gives sci-fi so much of its ability to engage. It would be all too easy for a film to focus on special-effects depictions of technology, but to neglect the emotional implications: a process that would completely destroy the delicate balance which Card has achieved in *Ender's Game*.

In summarising the novel, perhaps I would do better simply to write that *Ender's Game* does not encourage apathy. Although not lacking in critical accolades, it has been frequently disparaged for its portrayal of violence involving - and often instigated by - young children. Ender, half innocent child, half psychopathic soldier, can never have a happy ending in a peaceful society.

I always finish *Ender's Game* unsure of where my loyalties lie. These ambiguities and contradictions make the novel truly exceptional science fiction, but are, I fear, difficult to interpret through film, and a hard sell to a cinema audience. To return to my original question: how does one react to news of an adaptation of a much-loved book? My plan is to hope that the film remains true in some measure to the spirit of the original, and to try not to take it too personally when the inevitable changes are made. Wish me luck.

Grace Mitchell



Philip K Dick:
A Sci-fi original,
20 years on

●●●2nd March marks the twentieth anniversary of the death of Philip K Dick: sci-fi visionary, literary genius, prophet of the postmodern, and sometime drug addict and schizophrenic.

The legacy of PKD's, light-years (!) ahead of everyone else, has informed and inspired, in sci-fi and beyond, since his work was first published in the early 1950s. The concepts he introduced into the genre are so fundamental and so foundational that they are today almost sci-fi cliché.

Dick's writing is endlessly self-reflexive, treating time and memory as spatial rather than linear phenomena. Postmodernism at its finest: unsettling, thought-provoking, and relentlessly mind-bending. The much-loved *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (which sci-fi fans everywhere

neo-noir, dark-deco, grime-light: the staples of modern science fiction"

know as the inspiration for Ridley Scott's *Bladerunner*) asks whether robots designed to mimic humans can experience humanity themselves. Can a counterfeit be better than the original? And what is reality, anyway?

As one character in the novel says, "Everything is true. Everything anybody has ever thought". If the word 'trippy' springs to mind, you'd be entirely right. "Fish cannot carry guns"; "it is sometimes an appropriate response to reality to go insane". And at times, he actually did.

It is testament to his sheer creativity that, he managed to synthesise neo-noir, dark-deco grime-light concepts so well that they have become staples which modern sci-fi, in literature and film, could not do without.

Yaz Jung

POET'S CORNER

The Time Correction Ministry had another complaint today. "My son was stabbed! How can this happen? You are using taxpayers' money to stab my son!" The minister replied coolly, "Everything in history has been corrected in the best interests of everyone in the United European Kingdom." The woman was undeterred. "Well, it's not my best interests, nor my son's. It's a disgrace." The minister sighed and turned to his assistant. "Wilkins, could you correct this for Mrs Browson?" Wilkins nodded, and the woman was no longer there. "Well, that was one way of solving the problem." "What problem?" said Wilkins.

Robert Gowers


Watch
INDIA ROSS

Why is 3D cinema such a joke? In a flourish of luck and laziness, I stoop to the lowest common denominator: discussing an essay. Fortunately, on a course which is half as hard and thus twice as interesting as most, such a question – articulated a little better – is a legitimate object of study.

The turbulent popularity of 3D has polarised opinion. *Avatar*, the most successful and most over-rated picture in history, seems to have burst the bubble it created. With dwindling ticket sales, and damnation from critics (Roger Ebert finally put his foot down: “3D doesn’t work with our brains and it never will”), it looks as though the world just wasn’t ready.

Leaving the cinema with nothing but a headache and a repulsive pair of glasses, I’m inclined to agree, and yet history points elsewhere. Charlie Chaplin argued that the talkies would “defeat the meaning of the screen”. Genius aside, that one was a swing and a miss.

For a generation where virtual escapism is the new black, where a Facebook friend is better than the real thing, one can only assume that the fourth wall is waiting to be broken. Spielberg is reportedly developing ‘3D minus the glasses’, in which case, we’re all going back through the looking glass.



The winner takes the biscuit

Alice Bolland on *The Artist*’s Bafta domination, the decline of the underdog and Meryl Streep’s shoe

Last Sunday, film enthusiasts everywhere gathered eagerly in anticipation of one of the biggest film events of the year, the 2012 Bafta ceremony.

This year it was hosted by an impeccably dressed Stephen Fry, complete with Queen’s College bow tie, churning out the puns like there was no tomorrow. Needless to say, everyone looked uber glam: frequent close ups of George Clooney were greatly appreciated – thanks Bafta cameraman – and Penelope Cruz, despite the dress (which, as a friend of mine pointed out, looked like she was “wrapped in a napkin”) you’re still my #1 girl crush. Located at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, the evening went pretty smoothly. Even the awkwardness of Meryl Streep’s shoe falling off was transformed into a magical moment when the delightful Colin Firth swooped in, the gentleman that (I assume) he is, and replaced it a la fairytale prince.

The nominations, as ever, have been

BAFTAS IN BRIEF

Best Film: *The Artist*

Best Director: Michel Hazanavicius

Best Actor: Jean Dujardin

Best Actress: Meryl Streep

Best British Film: *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*

a source of great discussion. Nominees for best film are always contentious, given the myriad of possibilities each year. Last year *The King’s Speech* snatched the top prize (alongside other awards) over, I would argue, much more sophisticated films, cashing in on its star-studded cast and over-

‘Bafta may be trading in their integrity for glitz and glamour’

all appeal as a good, clean family fun piece of schmaltz. And, yes, it is good film. It’s just a shame that other perhaps lesser known or less widely distributed films will never have a chance of winning, despite the fact that, in the best film category, box office takings should not be the only criterion.

In the past, Bafta have remained pretty good at providing an admirably wide-ranging overview of the film industry’s output: now it seems that they may be trading in their integrity for the glitz



The Artist picked up Best Film, Best Director and Best Actor at the BAFTAs

and glamour we would expect from more showbiz affairs like the Oscars, thus losing their focus on the films which rely upon them for recognition.

This year’s teacher’s pet was *The Artist*. Again, a very good film, and impressive that the winner of not only best film, but pretty much every other award (slight exaggeration) went to a black-and-white silent movie. But it seems that a number of much better films – “better” obviously being a very subjective term – were not even nominated in the category.

There are a staggering number of films from the past year which have impressed me a great deal more than *The Artist* did: I was sad to see no mention of *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*, *Tyrannosaur*, *Submarine*, *The Skin I Live In* or *We Need to Talk about Kevin* in the best film category. Granted most of these appeared elsewhere: *Tyrannosaur* took outstanding debut, and *The Skin I Live In* won best film not in the English language.

It still seems that Bafta were essentially playing it a bit safe, nominating only big-budget and big-name films for the most coveted award. Saying this, it was nice to see wild card *Drive* nominated despite its risqué content; it didn’t win of course, but the sentiment was there.



A STRINGER

An old-fashioned ghost story which highlights the power of the unseen in genre reliant on gore



The Woman in Black

James Watkins
★★★★★

●●● The newly-revamped Hammer studios has returned, post-Harry Potter Daniel Radcliffe in tow, with a James Watkins-directed adaptation of Susan Hill’s much lauded novel, *Woman in Black*.

It’s hardly subtle or scant in its shocks, exhausting almost every scare a crumbling gothic mansion could offer: squeaking chairs and doors, warped toys and lingering shadows, but it’s a solid, rollicking, old-fashioned ghost story, which, in its more effective moments, highlights the power of the unseen in a genre so often reliant on overt gore.

Radcliffe was never especially convincing as socially awkward but well-meaning schoolboy Potter, a role in which he essentially played himself. Nevertheless, he manages fairly ably here as tight-lipped Arthur Kipp, a recently-widowed solicitor sent to the isolated Eel Marsh House to rummage

through the papers of the former occupant. As if foreboding music and gloomy visuals weren’t warning enough, his arrival is heralded by a barrage of hostile locals whispering ominously about child deaths and strange female apparitions. So far, so *Ghost Hunters*; inventive and nuanced filmmaking this ain’t.

Characters remain largely undeveloped and Kipp insists on continuing the fifty year tradition of horror protagonists by going into all the particularly creepy rooms, but it’s little matter because the mixing pot of classic Hammer twists and turns ensure it’s constantly entertaining and occasionally edge-of-seat spooky.

Watkins manages to make great use of space and sound – slow panning cameras reveal hidden figures, and soft backing music creates an eerie melancholic atmosphere. The only real problem is an alteration in ending offering an unnecessarily syrupy and grating resolution.

