

Number 777
Friday 14th February 2014

Varsity

Published in Cambridge since 1947

varsity.co.uk



Erotica through the Ages

From Lady Chatterley's Lover to Wetlands, Maggie Bridge looks at the rise in popular erotic literature

Comment P15



Can't see the wood for the trees? Alain de Botton talks to Varsity about the mess of modern media, and his ideas for changing it (p. 12)

Students join the debate on use of drones

Martha Elwell

Senior News Editor

A Cambridge student has launched a campaign to encourage British universities to cease investment in companies that produce drones.

Sara Aslam, a Masters student in Modern South Asian studies, has started a petition which calls for higher education institutions to consider the human costs of the use of drones and to divest from drone technologies.

Drones are unmanned aircraft that are controlled from the ground or through a pre-programmed mission. The CIA uses drones to track-down and kill suspected militants. The Obama administration has launched more than 390 drone strikes in Pakistan, Somalia and Yemen in the last five years, eight times as many as were launched during the entire Bush presidency. These strikes have killed more than 2,400 people, at least 273 of whom were reportedly civilians.

"It's absolutely crazy that these investments exist," says Aslam, a former management consultant who has taken a year out to study at Cambridge. "How on earth can student-rearing institutions actually invest in technology that has killed innocent students halfway across the world?"

Aslam first became interested in the issue of drone warfare as an undergraduate when she was president of the National Union of Pakistani Students and Alumni. Among this group, she says, the use of drones is a key issue.

She decided to actively protest against the use of drones last October, following nine-year-old Nabila Rehman's testimony before US congress as a victim of a drone strike. "There was quite a stir-up about Nabila Rehman...but nothing much came of it."

On Monday the Centre of South Asian Studies hosted a showing of the documentary Unmanned: America's Unofficial Drone Wars, a film about the impact of the Obama Administration's drone policy on the tribal region of Pakistan. The event was organised

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Concern over GCHQ interference

£50,000 studentship is offered by the intelligence organisation

Martha Elwell

Senior News Editor

Links between Cambridge's Department of Computer Science and GCHQ threaten its academic independence, according to Professor Ross Anderson, the University's head of cryptography.

The Department was recently awarded the status of Academic Centre of Excellence in Cyber Security (ACECSR) by GCHQ, making available £50,000 for a PhD studentship.

In an interview with Varsity,

Anderson outlined his belief that the arrangement threatens the Haldane principle, which asserts the independence of research grant awarding bodies in deciding which projects to fund. The problem is that the University and GCHQ have fundamentally different purposes, he says.

Although the PhD studentship has not yet been taken up by anyone in the Department, Anderson is concerned that GCHQ will be able to direct research in security, and that the large sums of money that are supposed to be available on a non-discriminatory basis will only be available to ACECSRs.

He describes how security clearance is used by the intelligence organisation as a means of insisting on the right of prior review of all publications: "They

will tell you some irrelevant and harmless top-secret fact and they will then say since this person has had access to top secret information, we need to be able to review their research for the rest of their life.

"The object of the exercise is to rein in and control security research done in British universities."

He added: "After putting a relatively small amount of money into the system GCHQ has effectively wrested control over millions of pounds of public money that used to be spent on doing security research and is now being handed out to people who have signed up to the GCHQ programme."

A spokesman for GCHQ said: "GCHQ recognises the critical role the UK academic sector plays in both

national security and prosperity.

"We are working with partners across government and beyond to recognise and increase the investment in those universities that demonstrate excellence in cyber security. Cambridge University has some of the UK's leading thinkers in the field and we welcome the challenge and independence they and their colleagues across the sector bring."

Any applicant has to obtain vetting clearance from GCHQ, including the requirement not only to have been born in Britain, but for their father to be British-born as well. Anderson suggested this was "an ingenious way of getting around the laws against racial discrimination and that the 'majority of our research students are foreign'."

Reviews: Does *Dallas Buyers Club* get our seal of approval? (p. 28)



News

Hannah Wilkinson spent This is Jesus week with CICCUC, and was surprised to find more room than she expected for the Church



Comment

Johannes Lenhard continues his male feminism series with a discussion of porn, and why it doesn't go with gender equality



Vulture

Sigh no more: Culture Editor Thea Hawlin looks at the myth of the suffering artist, from Sylvia Plath to Van Gogh



Sport

For the Love of Sport: Roxana Antohi is back to try her hand (and feet) at Karate, while taking a fancy to her instructor



Which flag should we wave?

The flashmob on King's Parade this week saw same-sex couples kissing and embracing in a stand against anti-homosexuality legislation devised by Putin's government.

In fact, rainbows have been appearing all over Twitter profiles in a statement of support for homosexual and transgender Russians, with the Guardian, New Statesman and Channel 4 News all changing their mastheads to the colours of the LGBT+ flag.

Had the Winter Olympics not been taking place in Sochi, however, the repressive anti-gay laws in Russia may not have gathered as much attention from the media and world leaders. While the focus is understandable given the significance of such a large-scale international event, the persecution of other LGBT+ groups around the world has not received the same amount of coverage.

It is easy to forget that it is illegal to be gay in 78 countries and that in five countries homosexuality is punishable by the death penalty.

In Uganda, President Yoweri Museveni is expected to decide by the end of the month on whether an anti-gay bill is made law. Yet the ongoing situation in Uganda has received far less attention than in Russia.

In fact there is a link closer to home: in December, Prossie, a Ugandan lesbian asylum seeker, was deported from the UK in spite of campaigners' appeals to the Home Office. These individual stories are often not heard by the majority of people. Just this week leaked documents revealed that gay asylum seekers in the UK have been subjected to humiliating questioning.

Another issue that has been largely unreported until recently is FGM (female genital mutilation), which is thought to have affected 66,000 women

and girls in the UK. In September the Evening Standard reported on FGM in London on their front page, while other newspapers are following suit, with the Guardian launching an End FGM campaign earlier this month. The momentum created by this press attention has meant that Education Secretary Michael Gove has agreed to meet with the 17-year-old girl Fahma Mohamed, who is leading the campaign.

It is apparent that not all issues happening across the globe can be reported with as much weight as others. The civil war currently going on in Colombia has gone largely unreported. That is not to say that the people of Colombia deserve less attention than the LGBT+ community in Russia or Uganda. It just means that we, as individuals, must be proactive in attempting to read as much as possible about these human rights abuses in such an interconnected world.



Write to us

letters@varsity.co.uk

REMEMBER WHAT THE KING'S FLAG IS SUPPOSED TO MEAN

This doesn't justify keeping the USSR flag, it justifies having a hammer and sickle of some description. Nobody graffitied pro-Soviet propaganda on the walls, they drew hammers and sickles: a symbol of communism per se. The flag does not call us "to not forget the radical voice that King's students once had", but rather to rue the fact that two fellows (accidentally?) bought the wrong symbol off eBay: one that speaks of torture, genocide and totalitarianism rather than the socialist struggle for a more just world. Keeping the flag doesn't put two fingers

up at the system, it puts two fingers up at our friends and colleagues who do not feel comfortable in their college's communal space, all for the sake of preserving what is essentially an offensive mistake.

Chad Allen, King's

CAMBRIDGE THEATRE REVIEWS AREN'T FAIR? FAIR ENOUGH

Ted's right. I think the responses have misunderstood his argument - it's not a criticism of the reviewers who are writing, often very well, but a lament that what they write can't be taken as the interesting and flawed entity that it is. One of the things that might be holding a more rounded perception of reviews back is the rating system, another is that actors often seem to think of a review as being the opinion of the paper rather than the person who wrote it - who is fairly frequently a newbie or someone without much experience. That doesn't make their review invalid, but it's worth remembering.

Isabel Adomakoh Young, Trinity

The point that everyone is learning their craft is an important one. However, what is the procedure for allocating reviewers? Is it the case that anyone can review any show? Egalitarian as this is, it does draw a distinction between the reviewers and the actors as the latter have gone through some kind of selective process to get where they are. I wouldn't dream of suggesting we demand experienced reviewers only go to the shows of experienced actors/directors etc. but this is a distinction that occasionally produces the perceived mismatch of talent Ted was talking about. This point could be totally invalid as I know very little about the selection process for such things so please someone correct me if I'm wrong.

I'm sure the many good reviewers don't whinge about going to see bad plays so perhaps we shouldn't kick up a fuss. Then again, they get the satisfaction of giving the piece the criticism it deserves, by the very nature of their job.

Guy Clark, Trinity

EDITOR Emily Chan *EDITOR@VARSITY.CO.UK* **DEPUTY EDITOR** Amy Hawkins *DEPUTYEDITOR@VARSITY.CO.UK* **BUSINESS MANAGER** Michael Derringer *BUSINESS@VARSITY.CO.UK* **PRODUCTION & DESIGN EDITOR** Mike Curtis *PRODUCTION@VARSITY.CO.UK* **NEWS EDITOR** Martha Elwell (Senior), James Sutton & Chloe Clifford-Astbury (Deputy) *NEWS@VARSITY.CO.UK* **NEWS FEATURES & INVESTIGATIONS EDITOR** Hannah Wilkinson *NEWSFEATURES@VARSITY.CO.UK* **COMMENT EDITOR** Louis Degenhardt, Raffaella Taylor-Seymour (Deputy) *COMMENT@VARSITY.CO.UK* **SCIENCE EDITOR** Toby McMaster *SCIENCE@VARSITY.CO.UK* **MAGAZINE EDITOR** Helena Pike *MAGAZINE@VARSITY.CO.UK* **LIFESTYLE** Gigi Perry *LIFESTYLE@VARSITY.CO.UK* **CULTURE** Thea Hawlin, Franciska Fabriczki *CULTURE@VARSITY.CO.UK* **THEATRE** Aron Penczu *THEATRE@VARSITY.CO.UK* **FASHION** Jacob Mallinson Bird, Shikha Pahari (Deputy) *FASHION@VARSITY.CO.UK* **REVIEWS** Caroline Hopper *REVIEWS@VARSITY.CO.UK* **SPORT EDITOR** Matt Worth *SPORT@VARSITY.CO.UK* **INTERVIEWS EDITOR** Jilly Luke *INTERVIEWS@VARSITY.CO.UK* **INTERNATIONAL EDITOR** Emily Handley *INTERNATIONAL@VARSITY.CO.UK* **ONLINE EDITOR** Edd Banks **SOCIAL MEDIA EDITOR** Jess Franklin **CHIEF SUB EDITOR** Daniel Simpson **CHIEF ONLINE SUB-EDITOR** Raphael Gray *SUBEDITOR@VARSITY.CO.UK* **SENIOR SUB-EDITORS** Jess Baker, Grace Readings **PICTURE EDITOR** Daisy Schofield *PHOTO@VARSITY.CO.UK* **Chief Illustrator** June Tong *ILLUSTRATION@VARSITY.CO.UK* **LOCAL ADVERTISING MANAGERS** Alice Taylor and Sophie Rutherford *LOCAL@VARSITY.CO.UK* **VARSITY BOARD** Dr Michael Franklin (Chairman), Prof. Peter Robinson, Dr Tim Harris, Chris Wright, Michael Derringer, Aliya Ram (VarSoc President), Chloe Stopa-Hunt (The Mays), Nicola Love (BlueSci), Alice Udale-Smith, Emily Chan & Amy Hawkins



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

©2014 Varsity Publications Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical photocopying, recording or otherwise without prior permission of the publisher. Printed at liffe Print Cambridge — Winship Road, Milton, Cambridge CB24 6PP on 42.5gsm newsprint. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office. ISSN 1758-4442



"RAPE CULTURE RESULTS FROM THE NORMALISATION OF RAPE"
An open letter on why we do need to be concerned about 'rape culture'
(p. 14)

"I took to Facebook to solve my dilemma. To which, I asked, should I sell my soul?"
Nightmare on Netflix
(p. 28)

Week 5

Dallas Buyers Club
★★★★☆

7
Number of ADC shows written by women in the past 11 years
(p. 26)

THE TOP 5

ONLINE

1. LGBT+ flashmob storms King's Parade
2. Crossing the picket line: male feminism
3. Are Cambridge theatre reviews fair?
4. Theatre: The Pirates of Penzance
5. Town v Gown: Fight Night

News meeting
5pm on Thursday, The Maypole

Comment meeting
4pm on Saturday in Varsity offices

We're looking for photographers and illustrators.
Email editor@varsity.co.uk for more information

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

by Aslam as a way to start a discourse within the Cambridge community.

"I want to do something that makes a tangible difference," says Aslam. "The more we can spread the word the better; the more students are affected by the message the better."

The documentary focuses on the suffering caused by the use of drones, showing interview footage with drone strike survivors. The film seeks to show that many popular perceptions of drone warfare are unfounded. Co-executive producer of the film Jemima Khan, who attended Monday's screening, said she hoped the film would "dispel the myths" about drones.

The audience was packed, and many said that they had been strongly affected by the film. Emeritus Professor of Imperial and Naval History Christopher Bayly, who attended the screening, said that his reaction was one of "alarm and sadness".

Ed Anderson, a student at Darwin College, said that the film was "disturbing, revealing and very upsetting". He added: "The callous, indiscriminate lawlessness of drone warfare came through very shockingly".

The event was widely covered by Pakistani media. It has been seen as a hopeful sign of British interest in US drone policy.

Aslam's launching of a British anti-drone campaign corresponds with a similar student-led campaign in Pakistan. A group of university students have started an initiative to protest against the use of drones in Pakistan and neighbouring countries. On Wednesday it coordinated screenings of *Unmanned* at two universities in Pakistan.

Khan hopes that student activism worldwide can have a marked impact on the use of drones: "As people with a conscience we have to oppose them with whatever power we have".

"Being a student, the energy and the passion for the cause is somewhat more aggressive and natural. With the right approach it can have a massive impact."

Sara Aslam will host another showing of *Unmanned* in partnership with Positive Investment Cambridge next month.

COMMENT

Zara Shahid, a student in Pakistan, writes on why she chose to stand up against unofficial drone warfare

For the people of Waziristan, a remote mountainous region in northwest Pakistan, the drone is a symbol of fear, of an insecurity that does not let them sleep at night and has many adverse psychological effects. The drone reminds them of the day they lost a loved one, the drone hovering overhead tells them that their loved ones are not safe.

Zubair, the 16 year old grandson of Manana Bibi, who lost her life in a drone attack, told me that he used to sit with his grandmother and share stories out in the orchard when the sky was blue. They loved the blue sky. Manana Bibi was killed one such day. After that, he said, he doesn't like to see the sky blue and hopes that the days are cloudy so that they would not know it when a drone buzzes overhead and kills them too. This is the extent to which drones have devastated the lives of Pakistani citizens.

As students we are taught to look past sentimentality and critique things from a logical perspective. Ergo, our reaction to drones will slightly differ from what some people in the public might feel. However, because drone strikes are wrong on the grounds of loss of sovereignty and human rights violations, and have led to heavy civilian casualties, in the mind of a student from Pakistan there is unison in the argument against drones and the feelings associated with the catastrophe.

The students of Pakistan have historically been very critical of the country's foreign policy; we feel that it has made us less safe and has compromised our self-respect as a nation. But drone strikes represent the epitome of this emotion. Any super power can send a drone to kill anyone in our country, there is no trial or accountability and our government does not want to and cannot do anything to protect its own citizens. The irony of it is that the US is not even at war with Pakistan and yet



A poster campaign for The Economist in the London Tube

every man above the age of sixteen living in Waziristan is a suspected terrorist who can be murdered any time the drone operator sitting in Nevada wills it. Can Pakistan drone anyone in the US or UK even if he is convicted of terrorism activities in a court of law? No we cannot.

These feelings, arguments and stories provided impetus for Pak Ser Zameen, the organisation that we have set up as a forum for students to protest for positive change in Pakistan. Disillusioned by the hopelessness, we felt that our solution lay not in apathy but in action, not in criticism but in activity. Our vision is for a just, peaceful, tolerant and educated Pakistan.

Drone strikes in Pakistan are our first focus. We feel that students can strategically mobilise the anti-drone sentiment in Pakistan and exert pressure on governments to ground killer drones. As we chalked out our plan we realised that a reason many people would not do anything to criticise drones is because they have not been touched by it on a personal level.

Drone victims are 'collateral damage', not stories and feelings. To address this, we are organising screenings of the documentary *Unmanned*. The film goes beyond numbers and labels to voice the stories and make 'collateral damage' something more personal: Tariq Aziz is no longer a number, but a 16-year-old boy who loved football.

What happened to Tariq later will induce the audience to think about the ethical, moral and personal implications of drones. The government of Pakistan is very reluctant to give information about the victims, so it is crucial to get their stories directly from them.

As we mount our campaign against drones there is criticism from some factions of the intelligentsia and Pakistani media. Despite this, we are adamant to continue because of the simple reason that when somebody comes forward to tell their story of loss at the hands of the drones it becomes incumbent upon us to take their story to the largest audience possible so more people don't become victims.

Burger King seeks Cambridge graduates

Fast food corporation hopes Cambridge graduates 'feel the urge'

Richard Nicholl

News Correspondent

The global fast food chain Burger King has announced that it is now targeting its European recruitment programme at Cambridge graduates. It hopes to shake the off-putting stigma traditionally associated with the fast food industry.

Four top higher education institutions in the UK, including Cambridge, and several in the rest of Europe are receiving visits from high-level Burger King management.

The fast food company says that it wants to "source the best talent" for 20 places on its management trainee programme for Europe, the Middle East and Africa (EMEA), pursuing the "next generation of transformational leaders" in the lucrative catering industry.



See yourself here in five years time?

The management course involves two months of "operational training" in a Burger King outlet. This is followed by a corporate training programme in an office in London, Madrid, Munich or Zug in Switzerland, being paid a

competitive salary at all stages of the process.

The application process for the programme is highly competitive; prospective trainees must undergo logic tests and English examinations

online, as well as partaking in formal interviews with the company, if they hope to make their way into the world of burgers and chips.

José Cil, president of Burger King EMEA, said of the scheme: "We are looking for the best candidates from the UK and across Europe who have passion for our business and leadership potential."

"The management trainee programme will provide participants with opportunities to grow and achieve their personal best in a thriving business environment."

Of the 2013 national cohort of graduate recruits, 80 per cent now work for Burger King in permanent positions. The chain is a major employer in the British Isles, with a workforce of over 25,000 in the UK and Ireland. Burger King suffered setbacks last year after becoming embroiled in the horse-meat scandal, as a result of which it placed full-page apologies in national newspapers.

Work in the fast food industry traditionally receives scorn from graduates of top universities. However, this

prejudice should be avoided, says Gordon Chesterman, director of the University of Cambridge's Careers Service.

"LOOK MORE AT THE ROLE ON OFFER AND LESS SO AT THE EMPLOYER"

"Students are under some peer group and parental pressure to join the 'best' employer in that sector with the most prestigious job title. It is these companies that will receive thousands of applications, yet only hire a handful of students."

"We handle several thousand graduate-level opportunities a year, many of them are in organisations that might raise a parent's eyebrow in surprise."

He went on to say: "My advice is for students to look more at the role on offer and less so at the employer."

Cambridge bucks UK admissions trend

Cambridge is still predominantly white, despite national changes

Amy Hawkins

Deputy Editor

Ethnic-minority students who live in London are more likely to attend university, a report has found.

Higher Education Careers Service Unit (HECSU) figures found that 93 per cent of non-white Londoners wished to attend university, compared with 80 per cent of white Londoners. The figures dropped to 85 per cent and 70 per cent respectively for youths living outside of the capital, according to figures reported by Times Higher Education this week.

The statistics for the 2012 cycle of admissions for the University of Cambridge reflect the geographical trend more so than the ethnic one. While 14.6 per cent of applicants last year were from the Greater London area, an overwhelming 76.2 per cent of home applicants were of a white ethnic origin.

“Cambridge is not doing as well as the other London universities to enroll BME students. The university has been quite keen to develop access schemes and I can only encourage it to do so”, said Alex Dien, ethnic diversity officer of King’s College Students’ Union.

The dominance of white students is even more pronounced in the



Ethnic minority students are still few and far between at Cambridge

admissions statistics: 82.8 per cent of offers made were to white students.

Cambridge is also notable for the high number of international applications it receives. 37.4 per cent of applications received last year were from overseas students, which exceeded that of any individual region in the UK.

However, the success rate of these applicants was only 12.7 per cent, compared to a 27.3 per cent success rate of applications from the Greater London area.

The report follows concerns expressed last year by David Willetts, the universities and science minister,

that “white, working-class boys” underperform in university applications. Nationally, 30 per cent of male school-leavers applied for university last year, compared to 40 per cent of females.

However, Cambridge again bucks the national trend when it comes to gender representation at the

University. Cambridge received 8,624 male applications last year, and 7,077 female ones.

The offers made reflected this proportion: 1,848 were made to males, compared to the 1,589 to females. This is despite the presence of three all-female colleges at the University.

“CAMBRIDGE IS NOT DOING AS WELL AS THE OTHER LONDON UNIVERSITIES TO ENROLL BME STUDENTS”

Regionally, the fewest Cambridge offers were made to Wales and Northern Ireland and Scotland.

Scottish students can attend university for free in Scotland, whereas they are subject to the annual tuition fees of up to £9,000 for universities in England.

Faith Waddell, a second-year student at Trinity who is from Edinburgh, is concerned about the lack of Scottish students in Cambridge: “Even going to a large private school in Edinburgh, I felt that there was a lack of awareness within the school body regarding Oxbridge applications and a lot of unnecessary fear.

“But of course, everyone is swayed by the fact that we have the chance to go to university for free.”

The Nutty Professor

Jilly Luke talks to David Nutt about UK drug policy

David Nutt is no stranger to controversy. Sacked as chairperson of the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs in 2009 after his academic paper Equasy showed that horse-riding was more dangerous than taking ecstasy, he has remained a virulent opponent of the current laws on drugs.

Nutt believes that ministers confuse personal opinions on the morality of drug-taking with the facts surrounding its risks: that they “veil decision making” with the word “harmful” when they mean “unacceptable”. To him, encouraging people who want to get intoxicated to drink alcohol is the true moral wrong. “Alcohol will always be more toxic than cannabis, so why shouldn’t people have the choice?”

He argues that the belief that alcohol is safer than drugs stems from the fact that the drinks industry spend £80 million a year telling the public that drinking is a lifestyle choice and a way to relax: “Everyone is scared of their kids dying of drugs but what they need to realise is that the drug that’s killing most of their kids is alcohol.”

There were no holds barred for Nutt in his attack on the “right-wing Tory press” for encouraging anti-drug hysteria. He accused them of “loving to stir things up”, and pointed out the disproportionate coverage of drugs-



The criminalisation of drugs costs the state millions

related deaths, compared to alcohol.

“Some journalists, some editors take pride in getting drugs banned. I think they see it as one of the few tangible measures of their success these days.”

