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# VARSITY

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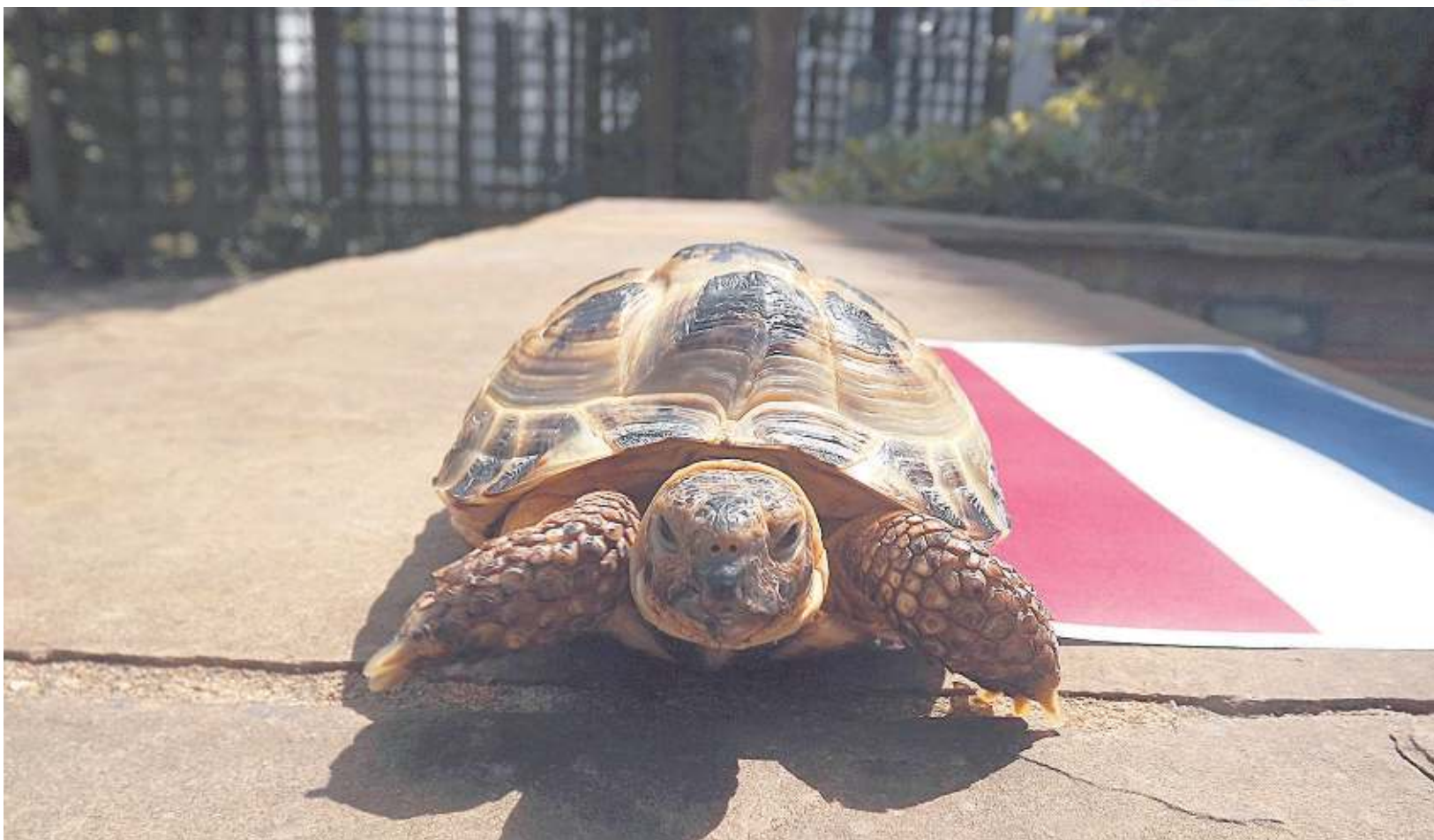
## May Week Celebrations

Varsity attends the Balls, so you don't have to.  
Full coverage on pages 7 & 8



Fashion P28

The  
Best  
Bow  
Ties



**GONZALES THE TORTOISE:** Our World Cup reptile predicts the Netherlands will continue their winning streak against Australia

## Questions over Chinese donors

Cambridge accused  
of financial links with  
Chinese government

**Richard Nicholl**

*News Correspondent*

The links between the University of Cambridge and the Chinese government have once again come under scrutiny as new evidence emerged of close ties between the Communist Party hierarchy and a professorship at the Centre for Development Studies.