In spite of all the overused horror gambits, *The Woman in Black* is a surprisingly refreshing and enjoyable watch and hopefully will herald a larger output from the once great Hammer studios.

The more pressing matter for much of the audience will be the career of another great cinematic institution, the formidable Radcliffe. Luckily for them, this more mature, if entirely unchallenging, role will probably ensure that his sultry self remains on our screens for a while longer. *Abby Kearney*

● *The Woman in Black* is currently showing at the Arts Picturehouse



Radcliffe does post-Potter angst in *The Woman in Black*

GOING GLOBAL GERMANY

FILM: *The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser*
DIRECTOR: Werner Herzog
YEAR: 1974

In keeping with this week’s theme of madness it seems apt to revisit this weird and wonderful film from arguably the best German director, Werner Herzog.

The film is a remarkable study of humankind, delivered in a bizarre manner so stereotypical of the - slightly mad himself - Herzog. In 1828, the eponymous Kaspar Hauser, having lived the first 17 years of his life in confinement, was released into society with absolutely no concept of social interaction or behaviour.

He immediately became an object of curiosity and mockery, a figure both empathetic and unfathomable.

Though the events are true, the film has a surreal sense, as he explores the boundaries between reality and fantasy through the child-like character.

It is quite an intense watch, and utterly incomparable to anything else that I’ve ever seen; nonetheless an outstanding contribution to European cinema. *Alice Bolland*

Cine-file

MADNESS

Polanski, Lynch, Hitchcock are, to my mind, the masters of madness in the movies. Sitting through a screening of *The Tenant*, Polanski, both protagonist and director, displays his ability to manoeuvre in this tricky genre.

As in the other mid-career works, *Repulsion* and *Rosemary’s Baby*, a clear concept of madness is derived from intense claustrophobia as an audience struggles to get to grips with an apparently ‘happy’ and ‘normal’ character descending into madness. Polanski creates a platform for thrilling cinematic moments: knife raised in air ‘eee-eee-eee’ kinda thing.

The master of the simple thrill crown has to go to Hitchcock however. The



notorious shower scene is so for good reason. Anthony Perkins alongside Janet Leigh is brilliant: sexy city girl vs never-been-kissed (ex) mummy’s boy.

That brings me to Lynch, a modern master of crazy. I don’t think anyone really knows where all his bonkers comes from, but my god it’s good. His concoction of strange languages and blurred realities is something that appears again in *Mulholland Drive*, and like Hitchcock’s regular Bernard Herman accompaniment, Lynch relies on Angelo Badalamenti for a haunting soundtrack. *Tom Hart*
MULHOLLAND DRIVE WILL BE SCREENED FOR FREE ON 20TH FEBRUARY, 7PM, ARCHITECTURE DEPARTMENT

Further Madness: *Fire Walk With Me* (David Lynch, 1992), *Blue Velvet* (David Lynch, 1986), *Pie* (Darren Aronofsky, 1998), *Vertigo* (Alfred Hitchcock, 1958), *Twin Peaks* (Series, David Lynch, 1990)

Take a Chance on Me (or Cage)

Anna Souter takes a look at the importance of losing control in music and art

In primary school, one of my teacher's favourite methods for quietening a class of giggling girls was to put on a piece of classical music and tell us to interpret it in another medium. My medium of choice was crayon. Chewing thoughtfully on an empty ink cartridge, I would slowly draw my chosen colour across the paper, switching crayons at cadences and drawing increasingly feverishly until the music reached a climax.

Looking down, I was presented with a wax-encrusted piece of paper, brown from the confluence of my inspired colour choices. As it turns out, Tchaikovsky's *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy* is too complex to be condensed onto a single piece of paper.

Other artists have more successfully attempted to represent the meeting-points of art and music. One of these artists is John Cage, whose centennial falls this year. Cage will go down in history as an exponent of experimental music; his controversial '4'33'' will probably prove polemical for musicologists for the next hundred years.

However, Cage's talents were not limited to music; he was in many ways a Renaissance man living in the twentieth century. Philosopher, artist, poet, composer and (strangely enough) mycologist: his extensive work sheds light on a cross-section of twentieth-century culture.

Cage will be remembered particularly for his experiments with chance. In 1950, he received a copy of the ancient Chinese text, *I Ching*. The book contains a system of divination in which outcomes are determined solely by chance. Cage employed this system to compose his *Music of Changes* (1951), using chance to decide on the pitch and length of each note. He simplified the Chinese system into one determined first by tossing a coin, and later by a computer program generating random figures.

In the late '70s, Cage began to create prints for the Crown Point Press, despite having little formal artistic training.

Many of these also owe their composition to factors of chance. In a series of prints based on Zen gardens in Japan, he takes fifteen small stones and arranges them within a grid according to the random generations of his computer program. Drawing round the stones, he creates an impression of carefully contained chaos.

Cage's experiments with chance appealed to another great artist of the Twentieth century, Gerhard Richter. Whilst the two men never met, they were equally impressed with one another's work. Richter's masterly series of paintings entitled *Cage* pays testament to their mutual artistic and intellectual respect.

The Tate Modern's recent retrospective for Richter, *Panorama*, seems to take pains to highlight the artist's reliance on source materials for his paintings. These sources range from photographs, other artists and

'A cross-section of twentieth-century culture'

artistic movements to the paint colour charts found in DIY shops.

The humble origins of the latter didn't prevent it from inspiring a series of paintings made around the time Cage joined the Crown Point Press. These works are created from a number of individually painted ceramic tiles arranged on a grid according to chance, using a computerised generator much like Cage's.

Richter revived this technique more recently when, in 2007, he created his masterpiece *4900 Colours*. The work consists, as you might expect, of 4900 colours, all differing slightly in shade and tone; even the most artistic eye would be hard pressed to



GERHARD RICHTER - JASON KOTIKE/STUDIO INTERNATIONAL

Richter's 'Cage' Series - "one of the most exciting artistic offerings so far this century"

distinguish every separate colour.

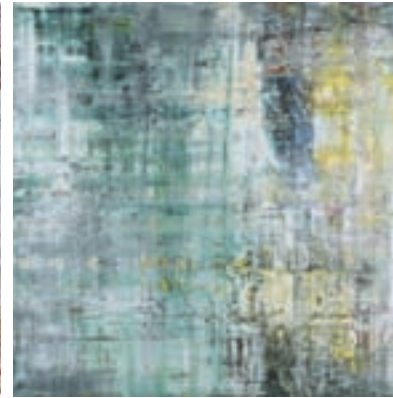
He invites the viewer to consider the juxtaposition of colours, demonstrating how our perception of a pigment changes according to its context.

Richter also makes more subtle use of chance throughout the canon of his work. His *Cage* (2006) series is arguably not only his best work but one of the most exciting artistic offerings so far this century.

The paintings are created by building up layers of paint with a squeegee. As a disclaimer, this is a technical term. It has always amazed and delighted me that such grown-up art can be created with such a silly-sounding tool. The squeegee drags one colour over another semi-dry layer of paint.

Richter can't know what effect the interaction of the pigments will have; in some areas the paint will be built up thickly, in others the squeegee will scrape away a layer instead of adding one. Although the artist controls the choice of colour, chance plays a crucial role in the composition.

Richter painted the series whilst listening to Cage's music, but there is no direct



correlation to a specific piece. For me, the paintings best represent Cage's 'silent' piece, '4'33'. Of course, the point of this work is not the absence of music, but the ambient noises you hear in the supposedly 'silent' auditorium: the shuffling of programs, the scraping of a chair, a muffled cough. No two performances of this piece will be exactly alike.

The abstract nature of the Cage series forces the viewer to pay close attention to the paint itself, to the method of artistic composition. The blurred greys and reds call to mind sound waves; the viewer gets an acute sense of awareness as the paint washes over their consciousness.

For Richter, as for Cage, there is always an element of chance in art. No matter how painstakingly the process of composition is controlled, the finished product is never quite that, finished. Each time you view a painting or listen to a piece of music, the experience is slightly different.

The indeterminate elements of everyday life spill over into our experience of art and we find ourselves, like the artist, taking a chance.

Look
HOLLY GUPTA

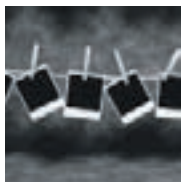


A few years ago, a dark, derelict dairy in Camden was transformed into 'The Museum of Everything'. London's first ever space for artists and creators living outside our modern society met with huge critical acclaim. Time Out listed it in its 'Best of 2009'; Tim Griffin, the then editor of Art Forum, described it as highlighting the 'relevant systematic instability' of art itself (whatever that means).