Nutt is working on an alcohol substitute drug, which he says will “revolutionise drinking”, and will come complete with an antidote so people can “enjoy the social lubrication of alcohol” but drive home afterwards.

In terms of reducing alcohol’s cost to society – which currently stands at £1,000 per taxpayer per year – Nutt

would like to see a ban on alcohol advertising and a system which prices alcohol per unit so that “binge drinking becomes uneconomical”.

When pressed about whether this simply punishes poor alcoholics, Nutt sternly replied that “taxing strong ciders keeps alcoholics alive”.

The economic cost of caring for alcoholics is huge, but so is the social cost of criminalising marijuana. Black and Asian people are far more likely to be convicted for cannabis possession. “The criminal record will do far

more harm than the cannabis would have done.”

Nutt is adamant that while “all drugs can be harmful”, cannabis is less so than alcohol. He dismisses the links between cannabis and schizophrenia, and points out cannabis is linked to “maybe ten” deaths a year compared to alcohol’s 8,000 and tobacco’s 80,000.

“Alcohol is our favourite drug and that’s why it’s the most dangerous.” It seems he has a long way to go to convince the government of anything of the sort.

Cambridge women to Reclaim the Night

Varsity News

The CUSU Women’s Campaign’s annual Reclaim the Night march will take place this Tuesday. The event is organised in conjunction with the Anglia Ruskin University Feminist Society.

Britain has one of the lowest rape conviction rates in Europe, at 5.3 per cent. A survey by More magazine in 2005 found that 78 per cent of women worry about being raped.

The Reclaim the Night movement came to the UK in 1977, when rape conviction rates were higher than they are now.

A January 2013 report published by the Ministry of Justice, the Office for National statistics, and the Home Office found that 85,000 women were raped each year in England and Wales, while 400,000 experienced some form of sexual assault. Of women between the ages of 16 and 59, one in five had experienced sexual violence.

“We march to demand justice for rape survivors”, said the organisers of Reclaim the Night.

Abby Fox, Women’s Officer at Emmanuel, commented: “This is such a positive way to encourage people to stand in solidarity with rape victims. With 40 per cent of rapes going unreported, this a way to feel as though those previously unheard voices are being represented. I’d encourage everyone to take part if they can.”

The march will start at 7:30pm at Parker’s Piece, and will end at King’s College chapel. It is open to ‘self-defining women’ only.

£2 million for nuclear weapons research

The Ministry of Defence funds nuclear weapons research at Cambridge

James Sutton

Deputy News Editor

Information released by the Ministry of Defence (MoD) has revealed that the University of Cambridge indirectly received £2 million between 2010 and July 2012 for research carried out into technologies which contribute to the development of nuclear weapons.

The Atomic Weapons Establishment (AWE), a private consortium, is part of a "strategic alliance" network with 50 leading UK universities, five of which receive funding directly.

AWE runs two nuclear development facilities in Berkshire on behalf of the MoD. These facilities are backed up by research from the 50 universities involved. The five universities which receive direct funding from AWE for their research are the University of Cambridge, Imperial College London, the University of Bristol, Herriot-Watt University, and the postgraduate research institution, Cranfield University.

The money received by these universities funds their research in advanced computing, hydrodynamics, materials sciences and plasma physics – all of which may contribute to future nuclear weapons designs.

Imperial College London has

received the greatest share of this funding, a total of £7.7 million, whereas Cambridge has seen a £2 million investment in the Cavendish Laboratory, part of the Department of Physics. AWE is also known to finance a professorship in the Cavendish Laboratory.

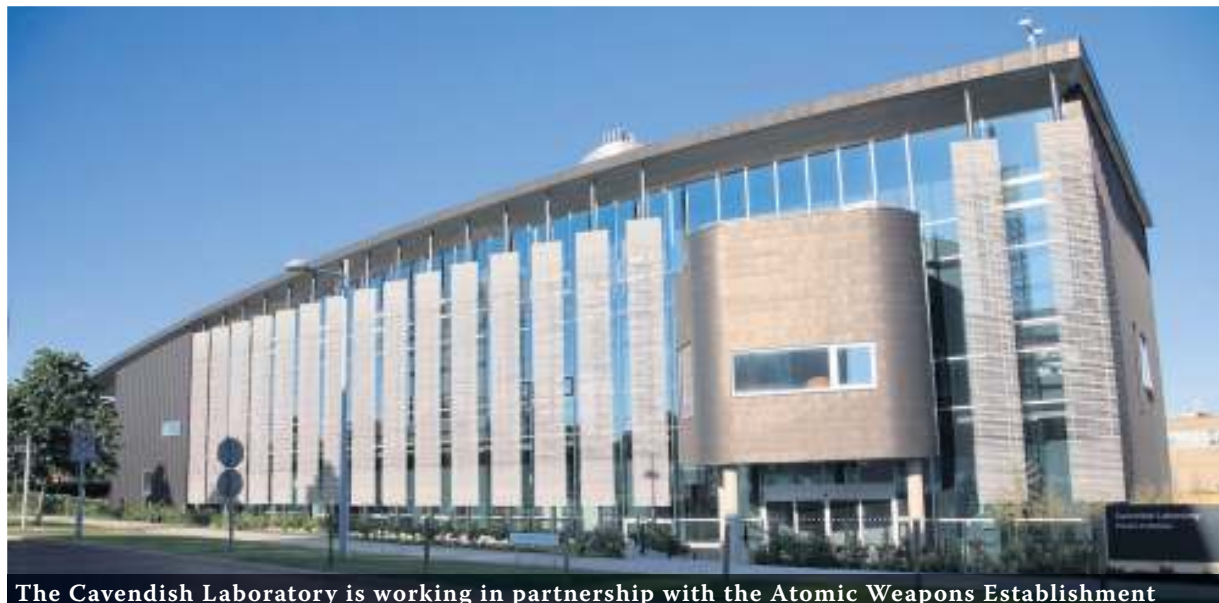
This information has been released after Freedom of Information requests were put to the MoD and the universities involved by two campaign groups calling for nuclear disarmament – the Nuclear Information Service (NIS) and Medact, an organisation consisting of health professionals.

The report compiled by these groups,

"WORK WHICH WILL ALLOW THE UK TO DEVELOP ITS NUCLEAR WEAPONS HAS NO PLACE ON THE CAMPUS"

which was released on Wednesday at University College London, claims to be the first to reveal the systematic links between the nuclear weapons industry and British universities.

Speaking to the Guardian, the director of NIS, Pete Wilkinson said that the report supports the group's belief: "Work which will allow the UK to retain and develop its nuclear weapons over the long term has no place on the campus." He also urged a more ethical



The Cavendish Laboratory is working in partnership with the Atomic Weapons Establishment

approach for universities when dealing with private consortiums such as AWE: "Our report aims to warn them of the risks of being seduced into murky waters by the lure of AWE's cash."

However, AWE has been quick to defend its collaboration, with a spokeswoman explaining: "The UK government has made clear its policy on maintaining the nuclear deterrent. AWE's technical outreach programme supports this and follows this declared government policy."

The consortium insists that all work undertaken by their university partners conforms to national regulations

and their own codes of conduct.

The University has defended its involvement. A spokesman added: "Everything we do with them is basic research to assist the AWE in its roles of ensuring the safety of the nuclear armament stockpile and as the UN agency responsible for upholding the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty."

The university has stressed that the Cavendish Laboratory has been working alongside AWE for over 30 years.

Other universities involved with AWE, including Imperial College London, have drawn attention to the 'blue sky' nature of this research,

which is not directly feeding into current weapon designs.

Arsalan Ghani, a third year Engineering PhD student, drew a link between these revelations and government funding cuts: "This is a total shame. Rather than developing teaching and research practice that benefit living beings and the environment, unfortunately, we are becoming a part of global destruction machinery."

"When government funds are cut, we will always seek unethical avenues for money. Precisely for this reason, we should strongly oppose cuts in higher education and research."

CUCA hosts MEP Godfrey Bloom

Outspoken MEP and former UKIP member spoke to students

Jack McConnel

News Correspondent

"Welfare is the cancer of the nation", according to Godfrey Bloom, the independent MEP for Yorkshire and Humber who addressed the Cambridge University Conservative Association (CUCA) earlier this week.

Speaking about his constituents, Bloom said that "the Yorkshire farmer is the most miserable bastard I've ever met in my life".

He talked of "tribal" voting in his constituency: "[Voters] know that if they don't vote Conservative, their hand will fall off".

Amid laughter, Bloom targeted the honours system for criticism: "This is the problem. You want your wife, Sharon, to be Lady Sharon. You want it for her, for being a nice little wife – you've not cheated on her. Much. People will sell their souls for an honour."

The Cambridge Universities Labour Club (CULC) criticised CUCA for its decision to invite Bloom. A spokesman said: "His questioning of the ability of women to hold an equal standing in our society is shocking, making his visit to Cambridge a particularly inappropriate one, given the Conservative Party's existent problem with women – more men from Eton and Westminster being in the cabinet than women.

"Comments like these are likely to cause distress on both sides of the political spectrum and therefore, his presence simply helps to maintain the view that politics attracts people with deeply outdated and irrelevant opinions".

In a wide-ranging speech which swung from Alfred the Great to Bismarck and the Roman Empire to World War One, Bloom was not afraid to snipe at the establishment: "Who gives a shit if Dave Wiliband or Ed Spameron gets in next?"

He was critical of UKIP, lamenting, "it's been hijacked...We're not the carefree party we once were. We now have people in their nice suits sitting at desks behind closed doors, spinning

"WE'RE NOT THE CAREFREE PARTY WE ONCE WERE. I'M FIGHTING TO GET MY PARTY BACK"

everything.

"I'm fighting to get my party back"

Bloom argued that "people who create the most wealth should have a higher say in how this wealth is distributed". He was unaware that the minimum wage is £6.31 and consistently stated that it was £8, whilst complaining that "it's £3.20 for a pint here – that's bloody ridiculous".

James Mottram, chairman of CUCA,



Godfrey Bloom has never shied away from controversy

said: "Godfrey Bloom was a fantastic speaker and I am very proud CUCA was able to play host to him last night. His talk was fascinating and one of the best attended in years."

"We have always felt it important to provide Cambridge students access to speakers with whom they may not necessarily agree, but whose views are worth hearing."

While it would be presumptuous of me to speak for everyone at the talk, I have received nothing but positive responses from those who were actually there, including many who used to opportunity to challenge Mr Bloom with their own questions."

Of the criticisms levelled by the Labour Club, Mottram replied: "This seems to me to be simply a case of CULC being desperate for an

opportunity to be offended on others' behalf."

One CUCA member who wished to remain anonymous said that although Bloom was "very offensive" and "bumbles, he did make a few valid points".

Bloom was at the centre of media attention last year when he called a group of women at the UKIP party conference "sluts", and swiped a Channel 4 news correspondent with a brochure. The UKIP whip was subsequently removed.

When asked if he would consider making a political comeback, Bloom said: "I don't give a shit anymore. I can say what I want now. I'm sixty-four. I'll be dead in ten years anyway. What I want to do is make sure that you people give your politicians a really rough ride."

£362,000 in grants from government for Cambridge galleries

Zoe Silkstone

News correspondent

This year has so far been a good one for Cambridge's art galleries, as the Fitzwilliam Museum and Kettle's Yard have received a joint total of £362,000.

The grants were awarded by the Department for Culture, Media and Sport and the Wolfson Foundation, and will be used to improve their exhibition spaces and displays.

The news has been welcomed by the directors of the galleries, as well as tutors and students. The director of Kettle's Yard called it a "great boost" for developing the gallery as well as the museum's "education spaces".

Tim Brown, visiting guest conductor at Robinson college, called them "fabulous institutions. He said that the Fitzwilliam was "a formal but comparatively intimate space with a beautiful gallery for music" while describing Kettle's Yard as being "full of 'honest' art in a domestic scene."

Josh Bradlow, a third-year geography student, said: "Visiting Kettle's Yard with my school was the main reason I decided to apply to Magdalene, which is just across the road."

He added: "It's a really special place and I think most people who have been there would agree."

The money is part a programme of grants to support the arts nationwide, and Cambridge's MP Julian Huppert was very enthusiastic for the money to be spent on the two buildings.

He said the government grants were "in recognition of the excellent work" the galleries do.



TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE: Students staged a flashmob outside King's College on Sunday in support of the international LGBT+ community. This was prompted by the 2014 Winter Olympic Games, which are being held in Sochi, Russia, and where President Vladimir Putin has come under fire for homophobic legislation and brutal treatment of gay people.

Cambridge students divided over Sochi

Jack McConnell takes the city's pulse on the controversial games

As the Sochi Winter Olympics approach their second week, controversy over corruption and LGBT+ oppression in Russia rages on. In the aftermath of Sunday's same-sex affection flashmob, Russia is uppermost in the minds of many Cantabrigians.

Varsity caught up with Pavel Tsarevskiy, an electoral observer for Liga Izbirateley [League of Voters], and an MBA student at Hughes Hall. He believes that "propaganda and brainwash[ing]" from Western politicians and media "resembles the worst of Cold War Russophobia."

"Even here in Cambridge, where I supposed people were smart enough to question what they read in mass media, I am listening to crazy political propositions for boycotting the games."

The Cambridge Union's debate last week was "This House would boycott the Sochi Olympics." The results suggest a student body in two minds: seventy-nine attendees voted for the motion, eighty-two against and thirty-four abstained. Heated interventions from audience and panellists contributed to an already emotional debate focused on LGBT+ oppression in Russia.

Elly Smith was one of those present.

Frustrated by the situation, she decided to organise a same-sex affection flashmob.

The resulting demonstration, held on Sunday, attracted over 100 people and created an event which was covered in national and international media.

Same-sex couples kissed, hugged and danced to send a message of solidarity to the LGBT+ community in Russia and elsewhere. On King's Parade, businesses and residents flew the rainbow flag and hung bunting, while music played out of Caffè Nero.

Ryan Howard, a participant, said: "It was really heartwarming to be part of it. To LGBT+ people in Russia: the world is listening, and the world is fighting for you."

"RUSSIAN SOCIETY HAS MANY OTHER MORE SERIOUS PROBLEMS"

Ed Boyd, another participant, enjoyed the event: "In the midst of it all, whether you were gay or not felt unimportant. The general feeling seemed to be that love's something to be celebrated whoever it is you happen to love and it really sucks that some people hate you for it."



There have been widespread protests over the games

Elly recalled the many people who had shown her kindness on Sunday, from the porters at Trinity Hall to the Caffè Nero staff. "I was surprised I didn't have any unsupportive reactions. I laughed when I was talking to the guy in the camera shop – he said if he had known, he would have worn his rainbow suit."

But some, like Pavel, see hypocrisy in criticisms of Russia: "The EU is experiencing economic and cultural problems. Rather than trying to co-operate with Russia economically and culturally, the EU is ... isolating Russia

in some sort of European Ghetto.

"Russians see double standards in the West, many conservative Russians will evaluate those [LGBT+ protests] activities as orchestrated actions to destroy traditional family values in Russia.

"Russian society has many other more serious problems. Russia is looking for its identity after years of social disasters ... The core of [Russian] values is the family, while LGBT+ culture from this conservative prospective seems to be marginal."

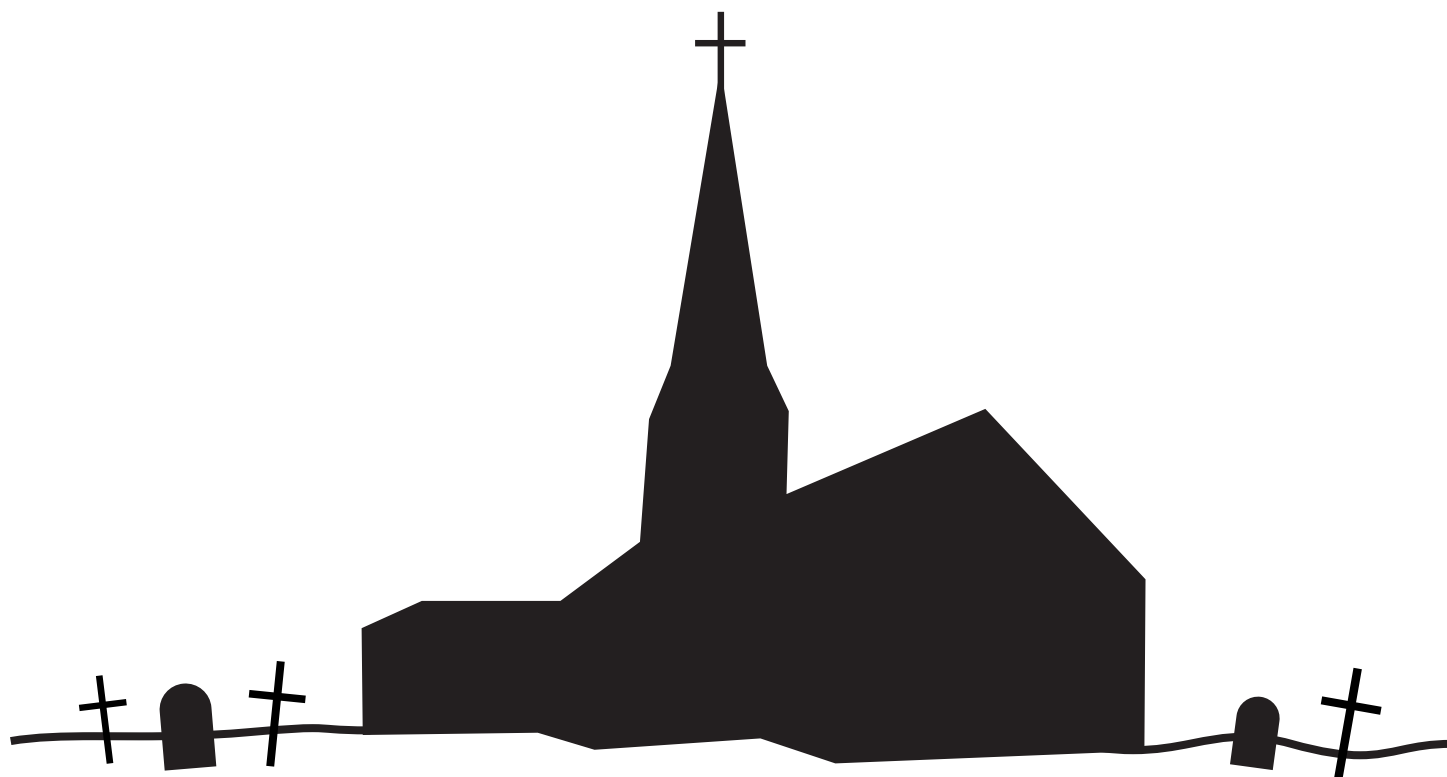
However, many Cambridge students

do not agree with Pavel's sentiment that the UK should be more accepting of the Russian government's values. Jack Smith, a Canadian skier and first-year HSPS student at King's College, said: "The Winter Olympics means a lot to the athletes and to many people watching back at home, but we can't leave our values at home when we're on the world stage, regardless of the event."

Sarah Regan, press officer for Sunday's flashmob, was optimistic about the event: "The reach goes far beyond the people who participated. People from the cafés came out to watch, the cyclists stopped and tourists filmed it. We have to capitalise on what we did," she said.

Footage from Cambridge's flashmob will go towards a compilation of footage from solidarity events nationally. Louise Englefield, director of Pride Sports, is also liaising with the Cambridge branch of To Russia With Love. She hopes to ensure that footage, pictures, and messages from the flashmob reach activists in Russia, and send them a message of solidarity.

Sarah, clearly moved after the demonstration, also said: "A moment like this when everyone can gather in a public place in a world-famous city and hold hands and embrace and kiss and get nothing but positive reactions from the people who walk past is a big message for the people of Russia that this [LGBT+ oppression] will end."



My week with Jesus

Hannah Wilkinson joins the Christian Union's *This Is Jesus* week to see what all the fuss is about

It's a rainy Tuesday lunchtime and Holy Trinity church is packed to the rafters. Hoards of students have turned up to watch one of five lunchtime talks organised by CICCU as part of the This Is Jesus week. President Alex Greaves glibly suggests that they only came for the free sandwiches.

There's little I won't do for a chicken salad baguette. But artisanal breads are a superficial perk in what I hope will be a deeper spiritual journey. I have timetabled in as many talks as I can this week, in the hope that somewhere along the way, I will find Jesus.

Alex has warned me that this is unlikely. "The week is more about asking questions, finding out if you want to explore the faith further," he tells me in an email.

The first event I attend is one of CICCU's new International Series. It looks at the place of Jesus in a multicultural world. The speaker, Peter Teagle, addresses Cambridge's international students in the online video. "We recognise that many people who come from different cultures around the world...may have different values and different things which are on their minds. Come and find out more about how Jesus relates to all cultures everywhere."

I find the missionary undertones of Teagle's words deeply unsettling, but I've been promised a free dinner, so I go anyway and perch awkwardly at one of the tables stacked with steaming plates of Thai Green Curry.

"I FIND THE ACTUAL CONTENT OF THE SERMONS DEEPLY UNPALATABLE"

Gaby, a third-year mathmo originally from Hong Kong, sits down next to me. Once Peter Teagle has finished telling us how Paul went to Athens and persuaded the locals to give up their idols, Gaby explains the passion of Christ using a friendship bracelet she's made out of beads. She smiles the whole time, listens to what I have to say and tells me about her faith.

"If you have something good why wouldn't you want to spread it?" she asks. "Jesus sacrificed his life for us, we can't ignore that. If someone threw themselves under a bus for you, you couldn't just carry on as though nothing had happened."

As far as I can tell, most of the students in attendance are already Christian. Enthusiastically so. But despite Gaby's reassurance the whole event still makes me feel slightly queasy – like a hangover from a colossal night out I wish had never happened.

I leave the church, vowing to go home to Edward Said and to underline all the important bits. Then something strange happens. I suddenly feel happier than I have felt for a really long time. I walked into that talk a used, empty, husk of a person. Whatever CICCU's intentions regarding my mortal soul, the atmosphere in that church, talking to Gaby, has made me feel fantastic. And so it is with great enthusiasm that the following lunchtime I join the queue outside Holy Trinity church to attend my second talk of the week.

By the time I get in all the sandwiches are gone. Given the theme of the event, I would have expected them to be able to make the

catering go a little further. But my mood improves when I meet Bethany Sherwood from Murray Edwards who, like everyone else, is disarmingly friendly. Being a Christian in Cambridge helps her walk through the valley of stress and have no fear. "It's great that my self-esteem doesn't depend on my essays, it doesn't depend on what my supervisor says, it doesn't depend on grades." Bethany gets all the support she needs from Jesus.

For the first time I understand why people want to be a part of this community. The non-stop Cambridge game of one-upmanship, which I seem to be constantly losing, doesn't seem to have found its way here, and the holier-than-thou atmosphere I expected has not materialised.