In 2012, the Chong Hua Foundation donated £3.7 million as an endowment, allowing a professorship in its name to be established by the University.

At the time, the University claimed there were no links between the

foundation and the Chinese government, and an internal investigation found the same.

However, Vivien Wang, founder of EtonKids, an international nursery school provider, confirmed in a previously unpublished interview (reported on 10th June by the Telegraph) that the foundation is in fact controlled by Wen Ruchun, a powerful member of the Chinese agency responsible for its foreign reserves. She is also the daughter of Wen Jiabao, who was the Chinese Premier from 2003 to 2013.

The Chong Hua Foundation is registered in Bermuda, where it is not required to divulge the identities of its trustees. It has no internet presence, even within China, reflecting a desire for privacy. The University echoed this desire upon its receipt of the donation in 2012. At the time, the only reference

the University made to the people behind Chong Hua was as "two wealthy individuals who wish to remain private". However, the Telegraph reported that Chinese censors had removed any reference to the donation throughout the Chinese media.

Asked for comment on the new evidence about the links between Ms Wen and Chong Hua, a University spokesman said: "The donation from the Chong Hua Foundation was fully verified and approved by the University of Cambridge Advisory Committee on Benefactions. No more details will be released as the donors, as is common practice, have requested complete anonymity."

The first and current occupant of the Chong Hua Professorship is Peter Nolan, a global authority on Chinese development. His recent work has

included *Is China Buying the World?*, in which he accuses international commentators of denigrating the government's capacity for economic management and "scaremongering" over the rise of China in recent decades.

Nolan's links to the Wen family are not new: in 2007, he published a book, *The Global Business Revolution and the Cascade Effect*, co-written with Liu Chiuhan, Wen Ruchun's husband and a director of statistics at the China Banking Regulatory Commission (CBRC). Professor Nolan could not be reached for comment.

Links to foreign regimes have been the subject of media attention at other British universities as well. In 2009, the LSE controversially received £300,000 from Saif Gaddafi, son of the then-leader of Libya Muammar Gaddafi, after he received a PhD there.

## Trinity May Ball: must try harder

**Mike Curtis**

*May Ball Critic*



Two years ago at Trinity May Ball I had one of the most surreal and wonderful experiences in my time at Cambridge: standing in a beautiful ornately decorated court, whilst champagne was opened nearby by sword, screaming along with 500 other people dressed in black tie to the Vengaboys' surprisingly deep selection of hits. Cambridge May Balls are a unique institution and, amongst them, Trinity stands tall as one of the most glamorous, the most opulent and the most likely to force Daily Mail photographers to be at work before dawn. This year's ball had much to live up to, both for me personally and in terms of the history of the event itself. What a shame that it missed the mark.

There were no early warning signs early - the fireworks were, as ever, fantastic. An exhilarating display with a soundtrack that skilfully blended the classical with the modern, I was thrilled, moved and awed. The light-show that followed, projected onto the beautiful Wren library was calmer, but in many ways just as impressive.

As the evening wore on, the cracks began to emerge. The ENTs were mostly forgettable. On the mainstage, Lawson were so lacking in personality that they were forced to cover dull pop hits, as though this combination would somehow become interesting. It didn't. Big Brovaz performed well, but their set list was basically a single cover of a Sound of Music song. The one highlight was Chloe Howl: spunky, exciting and with songs that were instantly danceable to, it was just a shame that more guests didn't join the few of us having a fantastic time during her set.

Elsewhere, things were also lacklustre. Comedy headliner Russell Kane's set was fun, but fell slightly flat - possibly because of the 2pm timing. With his constant pirouetting...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

**Interview: Ken Loach on Jimmy's Hall and the role of the critic (p.10)**





## News

Cardboard boat race enjoyed by some. Proved as inefficient method of transport for most.