The consensus seemed to be that it was good because the work was fresh, diverse and unfamiliar. This strangeness made it playfully ambiguous: as you walked round, it became clear that no-one knew quite what to make of it. But unlike in a conventional gallery space, no-one was ashamed. The effect of looking at a series of wrapped wool, yarn and thread ensembles made by a woman with no art education who spend most of her life in institutional custody is liberating, because there are no expectations of how you are supposed to think about or see it. The same might be said of the paintings of Forrest Bess, a hermaphrodite, hermit and fisherman, the patterns of which seem to reveal immediately recognisable truths.

We would probably enjoy looking at art more if we always approached it in this way, without the sense that the artist/gallery/other viewers have some kind of privileged insight. Which they might do, but who cares, and what does that even mean anyway? This, I think, was partly what Griffin was trying say.

That you can see what you want, within the context of your own experience, seems to have been forgotten. It's all in your mind.



Prospective buyers were met not with a typical art gallery... But then I quite liked that - this wasn't an exhibition, but a warehouse sale"

The Cambridge Affordable Art Fair

Trinity College 11-12 February

Following a Kafkaesque path down to the vaguely named 'Party Room' of Trinity's grim Wolfson building, prospective buyers were not met with a typical art gallery. Or by a space that looked like anything was intended to be seen. But then I quite liked that - this wasn't an 'exhibition', but a warehouse sale, with pieces tacked up only until they found someone willing to buy

them.

The photographs which made up most of the merchandise were hung up on clothes rails which made sifting through them feel like a quiet day at TK Maxx, but also suggested work-in-progress hanging in a darkroom: a fitting place to find the work of artists-in-progress.

Some of the pieces' derivative nature was only to be expected from young part-time practitioners. There was a nice collage in the synthetic cubist

vain and a couple Warhol imitations superimposing Obama's face onto dancing silhouettes over garish backgrounds with political, anti-political or ironical intent, presumably. Some of the work to be seen looked like standard art-teacher-at-middle-ranking-girls'-school-led GCSE fare. Some pieces, consequently - a series of misty little prints roughly dotted around on surfaces for the viewer to handle, highlighting their delicacy - stood out with keen subtlety.

But photography's the medium to which the artist-student has apparently laced itself. Pretty prints of pretty people and places provided the mainstay.

In some cases I was hard-pressed to differentiate between the artwork on display here and your average snaps of sunsets, old buildings or moody looking trendies. Some caught a very nice atmosphere - many would look elegant bound on a coffee table, many would also be happily set as a desktop background.

But it was, as the venue advertised, 'Affordable'. Looking at a pretty person you don't know on your wall is probably worth £7, all things considered. And judging by the number of red dots even early on Saturday afternoon, there is, apparently, a very much extant art market. That, in this climate, is encouraging. Joe Roberts



...Preoccupied with the variety in grey"

The poet John Kinsella has worn only black clothing since 1995. "I've always perceived grey as active, rather than inactive", he explained. Tending to treat grey, in all its shades, as one multi-purpose descriptor, Kinsella added that it has featured throughout his career. From this standpoint he enacted his role as writer in the trio of writer,

painter and curator who assembled to discuss monochrome in art.

Christopher Cook, contributor to the exhibition with his work 'Drivetime', was preoccupied with the variety within grey. For example, he recounted

how, after being disappointed by the grey produced through mixing black and white, he transitioned to a combination of blue and orange, which, Cook says, produces a richer finish.

It was one of many occasions on which Cook and Kinsella related highly personal accounts of their relationship with monochrome. Cook recounted an epiphany he experienced whilst doodling in the sparkly sand on the banks of the river Ganges - "the sun threw shadow from the peaks into the troughs of the sand".

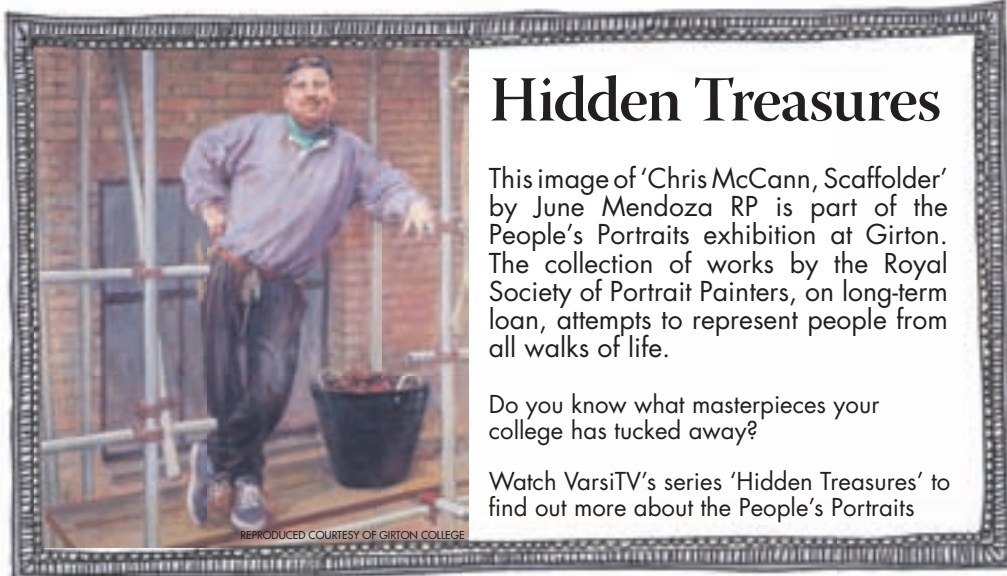
Artist and writer united at the end of the hour to express indignation at Richter's statement that "grey, the absence of opinion, evokes neither feelings nor associations". Timothy Benger

Hidden Treasures

This image of 'Chris McCann, Scaffolder' by June Mendoza RP is part of the People's Portraits exhibition at Girton. The collection of works by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, on long-term loan, attempts to represent people from all walks of life.

Do you know what masterpieces your college has tucked away?

Watch VarsTV's series 'Hidden Treasures' to find out more about the People's Portraits



REPRODUCED COURTESY OF GIRTON COLLEGE

Playground

HELEN CAHILL

For me, communicating ideas isn't all about ensuring people understand them. It's as much about advertising my burgeoning lexical library. I can't approach a blank page unless I'm armed with a thesaurus, and the thought that anyone would review the finished product without itching for a dictionary frankly distresses me.

Long, clunky sentences do mean that if the reader does not possess preternatural powers of focus and concentration – of a standard comparable to, say, an *Aquila* eagle training on a temeritous field mouse, or nimble mountain vole – they will be left a little cranially exhausted. I apologise if crafting my arguments so ornately leaves some people feeling insecure or nauseous. I ask you this, however, is the cortical real-estate of such people really worth bartering for?

If staring at small print for longer than it takes to actually read it means that you lay down your valuable copy of *Varsity* this week, then, I implore you, reconsider whether you should be in higher education. I obviously seek to emulate my Professors in everything I do, so there's no reason why *Playground* shouldn't be as complexly constructed as an academic essay.

Why should I ever bring pen to paper without successfully promulgating my lingual dexterity and resourcefulness (and trust me, I have to be incredibly resourceful)? *Cui bono*? Only those bereft of a unacceptable level anopisthographical endurance, something that I can't say I regret.

I intend ensure all my creative efforts are impressive, regardless of who has the capacity to appreciate what my writing actually means. If anything, my approach functions as a useful quality control on my fan-body.



Piloting the Playrooms

Richard Stockwell interviews Adam Lawrence about next week's Corpus lateshow, *Pilot*

Who is Ben Rowse? He doesn't show up to the interview, but thankfully Adam Lawrence, playing the title role in Ben's original, one-act, comic farce is here to tell me.

Despite it being his fourth year in Cambridge, *Pilot* is Ben's first foray into the theatre scene. The idea for this play has been brewing for some time, and the backing of Adam's Footlights experience may have been what set his confidence issues aside at

'Pilot applies a deadpan style to a series of very surreal situations.'

last. After acting in the 2010 Spring Revue, *People Watching*, written by Ben Ashenden, Mark Fiddaman and Alex Owen, Adam had the "amazing opportunity" of performing with them in last summer's Footlight's Tour Show, *Pretty Little Panic*. Adam tells me the trio are flying in London, and he would love to work with them in the future.