There's just one problem. When all the sandwich-munching and squash-slurping is done, I find the actual content of the sermons deeply unpalatable.

I think the main problem is that I don't believe in God.

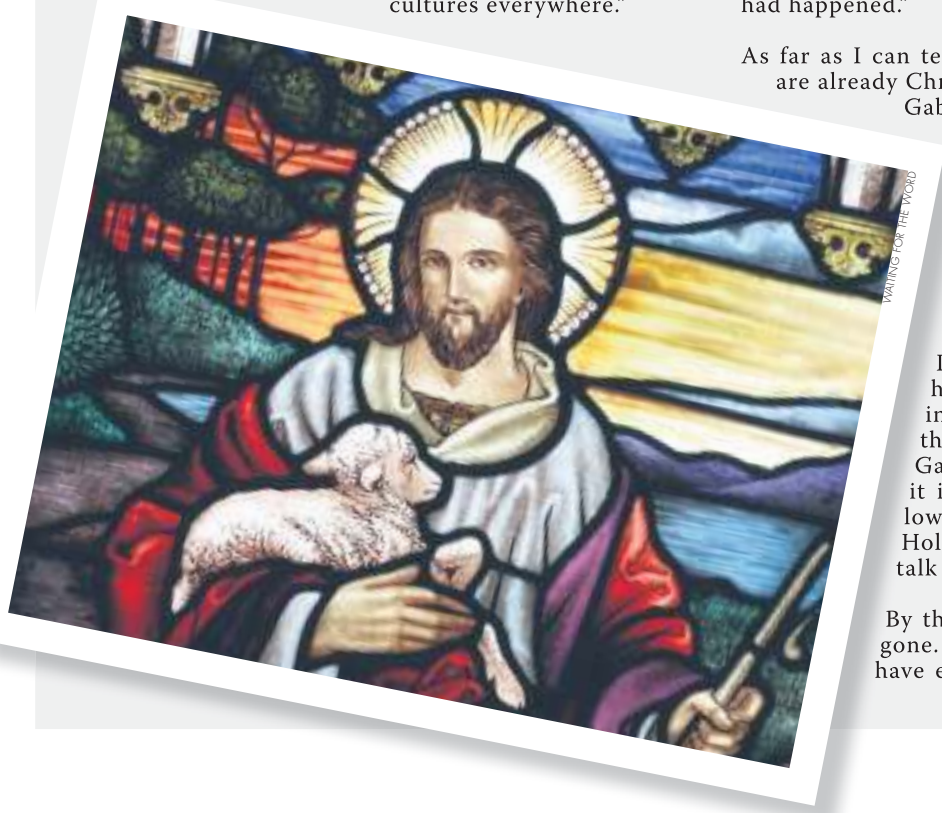
Gavin Shearer, the speaker who gives the lunchtime talks, does his best to cram complex theology into five twenty-minute bursts. On Tuesday he tells us that there can be no such thing as love without God, because if there is nothing in the universe besides "matter, motion, time and chance," then love is a meaningless chemical reaction. Were those poets who described love as a sublime transcendent force fooled by neurons in the brain? he asks us. Probably, I think.

On Wednesday, he tells us that religious pluralism is an "arrogant" doctrine, since there can only be one truth, and that truth is Jesus.

On Friday he tells us that the gospels are reliable, first hand eyewitness accounts of the fact that Jesus died on the cross and rose again, thus giving credibility to Jesus' claims to divinity. When it is pointed out by some sparky members of the crowd that the gospels are actually full of historical inaccuracy, Gavin responds that since the gospels got the main bit about Jesus coming back from the dead right, it's best to let them off on the minor details.

I trudge back out into the rainy, dog-eat-dog world of Cambridge, still no more than a bundle of chemical reactions. As lonely as that thought is, I just can't summon up Gaby's confidence in the answers she has found.

As hard as it's going to be understanding a world where Jesus isn't the answer, at least I got three rocky roads on my way out.



Gove: university applicants need Classics

State school teachers will be trained to teach ancient Greek and Latin

Sarah Sheard

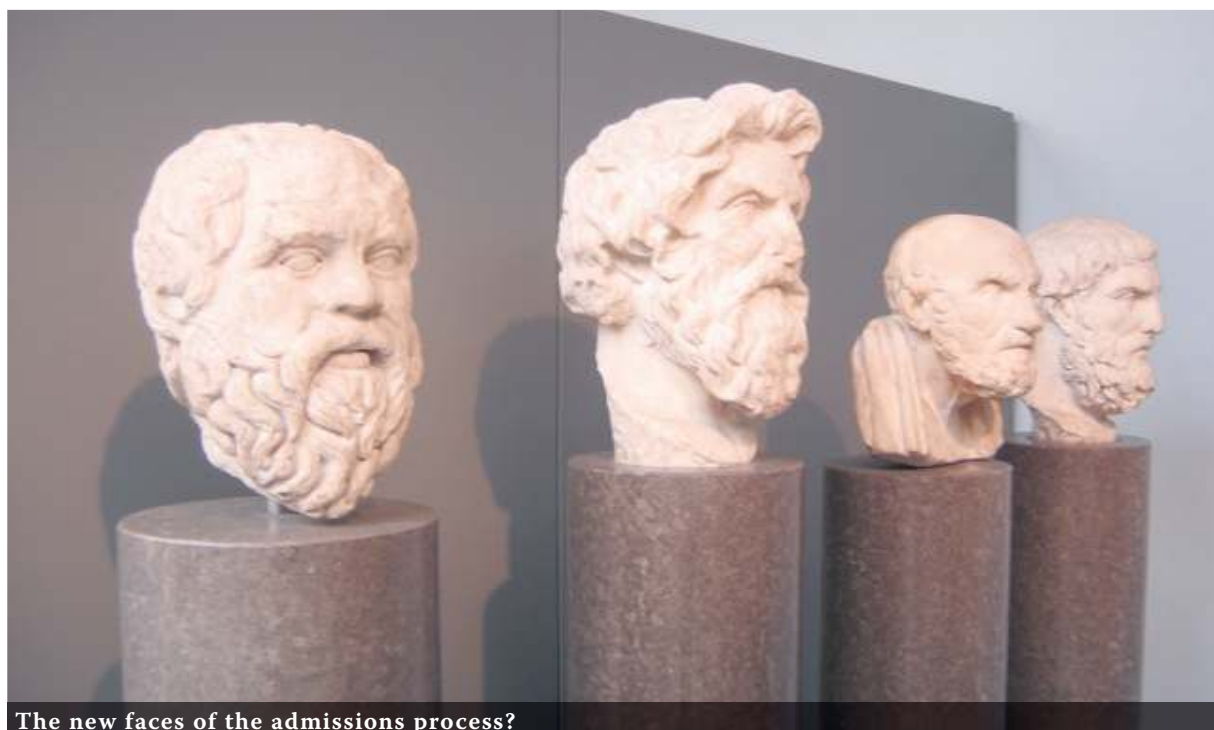
News Correspondent

Michael Gove, the Education Secretary, has announced plans to break down the 'Berlin Wall' between private and state education by training state school teachers in Greek and Latin. He hopes that this will help children in the state sector to compete for university places with their privately educated counterparts.

State school teachers who are not specialist Classics teachers will participate in a new teacher training project led by Professor Christopher Pelling, Regius Professor of Greek at Christ Church College, Oxford.

"CLASSICS IS STILL SEEN AS THE PRESERVE OF PRIVATELY EDUCATED CHILDREN"

The policy comes as part of Gove's drive to create an education system where "a state pupil being accepted to Oxbridge is not a matter for celebration, but a matter of course." He wants standards in the state system to be so high that "when you visit you simply



The new faces of the admissions process?

cannot tell whether it is a state school or an independent fee-paying school."

Over 11,000 pupils took the GCSE Latin course last year, with over 1,000 secondary state schools now teaching the subject, but Classics is still seen as the preserve of privately-educated children.

University courses, however, have been carefully developed so as not to exclude state school pupils who may not have had the opportunity to learn

Latin or Greek. The Oxbridge admissions requirement for a pass in an ancient language was dropped in the 1960s. Similarly, a four-year Classics degree at Oxford and Cambridge now caters exclusively for students who have not studied Latin or Greek at school.

Molly O'Connor, who is on the four-year Classics course at Homerton College, said: "Every year more and more universities are starting to

recognise that not every student who wants to study Classics or a related subject has had the chance [at school] to do Latin or Greek.

"Because of the brilliant work the universities are doing, the fact that until two months before I came to university I didn't have a word of Latin or Greek and had been in state schools all my life had no bearing on whether or not I was going to be able to study Classics."



CAMBRIDGE SPY

Rumour has it...

One Director of Studies has been directing his studies beyond the confines of the University Library. Grindr rather than Greek, anyone?

Feeling lonely this Valentine's Day? Spare a thought for the boy who's had a restraining order placed upon him by the subject of his affections...

Medics perhaps could do with a taste of their own medicine, as one unfortunate student was sick at a dinner honouring his chosen profession...

One student was a little worse for wear as her friends tried to take her back to her room, but she didn't want to be wearing her clothes in front of the porters...

Tragedy struck this week as one NatSci annihilated a kamikaze pigeon with his bike. Natural selection in action?

Miss Vx

Drink coffee AND save the rainforest

We use Fair Trade, Organic and Rainforest Association certified coffee bean to make great coffee at Sam Smiley.

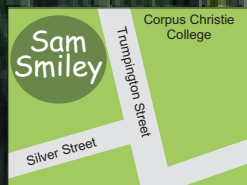
Not only is our coffee totally ethical, we will also donate the amount needed to protect 10 square feet of rainforest to Cool Earth, for every cup of coffee sold.

Endorsed by David Attenborough, Cool Earth is a charity which works with local rainforest communities to protect them from being cut down.

Check it out at www.coolearth.org



Sam Smiley
68 Trumpington St
Cambridge
CB5 8HS



VOUCHER

Come to **Sam Smiley** at 68 Trumpington Street, Cambridge CB5 8HS and use this voucher to help yourself, and the world!

Cappuccino

or
Latte

just **95p**

PLUS a FREE Cake
AND

save 10 square feet of rainforest

Valid to: 31/03/2014

VARSLITY VOYEUR

**THURSDAY 27TH
FEBRUARY AT
FEZ**

**TICKETS
WITH AD**

**£4/5
£3/4**

NEWS IN BRIEF



Battle of the sexes = Battle of the brains?

CAMBRIDGE Research carried out by neuroscientists at the University of Cambridge has revealed that men's brains are bigger than women's - by up to 13 per cent. However, they also noted that women's brains are often denser.

It is hoped that this new discovery will help to explain the differences between men and women in the prevalence of mental illnesses. For example, it has also been recently revealed that women take longer to recover from strokes than men, and it is thought that this new understanding of brain structures may partially explain this.



Exhibition to commemorate Bishop of Natal

CAMBRIDGE St. John's has decided to commemorate the bicentenary of John Colenso's birth with an exhibition entitled The Missionary College. Colenso graduated from St. John's in 1836 with a degree in mathematics.

He was the first person to hold the position of Bishop of Natal, which transformed him into a well-known yet controversial member of the clergy.

The minister arrived in Natal as the Church of England was starting to establish itself.

The exhibition will run until 17th April, and will remain open to the public from 9am to 5pm from Monday to Friday in the St. John's College Library.



Police appeal to male domestic abuse victims

CAMBRIDGE This Valentine's Day, Cambridge police are targeting male victims of domestic abuse in a new appeal.

Posters featuring a photograph of a daisy with the message "She loves me, she loves me not" are soon to be found in men's toilets and changing rooms across the city.

Deputy Inspector Alan Page said: "Throughout the year we run a number of high-profile campaigns to target women who are victims of domestic abuse and it's important this work continues as they represent around 75 per cent of victims."

"However, we believe there are men out there who are not reporting the abuse they suffer and it is those men we are trying to reach out to this Valentine's."

The campaign also aims to make the most of social media and the radio, in order to reach as many men as possible.

Don statue is 'hideous'

Mystery as sculptor denies responsibility for 13 foot statue

James Sutton

Deputy News Editor

A statue entitled The Don by Uruguayan sculptor Pablo Atchugarry has created confusion after Atchugarry denied producing the work.

The 13 foot-high statue, initially planned for an office development on Hills Road, is worth £150,000, but Cambridge City Council's public art officer has described it as "possibly the poorest quality work" that has ever been submitted to them.

Atchugarry has denied being the "author" of the sculpture, and has called the accusation that it is his work "an abuse." Atchugarry also added that he is "really astonished, worried and disappointed" that his work is being misrepresented in this way.

Atchugarry is an internationally renowned sculptor from Uruguay, who most commonly works in marble, and his pieces have been sold at Christie's and Sotheby's in London, New York, Paris and Amsterdam. He has had more than eighty solo and group exhibitions around the world throughout his career.

Unex, the family-owned real estate investment and development company which supposedly commissioned Atchugarry to produce the statue for the site, stand by their claim that the statue is his work.

A spokesperson for the chairman of Unex and well-known patron of

the arts, Bill Gredley, explained the origin of the statue: "Pablo Atchugarry sculpted a model, having spent a day in Cambridge researching academic clothing."

"He designed a model in marble and thereafter we had the model enlarged and cast by Bronze Age Sculpture Casting Foundry."

Gredley and others consider it to be a rather spectacular bronze with a Cambridge-inspired difference, namely the head and shape as cast together with the bronze being coloured black

"POSSIBLY THE POOREST QUALITY WORK THAT HAS EVER BEEN SUBMITTED TO THE COUNCIL"

to resemble the academic clothing and mortarboard."

Gredley objects to the council's off-the-cuff dismissal of the statue. He claims that no-one from the council has visited the statue and that they have judged it from a photograph.

However, a council report into the matter concluded that the statue was the work of Atchugarry, but that Unex had overstepped the mark by commissioning an installation without it having been developed "in response to the site." Unex now plans to put the statue on display elsewhere in the city.

Reacting to the statue, Councillor John Hipkin questioned how The Don could be considered unacceptable



Is it an eye-sore?

when compared to the highly abstract Snowy Farr memorial sculpture, outside the Guildhall in Market Square, which was approved by Nadine Black, the council's public art officer.

Jonathan Glancey, an art critic for the Telegraph, has used The Don in a recent article as evidence of why "we should reject fast-breeding kitsch in public places." He also branded the statue as "detritus masquerading as public art."

Saul Nelson, a second-year art historian at Emmanuel, agrees: "Well I think it's hideous", he said.

"All [Atchugarry's] real work that I've seen treads a line between abstract and figurative anthropomorphic form and this kind of does that, then puts a stupid plastic mortarboard on top which looks really shit."

Cambridge drugs prices attract London's dealers

Drug dealers are commuting from London to Cambridge

Sam Matthew

News Correspondent

An investigation undertaken by Cambridge News has revealed that the high value of drugs in Cambridge may be leading London dealers to "commute" to the city.

The residents of Cambridge are purchasing drugs for more than twice the going rate in London. A recent surge in price has transformed the city's trade from a local racket to a site of major organized crime.

Driven by the city's wealth and high levels of demand, the minimum cost for a bag of heroin and a rock of crack cocaine has risen to £15. Equivalent quantities would cost only half that price in London. One Cambridge student told Varsity that she has paid as much as £100 for a gram of cocaine in Cambridge.

In addition, recent police crackdowns have left many Cambridge dealers behind bars, leaving a gap in the market. London dealers have responded by attempting to muscle in on the city's trade.

On Thursday, Matthew Aboderin, a 21-year-old drug dealer from Croydon, was caught with 46 wraps of heroin and crack cocaine in his rectum. He

was sentenced to four and a half years in prison.

Shayne Walters, 17, is another recent arrest. The Camberwell youth was found near flats in Cockerell Road, North Cambridge, with 85 wraps of crack cocaine and heroin.

These and other buildings are used as stash houses by London gangs, and are key to their exploitation of the Cambridge market.

Judge Gareth Hawkesworth cited several recent drugs-related arrests of Londoners in Cambridge, and described the emergent trend as a "major problem." He has even gone as far as calling for a report on the scale of

"ONE CAMBRIDGE STUDENT SAID SHE HAS PAID AS MUCH AS £100 FOR A GRAM OF COCAINE IN CAMBRIDGE"

the issue from the Crown Prosecution Service. Confirmation of the size of Cambridge's drug trade would allow him to impose harsher sentences on convicted criminals.

Many of the dealers being sent to Cambridge are teenagers, which suggests that they may be under pressure from more senior gang-members.



London youths arrested in Cambridge had heroin and cocaine

In light of this information, previous crimes may also be evidence of friction between gangs. In 2012, two men in St Bartholemew's Court, of Riverside, were attacked by three men with knives and a meat cleaver. The attackers were arrested on the motorway back to London and jailed for a total of 42 years.

Police sources believed the men came to Cambridge from London to stamp their authority on the patch. Parkside and Mill Road have consistently been the sites of the greatest number of drug-related arrests.

A recent investigation by the Tab

Council lifts ban on punctuation after campaign

Emily Handley

News Correspondent

In the wake of energetic protest from members of the community, Cambridge Council has decided to reinstate apostrophes in road names across the city. After the local authority's ban on apostrophes was revealed, an onslaught of indignant grammarians took to the streets to correct Cambridge's signposts.

Although the Council has reversed its decision, it maintains that its workers were only attempting to follow national guidelines. These guidelines were put in place to avoid confusing emergency vehicles when searching for an address.

The decision to ban punctuation marks had been criticised by campaigners, who claimed that Cambridge's reputation as a centre of learning and intellect could be undermined by the lack of punctuation on road signs.

Eric Pickles, the secretary of state for communities and local government, has ridiculed the ban on apostrophes, asking Cambridge inhabitants to protect the apostrophe against "over-zealous pen-pushers."

Council leader Tim Bick said that there had been "an executive decision to amend our street naming policy." He added that this decision will ensure that all new street names in Cambridge will be given "proper punctuation."

Kathy Salaman, director of the Good Grammar Company, said: "It's not a case of life or death whether we have apostrophes or not but, from the point of view of education and Cambridge history, this is a great decision."

has revealed evidence of cocaine use in university buildings, while a survey last year suggested that 57 per cent of Cambridge students had used drugs at some time.

No systematic investigation of the role the student population plays in Cambridge's drug trade has as yet been undertaken.

Detective Inspector Craig Harrison said: "Drug dealing is a scourge on society that fuels other serious crime including burglary, robbery and anti-social behaviour, and we are committed to catching and putting before the courts those involved in it."



E-LUMINATE: The walls of King's College chapel were lit up this week as part of the annual e-luminate festival. The festival "connects ambitious art with imaginative technology to shed light on low carbon innovation." There will be various events around Cambridge city centre and the university until 23rd February, including a Valentine's Day concert in Trinity College chapel.

Prof demands access to government files

Historians say it will be 340 years before some documents are public

Harriet Fitch Little

News Correspondent

Professor Tony Badger, Master of Clare College, has added his voice to concerns among academics that a dearth of resources may delay the release of a secret cache of 600,000 Foreign and Commonwealth Office documents.

Professor Badger, who was appointed in December as the independent reviewer overseeing the release of the so-called 'Special Collection', was responding to news over the weekend that lawyers representing a group of prominent British historians have written to Secretary of State William Hague, challenging the government to explain delays in transferring the previously inaccessible documents to the National Archives.

The letter delivered to Hague demands that the government sets out a clear programme for the public release of the collection. It warns that if work progresses at the same pace as that of the department's 2011 declassification of documents from the colonial archive, it will be 340 years before the files are publically available.

The revelation that the FCO was in possession of such a significant number of non-inventoried files originally came about during a High Court case brought in the UK by four Kenyans concerning torture during the Mau Mau rebellion of 1952-60.

The government was forced to admit the existence of thousands of files concerning British colonial rule, which had been 'migrated' to the UK



Historians have called for greater government transparency

following decolonisation. This was in breach of the Public Records Act, which requires departments to make public their files after 20 years.

David Anderson, professor of African history at Warwick University, was a witness in the Kenyan case, having discovered the original memo revealing the existence of secret files. He is one of the leading voices putting pressure on the FCO for transparency.

Although he does not believe that the government has underhand motives in stalling, he bemoans the lack of procedural clarity: "We don't know that there's a lack of resources. They

haven't told us that. All we know is that they have 1.2 million files due for release that they haven't released.

"For many years the Foreign Office has simply not been doing its legal duty. This material should not have been held without the Keeper of the Public Records knowing about it."

Professor Badger said that he believes the slow pace of activity concerning the migrated archives is chiefly the product of a huge backlog of work within the FCO.

Before documents can be released they must be analysed by experts to ascertain whether they were of any

relevance for the National Archive, and redacted in cases where sensitive data is concerned.

He emphasised that the documents in question had not been accorded particular significance by FCO archivists prior to their public discovery, commenting that "the most remarkable thing about the migrated archive

"THERE WAS A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO MAKE SURE NOT TOO MANY PEOPLE KNEW ABOUT IT"

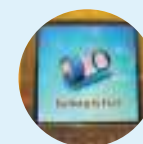
is that it wasn't destroyed."

Professor Badger does however acknowledge the understandable "legacy of suspicion" amongst his fellow historians: "[I]t is inevitable that there are suspicions because at one point there was a deliberate attempt to make sure not too many people knew about the migrated archive."

Among the 10 per cent of the cache classified as 'high priority' are documents relating to compensation claims brought by British nationals who suffered Nazi persecution and records concerning the Cold War activities of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, part of the 'Cambridge Five' who spied for the Soviet Union.

Although the exact contents of the files remains a mystery, Professor Badger thinks it is unlikely that they will contain revelations of the same magnitude as the Mau Mau torture files. However, he added that it would include "great material for PhD students."

NEWS IN BRIEF



Quick-charging phone batteries developed

CAMBRIDGE Scientists at the University of Cambridge's Department of Engineering have moved a step closer to developing silicon-based batteries for mobile phones which charge in minutes but last hours.

A spokeswoman for the research team said: "Silicon-based technology would greatly expand the capacity of batteries used in mobiles, electric vehicles and other applications."

Using nanotechnology and scanning techniques, the scientists were able to get a small-scale view of how silicon batteries, an idea first noted by an American research team, actually function.



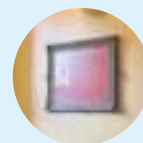
Cycling could mean savings for the NHS

CAMBRIDGE Research commissioned by the University of Cambridge has revealed that if 10 per cent of all journeys in the UK were carried out on bicycle, the NHS could save a potential £250 million per year.

It is thought that a small increase in cycling nationwide would result in vast savings for the NHS, which is being placed under increasing pressure given the rise of inactivity-related illnesses such as obesity.

However, this comes as Olympic gold medallist Chris Boardman claims that despite great sporting achievements in cycling, Britain is still failing to adopt the kind of widespread culture of cycling seen in the Netherlands and Denmark.

Boardman is at the head of a new campaign called ChooseCycling, whose 10-point manifesto was launched on Monday.