## Comment

Tatiana Barnes thinks we have a troubling reluctance acknowledging misogyny in the wake of the Isla Vista killings.



## Vulture

Joanne Stewart offers her guide to a sizzling summer in Paris, perfect for making May Week last a little bit longer



## Sport

Varsity's new sports pundit Gonzales the Tortoise is on hand to offer objective World Cup predictions



The morning after the night before? Nobody looks this good at 6am

# A week to remember?

For many, if not most, May Week is the highlight of the Cambridge year. After a term filled with exams, stress levels that make Lent look normal and attempts to make our blood 30% Relentless, it's only natural that we want to spend time doing something completely different to the rest of the year. Yet we choose to celebrate in a very strange way.

Walking down Queen's Road on Sunday, I saw a busload of alumni in their 30s pull up, all in their boat jackets, and apparently ready to join in Suicide Sunday. Fully aware that I do hate fun with a passion, it struck me as strange that the one thing that seems to make people come back to Cambridge is May Week: even when we have settled with careers, families and friends far away from the bubble, garden parties and Suicide Sunday call us all back.

This is the time of year when we have the least concerns: we can wake up when we like, have no commitments and no sense of responsibility. It's also the time of year when Cambridge is most vulnerable to attack. Already the

annual reporting on Cambridge decadence is hitting the national press, with pictures from Trinity May Ball inspiring the now seemingly tired debate about whether Cambridge students are entitled, spoilt and permadrunk; happily wasting opportunities others would do anything to have.

While the stereotypes are easily thrown off, a concern lingers: if May Week is really the thing that we see as the best part of Cambridge, as the week that we take to be most demonstrative of life at university, is not some of the criticism just? What if we are just secretly all here for the excess, and see the work as the unfortunate vehicle that gets us there? The more we talk about May Week, there's a risk that we might prove this criticism to be valid. If May Week is genuinely the thing we like best about Cambridge, for all its vapid-ity, willing refusal to take any sort of responsibility and desire to do, eat and drink, whatever we want, perhaps we do need to be criticised.

Of course, the irony is not lost on a student paper that only publishes once this term, and chooses May

Week to do it.

When it comes to May Week, it seems we are liable to forget what really matters. Our experience of life at Cambridge is so much bigger than May Week, sometimes positively, sometimes very negatively, and though we might want them to, the issues and concerns we have will never disappear into the May Ball enduced ether. Indeed, in many ways May Week provides the final curtain no-one wants: how many friendship groups are shattered during May Week by an increasing realisation that there's a real world out there, aided of course by vodka?

Cambridge is much bigger than May Week. This is a good thing. The university is filled with such talented people: creativity storms through Cambridge theatre, but the success of CamCreatives shows how much interest there is in art, whatever its form. CUSU's autonomous campaigns continue to make real changes to improve the situation for students. People discover, people do. Forget the balls and the garden parties. If we want to show what Cambridge is really like, this is what we should report.

*Continued from Page 1*

...he had ten times the energy of the entire hot, sleepy audience. A remark about the ENTs manager getting a third raised a laugh, perhaps because it was a bit near the mark.

The food was very average - the paella, hot dog, hog roast, chocolate fountain that I managed to stuff into my mouth throughout the night were all perfectly fine, but nothing was particularly special. Furthermore, this was exacerbated by the queuing. I am perfectly happy queuing during a May Ball, but when people are constantly pushing in front because there isn't even a half-hearted attempt at queue management it's easy to lose patience and be disappointed with the eventual reward.

Considering you can get a Michelin starred meal at many London restaurants for little more than £30, I confess I was somewhat disappointed. In terms of drinks, things fared little better - I loved the La Raza cocktails, and the Innocent smoothies kept me going towards the end - but everything else lacked imagination. Pimms, Champagne, G&Ts: Trinity can do (and has done) better.

That was really the theme of the night, other than the fireworks. Overall I had a really enjoyable time, but it was hardly the spellbinding experience it should have been. With John's and Caius following eagerly on Tuesday, perhaps Trinity's crown needs passing on to someone else.