However, his attention is now not on sketches but a farce. *Pilot* applies a deadpan style to a series of very surreal situations. He says the writing is a great help in this, creating a succession of scenarios that feel like a natural progression, when the whole

thing is actually quite bizarre. The play uses only one set and is all one scene, which Adam shares with Dom Biddle and Ben Pope. He is complimentary about both, and is inspired by their dedication and professionalism. He doesn't see the differences in age and experience as a problem: "I'm learning more from them."

A Corpus lateshow slot is exactly right for this show. The Playrooms provide an intimate, cool atmosphere that will have the audience feeling like they're "in the cockpit with us". Now managed by the ADC, the venue has a much higher profile than when Adam first performed there.

He recalls an opening night with an audience of two – the lead's best friend and a *Varsity* reviewer. While he had his reservations about the management switch – concerned they might "stick a McDonalds in there" – he feels that far from selling out, the Playrooms remain as cosy as ever.

It is only three days since the first rehearsal, though not due to the comfy prospect of the Playrooms. Ben wanted to spend more time perfecting the script, but Adam doesn't think that having a shorter amount of time to rehearse is a bad thing. It will give the cast an ideal amount of time for the play to still be fresh come opening night – any longer and there would be "a risk of losing the fizz of tension". I look forward to the bubbles still being there on Tuesday week.

● *Pilot* will be showing in the Corpus Christi Playroom from Tues 21st - Sat 25th Feb (£5/£6)



Writing about writing

Jack Belloli talks to Nathan Gower, Oliver Marsh and Zoe Tomalin about why they're keen to poke some fun at their own creative process in their new sketch show *Write-Offs*

Great theatrical innovations are the product of focus, patience and calm rational thinking – or, occasionally, a fifteen-minute caffeine-fuelled chat in Indigo's.

Nathan Gower and Oliver Marsh have had plans to do a big, collaborative sketch show for a long time, only for the unique concept behind *Write-Offs* to spring up on them suddenly in the cafe: to write a play that's about the writing of a sketch show, in which the sketch characters fight back against the writers.

While the nuts and bolts of the show have involved arduous Facebook negotiations between Gower, Marsh and the show's third mastermind Zoe Tomalin, this concept's kept them grounded throughout.

The coffee addiction's stuck too. As we start our interview, Marsh falls backwards over a sofa and gets described, entirely fittingly, as 'a caffeinated spider

monkey'. All three admit that a bit of self-portraiture, even 'method writing', went into the play's two writer-characters, who stay up late picking each other's sketches to death: Gower hopes it's clear that 'we're taking the piss out of ourselves'. But there's been a serious dimension to the process (yes, really).

The sketches are mainly ones that the team have tried out before with CADS (Christ's Amateur Dramatic Society), but which they've had to select and edit to develop a highly-coordinated plot. This has sometimes meant sacrificing good jokes or neat punchlines for the greater good – but equally, it's helped many sketches to find a less bloated shape.

The overall effect's very different to a normal sketch show, where, as Marsh says, 'you'd normally start with your second-best sketch, end with your best'. The production team hopes that Cambridge's 'comedy-literate audience'

will recognise how the show subverts these familiar structures: the recurring sketches here, for example, start to recur awkwardly of their own accord.

More importantly, Tomalin insists through her trademark NHS glasses, this will be funny. The production team come from a spectrum of comedy and acting backgrounds. Tomalin's hoping to bring transferable skills from her stand-up work, Gower's adding some songs, Marsh his experience of directing traditional plays – and they're looking forward to showing how they've learnt from each other.

And if you're still put off by a phrase like 'comedy-literate audience', rest assured that you'll be treated to 'the most expensive visual gag ever', so that, surely is a good a reason as any to go and see the show.

● *Write-Offs: A Sketch Show* will be showing at the Christ's Yusuf Hamied Theatre (Tue 21st - Fri 24th Feb, £4/5)



Gower hopes it's clear that 'we're taking the piss out of ourselves'



1. Adam Lawrence, Dominic Biddle, Ben Rowse and Ben Pope gathered together in Jesus. 2. Dominic Biddle relaxing on a bench 3. The concept of striking a pose clearly meant different things to different members of the team 4. It seems Ben Rowse is more easily distracted than Adam.

HELEN CAHILL



Uneasy Dreams

Corpus Lateshow

★★★★★

THE VARSITY STAR GUIDE

★★★★★
Will drive you mad

★★★★★
Could push you over the edge

★★★★★
Bipolar

★★★★★
Insanely good

★★★★★
You'd be crazy not to go

“As I got the words ‘all judgment is invariably wrong’ shouted at me I couldn’t help but squirm.”

●●● I have always desperately wanted to use the term ‘Kafkaesque’ in a review, and *Uneasy Dreams*, an adaptation for the stage of his *Shorter Fiction*, could not fail but fill any pre-tentious theatre critic with the glee in exercising the meta-potentialities of language. ‘How appropriate’, the Kafka in me pointed out after the performance, ‘that the notes you made during the performance are illegible afterwards when the lights came back on’. Yeah. Right. I see what you did there.

But there the play was, sandwiched somewhere between Monty Python and Pinter, or Beckett, or whoever. Aside from my admirably salient (and witty) digressions, the show started with everything I hoped wouldn’t happen. Like the stage presence of a door with ‘Gesetz’ daubed on the lintel. ‘Ah’ I said ‘clearly a symbol of bureaucratic existential nihilism’. Here we go.

But no, my first impression was wrong. The rewriting worked, Maynard and Bermingham had done something here, even if it wasn’t until I was presented with a brilliantly acted ape-come-Emeritus professor, throwing a banana across the stage shouting ‘naughty!’ for me to realize this. (A clever parody, as it happened of Kafka’s notion of performance as self-constituting.)

This, one should stress, was something I had never thought I would hear myself say. And if you want a reason to applaud the production, this is as good a one as any.

However, it’s not just that Maynard and Bermingham make you laugh, they also seem to be able to laugh at themselves. ‘If we find Kafka dark and menacing’, they write in their preface, ‘it is probably because the joke is on us’. Indeed the greatest success and subtlety of the production was the awareness of the absurdity of what

they were doing, justifying the occasional wooden acting and low budget set.

If something didn’t quite work, it was fine because they were doing Kafka, and when one does Kafka one is of course aware it doesn’t work. That’s the point. In fact it could even be ‘parable’ for the condition of our retrospective interpretation of the man himself. As I got the words ‘all judgment is invariably wrong’ shouted at me I couldn’t help but squirm.

Ultimately the confusing medley of ‘Half-Metamorphosis, Half-Other-Short-Stories’ could only compliment Kafka today, dramatically labyrinthine, narratively inchoate, and wonderfully ludicrous as he is. If they were guilty of the ‘hubris’ they claim in the introduction, the pride they commit in this ambitious task elicited a fall that could only compliment what seems an endless and self-generating re-evaluation of his work.

James Lello



James Lello was impressed by this re-evaluation of Kafka’s work

Critique

FRED MAYNARD



Eddie Redmayne and Tom Hiddleston have both been seen by millions in the last couple of months, both portraying the ever-reliable upstanding officer class in the First World War, in the BBC’s *Birdsong* and Steven Spielberg’s *War Horse*, respectively. They both graduated from Cambridge in 2003. They also were a year apart at Eton.

There’s a dozen interesting angles to consider in the success of these two – the perfect cheekbones, the full lips, the air of upper class gentlemanly conduct that harks back to an attractively proper era when men were men, if fairly wet ones who might talk haltingly but intensely about their feelings occasionally. And I don’t deny that all are very talented actors – Redmayne’s recent *Richard II* was well-received, and Hiddleston’s upcoming BBC *Henry V* is bound to be a highlight of the ‘Cultural Olympiad’.

But for me they demonstrate something interesting about Cambridge theatre. Though I am left-wing, I have no ire towards public-school boys; I am one myself, and salute the massive talent of many publicly educated friends in Cambridge drama.

The fact is though that I can see where people like Redmayne and Hiddleston come from – it is to do with talent, yes, but also confidence. A certain degree of confidence is necessary for any actor, but when you arrive at Cambridge having performed in a fully equipped theatre twice a term in challenging plays at school, and find that people you have already worked with are applying for the Fresher’s play, you quickly head into the fast lane.

Which would be fine, except I worry that it is putting people off. I have talked to people from state schools who vaguely intended to act in university shows, but never really got round to it because they felt they weren’t really of that scene. It’s not just a public school problem, it’s a London-centric problem too – my Fresher’s play included three old Etonians, two old Paulinas, a Wycombe Abbey girl, a Haileybury guy, someone from St Olave’s – nearly all of them London-based.