Months of dispute end as King's keep flag

CAMBRIDGE It is hoped that the long-running debate on the future of the Soviet flag in King's College bar will now draw to a close after another referendum showed that fifty-three per cent of students have voted in favour of keeping the flag.

There have been some complaints of "too much democracy" in the debate about the flag. One King's member is relieved that the flag affair has ended: "It's good because I can get the bar back in the evenings now. The college can now be free from constant flag speculation."

Excluding amendments, this brings the total number of votes on the issue to eight. The issue first reared its head in 2010, although a larger majority then voted in favour of keeping the flag.

The Interview: Alain de Botton

THE BOTTON LINE



Jilly Luke talks to the atheist philosopher and writer about *The News: A User's Guide*, a philosophic Daily Mail and sexual allure

With his double starred First from Cambridge, Masters from the University of London and the beginnings of a PhD at Harvard, the young Alain de Botton looked set to tuck himself away in a cosy cloister. However, he turned his back on academia and began to write philosophy books that would appeal to the general public.

But why? It's not because he's afraid of a challenge: "It's too easy to write books for a specialised public. If you've read a lot in your field, talking to other experts comes easily. You can speak in code."

"But at the end of the day, I believe in the therapeutic potential of culture, and once you do that, you can have no excuse for talking only to a few. If it's therapeutic, the responsibility is to take the message as far out as possible. Ultimately, I'm interested in social change through culture - and that requires the techniques of popularisation."

Having tackled love, sex, Proust, work, atheism, religion, art, travel and status, Alain's latest target is news. His latest book, *The News: A User's Guide*, comes complete with a set of proposals for "the ideal news organisation of the future."

The news doesn't immediately seem like an obvious next move for the man who tried the mammoth task of creating a religion for atheists, but de Botton is adamant that "there's no more powerful force in modern society than the news. It shapes how we see the world, what we judge to be good and bad, important or silly, right or wrong."

De Botton came up through several English boarding schools as a child and is sceptical about the British education system,

the priorities of which he suggests lie in "the technical and economic sphere." He describes it as "entirely uninterested in what I care about," namely "emotional intelligence, taught through the medium of culture."

He tells me: "It is deemed more important for us to know how to make sense of the plot of *Othello* than how to decode the front page of the New York Post. We are more likely to hear about the significance of Matisse's use of

"GEORGE CLOONEY USES HIS EROTIC ALLURE TO HELP PEOPLE IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST TROUBLED REGIONS"

colour than to be taken through the effects of the celebrity photo section of the Daily Mail.

"We are never systematically inducted into the extraordinary capacity of news outlets to influence our sense of reality and to mould the state of what we might as well - with no supernatural associations - call our souls."

De Botton's issues with journalism as it stands are three-fold. "Firstly, we've got a real problem popularising important news. Serious journalists often think that what is central to their jobs is to go out and find out 'the truth', then everything in society will change."

"But in my view, in this distracted, sensation-hungry age, the real task is subtly but importantly different. A really important

task for journalists is to learn how to make what's important seem interesting - to a large audience."

The second problem is perhaps more insidious: "It's almost as if there were two ways to render a society supine, apolitical and resigned to the status quo: either you censor all news, or else you flood people with so much news, they can't focus on anything. We're in danger of this latter scenario."

Thirdly, de Botton suggests that within journalism today there is an obsession with what he terms "looking out for crooks" when it should be focusing on "errors in more subtle, pervasive but invisible forms."

De Botton is reluctant to blame a lack of interest in foreign news on the public themselves. He concedes that "traffic figures to websites with foreign news are very very low" but suggests that the answer might not be mere shallowness.

"What if the real reason viewers and readers don't much care about what is happening in foreign lands is not that we are especially shallow or nasty, nor even that the events described are inherently boring, but instead simply that we just don't know enough about most disaster zones to care about them?"

"We all already understand our own country just from living there. We know what it's like to take a train, attend a meeting, go to the shops, walk the children to school, flirt, laugh and get cross there - and this is why we immediately engage when we hear that someone has been kidnapped in Newcastle-upon-Tyne or that a bomb has exploded in Edgebaston."

"We need to learn something about street parties in Addis Ababa, love in Peru and in-laws in Mongolia to care a little more

about the next devastating typhoon or violent coup."

Not content merely to write a book about the news, de Botton also set up the Philosophers' Mail, a news website which combines Daily Mail-style stories with philosophical questions.

"The starting point at the Philosophers' Mail was pure traffic: who gets the biggest traffic to a news website anywhere in the world? The Mail Online. So we decided to make this our target. We begin by being very sympathetic to what Mail readers like: beauty, glamour, murder, disaster, horror."

"But rather than ending it there, we try to move the reader on to deeper themes. We see the flotsam and jetsam of the day's news as an opportunity to sneak some big ideas across. We're very interested in sugaring, or at least flavouring, the pill."

Sex is perhaps the oldest and most successful way of sugaring the pill. He says we should be "disturbed" by the fact that "the promise of erotic happiness," even if far fetched, "makes a deep appeal to almost everyone."

"The problem is not that sex is used to sell things. It's that sex is used to sell the wrong things. So rather than try to ban sex from advertising, the alternative strategy is to use the power of sex to make genuinely important, but not very exciting, things attractive."

De Botton praises George Clooney for "using his erotic allure to help people in one of the world's most troubled regions. He has rightly grasped that human rights in western Sudan won't naturally loom large in most people's lives, no matter how grave the issue."

"Clooney, aware that inducing guilt is no way to get good things to happen, has wisely lent his sex appeal to sell humanit-

arian activism."

However, as welcome as Clooney's humanitarian efforts - and services to sexiness - are, de Botton says they are "very modest in scale by comparison with the endeavours of history's biggest exponent of this strategy": the Catholic church in the 1600s.

"Rather than just shouting louder or getting angry, they got more generous - and a lot smarter. They asked creative talents like Giovanni Bellini to include some winsome people in their recruiting posters, also known as altarpieces. Sex was invited to do the selling. The allure of sex was being intelligently and purposefully used, so as to make things that were serious, and often difficult, more attractive - and hence more available."

CAREER IN BRIEF

1991
Graduated from Gonville and Caius
1997
Published *How Proust Can Change Your Life*
2008
Launches *The School of Life* in London
2010
Sets up Living Architecture project



The Psychology of Love

Can science help unravel the mysteries of love?

Sarah Glew

Science Correspondent

The Psychology of Love. 'Oh no!' I hear you cry. Half of you will be too loved-up to think that such soppy common sense rubbish is even worth a read. Oh, and also that psychology isn't a science anyway.

And the other half, well you'll be dreading Valentine's Day and all it stands for and wishing everyone would just stop analysing exactly why you remain single. But read on.

Love, it seems, is all based on hormones. Oxytocin, a hormone released

by the hypothalamus, nicknamed the 'love hormone', has been catapulted into the pharmaceutical world as the 'love drug'.

The hormone is at least partly responsible for romantic bonding, maternal instinct and even orgasm. It leads to feeling physically relaxed around those we trust, and physically excited by the touch of those we lust after.

It's the hormone that makes holding her newborn baby the most amazing moment of a mother's life, and the hormone that makes the baby's mother look the most beautiful she ever will. There is now plenty of evidence that huge proportions of what we label 'love' are caused, physiologically, by the release of oxytocin.

Naturally, it has the potential to be a

huge money maker and oxytocin nasal spray has been suggested as a treatment for shyness, anxiety, and the social deficits of autism.

However, this love drug has a darker side. In one experiment it was indicated that providing participants with a dose of oxytocin didn't increase their

"OXYTOCIN NASAL SPRAY HAS BEEN SUGGESTED AS A TREATMENT FOR SHYNESS, ANXIETY, AND AUTISM"

love for the world or humanity in general. Instead, it increased the love and trust they felt towards their in-group. It was shown to lead to ethnocentrism, and favouring their 'in-group' in a task involving money distribution.

Could this be why people in love seem only to have eyes for each other? Why people can end up neglecting those around them, their hobbies, their work, even sometimes common sense, all in the flushes of new love?

So as we become adults, doomed to a love that's simply chemical, that makes us foolish and blind to others, is there any psychology that can give us a little hope?

Yes.

The biggest factor in how we love, and are loved, is through rearing children. Attachment theory says that, once you've had that lovely oxytocin glow of holding your newborn for the first time, you begin forming attachments with your child. The sensitivity of a baby's primary caregivers can be directly mapped onto the type of attachment the baby will form in adult life.

Mary Ainsworth's 1978 Strange Situation study demonstrated that children can be categorised according to the four types of parental care they received: secure, anxious-avoidant, anxious-ambivalent and disorganised.

It is a fascinating area of study, because these patterns don't only affect the cognitive ability and emotional stability of children; they affect their style of loving too.

Research has found that adults with anxious-avoidant attachment patterns tend to idealise their partner but avoid emotional

or sexual intimacy.

On the other side, those who were anxious-ambivalent as children tend to avoid companionate love, act obsessively, neurotically and depend too much on their partner.

So, it appears that love isn't as sparkly and rosy as the card companies like to make out. Or if it is, it is not any more so today than on any other day.

Thanks to the 'love hormone', however, the flushes of love feel pretty great. So whether you're in love, or just think you are, or know you're not,

perhaps it is just best to put these worries aside and have a happy February 14th.

TOP 4

SCIENTISTS ON LOVE

"For small creatures such as we, the vastness is bearable only through love"

Carl Sagan

"The love for all living creatures is the most noble attribute of man."

Charles Darwin

"Gravitation is not responsible for people falling in love."

Albert Einstein

"Ignore your son's attempts to teach you physics. Physics is not the most important thing, love is."

Richard Feynman



The Curies certainly deserve a nomination for any 'smartest family of all time' award. Sharing a Nobel prize themselves for 'joint researches on the radiation phenomena' was not enough and the pair produced a daughter, Irène, who went on to share another Nobel prize with her cousin Frédéric. Some serious gene-ius being inherited it would seem.

COUPLE

of the

WEEK

Comment



An open letter on rape culture

Maggie Bridge, Christine Corlet, Poppy Damon, Clovis Denny, Caitlin Doherty, Tessa Frost, Sarah Garland, Zoe Higgins, Amelia Horgan, Daisy Hughes, Nina de Paula Hanika, Emma Jones, Susy Langsdale, Pearl Mahaga, Priscilla Mensah, Sadhbh O'Sullivan, Meera Patel, Martha Perotto-Wills, Talia Clare Robinson, Sandy Rushton, Lauren Steele, Ruby Levine Shrimpton, Sara Stillwell, Calista Winstanley, Kirsty Wynne.

We, a group of women at Cambridge University, have written the following article to add our voices in solidarity to those who speak out about a culture that minimises and ignores the experiences of survivors of sexual violence. We're writing in response to a recent article published in the Tab discussing 'rape culture and swaps'.

In her recent Tab article, Lauren Chaplin constructs a definition of the term rape culture based on the "dictionary definition of culture [as] 'the ideas, customs, and social behaviour of a particular people or society'".

"Add the prefix 'rape,'" she argues, "and it would seem that the particular group of people being addressed are rapists. Their collective 'social behaviour' is that they rape people. That is their common link. If you have never raped someone, then you are not a rapist, and therefore you are not part of a rape culture."

If you agree with this definition of 'rape culture' then the claims in the rest of the article seem a little more justified. Arguing that those who set sexist themes for college swaps are members of "a culture of rapists" would certainly seem offensive.

However, this is not what the term 'rape culture' means in general usage. In the same way that 'pop culture' is not purely the culture of pop singers,

'rape culture' is not the culture of people guilty of rape. When 'rape culture' is related to the use of phrases such as 'it was a bit rapey', or even the commonly used 'Facebook rape', the implication is clearly not that those who use such expressions sympathise with or even propagate rape.

The writer quite rightly highlights the seriousness of rape, and is concerned that flippant usages might dilute the word's strength. We absolutely agree. But it is sadly the case that the seriousness of rape is not widely recognised in our society.

A rape culture is one in which, upon the rare occasion that rapists are even convicted (only six per cent of cases taken to court in the UK result in conviction), sentences are frequently shorter and less severe than crimes of a much less harrowing nature.

So when it is argued that the use of the term 'rape culture' dilutes and disrespects the magnitude of what it actually means to be raped or sexually assaulted, this is patently incorrect.

People who recognise that we live in a rape culture understand fully the extent to which the experiences of survivors are dismissed or invalidated, and use the term, with its correct meaning, to express this – not to indiscriminately lump together people who devise an inappropriate party theme with rapists.

Rape culture results from the normalisation of rape, which obscures the frequency of rape and desensitises us to its realities. One of the functions of the term 'rape culture' is to demonstrate that rape happens all the time – it is not something perpetrated only by perverts hiding in alleyways. You are most likely to be raped by an acquaintance or someone you trust, not a stranger.

Given that this is the case, it seems naïve to dismiss swaps as a likely occasion for sexual harassment. The term 'rape culture' is meant to have political connotations that demonstrate the dulling monotony of rape. Rape culture is still horribly and silently common, as constant tweets to Everyday Sexism attest.

Chaplin tries to separate "misogynistic culture" from "rape culture": in reality, the practices that make up rape culture are a subset of misogyny. More specifically, they are misogynistic actions denying women's rights to choose what happens to their bodies, which refuse to take the voices and claims of women seriously.

Rape culture is getting a girl blacking-out drunk in order to get with her. Rape culture is scenes like the one in *The Wolf of Wall Street* where women say no and no and no until they're forced to say yes. Rape culture is the belief that men aren't raped.

Rape culture is UK police dismissing up to a third of reported rapes. Rape culture is asking what the survivor was wearing.

'Rape culture' reflects a social position in which the testimonies of rape survivors or those who have experienced sexual assault are immediately submitted to doubt and distrust, or invalidated by criticisms that they are 'oversensitive' or 'overreacting'.

'Rape culture' is a term that is used to reflect a culture that has become so desensitised to the magnitude of rape, so unsympathetic and silencing of the experiences of its survivors, that it applies the word 'rape' to the most banal of events – like posting on a friend's Facebook account.

Swap culture is part of a broader culture of victim-blaming behaviour rife within Cambridge, and another element of wider rape culture. That does not mean that everyone who goes on a swap is a rapist, or that they condone rape. But large parts of swap culture facilitate these crimes, condone the objectification of women, and result in blurry attitudes towards consent.

The testimonies are there to prove it. We really need to start listening. We cannot label those who are brave enough to speak out as 'oversensitive'. We have too much to lose, because silence, unfortunately, is part of rape culture too.



Johannes Lenhard

If men want to help in the fight for gender equality, they could start by reflecting on their browsing habits.

We need to talk about porn

Cambridge loves to watch porn. I'm sure that an awful lot of the almost 1.4 million hits on Pornhub last year came from the 25,000 students that swamp Cambridge for at least six months every year. Porn is clearly made for busy, lonely students who have damaged their eyesight from reading dense texts in poorly-lit libraries, and enjoy being able to have solitary sexy-time with their computer.

Porn is great. Or at least it should be. It should mean less sexual harassment as a consequence of lower levels of sexual deprivation, and more relaxed students producing better exam results. Only a little bit more waste in the form of tissues for men... Bullshit. They're the best arguments I can think of, and I was really pushing the boat out.

How many porn viewers are women? A minority, at least. It's actually not even a fifth. Does that mean that the average penis has more of a life on its own than the average vagina? Perhaps.

But more than that, most women simply don't like to imagine themselves crawling naked over leopard-patterned sofas to be verbally abused by a man. Not to mention the physical abuse and trauma that (my

girlfriend assures me) many pornographic sex acts involve for women.

We don't have to agree that porn renders sex unnatural, inauthentic and plastic. Equally, we don't have to think that sex education is nowadays done best through pornography. The only thing that definitively renders porn anti-feminist is its unbelievable depiction of gender relations.

Apart from some types of fetish, how often have you seen a porn movie where the man and woman are even on roughly equal terms? How many of the sex tapes involve women being degraded, beaten, spat at or forced to obey in one form or another?

Even when women are ostensibly in control, it is purely for the enjoyment of men watching. The same goes for lesbian scenes, which say little about the sexuality of the women involved given that they are intended to be viewed by heterosexual men.

In light of this, it is great to hear that the porn industry is actually more or less on its knees. The internet is, for better or worse, forcing many of the production companies that made fortunes through sales of videos and merchandise in the 1990s and 2000s into bankruptcy. Piracy is its biggest problem.

This does not mean that the several billion page views, which the big porn websites get every month, are even slightly decreasing. On the contrary. It's just not commercial stuff people are watching nowadays. DIY and user-generated content are the new big hitters. And this is what makes my argument a little more delicate.

Not all porn is the same. And the porn I have singled out it is mainly the type in decline. But even a considerable amount of DIY porn has been built upon the conventions of its commercial predecessor. Is DIY porn really different?

Take the example of Reddit's Gonewild. Thousands of people upload their pictures to the site every day, mostly to boost their confidence and get that special kick from getting naked for a stranger – or more accurately, a couple of thousand strangers. With this type of 'porn' (perhaps it's wrong to call it that) there seem fewer reasons to worry that women are being exploited; some people are exhibitionists, right?

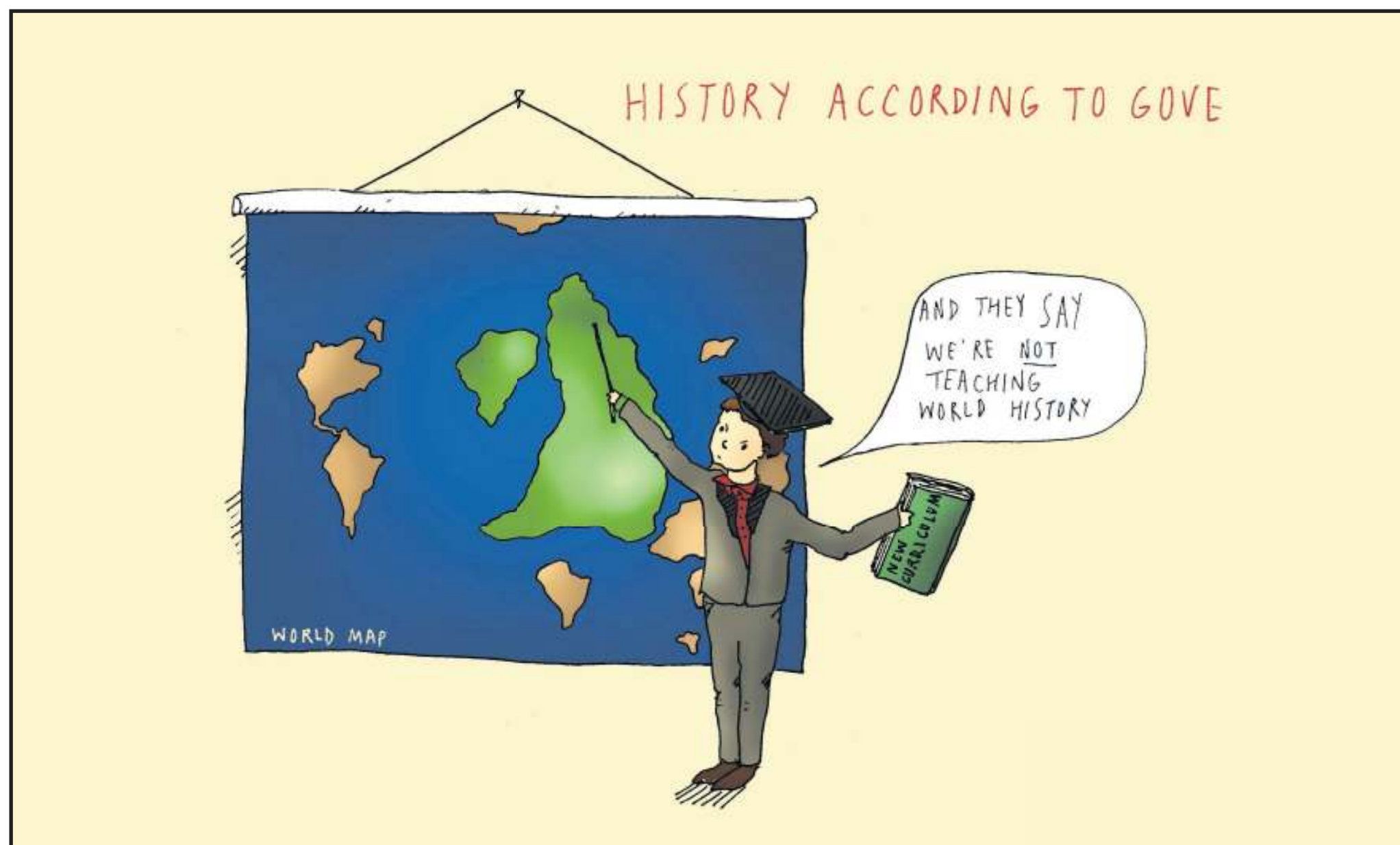
But it's a different story when we consider that what is going on is thousands of people literally prostituting themselves in front of their webcams. In order to finance their studies, for instance, many young women

are turning into virtual prostitutes. Via the internet, it's possible for a guy in Cambridge to enjoy a small adventure with a girl from Romania, Brazil or Korea while sitting in his room – all for just £2.99 a minute.

But here it comes, the string of critiques (and counter-critiques) attached to this: the women can't choose; the alienation; forced by family and circumstance. Yes, but at least they don't get ill – and they can choose their online time and customers. Still, can feminists – male or female – support such prostitution?

What can we take from all this rambling? The solution is surely not regulation – we have seen often enough where this leads with alcohol and drugs. As with the more general question of how men can help the feminist agenda, it is an issue of awareness. 'Yes, I am a dude and I obviously watch porn.'

No. Porn – particularly commercial porn – degrades women. There are nuances to be made – different kinds might be more or less problematic. But in general, supporting porn by watching it is not acceptable if you care about women's rights. Choose carefully at least. It might be a first step – secret, if need be – on your way to becoming a better (wo)man.



Sipke Shaugnessy

If Brits are uninformed about their country's oppressive role in neighbouring Ireland, why is Gove making the history syllabus even narrower?

The problem with potato jokes

It's been refreshing to see that the discussion around the way we teach and remember history has been reinvigorated in recent months. With Education Secretary Michael Gove's controversial remarks about the teaching of the First World War coming under fire, and academics calling for us to have a debate about its legacy 100 years on, our history has again become the subject of scrutiny.

Cambridge has not escaped this discussion. Pearl Mahaga's recent Varsity article calling on Cambridge students to acknowledge the many atrocities of the British Empire highlighted just how important a well-rounded education in history is if we want to stamp out ignorance in the adult population of the future.

Regardless of how far our right-wing politicians succeed in stemming the flow of immigration, Britons will not be able to avoid increasing levels of contact with people from all over their former Empire. India is currently the third-largest foreign investor in the UK. The two wealthiest property investors in the UK are Chinese. It is my personal hope that England will eventually become subsumed into a United Kingdom of Ireland, but that might be a couple of years off yet.

My point is that the last thing this country needs is a population of business people, political leaders and thinkers who are not fully aware of the suffering their ancestors once caused in the far corners of the Earth.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not going to write about how offensive it is to casually celebrate the glory of

the Empire or to poke fun at famines that killed a million people (I'll get to that shortly). I personally don't get offended very easily and don't mind a bit of friendly banter, especially if it involves Britain's ridiculous monarchy.

However, I do want to give you an idea of just how ignorant you can make yourself look without really knowing about it. It's a testament to just how little some British people seem to know about their past that

"UNLESS YOUNG BRITISH PEOPLE ARE MADE MORE AWARE OF THIS FACT, THEN THERE'S NO TELLING HOW EMBARRASSING THESE IGNORANT JOKES MIGHT GET"

it has become totally acceptable to direct casual 'potato jokes' at Irish people.

Very few British people in Cambridge seem to be aware that these jokes are a direct reference to the Great Famine of 1845-1852. Even fewer know anything about the causes of that famine.

When the Irish potato crop failed in 1845, there was more than enough food being produced in the country to feed the entire population. However,

around 75 per cent of the land was being used to produce cash crops and to raise livestock for export to the British mainland. The vast majority of those who suffered during the famine were tenant farmers who paid their rent by working for absentee landlords.

In order to increase the amount of income that could be made from rent, these landlords had divided tenants' land holdings until they were so small that the potato became the only suitable crop for growth on these holdings. When the potato blight hit and tenant farmers were no longer able to feed themselves or their families, not only did they not receive assistance from their (British) landlords, they were evicted from their tiny plots of land and left to fend for themselves.

At the time, the Assistant Secretary to Her Majesty's Treasury, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, called the famine an "effective mechanism for reducing surplus population" and God's own punishment for the selfishness and perversion of the Irish people.

This opinion was widely influential in Britain at the time and resulted in considerable foot-dragging and a sense that Irish people were responsible for their own problems.

One million Irish people died between 1845-1852 under British rule as a consequence of the deliberate uprooting of Irish people from their land, as well as the endemic attitude of antipathy towards Irish people which pervaded the ruling classes of Victorian Britain. To this day, the Irish population has not recovered to pre-famine levels.

That is what you're poking fun at when you make potato jokes. But if you didn't know that, I wouldn't blame you. I have asked several of my British friends about this, and they've all assured me that they simply weren't taught this stuff at school.

Providing secondary school students with a comprehensive education in history is already quite tricky given the highly specialised nature of A-levels. Michael Gove's recent reforms to the GCSE history curriculum could very well make matters worse.

Gove wants to focus the history curriculum on the history of the British Islands, leaving out much of what the Brits got up to overseas. This all ties in very well with the jingoist rhetoric we've had to endure from Gove recently, but there's one small problem.

There has always been more to Britain than Britain. This hasn't always been for the best. Unless young British people are made more aware of this fact, then there's no telling how embarrassing these ignorant jokes might get.

Have any views on this week's comment pieces? Tweet us @VarsityUK, or write in to letters@varsity.co.uk

Hypocrisy in the extremism

A View from the Bridge

Alice Udale-Smith

Ah, apathy. Maybe it's week five talking, but I'm starting to think Russell Brand was on to something. As a philosophy student I'd normally scoff at the idea of letting something as trivial as being ill-informed stop me expressing my views. So the only thing I find more incomprehensible than the concept of not voting (even in student elections) is why, after 21 years, I'm still incapable of walking up stairs without falling over.

The problem isn't that I don't care. It's just that even here in Cambridge I'm struggling to keep up with what exactly I'm supposed to care about; a feeling I'm sure I'm not unique in experiencing as term drags on.

This last week alone has seen a strike against pay cuts to staff, protests against colleges failing to pay the living wage, and an LGBT+ flashmob in protest at Russia's recent anti-gay laws. Now these are all worthy causes, but if I were to try and attend every worthy event that took place in Cambridge, I'd spend my entire time bouncing from one to the other.

So how are we to decide which are the most important? Besides, even if we could somehow muster the time, the majority of these protests seem to be (sadly) slightly underwhelming.

Take this week's strike. Perhaps I don't properly understand the concept of going on strike, but I thought the idea was to highlight the importance of the services involved by removing them for a period of time – a method of protest I would suggest is fundamentally unsuitable for academia.

Strikes have an effect when the result is something tangible, like the shutdown of large parts of the London Underground. Not so much when the only noticeable difference is a few rearranged lectures and staff working from home.

Indeed, being an arts student, I had nothing timetable for the day of the strike, causing me to have a slight breakdown trying to work out whether this meant I actually was on strike despite not initially intending to be.

Meanwhile, students at King's have voted to keep the Soviet flag hanging in their bar (unless you are reading this next week, in which case another vote is about to take place). It's an issue I used to find interesting, but after what seems like weeks of votes, votes about having a vote and votes overturning past votes, even I'm losing interest.

Maybe the upcoming CUSU elections will somehow rejuvenate our interest in the world around us. Last year's winning candidate for OUSU President promised double beds for all and a mono-rail to far-flung colleges. I'm expecting big things from this year's Cambridge candidates in response.



Hunadda Sabbagh

Why does our Home Office respect the right to free speech so selectively?

The French comedian Dieudonné M'bala M'bala, known simply as Dieudonné, has been made the object of an exclusion order from the UK. Currently caught up in a scandal over his controversial "quenelle" gesture that has been denounced as anti-Semitic by some, this order means that he may not enter the UK, and transport carriers face a fine of up to £10,000 if they bring him here. This is a serious thing, or so I thought before I embarked on a little research.

The list of people who have been banned from the UK is a mixed and seemingly arbitrary bag, to say the least. I can comprehend the exclusion of certain genocidal generals, but I can't quite grasp the logic behind banning R'n'B artist Chris Brown, for example. It begs the question of whether the government was just making an example of a celebrity.

Over the past week, we have seen a flurry of articles supporting Dieudonné's ban, raging against his controversial antics. But are we not missing something here?

Comedians are controversial. Frankie Boyle, for example, whose jokes often offend a large part of his audience, and who has been (falsely) accused of being a racist, has had his fair share of controversy.

Yet, he is one of the most popular comedians in the country, with over 1.5 million followers on Twitter. He is not the first – and will not be the last – comedian to use sensitive and offensive material. That's just how it is, whether we agree or not.

Comedians can have huge fan bases, but unlike politicians, they

don't utilise this power as a call to arms. Not when they rely on their public profiles to make a living.

It's interesting that in the same week Dieudonné was issued with the exclusion order, Gábor Vona was not. He is the leader of the far-right party Jobbik, Hungary's third largest party, which wants to forcibly segregate Roma and Jews from the wider population of Hungary.

Vona and his entourage recently held a rally in London in which they espoused their deplorable views. Why would we allow into the country the leader of a very racist, very fascist, very anti-Semitic party, who undeniably whips up racial hatred, yet exclude a comedian?

If we were to quantify these men's "dangerousness", I believe that the Jobbik members would feature significantly higher up the list than Dieudonné. Being able to speak freely in Britain has given Europe's most powerful far-right party legitimacy. Thank you, Theresa May.

Now, we come to the source of the Dieudonné controversy: Dieudonné was planning on crossing the Channel to support his friend Nicholas Anelka, famous footballer and current striker for West Bromwich Albion. Anelka was charged by the FA after he celebrated a goal with a gesture called the 'quenelle', which was invented by Dieudonné.

Footballers often crop up in the news as a result of controversial behaviour, but why was this one of those occasions? Why did Anelka choose to celebrate with this particular gesture? To demonstrate hatred of another race or religion? Or to show support

for a friend and agreement with his anti-establishment ideology? Most likely the latter.

Anelka is accused of having made a gesture that was "abusive and/or indecent and/or insulting and/or improper". The FA consulted an "expert" on the gesture and came to the decision that it was indeed one of those things. A little more investigation would have shown that the "quenelle" is widely considered anti-establishment, not anti-Semitic.

For thousands of French youngsters the gesture is a symbol of protest against a discriminatory system. The gesture has grown rapidly in popularity and has taken on its own identity, one that is not inextricably linked with Dieudonné's every move.

It has been described as "Nazi-like", when it is in fact the inverse. Inverted gesture surely equates to opposite meaning. If the many French footballers that support the gesture do so with the conviction that it is neither racist nor anti-Semitic, who are we to disagree? Are we really telling those in France that it is their misunderstanding, not ours?

Dieudonné is not my cup of tea. He has taken some bizarre steps recently, including his alignment with right-wing figures like Alain Soral, member of The Front National's central committee, and has made some very distasteful and offensive jokes.

This, however, doesn't make him any more of a danger to the people of the UK than Vona. It also doesn't make the "quenelle" a criminal act. This is a case of willful misunderstanding and of double standards at the highest level.

Misogyny, Medwards and me



Shayane Lacey

Women's colleges have played a key role in the fight for gender equality – why do some people use them to justify their prejudice?

As a student at Murray Edwards, I've realised that I've become worryingly used to sexist remarks about my college and the women who attend it. The language of college rivalries and the fact that most colleges have a stereotype about them hide the misogyny behind these comments. The words often used to describe us are derogatorily focused on our sexual availability to men – 'slutty', 'easy', 'desperate for male attention'.

There's a difference between saying 'I'd rather be at Oxford than St. John's' and asking someone from a women's college whether they're 'from the slutty college', and the stereotype has a real impact on how other people treat us in Cambridge.

Sexual harassment of women in clubs is obviously not limited to students from women's colleges, but in my experience, there's a different twist to it thanks to this stereotype of students from Murray Edwards.

After discovering which college you attend, men are often far more relentless in their pursuit because they presume you to be sexually available and frequently don't take 'no' for an answer – after announcing how much they love Murray Edwards girls, rejected guys sometimes switch to saying that you're "just some bitch/slut" anyway.

For instance, one second-year student described an encounter where, after discovering that she went

to Murray Edwards, the guy she was talking to was nudged by his friends and told it was his 'lucky night'.

After persistently trying to buy her a drink and repeatedly ignoring her refusals, his friends comforted him with "You probably would've caught

"THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHERE I'VE BEEN TREATED TO A WINK AND A GROPE FROM SOMEONE, AFTER THE WHOLE 'EH, HURRY BEDWARDS! ROUTINE"

something from their beds anyway".

There have been several times where I've been treated to a wink and a grope from someone after the whole 'eh, hurry bedwards! I love you girls' routine.

In one experience I had, I was aggressively told "well, you're just a lesbian anyway", after having to insist over and over that I wasn't interested. This charming young man said this firstly as though there's something wrong with being a lesbian, but also as if it could be the only reason why I wouldn't be attracted to someone who thinks that 'hurry bedwards' is a swoon-worthy chat-up line.

If I had a pound for every single time someone leered at me and said that upon discovering which college I'm from, I could probably afford to add my own surname to the college's title. The label that people fix to us doesn't exist in a vacuum – it has a real impact on how we're regarded by other people.

There's also a condescending smirk that people give you as they ask, "So did you actually apply to a women's college?" As one first-year pointed out, there's an impression that other people think you don't really belong at this university because they deem you to be at a college that no one would want to be at.

People expect you to be ashamed and feel inadequate for going to a modern women's college because it's so different to a lot of the older, central colleges, and seem surprised to find out that I actually love the supportive vibe of the college.

Regardless of whether you think that women's colleges ought to still exist, the fact is that they currently do exist and there are no plans to change that any time soon.

Women's colleges at this university have a rich and important tradition, and the students that attend them are a diverse group of students who deserve to be acknowledged as the interesting young women that they are, instead of being labelled with sexist stereotypes that reduce us to our sexual availability to men.



vulture

FEATURES • LIFESTYLE • FASHION • CULTURE • THEATRE • REVIEWS

EROTICA

THROUGH THE AGES

Maggie Bridge looks at the rise in mainstream erotic literature

The picture below is from a video which is the first in a series by artist and film-maker, Clayton Cubitt, entitled *Hysterical Literature*. Shot in stark black and white, each of the eleven videos features a different woman seated at a table, who calmly introduces herself and then announces the chosen text from which she is about to read aloud.

So far, so ordinary. Eight or nine minutes in, however, Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* gets noticeably breathy; after only two minutes, an extract from Bret Easton Ellis's *American Psycho* becomes strained and urgent; coming up to six minutes, Toni Morrison's *Beloved* culminates in the reader's head being thrown back and a fair bit of heavy breathing...

Ah, now we begin to see what's going on. In addition to reading from a piece of literature of their choice, the women are being

stimulated beneath the table by a Hitachi Magic Wand, a state of the art, pretty heavy-duty vibrator.

Cubitt's project is a visual one, exploring ideas of portraiture composition as well as making for some (uncomfortably?) compelling viewing, but his comment that these somewhat scopophilic works - "put the art on the table and the sex under the table" - is more broadly thought-provoking.

The choice to have his sitters reading aloud rather than simply looking into the camera, as was the case in an earlier work (*Long Portrait* - based on a similar concept, minus the orgasm), imbues the piece of literature that they have chosen with a kind of context-specific, erotic subtext, and it is interesting to consider whether this idea of art on and sex under the table is common to erotic literature.

Of course, there always have been, and always will be, examples of erotic literature that proudly proclaim themselves as such - titillation is their pri-

mary aim and any semblance of plot is simply filler.

But what about literature that is openly marketed to the masses? By making his videos available on YouTube, Cubitt put female sexual pleasure in a very public arena, so perhaps it is productive to look at the kind of books that are advertised on billboards and sold in W H Smith. In these 50 Shades-style works, is it the literature or the sex that is front and centre?

"Put the art on the table and the sex under the table"

Traditionally, expressions of female sexuality are stigmatised rather more than their corresponding male equivalents.

In media, masturbation is something that is presented in radically different ways depending on gender.

If it concerns a man, we're taught that it's perhaps a little embarrassing but also reassuringly normal and, often, a source of comedy; if a woman is engaging in this though, it's a different story - either it's an appeal to male sexuality, or a means of portraying her as a character who's a bit subversive.

Why, then, is it primarily women that popular erotic literature is marketed to? In part, this may be something to do with the fact that literature is not a visual medium, making it somewhat freer from the influence of the all-pervasive male gaze. Similarly, by not presenting something physical for the viewer's inspection, the whole enterprise is rather less objectifying.

In mainstream porn, the primary concern is with getting 'the money shot' - everything is working towards



CLAYTON CUBITT



the final goal of male sexual gratification. In comparison, an erotic novel is a more prolonged experience with a narrative that fluctuates, rather than moving from point A to B with minimal deviation.

While the plot of *50 Shades of Grey* (lifted as it is from *Twilight*) is hardly nuanced, the bare minimum characterisation of the book's main female character, Anastasia Steele, allows women to more actively engage and identify with the sexual content.

However, for all the fanfare about this being a book that gives women licence to embrace and explore their sexuality, there are some discrepancies in this kind of rhetoric.

In a world where Page 3 is still something that people will leer at on the bus, a book that rapidly became acceptable (if amusing) tube-reading material is absolutely not a bad thing, but there are limits to how sexually liberating the ideas espoused in it are.

Yes, there's power-play and spanking aplenty, and yes, the book's publication resulted in a startling spike in sales of Ann Summers' handcuffs and nipple clamps but, in spite of this, it still feels a little prudish, cloaking the true nature of what's going on in all sorts of worn-out metaphors, and refusing to call a spade a spade or, rather, a vagina a vagina.

Despite telling us how much she's enjoying everything that's going on, the trilogy's heroine is strikingly reticent when it comes to identifying with and owning her own body.

Only ever making oblique references to "down there" and, cringe-inducingly, "her inner goddess," the book's language is, for all its kinky shenanigans, surprisingly vanilla.

It seems then that widely-available erotic literature is not yet quite as free from – largely internalised – ideas of shame and the need for propriety as we may initially hope and, for all of Anastasia's blackout-inducing orgasms, the book is still concerned with making something that can be messy and, at times, unnerving, consistently palatable.

But this isn't meant as a full-on feminist critique of *50 Shades* – it's too easy and has already been done countless times – so, instead, let's look to other examples of literature that could arguably fall into the category of 'erotic'.

"50 Shades of Grey is, for all its kinky shenanigans, surprisingly vanilla"

In contrast, first published in its original German in 2008, Charlotte Roche's controversial book, *Wetlands*, has a real sense of humour and it caused quite a stir when it initially came to public attention.

However, despite reading the odd outraged/overjoyed article and registering a vague interest at the time, it wasn't until I spotted it in a charity

shop this summer that I actually delved into the 'warts and all,' sexually-liberated and astonishingly body-positive world of Helen Memel.

Unlike *50 Shades*, Roche's book is anatomically explicit and beyond visceral. There's tales of arse-depilation, there are enemas, and there's period sex. And it's kind of great, if occasionally stomach-turning.

It's not erotic literature in the sense that hearing about someone's haemorrhoid-related hospitalisation is going to turn you on but, regardless, sex and an up close and personal account of the female body are the topics that constitute its main subject matter. So it's still worth being considered here, particularly as a kind of foil to Anastasia Steele's sanitised, socially acceptable sexuality.

"It still feels a little prudish, cloaking the true nature of what's going on, refusing to call a vagina a vagina"

Clearly, chick lit.-style erotica and works like *Wetlands* stand in very stark contrast to each other but, regardless of personal preference (and really, it doesn't matter what you opt for – policing sexuality is dangerous territory so a 'whatever works for you' attitude is probably the best one to adopt here), it certainly seems as if erotic literature is becoming an increasingly prevalent genre in mainstream culture.

Of course, it's not as if this is a new phenomenon; literature of this kind has been around for aeons. Lady Chatterly's Lover is the classic example and, earlier than that, poetic works such as Thomas Nashe's *The Choice of Valentines*, or 'the dildo poem' as it's more generally known, has been scandalising students of English literature (and leaving them to desperately search for academically-appropriate adjectives other than 'bawdy') for years but, with the *50 Shades* trilogy shifting an impressive 90m copies worldwide, it seems fair to say that it's becoming increasingly accessible.

Branching out from the traditional format of a printed book, erotic audiobooks can now be downloaded from iTunes, targeting those who may feel too uncomfortable to purchase this kind of literature in a shop, and websites such as 'clickforeplay' which features erotic recordings, market themselves towards the blind and visually-impaired.

In combination with something of a 'titillation-for-all' attitude, this rethinking and adaptation of traditional formats means that erotic literature has now become increasingly socially-acceptable.

While the general media trend of increasing sexualisation is absolutely something that should concern us, the kind of sex-positive affirmations that erotic literature can offer is of real value.



CHANGING SPACES

Inspired by the Fitzwilliam Museum's Love Art After Dark event, **Daniel Marshall** thinks about how our buildings can be used and re-used

The amphitheatre in Arles, Provence, is an intriguing example of how town spaces change over the years. This Roman structure was transformed into a mini-city following the fall of the empire in the 5th Century. As the Gauls plundered various treasures from the city's institutions, the inhabitants retreated back into the defensible oval shape of the amphitheatre. In time this fortress morphed into a highly compact settlement, with over 200 individual houses and twelve churches.

Such a dramatic re-appropriation owes its story partly to the construction methods its craftsmen employed. Roman culture depended on the idea of civic architecture to institutionalise the power it held over its inhabitants. Each Roman city was essentially the same. All had two main streets – always called the *Cardo* and *Decumanus* – and similar types of buildings within the city: forum, amphitheatre, temples, you get the idea. The notion (the idea of the *Ecumene*, or inhabited world) was that this empire of similar cities upheld the Roman way of life.

To be Roman required a Roman city. As such, the builders of amphitheatres such as the one in Arles took care to create durable, elegant and civic buildings. The builders brought stones from beyond the local area – such that the building became more durable than the local vernacular buildings, and used clever technologies to ensure their longevity.

To me, the use of the amphitheatre in Arles as a mini-city is interesting principally for the cultural attitudes that its re-appropriation entails. The soil of the amphitheatre was, after all, a place in which a society watched its slaves fight to the death in a ritual of screaming, testosterone and violence.

Yet, the need for survival caused the individuals of that culture to overcome an institutionalised understanding of the amphitheatre, and make it a place in which all the difficulties, dramas and activity of a city life could be lived out. Instead of deserting Arles for the wilderness, these citizens wanted to maintain the idea of their city life, and achieved it through the conversion of this building.

Further, the amphitheatre offered the successful template for a mini-city, not only because of its size, but also because the people already understood it as a place of gathering. It formed an enclosure for them against the outside world, and maintained a life for its inhabitants until the nineteenth-century.

Hopefully this example begins to show the complexities in the re-appropriation of spaces. At the other end of the scale, one can pick out the developer-led culture of building offices in London during the 1980s, many of which are being torn down now with the intention of making spaces even more profitable.

Take City Road Basin in Islington. This three-storey 1980s campus of blue steel and brick, air-conditioned

and artificially-lit offices is being replaced after just 25 years, for a new eight-storey complex.

Had these '80s offices been constructed as compact structures, letting natural daylight into all parts of the building, with natural ventilation, and an easy-to-edit system of walls inside, they could have remained useful. Architecture that is re-appropriable grants sustainability; you don't have to waste huge resources every thirty years on re-building the city.

The idea of re-appropriation leads one to question whether architecture really should stand for such efficient and specific functions, particularly in modern times. The amphitheatre in Arles was successful because it had a set of simple abstract conditions: boundary, entrance, exit, inside and outside. These abstract qualities had an original character for its users, but also provided scope for re-interpretation. A simple oval enclosure allowed for those inside to feel united under a common cause.

This week's Love Art After Dark event at the Fitzwilliam saw the space of the gallery taken over. But what would be a proper re-appropriation of the Fitzwilliam? Obviously, one could go in there and do what one wanted in the space, but what might mass culture, an ethos, turn a museum into in the future?

To begin to see this, I think you need

to understand what the Fitzwilliam Museum was built for. To me, the building acts as a vestibule between people passing through the city, and the permanent university.

It was built as a place for the University to exhibit its artefacts to people, and as a splendid area to enjoy the pleasures of life. The museum is not about learning, per se, but instead about constructing a narrative for visitors. This narrative starts with the steps outside, then the beautiful portico, then with the organisation of galleries, and smaller narratives in the positioning of pictures.

The greatest re-appropriation that we have been able to give to the Museum in modern times is the use of audio-guides, which give a more detailed narrative through the exhibition.