London dominates for a reason – a high proportion of private schools, the centre of the theatre world – but it creates the impression that posh Londoners have the whole thing sewn up. At state-school-heavy Churchill the general image of the ADC is one of hopelessly hip narcissists with wardrobes customised thread by thread – and this is nothing to do with good acting. I fear we’re putting good potential thespians off.

I don’t believe for a second Redmayne and Hiddleston, two of the foremost actors of their generation, just happened to go to the same school. Rather, Eton gave them the confidence to experiment with their talents at Cambridge. To get northern state-schoolers of a similar calibre graduating into the acting world from Cambridge, it is just a case of bringing them into the theatre world here in the same way.

In any case, the days of the likes of Cumberbatch, Hiddleston and Redmayne may be numbered. For my sake, I hope high cheekbones, full lips and floppy hair are on their way out.

“Less was more, as minimalistic scenery and lighting changes provided stark shifts of tone”

●●● This week, Clare Actors have brought Broadway to Cambridge with their stellar production of *A View from the Bridge*. My fear that Miller’s emotional maelstrom might not translate so impactfully to the limited space available in the Playrooms proved wrong: Helena Middleton’s production may have been miniature, but it packed an almighty punch.

The ensemble choreographed so seamlessly a nimble dance of entrances, exits and scene changes that you would never have realised there were twelve of them. Less was more, as minimalistic scenery and lighting changes provided stark shifts of tone.

The narrative structure was reinforced by Alfieri’s monologues, whose commentary punctuated the play and gave menacing insights into what was to come. Middleton’s characterisation was nuanced and deeply sympathetic, and complimented by a fine set of Brooklyn accents.

The performance did what all Miller productions ought to do: to tie us unflinchingly to the tragic hero. James Ellis gave a lionhearted Eddie Carbone, whose wrongheadedness revealed a desperate struggle to keep hold of his manhood. Ellis

showed stunning emotional range, skittish and sexually ferocious with equal mastery. Lucy Farrett complemented Ellis perfectly as Eddie’s niece Catherine; their fraught, intimate relationship was utterly believable. I was impressed by how intrepidly Middleton’s production ventured to the depths of the play’s Oedipal horror – ‘You want somethin’ else, Eddie, and you can never have her!’

That this was Emily Dance’s second show in Cambridge was almost beyond belief, as her easeful performance as Beatrice suggested an old hand. Capturing the calm strength of Miller’s matriarchs is challenging, but Dance’s closed body language, her nervous rattling voice and pleading, wan eyes were mesmerizing.

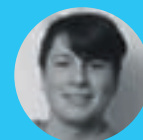
Characteristically of Miller, the play’s power lay in what was left unsaid. Middleton brought out all the anguish of Eddie’s simultaneous loathing of and attraction to Rudolfo, whom Sam Curry tinged with lithe homoeroticism.

Suppressed emotions imploded in an ending that resolved nothing, and hurt everyone. The breathlessness, overwhelming tragedy of Miller’s finale was a triumph.

Rivkah Brown

What are the most interesting productions to work on?

I love doing student-written productions because the writers and directors are so much more interested in the show. The opening night is the best bit, because you finally see everybody’s responses to all the work you put in.



Jan Freyberg
Producer

A View from The Bridge

Corpus Mainshow

★★★★★

MANIFESTO FOR COLOUR

Zoe Tomalin likes red. And yellow. And pink. And green. She discusses the perils and pitfalls of a life led in multicolour madness

Hi, I'm Zoe. I'm a second-year Engling and, unfortunately, I am what might be considered 'kooky.' People think that because I wear nice bright colours I must be pretty jolly. FALSE: I have a soul of ice. It just so happens that the ice is carved into the shape of a swan at a UV disco.

Varsity fashionistas, I want to confess to you that I don't dress like a granny at a rave for fun; I hate this day-glo knitwear, and besides, I've put out my back with 'My day now begins with choosing the right David and Goliath mass-produced-kook to best clash with my legwarmers'

all the dancing. I do it because I'm completely and utterly dependent on clashing patterns and seizure-inducing colours.

I think the problem started when I was five, and my evil stepmother (long story) said that I must always wear even socks. I immediately developed an irrational aversion to matching socks. Even now, I secretly worry that I'm going to die if I wear a matching pair (of socks, not stepmothers, although I hear vertical stepmothers are very slimming). Cambridge students love to collect inane worries; and the worry that you will die from even socks is the shiny Charizard of the worry collection. Think of it as my gift to you. At my primary school, I got in trouble with a mother for telling her daughter that "real witches don't wear even socks". Frankly, I think she should have been more concerned that 'witch' was

apparently an aspirational role to her daughter.

From there it escalated. My day now begins with choosing the right David and Goliath mass-produced-kook to best clash with my legwarmers. Had Dante envisaged one of the circles of hell being run by Claire's Accessories, that would be an accurate description of my hair, only less poetic. The final touch is my makeup, which is a story in itself: at the start of last year, I began coughing up a blue substance. I went to the doctor and it turned out I had pneumonia (banter!), but that the blue stuff was the expensive Urban Decay eyeshadow I'd purloined off my mother. How it got into my lungs is a disgusting yet intriguing mystery, but apparently even my internal organs need colour to survive.

Aside from occasionally sporting the huge blue-rimmed glasses of a 1980s paedophile, I really do no harm with my psychedelic twattery, and yet people have always felt the need to heckle my clothes in the street. All I ask is that next time you go to shout abuse at a pneumonic, fluorescent child, you take the moral route, and choose instead to go and inhale some rainbow dust yourself. Just to clarify, please don't take any drugs; I only want you to enjoy some colour.

And at all costs avoid matching socks.



It doesn't matter what you look like!
I mean if you have a hunchback, just throw a little glitter
on it, honey, and go dancing - yes you can be a **Party Monster** too!



Gold Platforms, **£110**, Topshop

Spiral Hair Clasps, **£4**,
Schutetehmd.bigcartel.com

Palm Tee T-Shirt, **On Sale at £10**, Urban Outfitters

CLUB TROPICANA!



Taste
CLAIRE HEALY &
NAOMI PALLAS

"Everyone has to invent his/her own thing." So said Karl Lagerfeld, and whilst he's also made some somewhat less trustworthy statements in his time (on dieting: "I'm like the animals in the forest. They don't touch what they cannot eat") his words say a lot about how we show our identity through our clothing. Our theme is madness, and apart from bat-crazy chief designers at Parisian fashion houses, it's a term that I'd like to think about on more local terms.

That is to say, Cambridge is beige enough already without adding to it further with college scarves and sports team stash (no offence stash wearers, we're just jealous and unfit). And heck, it's week 5 - stop depressing yourself further with those drab corduroys. Instead, this week we present you with a kind of manifesto for colour of all kinds, from our Hotter than the Sun Stuff to film inspiration that really parties hard. For the shoot this week we even got out of Cambridge and headed to the tropics (read: Essex coast)! And if you can't quite make the great escape from the Bridge Bubble this week, at least spice up your life with a pair of novelty sunglasses or two: the best week 5 pick-me-up since Red Bull multipacks.



CLAIRE WEARS (L-R Clockwise)

1 Crop Top House of Holland Cardigan Urban Outfitters Skirt American Apparel Hat Vive Le Panda Shoes Dr Martens
2 Shirt and Backpack Vintage Trousers Topshop Shoes Dr Martens 3 Top and Hat H&M Skirt Versace for H&M Shoes
Swear-London 4 Dress and Coat Vintage Hat Vive Le Panda 5 Top H&M Sunglasses Asos

PHOTOGRAPHS Alexandra Baldwin **STYLING** Claire Healy **MODEL** Claire Healy



Hot stuff!

Crazy hair clips and tees from the Tropics are some of this week's hot topics

Flamingo Cocktail Stirrers,
£3.99,
drinksstuff.com

Cocktail Sunglasses,
£12, Asos

JELLY BELLY Cocktail Classics
Gift Box, **£5.99**, Selfridges



Ryder Ripps 'Ode to Glass Pop-corn' Tee: Edition of 10, **£93**,
netstyl.es



Moko Noki Toy, **£8**, Monki.com



Blues fall to Coventry

KATH MORRIS



Cambridge played well but were unable to overcome a newly strengthened Coventry side.

BLUES 4
COVENTRY 8

by Cameron Johnston

On Wednesday the men's Blues lost 8-4 to Coventry, relinquishing first place in the BUCS Midlands 1a division. With only two matches remaining in the league, the Blues' promotion hopes are no longer in their own hands.