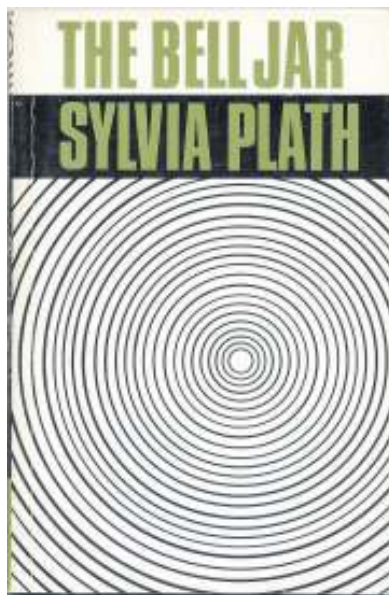
With sensitivity to these abstract ideas of what this building is, and means, to us, the best re-appropriation that I can conjure for a Fitzwilliam in the distant future is that of the tomb or cemetery.

Normally we bury our dead in the ground, but perhaps something could change that culture towards some kind of Anglo-Saxon burial with one's splendid possessions.

When we've filled up all the graveyards in our city, perhaps we'll look to our aged museums as immortal boxes in which we could install multilevel caskets dedicated to the eternal rest of others' memories and the narratives they lived. Who knows? We probably won't be around to see it.

Sigh no more

The myth of the suffering artist



Thea Hawlin expunges the myth of pain meaning gain in the art world

It's a truism that artists suffer; we all suffer from time to time, but artists especially so, that's what the world tells me. The art world is cruel, competitive, scarcely recognised and poorly funded – you may as well give up now. To become an artist then, to succeed, you need to work hard, but ultimately – here's the clincher

“The concept of the exemplary sufferer is a modern fascination”

– you need to suffer. In this tough-love world of creativity if you aren't suffering for your art, if you're not martyring yourself, you're not doing it right.

Where's your commitment? Don't you understand? To be an 'artist' the 'work' you produce is not merely work, it's a 'child', a thing born from within you, a fragment of your soul, your blood, sweat and tears, your pride and joy.

God forbid art should come easily or naturally. No, no, you must suffer. You're not allowed to enjoy yourself, that's not what art's about. Genius is diligence, yes, but it's also a good dosage of depression, madness, anxiety and tears, that's apparently needed to create a true artist.

This appraisal of the 'tortured artist' was encapsulated most memorably in recent years in a fashion spread in VICE which saw female writers depicted in acts of suicide.

In those final artistic tableaux, suffering was shown as a trait to be captured in high-res definition. The socks used for strangling were for sale (the dress for drowning? Pucci). The shoot may as well have read Do It Yourself.

Yet surely we all know that suffering is rarely, if ever productive. Worrying,

fretting, and stressing out about work no matter how often we do it, is rarely conducive to the finished product. The notion that the suffering of artists, from Van Gogh to Sylvia Plath, was beneficial and aided their works in some way is obscene.

They may have produced different works, yes, but would they have been worse? Doubtful – Vincent would still have had two ears. Strife and suffering all too often act as a short-hand for seriousness in our society. To prize beauty and joy, to parade happiness and love is too often dismissed as childish, unseemly, immature.

Theodor Adorno reminds us that despite it all, art holds a crucial power in forcing us to confront fears we'd rather forget: "The abundance of real suffering permits no forgetting...[it] demands the continued existence of the very art it forbids".

After all the concept of the artist as the "exemplary sufferer", as Susan Sontag points out, is a modern fascination, where the "suffering soul is considered more authentic", where "we look to artists to seek out the truth, on some level the more an artist suffers the more truthful we believe her to be".

An ideology is created whereby the aspiring artist is somehow excused – even encouraged – to "seek out opportunities to suffer, sacrifice, live ascetically".

The fact is, to write requires time alone. Whether it's in A Room of One's Own, a library, a coffee shop, or a punt, to write we need our own minds to ourselves. We need instruments, from shiny laptops to jaded basics biros, to do the trick and transfer thoughts into the reality of written words.

You may need to sit at your laptop and type away into the night and then into the morning to produce an essay without speaking to a soul for several hours, yet this ritual of writing is commonplace for most students and for the majority the cycles of time spent alone in one's room weeping

over couplets and equations are made bearable through the social highs we experience once the work is done. (Cindies anyone?)

"Ahh", I hear the poets cry "but for a creative artist the work is never done!" Indeed, work is a broad term here, and living itself for many people is work. Relationships take work, work does not come in one predetermined package – it's a notion that covers a million differing actions.

But it is never fun or useful to be miserable. The grotesque allure of the broody frown, the cigarette-toting pout, the sullen unimpressed gaze may seem glamorous for a second or so, but is by no means a prerequisite for artistic fulfilment, and certainly not for success.

“Great artists seem to have at least one thing in common – they lived”

Recent studies have even disproved the myth that those working in the arts are somehow predestined for depression, presenting evidence that despite the harsher economic conditions of the art world those in the creative sector are actually much happier than those out of it, their job satisfaction averaging above their counterparts.

So why does this myth of creative strife and creative turmoil persist?

Life is a mixed bag, grab the silver lining, play on swings and roundabouts, you know how all the sayings go. Don't struggle unnecessarily, save the sadness for the times it's really needed.

Whether it's running away from week five like Coleridge, or garnishing a Byron-esque reputation of being "mad, bad and dangerous to know", great artists seem to have at least one thing in common – they lived.



A Closer Look: Titian

Louis Shankar takes a closer look at what's on display at the Fitzwilliam

Titian's monumental painting, Tarquin and Lucretia, hangs prominently in the Fitzwilliam Museum, its enormous figures towering over visitors. One of the artist's latest completed works, it depicts the unsettling climax of the story of Lucretia as told by the Roman historian Livy: Lucretia, the faithful wife of a nobleman, is threatened with death by Sextus Tarquinius, a Roman prince, if she doesn't allow him to rape her.

Titian expertly represents the moment where Lucretia seems to be giving into her fate, cowering under the knife held high above

her, glittering against the curtain.

This painting expertly exemplifies Titian's late style; he himself described it as "of much greater labour and ingenuity than any I have produced for many years."

Loose, yet precise brushwork applied in countless layers creates beautiful, almost tangible forms. Rich textures develop, from the silky bed linen to Lucretia's shimmering jewellery, or her pale, sensuous flesh – much like that of the goddess Venus in Titian's other painting, hanging opposite.

Titian was known for his mastery of colour, helped by his work

in Venice, a commercial centre for the trade of pigments and artists' materials. The dramatic and varied use of bright reds throughout Tarquin's garments reflects both his violence and lust.

Unadulterated whites theatrically illuminate the scene, drawing attention to Lucretia's naked, vulnerable body and panic-stricken face, down which a few lone tears roll.

The angular composition, the dramatic lighting, the crazed, complex brushwork: it all comes together to create a piece of art that is, in equal measures, beautiful and terrifying.

Every year, as soon as New Year's Eve decorations are packed away, the stores become a nauseating maelstrom of pink cards, pink chocolates and pink teddy bears. If those bears didn't have smiles sewn into their cheeks, they would be growling at the indignity of having their fur dyed pink. Wouldn't you? Here's how to survive the next 24 hours without going insane.

1. If you're female and in a relationship.

Have no expectations. Like, zero. You think he's going to propose? Think again. You think you spotted something gold and sparkly sticking out of his gym bag? They're the tights he wears to his secret 80's spin classes. Sorry. But seriously, there's nothing stupider than fighting with your partner because he didn't do something 'special' for Valentine's Day. If you feel loved and appreciated the other 364 days of the year, there's no need for some grand gesture on Valentine's Day.

So your friend's boyfriend sent her roses, and your boyfriend sent you a text asking you to pick up some peanuts on the way home (salted, not roasted) because he's having beers with friends. So what? It doesn't mean he loves you any less. Relationships don't have price tags. Remember when he sent you a care package of cookies because you were having a bad day at work? Or made you breakfast in bed because you were nursing a brutal hangover? It's the small things that count. Always.

2. If you're male and in a relationship.

Whatever you do, buy her roses.

3. If you don't know whether you're in a relationship.

Hallmark doesn't really have a card for "I'm not sure what this is or what we're doing, but I really like hanging out with you." And that's fine. You don't have to label your relationship for the sake of a greeting card. Just continue to enjoy the present, without any pressure to know precisely how you feel or what you want. Better yet, don't even see each other on Valentine's Day to completely avoid the awkwardness of that potential conversation.

4. If you're newly single.

Unfortunately, today will remind you of how alone you really are. Depending on how long it's been since the break-up, you're probably still trying to figure out WHAT TO DO WITH ALL THE FREE TIME

YOU NOW HAVE (the enormity of which cannot be conveyed by larger font). Staring at the ceiling got old pretty fast. Rearranging your wardrobe only took a few days. Seeing your friends all the time was great at first, until you realised there was nothing left to say, and they started thinking you were needy. So how about spending some time with yourself? Be selfish for a change. Buy an entire tub of ice-cream, just for you. No need to compromise on flavour. No need to feel bad for scraping the bottom. No need to squeeze into sexy lingerie. Grab your favourite movie and your comfiest pyjamas. Light a scented candle – go crazy! The best thing about substituting ice-cream for alcohol is that you significantly lower the risk of calling your ex. Leave your phone in the farthest corner of the room, dim the lights and relax into the best Valentine's Day you'll ever have.

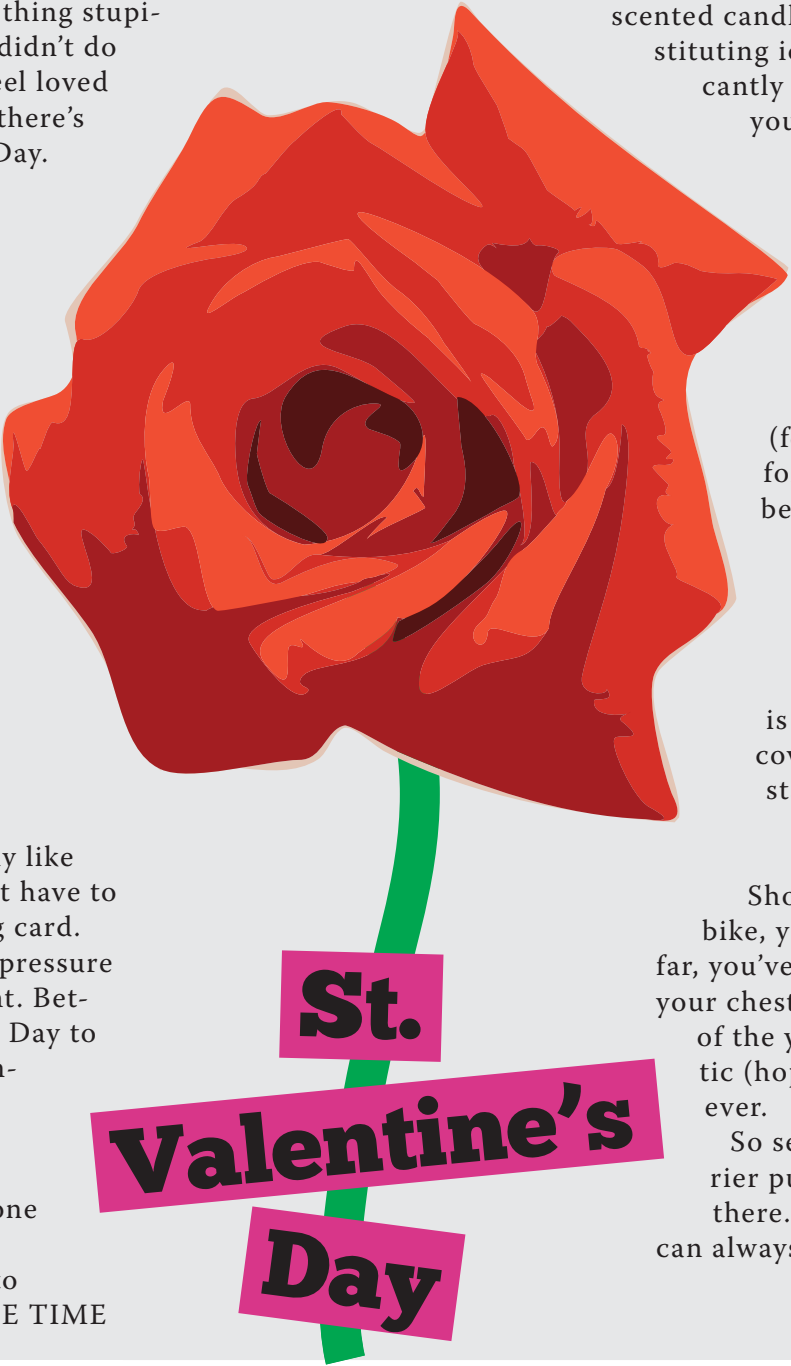
5. If you're perpetually single.

Your last connection was with your wif, and even that didn't last. Your friends are starting to worry about you. You try to explain to them (for the millionth time) that what you feel for Subway – that's real love. And you can bet, come Valentine's Day, that they'll try to set you up with some super-awesome-single-person from their lab, or encourage you to find The One at a bar in town. Possibly THE worst idea ever. Hanging out in bars on Valentine's Day is like walking out of the house naked, covered in honey. Fake food poisoning and stay home. Trust me.

6. If you have a crush on someone.

Short of attaching a GPS monitor to their bike, you know this person pretty well. And so far, you've managed to hug your feelings close to your chest. Well, lucky for you, this is the one day of the year where you can be a hopeless romantic (hopefully) without any judgment whatsoever. So send them a note (carrier pigeon or carrier puppy, your choice) and take it from there. What's the worst that can happen? You can always switch degrees. Godspeed Casanova.

Kat Geddes



◀ For Him
Love has four letters. So does beer. Combine the two with chocolate and you're onto an absolute find.

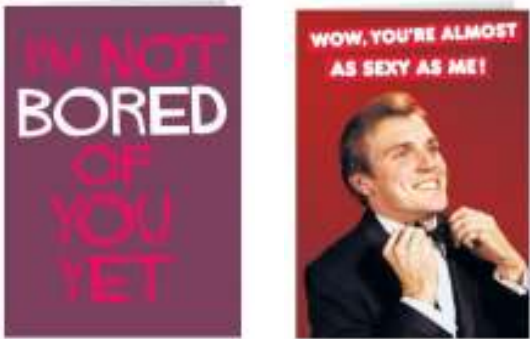
Head to Hotel Chocolat on Petty Cury to nab one of their Cocoa Beers for the man in your life.

The distinctive, English, small-batch beer is brewed with traditional hops and cocoa to create a pleasing savoury bitterness with notes of tobacco, cocoa and coffee. You can't put a price on love but if it were £5.50 then you'd have it nailed.



For Her: sweet for my sweet

Check out Mr Simms Old Sweet Shoppe on Kings Parade for some fabulous sweet treats. From chocolate hearts to Valentine boxes, you'll be spoilt for choice. And probably come away with something for yourself too. (I certainly did). This heart shaped lolly at £1.99 is truly scrumptious.



(Be my Valentine...)

Not quite ready for a let-me-declare-my-undying-love-for-you card?

Market Street's Scribbler is just the place. Check out their wide-ranging selection of non-Valentine Valentine's cards.

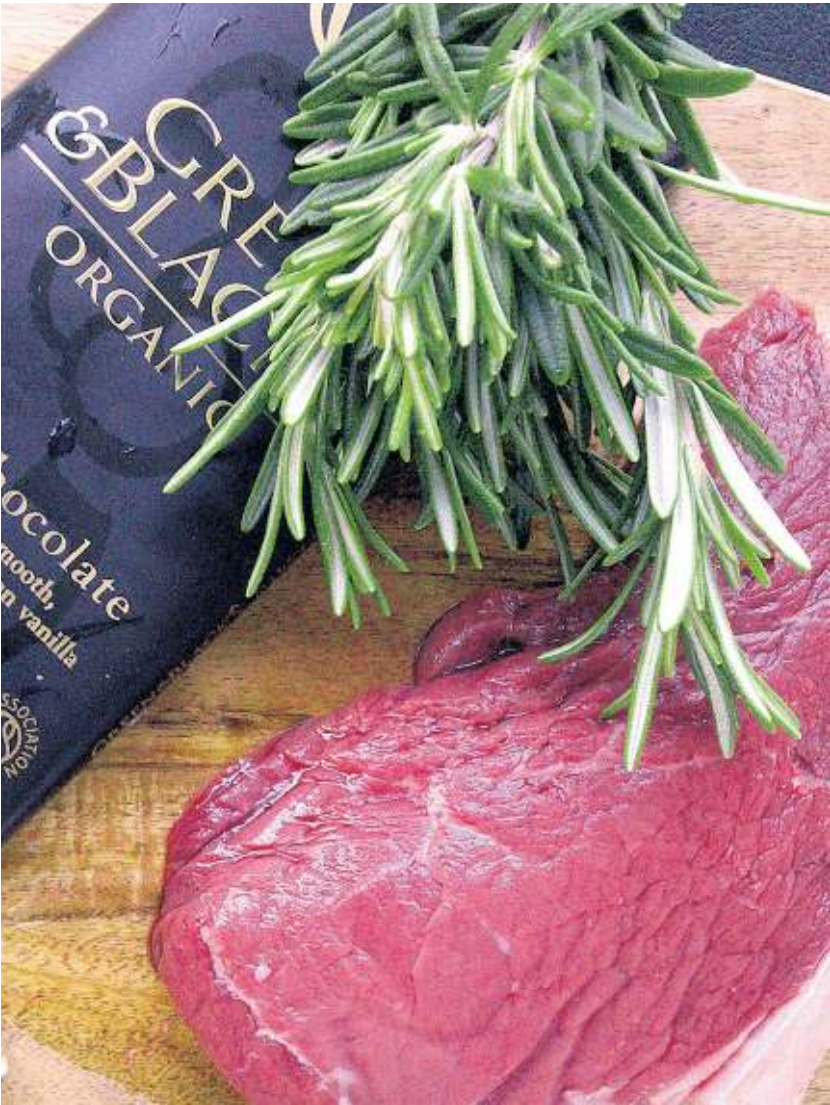
Food to get you in the mood

The Passionate Pair

Ingredients
Asparagus (six or so spears, depending on size), knob of butter, handful of flaked almonds, squirt of freshly squeezed lemon juice, shavings of hard cheese (Pecorino Romano, Asiago, Manchego).

Instructions

1. Drop the asparagus into a pan of salted, boiling water and cook for a couple of minutes. Drain the pan and cover with a tea towel.
2. Melt the butter in a pan and add the almonds, keeping over the heat until your nuts are gloriously golden. Remove from the heat and stir in a spritz of lemon juice.
3. Release the artiste within and arrange your asparagus creatively onto two plates. Be generous with your nuts and spoon over the buttery mix. Scatter over shavings of cheese and enjoy immediately. There's no point in waiting.



Steak à la Casanova

Ingredients
Two beef steaks, olive oil, black pepper, shallot or quarter of an onion (very finely chopped), splash of balsamic vinegar, ¼ cup of port, generous pinch of rosemary, ¼ cup stock, line of grated very dark chocolate (plus a few for the chef).

Instructions

1. Smear each side of your steak with some oil and pepper.
2. Bring some flames (metaphorical, of course) into the kitchen and heat a frying pan until it's smokin' hot (beware your fire alarm and/or angry porters – a sure way to ruin the mood). Slide in the steaks and cook to your preference. I'm a bluer-than-blue type of gal, but each to their own. Set aside on a plate and cover with foil to keep warm.
3. Add a dash more oil to the pan before caramelising your allium. Pour in the vinegar and port, simmering to reduce and thicken. Then add your rosemary and stock, simmering until thick again.
4. Now for the important part. Stir in the chocolate until melted and you have a sensationally rich and intense sauce.
5. Time to plate up. Place your steaks on warmed plates and generously pour over the sauce. Come on, no holding back. I serve mine with oven-roasted potatoes, tossed in an oil and butter mix, with copious amounts of garlic and rosemary.

Get Figgy With It

Ingredients
Cup of honey, half a cup of sugar (preferably brown), three cups of water, pinch of cinnamon, dash of vanilla (essence, pod, beans – whatever), two or three cups of dried figs, vanilla ice-cream.

Instructions

1. Put your honey, sugar, water, cinnamon and vanilla in a pan and bring to the boil. Don't get carried away with yourself: bring it down to a simmer and add your gloriously plump figs. Cook on the hob for about ten to twenty minutes until it reaches your desired consistency.
2. Let it cool slightly before spooning the sweet compote over a generous scoop (I opt for two but hey who is counting) of cold ice-cream.
4. You can adorn it with anything (within reason, come on now). For me, fabulously buttery crumbled biscuits scattered on top is to die for. Or toasted nuts (I recommend walnuts) are an unrivalled addition. Even something as simple as dark chocolate shavings work a treat.
5. This makes a deliciously decadent brunch too: simply toast thick slices of brioche and top with figgy sauce. Oh, and don't forget that all-important dollop of ice-cream.



3 OF THE BEST RESTAURANT DATES

1. Hot Numbers
Will you be the bun to my burger? This independent coffee bar and roastery just off Mill Road is the place to head to on a Friday night. With gourmet burgers and live music, the vibe is buzzing and bohemian.

2. The Pint Shop
Either sit in the bar and chat over fennel pork scratchings, sausage rolls and the best scotch eggs you'll ever eat, or opt for the dining room. This pimped-up beer house just off Market Square offers traditional pub grub with a twist in a great setting.

3. The Punter
Come here often? This relaxed pub offers great food, fine ales and wines and friendly service. Expect plentiful portions. Choose between beer battered fish and chips or venison sausages and mash.

Tales from RAG Blind Date

LOVE

“As much as I loved getting to know Alex, his professing to be very much a ‘Life man’ meant there were irreconcilable differences from the start” – Daisy

“I had a boy whose final year project was inducing phobias in people, which involved keeping them in a dark room and showing them upsetting pictures until they were scared” – Helena

“I tried to make my date go to McDonalds, but he was having none of it. I don't think the date ever recovered after that blow” – Josh

WHE

“My date OJ told me within twenty minutes that he wasn't looking for a relationship. I accepted the challenge and am quietly looking forward to the day when I can call him my boyfriend” – Mollie

“My date told me, ‘I don't know if you've noticed this before but I can tell you that you talk an awful lot’” – Jilly

“My date found £25 on the floor, and I asked him for £5 of it which, in retrospect, was a bit naff” – Jess

KISS





M | A N

*Styling by Jacob Mallinson
Bird. Make-up by Olivia
Galvin. Photographed by
Barney Couch.
Model: Jacob Mallinson
Bird.
Clothes: Model's own.*



Inside Job

What is it like to review your friends?

ARON PENCZU

Stressful, to begin with. Like standing on a table to deliver a birthday speech, slightly drunk – you know it's kind of wrong, but you also kind of have to. And sometimes you do have to. There are only so many reviewers in Cambridge. Some drop out. Someone must fill their shoes. Editor? Yes. Yes you. There's no-one else.

So there you are, then, seated in the audience. Second row? Third? Does it matter? You're scribbling. Conspicuous. Sometimes in the interval people stare at you, and when you look up they turn quickly away.

Then there's the self-questioning. She's good, you think. Really good. Really good? Are you just saying that? Really good *considering*?