Johnston and Cohen started sluggishly. Erratic returning from Cohen and wayward ball-tosses from Johnston set the tone as the Midlands pair snuck the first set and cantered through the second. A similar script seemed to be unfolding on the adjacent court, but a short break for a fire-drill galvanised Sylvester and Muirhead, as the Cambridge pair took the second set 6-1, and came back from 9-8 in the deciding tie-

break to win the match.

In the opening singles, Johnston started quickly but squandered three break points and lost his serve to fall a break behind. His tactic of skipping around his backhand to curl forehands soon showed results but he couldn't recover. The second set was a case

'He pounced all over his opponent's soft serves'

of déjà vu as Baines grabbed an early break, but Johnston hit back in game ten to level the match at 5-5. He couldn't maintain the momentum, however; a succession of weak serves gifted Baines the break and the match.

At number two, Wolfson's Constantine Markides registered an

uncharacteristically limp showing against a small, fast opponent. Having lost the first set, he reached for the spade and dug in. However it was not enough and Coventry took the match.

Magdalene's Sam Ashcroft played well at number three but eventually succumbed to a tall, fast-serving opponent, despite his usual touch, flair and banana-like serves.

Catz's Charlie Cohen saved light blue pride with a dominant display at number four. He pounced all over his opponent's soft serves and his heavy groundstrokes left his opponent stranded. The result was never in doubt as Cohen finished in style, 6-3, 6-3.

Some good performances dulled the disappointment and bode well for forthcoming matches against Warwick and Birmingham.

Rolling up the sleeves

By Freddy Powell

Steadfast determination and English sport go together like a polythene bag and a giant squid. That collocation was doomed ever since the first English caveman decided that a cuppa-in-the-cave was more appealing than braving the nipple-chilling temperatures in the annual tribal rabbit race.

Eyebrows were raised, then, after a weekend of dogged English resolve, prompting questions over whether Stuart Lancaster and Andy Flower have been sharing a lab with the absent-minded professor that discovered 'flubber', a rubber-like super-bouncy substance.

The cause of this curiosity is England's newfound bounce-back-ability, a word that definitely exists, especially in the absence of a rational explanation for seemingly improbable events.

The first of these came when an inexperienced rugby side – with just 248 caps between them – staged an impressive comeback in Rome in the Six Nations. Deploying all their willpower, England scored 13 unanswered points in 8 minutes (with a conversion rate higher than Berlusconi's in a bunga-bunga session). The second came when England rediscovered their mojo in the cricket, thrashing Pakistan in the first

one-day international in Abu Dhabi.

Yet comparing England to a green, bouncing blob at this stage may seem generous, particularly when you consider that the rugby outfit are still to score a try that doesn't rely on a charitable donation. Not to belittle such random acts of kindness, but it would be nice to score a try without a Charlie Hodgson charge-down. England will be aware that Welsh largesse is harder to come by, since the RFU doesn't hold charitable status in Wales. And if they

'A conversion rate higher than Berlusconi's'

aren't already aware of the effects of devolution on tax law, surely they will be after Twickenham, where England look set to take the points quicker than you can say 'Cynulliad Cenedlaethol Cymru' (National Assembly for Wales).

Similarly, the margin of victory in the cricket should not obscure what was, with one exception – Alastair Cook, whose 134 was also the difference between the sides – a capitulation at the hands of any bowler able to spin the ball more than the width of an amoeba. On a positive note, it was better than the test series, but it was hard not to be, given that expectations were lower than

Homerton's in the Tompkins table.

Moreover it is hard to laud England's performance without lamenting Pakistan's, who claimed the mantle of self-destruction that England hogged throughout the Test Series.

Context, however, is everything, since it could so easily have been worse. Rewind one month: the RFU was in disarray after the World Cup shambles. In the cricket, whitewashed by Pakistan in the Test Series, selectors were left with the unenviable task of wondering which batsmen to drop, and how many.

Viewed in this way, damage limitation has already been a success. In the rugby, victory against the Italians makes it two wins from two, despite the inexperience. In cricket, England still tops the test rankings and by now will have scheduled a crash course on not-getting-out-cheaply-to-any-bowler-that-threatens-to-impart-any-turn-on-the-ball. I hope.

Unlike Philip Brainard when he discovered the magical formula, fans and players alike are firmly grounded. The self-criticism that characterises the teams' approach is refreshing to see. Ultimately, it could help to puncture the inevitable tide of nationalistic fervour, which serves only to unrealistically inflate expectations. English sport isn't in such a bad place after all.

Kickabout

TIM KENNETT

Football and politics



On February 1st 2012, rioting at a football match in Egypt left at least 79 people dead and over 1000 injured. Fans stormed the pitch, attacking one another with knives, swords, clubs, and fireworks. The minimal security presence was incapable of preventing the violence.

The ostensible cause of the riot was fans' anger after al-Ahly lost unexpectedly to their rivals al-Masry. This does not seem sufficient reason for such a tragic loss of life, so various conspiracy theories have sprung up. The Muslim Brotherhood, Egypt's biggest political movement, has blamed the army for causing trouble. Some fans suggest that it is Egypt's interim rulers, the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces, taking revenge for the role taken by 'ultras' – radical fans – in last January's revolution.

Indeed, it is this political activity which lends some credence to the conspiracy theorists. Radical football fans are, in some countries, becoming more politicised. The response of al-Ahly supporters to the tragedy was to protest outside the interior ministry in Cairo. Many of them were on the front lines in Tahrir square. Jonathan Wilson writes about similar involvement of Serbian ultras in the fall of Slobodan Milosevic.

While most of those involved in both political actions are football fans, these ultra groups display organization and premeditated involvement in public demonstrations. The men who make up such groups are hard, violent and alienated from the state.

It is this alienation which I think best explains the events in Port Said. For those in society who feel unrepresented, oppressed or isolated,

football clubs have a strong lure. Such affiliation is reinforced by the organization displayed by more hardcore elements of the fanbase.

The primary problem is that these groups are not affiliated with anything else. For example, violence by Serbian fans at a Euro 2012 qualifier recently was attributed to opposition to US policy in Kosovo, anger at the imprisonment of a Serbian drug dealer, and outrage at the transfer of Zvezda keeper Vladimir Stojkovic to Partizan Belgrade. This is a kind of political action which lacks a coherent agenda. It risks being interpreted as a nihilistic excuse for violence.

There has recently been an interesting Russian development on this theme: football stars such as Andrei Arshavin will be acting as Vladimir Putin's 'little brothers', representing him in debates he is too busy to attend. This seems like a fairly transparent grab for popularity by Putin's government, but it could be more of a positive.

The reach of football clubs into alienated sections of society could be used to encourage their affiliation with more orthodox institutions. Using footballers to encourage voting, for example, could make those disillusioned with democratic politics more involved.

The risk is that such an attempt would appear insincere, and cause further feelings of disenfranchisement; or that, if successful, it places the state in a position of similar manipulative paternalism to the Russian government – obviously not a model for the ideal political state.



INTERVIEW

Off the field

This week **Olivia FitzGerald** meets Nick Brown, the Blues Tennis Coach

When did you first start coaching tennis and why?

I first started coaching Tennis in Cheshire in 1983. I had semi-retired from the Tour at 22 due to a lack of money; at the time I had a World ranking of 320 in singles and 120 in doubles. Coaching allowed me to stay alive and involved in the game I loved. I won my first National title when I was eighteen, and fulfilled my dream to play singles and doubles at Wimbledon in 1982.

Do you coach other teams/players besides Cambridge students?

I have worked with many players on the men's and women's tours over my career, including Tim Henman and Elena Likhovtseva. I was GB Fed-Cup Captain for seven years, Polish Olympic Coach for five years, and am presently coach of the boys' U12 GB team

Favourite part of the job?

Seeing players develop and improve, and helping them fulfil their potential, not forgetting to have

fun and enjoy this great sport.

Worst part of the job?

Telling a player they haven't made the team.

How would you describe a typical tennis-playing Cambridge student?

In most cases highly motivated, competitive, supportive, punctual, and with an inner determination to be the best they can be. Friendly, with great team spirit and lastly intelligent, although that doesn't always show in a match!

What do you do in your spare time?

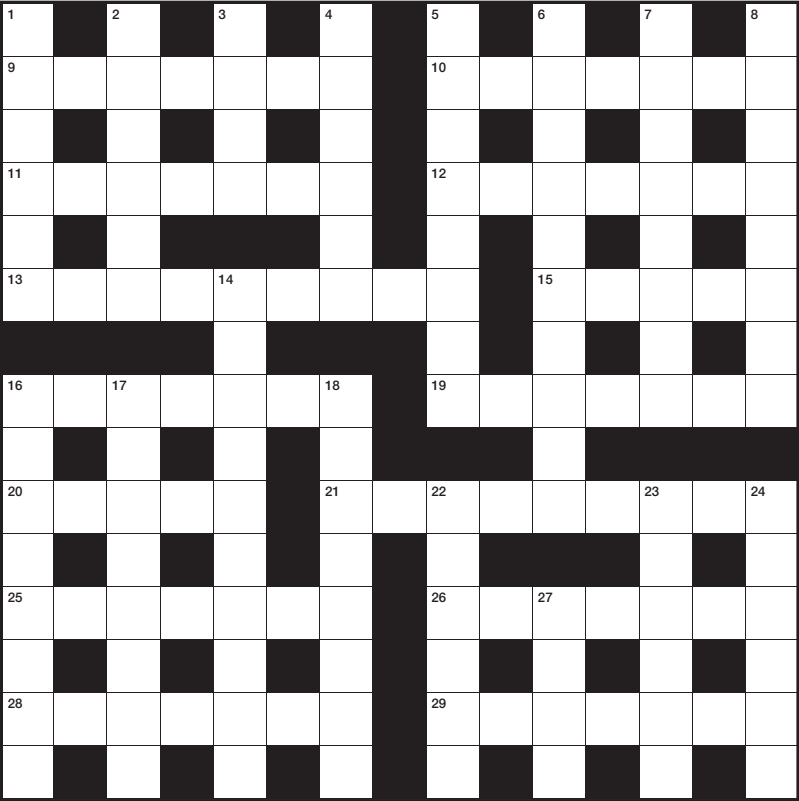
To escape from tennis I adore playing golf. It's a great way to switch off for four hours while challenging your mind.

● Each week Varsity will be featuring 'Off the field': If you have a particular unheralded hero who you think deserves recognition, please email sport@varsity.co.uk with your nomination.



Give us a smile, Nick

Varsity Crossword **NO. 539**



- ACROSS**
- 9 The Queen's behind? (7)
 - 10 I hesitate after city, not British capital, produces radioactive element (7)
 - 11 Bottom prison apparently poisonous (7)
 - 12 Llama's natural manure surrounds a Commons' leader (7)
 - 13 20 isn't foolishly unstable (9)
 - 15 Art deco linoleum contained bacteria (1,4)
 - 16 Element reportedly an absurd trick (7)
 - 19 Pause after daughter of Tantalus sounds like element (7)
 - 20 Cave: inside, antiquarian treasures (5)
 - 21 Element spout's aim is unreliable (9)
 - 25 Calls by to forget about wrongdoing (5,2)
 - 26 Lean peg on bad end in a devious manner (7)
 - 28 Element riot bust him (7)
 - 29 Ten in raucous teen pact (7)

ANSWERS NO. 538:
ACROSS 9 Hang-ups 10 Utopian 11 Lectren 12 Puccini 13 Inspector 15 Pitch 16 Cheapen 19 Emperor 20 Naiad 21 Nephritis 25 Evil eye 26 Pacific 28 Panacea 29 Unclear
DOWN 1 Chilli 2 Enacts 3 Jute 4 Usenet 5 Cutpurse 6 Touchpaper 7 Disinter 8 Encipher 14 Expediency 16 Contempt 17 Editions 18 Non-metal 22 Pop-gun 23 Tufted 24 Secure 27 Cock

- DOWN**
- 1 Short-legged horse briefly an alternative element (6)
 - 2 Have started holding sacred Zoroastrian texts (6)
 - 3 Element press (4)
 - 4 Religious education spearheaded a prompt salvation (6)
 - 5 Perhaps stun gent with a hard element (8)
 - 6 Corpse-like scoundrel begins prayer over grouse heart (10)
 - 7 Gin ratio sorted for pasta (8)
 - 8 Body's electromagnetic limb so peculiar (8)
 - 14 Uniform Commercial Code replaces translation command in exasperating champion
 - 16 Pose alongside after head of state is loyal (6,2)
 - 17 Unleash terrible steel loos (3,5)
 - 18 Neon cage on the ancient Greek medicine for sorrow (8)
 - 22 Vendettas seldom contain a decorative frill (6)
 - 23 Feast under a moon element (6)
 - 24 He may begin making chaotic muddle (6)
 - 27 Jot a letter (4)

Set by Phonic

The **Fab**
Varsity Quiz

- 1. What film starring Arnold Schwarzenegger is an adaptation of Philip K Dick's short story "We Can Remember It for You Wholesale"?
- 2. What is Ender's real name in Orson Scott Card's novel 'Ender's Game'?
- 3. Who was awarded this year's BAFTA fellowship?
- 4. How did Meryl Streep lose her award at the 1979 Oscars?
- 5. What is the name of Darian Leader's book?
- 6. Who wrote Pilot, next week's Corpus late show?
- 7. How long does it take for a white, linear deposit to form on Mudstone?
- 8. Where is Write-Offs: The Sketch Show being shown?
- 9. Who directed the 1977 film *The Devil, Probably*?
- 10. Where did the band 'Madness' hail from?

ANSWERS: 1. "Total Recall" 2. Andrew Wiggin 3. Martin Scorsese 4. Left it on a toilet 5. "What is Madness?" 6. Ben Rose 7. One year 8. Christ's Yusuf Hamied Theatre 9. Robert Bresson 10. Camden Town, London

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Womens' Hockey Blues

WOMEN'S BLUES 3
BIRMINGHAM II 0
Varsity Sport

Having not played in ten days due to the snow, the women's Blues were rusty going into this fixture against Birmingham's second team. Cambridge dominated in the first half, with keeper Vicky Evans only touching the ball once, but were unable to convert pressure into points. Half-time found the score at 0-0, and Cambridge took a further blow as forward Sarah Lee left the field having turned her ankle on a Birmingham stick. After the break, however, the Blues rediscovered their short corner routine. Suzie Stott scored the first with a well taken flick and Becca Naylor's deceptive strike found the bottom right hand corner for the second. Cambridge continued to dominate, and Izzi Smith put the cherry on top with a wonderful piece of skill to recover a broken down shortcorner, before finding Hannah Rickman on the left post for the easy finish. The Blues will hope to build on this victory as they vie for the top spot in the league and build towards their Varsity match on the 11th of March.



Blues Captain Mel Addy carries the ball

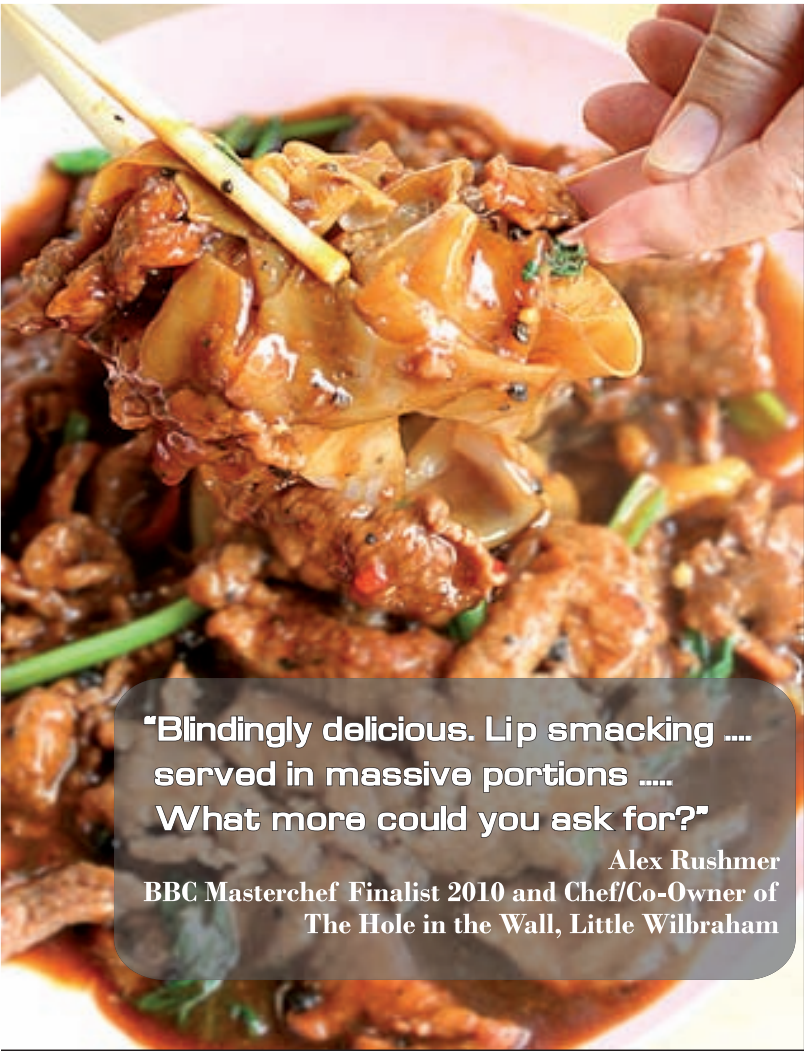
Mens' Hockey Blues: victory despite last week's snow