Or else: that familiar sinking feeling. You've made a terrible mistake. He's bad. Oh god he's awful. He looks exactly like that when—

All of this is inadmissible, of course. You can't judge people based on what you already know about them. Then again, it might occur to you, isn't that precisely what we do with the actors we see twice? With actors in film? With Philip Seymour Hoffman, with Meryl Streep, with Daniel Day Lewis?

I don't really have any answers to this. I haven't reviewed any close friends. One person in a recent production I reviewed I knew slightly, from my college; another I had talked to twice in my life. A third, who I praised in *Speaking in Tongues*, succeeded me as a co-editor of *Emma's* weekly, *Roar*. Not exceptionally dangerous territory so far. I hope. What if I'm wrong?

Some foreknowledge is, of course, inevitable. Cambridge is small. (The Maypole is even smaller). And yet Cambridge theatre is also roomy enough to contain its own minor celebrities. Alex MacKeith – heard of him? Or Robbie Aird? How do we circumnavigate these reputations? It's not merely that the dream of objective valuation is just that (a dream) – that's a banality. That we come loaded with our preconceptions – rife with them, like diseased animals infested with flies – is equally trite. The problem extends deeper yet.

The truth is that reviews are pretty much bungled from the moment they are born. They are absurdly selective: I write more words during a performance than I publish in a review. The usual checklist (plot, set, actors, tone) barely covers anything, and leaves hardly any space. Like a skipping stone, reviews skim the surface of their subject briefly, at one or two points, and then they sink. They leave barely a ripple.

Sink into what, though? Irrelevance? The dusty web archives? I don't know. The best way to think about reviewing is to consider it inescapably provisional, abjectly so. We write not because we must but because someone must, and it might as well be us. It's bad to review people you know, but it may be worse not to review them at all. And hence the status quo.

THE OTHER SEX.

Helena Pike talks to the women behind the ADC's latest remarkable female-led main show

Last year the National Theatre, that great stalwart of British theatre, celebrated its 50th anniversary with, among other things, a highly-publicised, highly-praised televised retrospective of its more memorable moments. While most bloggers took to their keyboards in admiration of everyone from Benedict Cumberbatch to Dominic Cooper, one theatre critic, Catherine Love, was quick to lament the distinct lack of women in the line-up – just one writer out of the 50 on the show was female.

"The Other Line is undoubtedly a response to this scarcity of the female body on and off the stage"

This remarkable dearth is neither a new nor a minor phenomenon. Following Love's outcry, it emerged that for the National to achieve equal gender representation among writers by their centenary, the Olivier stage would be able to offer up only one piece of male writing every eight years.

If that doesn't put things into perspective, a few more figures might. Under the 15-year leadership of Peter Hall, the National staged just four plays written by women; Trevor Nunn's five-year stint did little to improve this. Even with the appointment of Josie

Rourke to the Donmar Warehouse, only four plays by female writers were produced in 13 years.

Unfortunately, Cambridge's beloved ADC is no exception to this seemingly inescapable pattern. The run of Hellie Cranney and Ellen Roberston's all-female published, produced and performed *The Other Line* next week will mark only the seventh production penned by women in eleven years.

Three of these were put on this term, part of a tangible backlash to Michaelmas's noticeably testosterone-heavy termcard – both on stage and behind the page – including *Frost/Nixon*, *Glengarry Ross* and *The History Boys*. This male dominance was exacerbated by the more usual productions of Shakespeare, who, as we are all well aware, isn't known for being too friendly to the females.

All the worse, then, given the plethora of female talent to be found here. Roberston, who has just finished her stint as the director of Jessica Swale's *Blue Stockings*, reckoned that over their two-day audition period, she must have seen almost 100 women to just 20 men try out, with no marked difference in the level of talent either.

Director Emily Burns recounts a confessional conversation with a member of the ADC programming committee, who declared that if they heard one more theatrical pitch touting how great their play was for women they'd shoot themselves. The whole cast is, however, delighted with this new predicament, seeing it as just another part of their "collective responsibility" to recognise and redeem this theatre's gender imbalance.

The *Other Line* is undoubtedly a response to this scarcity of the female body on and off the stage. Cranney

and Roberston wanted to confront an embedded "dramatic canon" about the way we view gender on stage, seeing the female roles as simply subsidiary and supportive – women waiting in the sidelines to lament their male he-

"It's ultimately revealing about the stage's state of affairs that nobody blinks twice at an all-male cast."

ro's woes or share his successes.

In fact, such was her penchant for playing the ill-used associate of leading men, all having betrayed her in a variety of nefarious and heart-wrenching ways, that Burns had delightedly nicknamed her writer Hellie 'tell-me-it's-not-true' Cranney even before their first encounter.

This play is about featuring women independent of men, but it is also just about the fragility of relationships. Following the course of a single night and the morning after an unexpected family reunion, its showcase of five women in one house is hardly a revolutionary step in gender relations, but it's not meant to be either.

Instead, it is a product of the writers' desire to take gender out of the equation. They tell me that they want their audience, unsurprisingly, to respond to the characters and situations, not arbitrary definitions of sex, and they're right. For all our admiration of

our play that sets out to give women a scene that isn't next to the kitchen sink, it's ultimately revealing about the stage's state of affairs that nobody blinks twice at an all-male cast.

It's funny, Cranney and Roberston confess, that when they first met and sat around getting drunk and debating their ideas for the project, they were momentarily stumped by the whole idea. In what situation would there be a group of just women on stage? People were reluctantly floating around visions of nurses – something they definitively wanted to avoid – until someone pointed out that the whole evening there hadn't been a man in sight and nobody had noticed.

This scene of *The Other Line*'s initial conception is entirely indicative of the way that the production has proceeded: namely, that it was a hugely collaborative procedure, and most of the cast was involved from the word go.

In fact, it was actually Burns who made the first motivating move – getting in contact last year with all the fellow females she most wanted to work with. This kind of company-based creativity, she argues, is commonplace to comedy, but somehow grossly neglected in theatre.

There's a sense, according to Cranney, that the director has to come to the programming committee with their own fully-fledged, independent idea, or "it's nepotism", but, as an actor, this opportunity for a real say in the process is wonderfully liberating. To me, it sounds like an incredibly exciting realisation of exactly what student theatre is all about. After all, lots of theatrical heads are better than one.

The Other Line runs at the ADC from 18th February to 22nd February.

Acting up at the ADC

From its founding in 1855 to today, **James Taylor** takes a look at Cambridge's premier theatrical institution

The ADC Theatre is at the heart of Cambridge drama and an integral part of our university. It produces more material than any other student theatre in the UK; both the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club and the famed Footlights are resident here, and it has turned out countless brilliant comedians, actors and directors in the course of its 150-year history. But the humble origins of the ADC and how it shaped – and was shaped by – the University's character is less familiar.

A group of friends started calling themselves the Amateur Dramatic Club at The Hoop Inn in 1855. Their bouncy merriment can still be sensed in the charming verse of one overexcited contemporary: "Enjoy the passing moment as it flies;/ We'll do our best to feast your ears and eyes./ Forgive our faults and recognise with glee/ In a new dress, your old friend ADC." Yet Cambridge officials disapproved. A University statute outlawing drama had been lifted only a couple of years earlier, and the Club needed permanent look-outs to warn members of approaching proctors during performances. Though its existence was eventually grudgingly acknowledged, restrictions were imposed on times when shows could be staged. What's more, the ADC was skint. From the start, a modest budget restricted the ambitions of its founders. Unable to pay the majority of its mortgage for half a century and with premises heated only by a single open fire until 1927, the Club's beginnings present a sorry tale. Eventually, it gained recognition: by the early 1900s the CUADC was known and respected on a national scale. The 1907 foundation of the Marlowe Society in the ADC Theatre reinforced its presence as a hotbed of drama. Gutted by fire in 1933 and faced with increasing maintenance costs, however, its financial woes

continued. Even after officially becoming a part of the University, the ADC received little or no funding, remaining heavily reliant on ticket and bar sales until the launch of the ADC Theatre Appeal in 2002. Through the Appeal, thankful alumni, together with the University and charitable trusts, financed a large-scale refurbishment – to the tune of some £2.2 million. In spite of this reinvigorating financial injection, though, it continues to be supported primarily by the ambition and enthusiasm of students. To an outsider, the University's flourishing theatre might at first seem hard to grasp. How can Cambridge, known for its relentless academic intensity, support an endless flow of drama? In talking to the current ADC president Adam Smith, I gained an insight into the diversity of subject groups represented in Cambridge theatre and the range of reasons for involvement. While many seek acting careers, others – particularly scientists – use the ADC as a much-needed escape from work. Of course, the ADC is, as Adam confirms, "a great springboard" for aspiring actors, but there remains room for many levels of time commitment.

This is something that really marks the change that has taken place in the ADC over the years. In the twentieth-century, it broke rank and file with more conservative elements of Britain's national theatre scene. Admittedly, women only appeared at the ADC in 1935 – despite Newnham and Girton's admittance of women to Cambridge since the mid-nineteenth century. But the gender imbalance in the theatre remains a national issue, and the ADC can be seen as leading the trend to restore equal representation. Alongside productions such as *The Other Line* and *Blue Stockings*, which continue to tackle the imbalance, the creativity and progressiveness of the ADC's Shakespeare productions



The *Bacchae*, staged at the ADC last term

must be admired. The incorporation of both a female and male Richard III into the recent take on the Bard's classic work is just one example of their creative approach. In a multitude of ways, the ADC is pushing boundaries.

Often, one hears of a cliquey, cut-throat hierarchy in Cambridge theatre. It is true that the ADC is discriminating, and tight-knit social ties undoubtedly emerge in any such competitive environment. Some recent productions have seen roles sought by over 30 applicants, Adam tells me, and the competition for directors wanting to put on their shows is fierce. But is that really

a surprise? After all, Cambridge runs on competition. From friendly rivalries over essays to the Machiavellian intrigues of the recent Union scandal, it is the lifeblood of our upward trend of achievement. Adam describes Cambridge as "an institution which seeks to nurture talent," and competitive, talented environments are inevitably tied to an element of discrimination. The scent of meritocratic discrimination is too often interpreted as nepotism. Ambition and talent are the defining features of this university, and the ADC, like all student organisations, is open to any one of us who displays them.

Speaking in Tongues

Directed by Isolde Penwarden
7.00 pm at the Corpus Playroom from February 1 to February 15



Speaking in Tongues opens with two couples dancing, backed by a Spanish singer and plucks of the guitar. In the narrow space of the Corpus Playroom it feels like we are trespassing, overhearing something confidential, and indeed it soon becomes apparent that all four are married and about to embark on affairs. They're with each other's spouses.

They're not really in the same room, of course. It is part of the play's conceit to stage distinct scenes simultaneously. And the two conversations here proceed in uncanny synchronisation, diverging occasionally but for the most part near-identical, buoyed by the strangely chant-like effect of overlapping utterances.

This production is a masterclass in choreography, we realise: the actors are still dancing. The modular set, composed primarily of four boxes – elegantly rearranged to form a bed, a couch, bar, or car – speaks to the patterning behind these putatively naturalistic scenes. *Speaking in Tongues* is itself a dance: stylised, elegant, improbable.

Such narrative organisation is an opportunity for making engaging

distinctions, and the production capitalises on this superbly. Jamie Armitage is brilliant as a cheating husband who has second thoughts in the bedroom (only one of the couples make it to bed). In the second act he plays a disgruntled, weary company man, and the perfectly-calibrated alterations in these performances must impress. The quartet as a whole is rather good.

second act. The actors add new characters to their repertoires – Jamie adds two – and the story begins to sprawl. A disappeared woman, a crucial stiletto, and an accusation of murder raise the stakes, but we remain in familiar territory, strewn with crumbling relationships. The play teaches us how to watch it: we expect new characters to fit into the pre-existing scheme, and

like Chekhov's gun carelessly applied, this becomes a little tiresome. Compelling actors and the force of their emotions may engage us, but *Speaking in Tongues* seems to be driving home the same point again and again: 'people fuck up.'

It closes on

a note of irresolution. We never discover what happened to the disappeared woman, and this feels not provocatively ambiguous but frustratingly manipulative, a MacGuffin inelegantly handled. If *Speaking in Tongues* isn't really about her, what is it about? "Sarah. I need you. Pick up the phone." These are the last words in the play: the rest is silence. Sure, it's sad – but isn't it *merely* sad?

Aron Penczu



What's Trending?



Little Eagles @RinnaKeefe (★★★)

'Robbie Aird is powerful as Korolyov, a stern, dedicated scientist who will not permit any obstacles to affect him'



Moon Tiger @AronPenczu (★★★★)

'it is part of Moon Tiger's achievement to lend [Claudia Hampton] a likeability and poignancy in the accumulation of her past'



SPLIT @JamesTaylor (★★★)

'Bloor was impressively engaging and a powerful manipulator of emotions.'



CUMTS Gala Night @BekahClayton (★★★★)

'The performance was riddled with superbly talented singers'



Curlew River @TheaHawlin (★★★★)

'The cast move beautifully as one (...) A simple tale, beautifully executed.'



Punk Rock @BeckyRosenberg (★★★★)

'A disconcerting play performed with careful attention to detail (...) provokes and disquiets.'



The Pirates of Penzance @RinnaKeefe (★★★★)

'This is the very model of a modern Gilbert and Sullivan.'



Nightmare on Netflix

Fiona Stainer

Let's talk about binge-watching, the condition that involves losing a few days of your life to a television drama. Last August, Kevin Spacey heralded it as the future of television, claiming audiences were no longer prepared to wait a week for a new episode when they could just as easily watch three more there and then.

There's also the counter-argument: television viewing is a shared experience. It's about watching a show then discussing it avidly for the next week; look to Broadchurch as a prime example – and isn't Downton Abbey just an excuse to get together for bit of an eye-roll? Not nearly as many people would watch it if whole series were available on demand. Broken jam jars and scheming under-butlers aren't enough to sustain a proper binge.

That was Spacey's point, actually. He claimed that the Netflix format helps to nurture quality dramas that have longevity. He cited The Sopranos and Breaking Bad as examples of productions that reached their pinnacle only by their third or fourth season. Dramas like these are the future, he argued, and their place is online.

Great. I'm all in favour of an abundance of quality drama. The problem is, I'm rubbish at binge watching. Ridiculous, I know. How can you be rubbish at sitting motionless in front of a screen for the best part of five hours? You can't. But it's not the watching I'm having trouble with. It's the getting started.

It being the penultimate term of final year, I decided it was about time I renewed my Netflix subscription. I'd had an epiphany whilst half-heartedly procrastinating a mediocre episode of Mr Selfridge: I could be enjoying a truly decent drama. Off to Netflix I went.

I was going to watch The Good Wife. I'd also heard great things about Orange Is The New Black. But realistically how long could I dodge conversations about Breaking Bad? Likewise, House of Cards? Then again, The Bridge was meant to be fantastic. I panicked and wound up watching Tangled instead.

A couple of days later, I took to Facebook to solve my dilemma. To which, I asked, should I sell my soul? Naturally, five people suggested six different dramas, with one adding helpfully that 'Breaking Bad will ruin your degree.'

I was back to square one. My inner finalist knew I should only commit to one. I just couldn't decide which would cause the least damage. That's the advantage of Mr Selfridge, you see: it's controlled viewing. Taken once a week with dinner, and middling enough to prevent addiction. So I think I'll steer clear of the binge – until June, that is. Maybe being indefinitely unemployed won't be as bad as I'd anticipated.

The Strypes

Cambridge Junction



What makes young Irish rhythm and blues band, The Strypes, unique in this age of manufactured pop is their genuine musical knowledge and ability. Citing retro rock groups like Dr Feelgood as their musical influences, The Strypes re-channel this vintage sound in a way that is authentic rather than novelty-driven, attracting a surprisingly wide audience demographic.

Appearing on stage, The Strypes were greeted with raucous cheers from an energised audience, opening the show with a cover of Happy Mondays' Step On. Touring Europe with The Arctic Monkeys has clearly given the band a new edge and maturity. They were confident before, but they've raised their game considerably, dominating the stage with even more energy and just the right amount of swagger.

Frontman Ross Farrelly looked comfortable, moving about the stage and even cracking a few smiles. Stretching his strong voice to full capacity, he ripped through the setlist, showing off his dulcet tones in slower numbers like Angel Eyes, but flirting with a quirky, blue-grass vibe in Still Gonna Drive You Home.

Guitarist Josh McClorey played like a man possessed, alternating between

caressing his guitar like a lover and leaping through the air, wielding it as a weapon. McClorey courts the audience's attention, but despite his on-stage antics, no one can doubt McClorey's guitar playing credentials, as evidenced by some incredible solos that lit the audience on fire.

Unassuming bassist Pete O'Hanlon is the ballast to McClorey's storm, but he too comes to centre stage to show off his skills on the harmonica for a rip-roaring cover of Got Love If You Want It. It's easy to overlook drummer Evan Walsh but his is the beat that grounds the band and his fellow bandmates gravitate towards him throughout the show.

With their debut album Snapshot, The Strypes are still making waves, but have a long way to go to achieve longevity in the music business. Yet, they are a natural-born performance

band, pumping the audience full of energy and feeding off that energy in order to deliver hit after hit straight to the gut.

With performances like the one I witnessed in Cambridge, they don't need to worry about the future. Unless they run out of steam.

Anne O'Neill



Coriolanus

National Theatre Live



Josie Rourke, director of the Donmar Warehouse's Coriolanus, says that the play speaks to modern audiences who will recognise themes of war and austerity, not to mention disillusionment with government and politics.

There is a distinctive contemporary feel to the play; the minimalist stage has graffiti on the back wall, and extensive use is made of one red and one white square drawn on the floor during the play.

Rourke made a shrewd choice in picking a more youthful actor to portray the titular role; Ralph Fiennes' 2011 incarnation is powerful but his Coriolanus was a respected, older leader rather than a fighter.

Tom Hiddleston is energetic and strong; he is every bit the believable warrior. A modern-day heartthrob, he has undoubtedly contributed to the show's sell-out run, in addition to the well-known cast. Most will recognise Mark Gatiss (Sherlock's Mycroft): here he gives a delightfully cutting performance of Menenius, the skillful politician.

The audience at the Arts

Picturehouse, and indeed at the Donmar Warehouse, were laughing, gasping and tutting throughout. I have never been to a Shakespeare play where the audience was so gripped.

Rourke makes bold choices with the play but they pay dividends. When Coriolanus defects to the Volscians, Hadley Fraser's Aufidius greets him with animosity but then laughs it off, embracing and kissing Hiddleston. The other Volscians seem to mirror the audience as they shrug off this brief moment of homoeroticism.

Coriolanus' death is brutal and bloody. As he dies, the spotlight shines on his mother, Volumnia, now bereaved and diminished.

The choice to highlight this relationship above Coriolanus' marriage underscores the vital role of Volumnia both in the play and in Coriolanus' life.

The play was filmed expertly – NT Live provided a thorough viewing of the play which was a near-perfect way to see theatre. The fact I was sat in a cinema certainly did not detract from an enthralling Coriolanus.

Rebecca Rosenberg



COMEDY

The Footlights

The Cambridge Footlights return to the Arts Theatre after their sell-out success of 2013.

7.45pm, 16th February
Cambridge Arts Theatre



Dallas Buyers Club

Jean-Marc Vallée



Nothing could reek more of Hollywood self-congratulation than a film about cowboys, with boots filled by Matthew McConaughey and Jennifer Garner, being nominated for the Best Picture Oscar. It's something of a miracle that screenwriters Craig Borten and Melisa Wallack have produced something that so consistently

eschews schmaltz, that refuses to milk the sob story in favour of something harder, uglier, at times darkly comic.

Said sob story is that of Ron Woodroof (McConaughey), the real-life Texan cowboy who in 1985, just as the tidal wave of AIDS began to break across America, became a victim of the rodeo high life. Defiant against his diagnosis, and with the hospital's refusal to treat him with non-FDA approved antiretroviral drugs, he decides to get hold of the meds by hook or by crook. A few trips to Mexico later and he's started up his own 'buyers' club,

EVENT

ArcSoc Cabaret

Once again the Union will be transformed for this event, with live music, life drawing and more.

8.30pm, 21st February
Cambridge Union

ALBUM

Wild Beasts

The Mercury-nominated band come back with their fourth album entitled Present Tense.

24th February
Domino Records





TRUTH ENTERTAINMENT / VOTAGE PICTURES

Lost Illusions

Bolshoi Ballet, Moscow

★★★★★

I'm in two minds about watching ballet at the cinema. On the one hand, it's a blessing: people all over the world get to access high-class performances. It makes art available to more than just the privileged elite; the cost of a cinema ticket is a fraction of the price of a ticket to the actual performance. It even allows for behind-the-scenes interviews and close-ups of the dancers, which – unless you're lucky enough to have a backstage pass or some very powerful binoculars – is simply not possible from the audience seats of a live performance. On the other hand, something lacks. Surround sound, albeit excellent quality, cannot compare to the live orchestra. The editing of the camera footage, however carefully considered, cannot replicate our individual choice of focus. And while a trip to the ballet is accompanied with a buzz of luxury – we get dressed up and try to spot famous faces in the audience – as I sat down in a pitch-black room, next to a man chomping on popcorn, the magic was tainted.

Perhaps that's what it's all about though – making a high-class affair more readily available to all. I've sometimes used the last scraps of my student budget to get cheap seats for the real thing, only to be sat so far away from the stage that it wasn't worth the sacrifice. Captured on camera, however, every pirouette can be seen in full HD, without craning the neck or straining

the eyes. Nothing can beat the live experience – but unless you're fortunate enough to live close to a world-class theatre and can afford the best seats, it's not a bad alternative. This particular ballet was an adaptation of Balzac's *Illusions Perdues*. Based on a novel, considerable acting was required, so being able to see facial expressions in detail added another dimension to the dance spectacle. As a new ballet (created in Moscow in 2011 by Alexei Ratmanský) it was also interesting to watch interviews with the composer and dancers. So I ought to be thankful for the opportunity after all. I watched the ballet from a cinema in Frankfurt, while my parents saw it at our local theatre, and my friends in Cambridge went to the Arts Picturehouse. Texting my friends in the interval and skyping my parents afterwards to exchange notes showed me just how far technology has brought us – perhaps when it's my children's turn to watch ballet at the cinema, we'll have worked out a way to transport ourselves to Moscow just for the evening's entertainment.