MEN'S BUCS TEAM 11
BEDFORD II 0
By Jonny Gibson

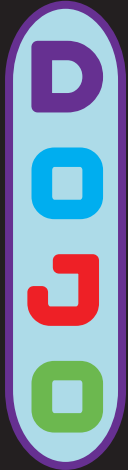
Similarly rusty, the newly entered Cambridge University men's BUCS side travelled East to face an untimidating Bedford team. Cambridge were quick to set out their stall as a passing side, moving the ball with ease around the home team, with Giles Kilbourne of John's giving Cambridge an early lead. Charlie Bennet was quick to follow with a goal of his own, and it

wasn't long before Jonny Gibson put his own name on the score sheet after a well placed Bennett pass. Bedford's frustration was obvious, as they resorted to endless aerial long-balls, which were easily corralled by the Cambridge back four. Defensive stalwart Sam Way would collect his own rebound to make the score 4-0 at half-time. The second half saw more of the same, as Tim Swinn scored an easy drag flick and Bennett and Gibson. At 8-0, Bedford were forced to

resort to name-calling, as PhD student Gibson was labelled "too old to be a student" by the Bedford Captain, who claimed that he "must be a ringer". Unperturbed by such accusations, Cambridge continued to pile on the goals with the final score 11-0, their clean sheet only threatened after a wayward pass from Jamie Salter forced keeper Greg Nelson to save the one-on-one. Cambridge hope to continue in this imperious fashion as they push for promotion and more challenging opponents.



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SPORT

22 **Tennis: Blues fall to a spirited Coventry side**
BLUES vs. COVENTRY



Basketball Blues triumph in comeback win



Cambridge captain Chris Haar defends Coventry's Stephen Danso

BLUES 94
COVENTRY 84

by Adam Fuller

On Wednesday, the Cambridge Basketball Blues faced Coventry in a game that was likely to decide who would come second and third in the BUCS Midlands 1A league. Having lost 94-85 when the teams last met, Cambridge were keen to get revenge.

Coventry, however, had other ideas, and took an early lead, their number 9 showing his athleticism with a dunk on the fast break. Cambridge missed easy layups while Coventry attacked the basket with ease, with standout Stephen Danso driving and scoring despite being fouled. Having fallen behind 13-5 in the early minutes, Cambridge called a time-out to staunch the bleed.

'Good defensive hustle gave Cambridge easy fast break baskets'

The response was instant, with Captain Chris Haar scoring on the break, Tobias Uth putting in a lovely hook shot and Haar scoring again with a three-pointer to bring Cambridge within one. This rattled Coventry, who resorted to physicality, giving Cambridge free throws as their Captain exhorted "don't

push them in the back". American Job Gobino hit a three to pull Cambridge level at 19-19, however four missed free throws let Coventry off the hook while Cambridge conceded layups at the other end, and at the end of the first quarter Cambridge trailed 19-24.

Cambridge came out of the gate at speed in the second quarter, scoring a three pointer straight from the off. Coventry responded, and the sides exchanged baskets in some end-to-end basketball. Cambridge began to find their offensive rebounding form, capitalizing on second chance opportunities, while the Coventry number 5 began hitting three-pointers at will. Lewis Cannon replied with a three-ball of his own, and good defensive hustle gave Cambridge easy fast break baskets, pulling back to within one. However Coventry's Danso hit a three-pointer to make the score 46-50 at half-time.

In the second half Danso continued to pull strings, as he carried his team against a strong Cambridge performance. Having relied on long jumpshots in the first half, the Blues began to get to the rim and their zone defence was increasingly effective. This start soon dried up, as both teams struggled to score, but Cambridge's Uth broke the deadlock, scoring three times in a beautiful display of low-post and mid-range finesse. Not to be outdone, Danso pulled out a behind-the-back dribble on the fast break, before passing to number 9

● **The Women's Basketball Blues continued their own winning run, beating Bedford 55-35. Cambridge were strong from the off, taking a 10-0 lead. The opposition were forced to foul, leading to some heated exchanges, but they were unable to stop drives from Catherine Nezich, who was helped by some sharp outside shooting by the Cambridge guards.**

for another dunk. This was followed by another back-and-forth, as neither team was able to put in defensive stops. With time winding down, Danso channeled his internal Kobe Bryant to try and beat the buzzer, with his miss put back to make the score 63-69 with one quarter to play.

With a six point deficit, Cambridge needed a comeback, and Haar led the way, scoring after the break. Scott joined in with a three to bring the Blues within five, and a couple of Coventry turnovers left the score at 72-73. A Coventry air-ball and a strong drive by Kaladerhan Agbontaen then gave Cambridge their first lead of the game with six minutes to play. Coventry called a time-out, and scored to re-take the lead, only for Haar to reply with a beautiful drive. Again, the two teams traded baskets, with neither team finding the edge, however a showboating Coventry dunk attempt bounced out to give Cambridge an opening. Cambridge duly took a three-

point lead, and after a some free throws the score was 83-81.

With the game in the balance, Agbontaen dominated on the block, and Cannon's three-pointer gave the Blues a five point cushion. Coventry showed their frustration, attempting long threes and airballing jumpshots, while Cambridge stuck to the quick ball movement that had won them the lead. With a minute to go, Scott scored the dagger on a strong drive through the Coventry defence, and a Haar steal gave Cannon an easy layup to finish the job. Coventry fouled to get the ball back, but were unable to make much of possession, scoring a single free throw. After a couple of time-outs, Danso appropriately dribbled out the clock to leave the final score 94-84.

'With the game in the balance, Agbontaen dominated on the block'

Cambridge will be pleased with this victory, not only because it likely gives them second place in the league but also because of the manner in which the game was won, coming back in the fourth quarter. Squaring up against one of the better teams in the league, the Blues put on a strong team performance that will stand them in good stead for the rest of the season and for Varsity match on the 26th of February.

Lacrosse girls march on

UNIVERSITY The Blues continued their superb unbeaten season with a victory over a resistant Bristol side. Having been unable to train outside for over two weeks due to snow, Cambridge quickly overcame any rustiness to emerge with an 8-2 victory. Captain Alana Livesey led by example with a flurry of goals, supported by those from Alice Bush and an in-form Anna Pugh. The Blues will be looking to repeat their performance next week, when they face Bristol again in the BUCS semi-final, just three days before the Varsity Match in Oxford. Meanwhile, the Kingfishers completed an emphatic 28-0 home victory over Loughborough 2nds, producing an exhibition of attacking play and clinical finishing.

Table Tennis secure BUCS title

UNIVERSITY Men's Table Tennis secured their first BUCS Premier League title in recent years with a superb 15-2 victory over Bath. They finish the league with at least a three point lead over closest rivals Imperial College and King's College London. Cambridge dominated from the outset, with particularly strong performances from Nick Leung and Takehiro Kojima in the singles round, leaving them 14-2 with just a doubles match standing between them and the BUCS title. They finished off the last game of the season in style, with a 15-2 win and the much-coveted title of BUCS Champions. The team now look ahead to the Varsity match in March, where they look to put the icing on the cake, with victory over Oxford.

Women's Tennis Blues continue dominant form

UNIVERSITY The Blues produced a strong performance against Bristol, winning 10-2 to continue in their current rich vein of form. Laura Morril and Kadi Saar quickly dispatched their opponents in the doubles, while Captain Emma Kudzin and Amy Zhang produced an equally strong performance to give Cambridge an early advantage. The same was true of the singles, in which the team won 3 out of their 4 matches, only conceding one due to injury. The Blues are currently rated among the top 4 teams in the UK. The Ladybirds also came away with a 10-2 victory over Nottingham Trent, leaving them in fourth position in the BUCS league chasing rivals Oxford.

● **In other results, Men's lacrosse Blues succumbed to a 9-3 defeat at the hands of Loughborough, Danny Kerrigan scored a hat-trick in the football Blues' 4-0 victory over Bedford, Women's Rugby Blues produced a superb performance to beat Leicester 32-0, and the Netball Blues once again produced a solid defensive performance, to narrowly lose to a strong Loughborough 2nds side.**