Rosie Sargeant



News: A User's Manual

Alain de Botton

★★★★★

Alain de Botton has had an epiphany. In a post-lapsarian world, humankind is wont to turn towards some higher power to search for salvation; where religion once provided all the answers, we now have news. de Botton has compiled a "little manual that briefly tries to complicate" that which appears to have become "too normal and harmless for our own good." de Botton splits the news into six sub-categories: Politics, World News, Economics, Celebrity, Disaster and Consumption. In each of these spheres, the general sentiment is one of regret at the human condition: why, de Botton laments, are we not more interested in the corruption of the Ugandan government? Why is the economy so important, and yet so boring? The answer to all of these questions lies in the media. Newspaper headlines ignore everyday life in favour of sensationalising anomalous misfortunes. This makes us anxious, and skews our perspective of the beauty of the world; newspapers should strive to improve the human condition, not to narrate it. De Botton even suggests

that journalists should be more creative: "falsifications may occasionally need to be committed in the service of a goal higher still than accuracy." This sentiment is at the core of all that is wrong with the book: an almost wilful misunderstanding of reality. Were de Botton's benevolent dictatorship to be put into place, we would all be living in a state of serene zen, rendering the news obsolete. Thanks to the measured delivery of good news and beauty provided by de Botton's media monopoly, we would cease to look elsewhere for titbits of cerebral stimulation. However what de Botton lacks in pragmatism he makes up for in prose. Few can churn out poetic sound bites as successfully as he: "A clear conscience is the preserve of those without sufficient imagination," he tells us. While his manual may not help us understand our news, this compendium offers a prosaic repose from the continuous media that feeds our daily anxieties. It is, fundamentally, a call to stop and smell the roses, and it has even provided us with the bouquet.

Amy Hawkins

a (short-lived) legal loophole that bypasses drug-dealing laws and allows Woodroof to make a small fortune dripfeeding desperate Texans. Yves Bélanger's photography follows Woodroof's breakdown unflinchingly from the start, following every dip and sway of McConaughey's (unknownst to him) HIV-addled, skeletal frame. Apparently McConaughey lost 30 pounds for the role, and it desperately shows: McConaughey's visible frailty is such that we feel the embattlement of his existence. Woodroof is as filthily homophobic as you'd expect from any redneck. Yet as he begins to realise that the gay community is where the drug money is, he teams up with resident queen and unlikely business partner Rayon (Jared Leto). Ultimately, it's the relationship between Leto and McConaughey that holds the film together. It's what takes Woodroof from being, in Rayon's words, a 'homophobic asshole', to getting his old friend T.J. (Kevin Rankin) into a headlock and forcing him to shake hands with said drag queen. It is this change in Woodroof, the

conversion from hard-nosed black-market businessman to a man who genuinely wants to help others, that Rayon brings about. But it's to the film's credit that it manages to choke back the tears, allowing the pathos to shine through the comedy. In one fell swoop, Woodroof demonstrates his playful affection for the man whose ilk he once despised, while reminding us that he's still no saint: "Would you stop starin' at her tits, Rayon, you're startin' to look normal."

Rivkah Brown

<div>OPERA</div> <div>Don Giovanni</div> <div>CUOS Mainshow 2014 sees the fully staged version of Mozart's Don Giovanni.</div> <div>20th-22nd February West Road Concert Hall</div>	<div>EXHIBITION</div> <div>Yunoki Samiro</div> <div>Only one week left to see 'Humour and Colour', featuring textiles by the Japanese artist.</div> <div>Runs until 22nd February Michaelhouse Centre Cafe,</div>	<div>BALLET</div> <div>Sleeping Beauty</div> <div>Cambridge University Ballet Club's production of The Sleeping Beauty, set to Tchaikovsky's iconic score.</div> <div>20th-22nd February Mumford Theatre, Anglia Ruskin</div>	<div>FILM</div> <div>Her</div> <div>Spike Jonze's new sci-fi rom-com, starring Joaquin Phoenix, Amy Adams, Rooney Mara, Olivia Wilde, and Scarlett Johansson.</div> <div>14th February Arts Picturehouse, Cambridge</div>
---	---	---	---





For the love of
SPORT

Roxana Antohi
KARATE

I have the worst journalistic ethics. Why else would I go try karate after a party, while still drunk? My judgment was missing on Wednesday night when I went to train with the University Karate Club. Dishevelled and still boozed up from all the white wine, I burst in half way through the session, clueless as to whether the instructor even knew I was coming. He smiled back and said 'yes'. And then it hit me – he was incredibly attractive. Goddamn it. As if the alcohol and my lack of coordination weren't enough, now I had to deal with a high likelihood of staring creepily at my black belted instructor. Just great.

I got assigned a partner – we were all relative beginners, me more than everyone else – and we started basic hits and blocks. I could never tell where my legs and arms were meant to go, and after a while my partner looked like he wanted to knock me out in frustration. That said, he was winking at me at the same time, more than I have ever been winked at in my entire life.

But anyway, when we got to practising kicking, I showed everyone what a natural I actually was – I kicked my partner right in the crotch on the first attempt. He took it like a man – and stopped winking. Thank God...

We moved on to some self-defence practice. A lot of it involved blocking people who tried to hold your hands. It all seemed much too complicated to me. All I usually do when this happens (as an ex-boyfriend knows much too well) is head-butt them. But, you know, I can see the appeal in not having to do that. So I just learnt my fit instructor's ways, but managed to make my partner's wrist bleed in the process. Strange thing – I'm either way too good at karate or his skin is too soft.

Anyway, I most certainly learnt my lesson when, at the end, we had to do planks and other things that made my body unfairly achy. Aren't you meant to stop feeling pain while drunk? It obviously didn't work on me, but I gritted my teeth, hoping to impress everyone with my stamina in order to make them forget about my awkward attempts at karate.

Not soon enough, the planking struggle came to an end. I could finally ask my instructor one on one questions about karate. It turns out karate takes a lifetime to get good at, but a black belt can be achieved within three years.

The Cambridge club is really mixed, from national champions to complete beginners. I really felt included while I was there, and I do think it's a great way to get into the sport. There is also the added appeal of incredibly attractive instructors (I'm assuming they're all like that – they must be), which makes all the pain and awkwardness more than worth it.

Pythons closing in on playoffs

American football: 62-0 rout of Essex leaves Light Blues well placed

Varsity Sport

Cambridge Pythons defeated Essex Blades 62-0 on Sunday, achieving a second shut-out following last week's 52-0 win over Anglia Ruskin. It was the Pythons' biggest win since the team reformed in 2011.

As the score suggests, Cambridge's tight defense was the foundation for success against Essex. Defensive tackle Brendan Loftus starred, achieving 4.5 sacks and two recoveries before returning the game's final touchdown after forcing a fumble. Hampered by their lack of pace on running plays, Essex were well marshalled by Cambridge's run defense, and struggled to make so much as a yard for long periods of the game.

In offense, Cambridge relied on the running game that has been their main weapon all season. Against Essex they started explosively, with Joe Moore running 60 yards for a touchdown on only the second play of the game. Tipped by some for a 1,000-yard season, the lightweight running back has been in outstanding form this campaign. With his acceleration and evasiveness, Moore brings a touch of rugby style to the football field. He was to be a thorn in Essex's side all afternoon.

The Pythons' offense enjoyed a lot of game time during the remainder of the first quarter, which finished 20-0 after further touchdowns from Jonty Richardson (capping an eight-play drive) and Moore (this time running 55 yards). Richardson's touchdown was converted for a further two points with a run by the scorer himself. This was the only conversion managed by the Cambridge team all afternoon, with the short game being an isolated weak spot in a generally domineering performance.

Cambridge started the second quarter weakly, but rallied quickly, switching their running game to focus on the big men. Chad Biscuit ran a 59-yard touchdown, followed almost immediately by another from Tom Carr, after a sack from defensive end Tom Piachaud and recovery from tackle Stefan

"PYTHONS RELIED ON THEIR EXPLOSIVE RUNNING GAME AS USUAL"

Arridge gave Cambridge possession on the Essex 19-yard line. Right as the first half ended, Richardson crossed over from six yards for Pythons' sixth touchdown, making it 38-0 at the break.

The Pythons dominated the third quarter, picking up twelve points



Joe Moore (front) evades a tackle on his way to a touchdown

with relative ease. Tall receiver Jaason Geerts claimed a touchdown from a Joe Yarwood pass, before Moore crossed over after a 30-yard run. The fourth quarter was probably Essex's best, as Cambridge eased off slightly. The odd mistake began to creep in, with the defense giving away a flag for unnecessary roughness and quarterback Aki Mulay enduring a sack and an interception. However, the reliable Richardson ran across from 15 yards for the offense's last act of the game. Perhaps the highlight of the game then followed, almost on the final whistle, as Loftus burst through the Blades' offensive line to strip the ball from their re-treating quarterback, before returning

the remaining 20 yards for a classic defenseman's touchdown.

Following a performance that can only be described as domineering, the Pythons sit second in their BUCS division, level on points with Kent and University of East Anglia. With second place sufficient to qualify for the post-season Championships, this week's game against UEA looks set to be a crucial showdown for the Pythons' hopes.

Most Valuable Player awards went to Moore (offense), who ran 263 yards in fifteen bursts for his three touchdowns, to Loftus (defense) and to Adrian Ball (Special Teams/Rookie) who made three important tackles.



Football fans don't want a winter break

Rob Colemeadow

Sports Perspective

As ever, December and January were busy times for English football this season. The influx of fixtures came as a great treat to most supporters up and down the country, but many involved in the game complained about the negative toll it takes on players and staff alike. The calls for the Premiership to take a winter break seem to become louder every year. I would be disappointed if the calls were heeded.

Football is part of the festivities for many in Britain. As Michael Owen tweeted on Boxing day last year, Christmas and New Year would be boring without sport. The rush of games is something people look forward to, and without it the season would simply not be the same.

Sir Alex Ferguson was an advocate of the winter break. He favoured a two week pause, commencing on Boxing day, but complained "the television companies would never let it happen."

Ferguson believed that it would have allowed his players and staff to refresh following the Christmas period.

The fatigue is undeniable, but the situation is the same for all English teams. However, Arsene Wenger claims German clubs' recent success in Europe is down to their rejuvenation following a lengthy winter break.

Players tend to support the break, citing injury worries. Players' unions in the UK have called for a suspension in mid-season. Meanwhile Theo Walcott will miss the World Cup following a winter injury.

It's difficult to argue against ensuring the health of professionals and it does seem that with nearly all European leagues having a break, England may soon follow.

But for the fans, entertainment of the sort provided this Christmas – as Liverpool dropped from first to fifth in six days – would certainly be missed. Sir Alex once said of the winter break that, "it's what the supporters want." I disagree with a footballing great at my peril, but this time I believe Sir Alex got it wrong.

Volleyball teams take on best in UK

Matt Worth

Sports Editor

The University of Cambridge's volleyballers headed to the University of East Anglia at the weekend for the Student Indoor Cup. Taking place over two days, the event featured 32 university teams from across the country. The Light Blue women managed to reach the semi-finals, beating Oxford on the way, and finished fourth. However the men found the going tougher, and ground out early at a twelfth place finish.

Saturday saw the teams compete in pools of four, with the Cambridge men drawn against KCL, Queen's Belfast and Southampton. The Blues started slowly against Queen's, losing the match by two sets to one.

Rallying to beat KCL by the same scoreline, the men then lost 2-0 to Southampton to finish third.

The Blues' Robert Krakow describes the results as something of a missed opportunity: "Our group had some good, but no excellent teams". He attributed the disappointing result to injuries and training difficulties.

With the top two teams in the pool qualifying for the quarter-finals, Cambridge instead went into a pool of third placed teams, to play off for places nine to twelve.

Facing Durham in the first game, the men lost the first set but took the remaining two, and seemingly ended the day on a high. However, the match was later awarded to Durham on technical grounds.

On Sunday, the Blues played UCL, losing on points difference after tying 1-1 on sets. The final game was against

Midlands league rivals Loughborough. Although the teams were evenly matched, Loughborough were victorious in both sets, leaving Cambridge in 12th place.

Things went more smoothly for the women in their pool. Three straight wins, including a hard-fought three set victory over their arch-rivals from Loughborough University, saw Cambridge top the table.

The other teams beaten at this stage were Brighton and Nottingham. Vice-Captain Jen Bellamy described the Loughborough win as a particularly welcome bit of revenge, as the East Midlands side has beaten Cambridge

"REVENGE AGAINST LOUGHBOROUGH WAS PARTICULARLY WELCOME"

women's team twice already this season.

In the quarter-final the women breezed past Oxford 2-0 (25-21, 25-13) before going out in the semi-finals to a strong University of London side.

The third/fourth place playoff was lost to a big hitting team from the University of East London. Perhaps Cambridge were easing off as they had a further, BUCS league match to play against Oxford.

The rescheduled, best-of-five match ran out of time at two sets apiece, and was declared a tie.

Bellamy described the whole weekend as enjoyable but a physically gruelling experience, and praised the all-round team effort.

Football needs better succession planning

Don't just blame Moyes for United's woes – the fault lies with the system

Matt Worth

Sports Perspective

You might not have noticed this, but Manchester United aren't doing very well this season. So poorly in fact, that they no longer appear anywhere near the top of a Google search for "Premiership table". The all-conquering Salford machine has occupied seventh place for the whole of 2014 so far.

It's the kind of season, funnily enough, that Everton would consider steady but a tad disappointing. It's too early to consign United dominance to the history books, but they appear not to be the team they once were.

Now, you may also be unaware that United have also changed their manager this season. Undoubtedly, you will have noticed that prevailing football opinion is starting to link the change of boss with the sharp downturn in form.

This is a reasonable enough hypothesis, of course, and there is some merit to it. It has been fairly clear to most observers in recent years that United were over-achieving thanks to the Ferguson factor. Driven by the great Scot's legendary will to win, United were outperforming the stronger squads at Chelsea and Manchester City (and indeed a stronger first team at Arsenal).

With a limited midfield, an elderly defence, an inexperienced keeper and an inconsistent attack, the manager

was the only part of last season's United who looked like title material on the face of things.

It's true, also, that Moyes' own decisions justify some of the criticism he has received. Marouane Fellaini, while familiar to the manager, seemed an odd fit for a United team whose midfield needed creativity and pace, and some of the points made about Moyes' tactics have been fair.

But we shouldn't overstate those factors: Ferguson bought many worse

"ENGLISH FOOTBALL REMAINS ENTHRALLED WITH THE CULT OF THE MANAGER"

players than Fellaini, and prodigious though his managerial strengths were, tactics wasn't among them.

Ferguson could be afforded his share of the blame for this season's form; his succession planning has been questioned. The United side he handed over to Moyes hardly brimmed with youthful promise. The team's great players are rather old, and their young players, as yet, aren't that great.

Yet we should look beyond this factor, too, not least because tricky generational transitions are inherent to sport. Success is built on continuity, and in its turn success breeds contentment; the effect of this is that successful teams stay together a long time, and successful players grow old in

their roles. Like most people in high-pressure jobs, sports coaches are risk-averse, and they're loathe to blood the next generation if it means breaking up a winning team.

The underlying problem is that while stability breeds success, a managerial change is a destabilising act. Managers must change sometimes, but the structure of English clubs and the culture of our game exacerbate the problem.

When Moyes arrived at Manchester United, he promptly dispensed with the services of established coaches, bringing in his own team from Everton. A great deal of experience walked out the door, and with it some of the key day-to-day relationships with the players.

One has to question whether the established working relationship between Moyes and his Everton team (Steve Round, Phil Neville, Jimmy Lumsden and Chris Woods) is really going to be worth more to the club than the bonds the old coaching staff had built with the squad.

It's only fair to note that United aren't unusual in this. In fact, they probably respect continuity more than most clubs. It's entirely commonplace for coaching and scouting staffs to be rotated wholesale when managers change.

But if we consider the most successful cross-generational dynasty in the British game – Liverpool from Shankly to Dalglish – then what stands out is that through the management changes, the legendary "boot room" stayed the same; a system from which each manager in turn was drawn and which stayed in place around him. It is



Old Trafford: generational change

no coincidence that Liverpool's dominance came to an end when Dalglish was replaced by Graeme Souness.

The Director of Football system is often pilloried, which is not surprising given how ineptly it has sometimes been used. But it is operated very successfully on the continent, and its watchword is continuity. It can create a single point of report for the technical staff, a backroom team and culture that remain steady over the years, and skilled teams of trainers and scouts

who can work to the requirements of whoever fills the role of Head Coach from time to time. The system requires a determined and sophisticated chairman, adaptable and confident staff, and a head coach who understands the role. For now, English football remains enthralled with the cult of the all-dominating manager, a figure whose time may well have passed. Ferguson was the last and, many would say, the greatest of the old breed, but the future may lie another way.

OUR PROMISE

to serve great tasting noodles, in generous portions,

using high quality ingredients and outstandingly fresh produce,

giving our customers exceptional value for money, each and every time.

"absolutely gorgeous"
Localsecrets

"outstandingly fresh"
Hardens

"excellent... generous portions"
worldtravelguide.net

"some of the best value for money in Cambridge"
Squaremeal

Dojo

Your local independent noodle bar

Dojo, 1 - 2 Millers Yard, Mill Lane, Cambridge CB2 1RQ
T : 01223 363 471 www.dojonooodlebar.co.uk

ZUMBA FITNESS

The University Centre welcomes members of the University (students, staff and alumni) to join the fun of Zumba. Latin-inspired music and easy to follow dance steps guarantee fitness fun.

Mondays and Thursdays 6.30 to 7.30pm

£3.00 (University staff, students and alumni)
£4 Non Members

To book, call 01223 337766

facebook.com/BlueFitnessUC

Sport



CALICO STREAMING

Succession planning

Matt Worth on why football clubs struggle with changes at the top, particularly as David Moyes faces heavy criticism at Man United



JACK PATERNER

Cambridge Pythons stop Essex Blades in their tracks in the Light Blues' 62-0 American football win on Sunday

Light Blues blown away by Army

Men's rugby team lose 5-64 in their heaviest loss of the season

Richard Stockwell

Rugby Correspondent

Cambridge's Varsity hangover continued as they were blown away 64-5 by the Army at Grange Road on Wednesday night. After a heavy 44-17 loss to Durham in their first game back after Christmas, Cambridge recorded a promising 24-7 victory over invitational side Penguins last week. But this week the opposition did not allow Cambridge to gain a foothold in the game, as they conceded 9 tries in their most resounding defeat of the season.

The conditions were not conducive to stylish play, as heavy rain and a gusting wind welcomed the players onto the pitch. Cambridge played into the wind in the first half, and failed to adapt to conditions quickly enough. Their kicks failed to find touch, they allowed high balls to bounce, and their passes were caught by gusts of wind more often than their teammates' hands.

Cambridge were forced down to ground the ball over their own try line, early in the game giving the Army an opportunity from five metres out with the first scrum of the match. Cambridge

held strong in the scrum, and even began to drive the Army back.

But once the Army's Richardson had picked up from their number eight, he needed no further help from his teammates to go over for his team's first try. Dixon's successful conversion made the score 7-0, with less than five minutes gone.

Dixon fancied his chances to add a penalty from the half way line with the wind behind him, but his attempt fell just short. Still, it was not long before the Army extended their lead with a second try. Cambridge flicked the ball back from the top of their own line-out, but Army flanker Nayacavou reacted fastest, gathering the ball and running straight through to the line. Dixon missed the conversion from out wide, leaving the score on 12-0.

Cambridge looked composed in possession, but could not gain ground despite rumbling through the phases. Dixon missed another penalty kick at goal, as the Army looked to consolidate their lead.

But kicking points seemed unnecessary as quick offloads amongst the forwards took the Army from the half way line to the 22. The Cambridge defence had no time to regroup, and the ball did not need to go through many more hands before inside centre Samisoni went over for a try. Dixon neatly converted for 19-0.

The Army were scoring at the rate of a point a minute, but Cambridge stemmed the flow with some solid defence. The Blues found themselves in a promising position only once in the first half. A good penalty kick to touch into the wind gave them an attacking line-out, but the forwards were unable to work the ball out of the maul.

"CAMBRIDGE FAILED TO ADAPT TO THE HEAVY RAIN AND GUSTING WIND"

As the first period came to a close, the Army backs showed their pace with a few speedy breaks, but conditions thwarted their more imaginative passages of play. Dixon added a penalty goal for the Army with the last kick of the half to give his side a lead of 22-0 at the break.

After shutting out the Army for the latter part of the first half, Cambridge made a nightmare start to the second, conceding three tries in quick succession. The Cambridge defence failed to lay a finger on Army fly half Dixon as he waltzed through and offloaded to Samisoni for the try.

Dixon pulled off the same move just

five minutes later, with Nayacavou this time the grateful recipient of the offload and the try. A break from Samisoni and a pass to Bishop gave the Army another try, as the Cambridge defence disintegrated. Dixon converted all three, putting the Army out of sight at 43-0.

A yellow card for fly half Allen appeared to reinvigorate the Cambridge side. With the help of the wind, they pinned the Army down with a sustained period of pressure, but the closer Cambridge got to the line, the harder the Army defended.

Soon enough, the Army broke free, but Cambridge made them work a lot harder for their seventh try. With the conversion successful, the Army had scored a half century of points without reply. Cambridge's dogged attacking finally paid off in the 65th minute, with Brewster scoring after some good drives around the fringes.

The Army still had two more tries in them, however. The referee awarded a penalty try after Cambridge's scrum was demolished on their own five metre line, before a break by Mundy made space for a Richardson's second try. Dixon converted both to take the final score to 64-5.

Cambridge will have the opportunity to show improvement in their fixtures against the RAF on 19th February and Navy on 5th March.

SPORT IN BRIEF



Rowers look forward to Pembroke Regatta

The Pembroke Regatta takes place this Saturday, pitting college boats against one another in a knockout format. With races between 8am and 5pm, prizes are on offer in the M1/M2/M3 and W1/W2/W3 categories as well as for male and female alumni crews. The tennis-style draw has been announced in advance and race times can be checked out on the Pembroke Regatta website. Crews are paired up to race one on one from a standing start, covering around 1100 metres between the stump at the end of the Long Reach and Peters Posts.



Mixed lacrosse Varsity squad announced

The mixed lacrosse club have announced their provisional squad for the Varsity game on 1st March in Oxford. In the frame are Sophie Ashford (Jesus), Chloe Collier (Clare), Charlie Douty (Christ's), Amelia Duncanson (St Catharine's), Katherine Gist (Trinity Hall), Ellen Heddle (Trinity Hall), James Horscroft (Trinity Hall), Nathan Hudson-Peacock (Christ's), Jacob Lam (Jesus), Fiona Latham (King's), Laura Leung-How (Corpus Christi), Henry Pritchard (Robinson), Tom Rootsey (Jesus), Jeremy Sharman (Jesus), Harriet Wade (Robinson), and Louis Williams (St Catharine's).



Tough times for men's football

Cambridge men's first team footballers had a disappointing end to their BUCS Premier South campaign, losing their final league game 3-1 to University of Bath on 5th February. Things didn't get any better as the Championship knockout competition got underway. Cambridge were knocked out 6-2 by Loughborough, with Sherif and May getting the Light Blue goals. The men's second team, the Falcons, are doing better and stand top of Midlands division 4B, following a 1-1 draw with Bedford on 12th February.