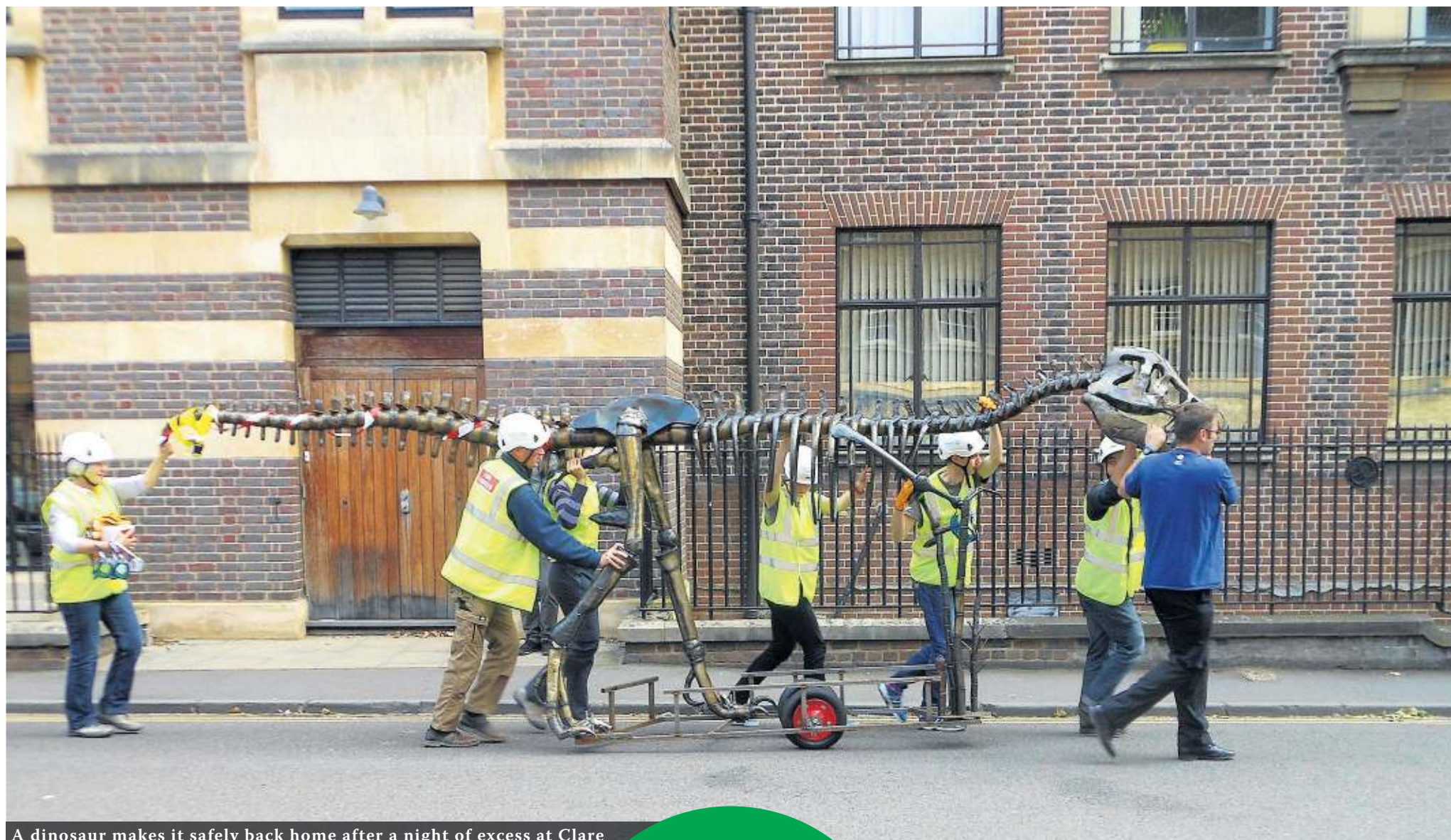
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A dinosaur makes it safely back home after a night of excess at Clare

**Saturnalia**  
★★★★☆

"STIGMA TOWARDS MENTAL ILLNESS IS RIFE IN SOCIETY. HOW OFTEN DO WE REFER TO OUR MENTAL CAPACITIES IN A DEROGATORY WAY?"

Medicine & Mental Health (p. 15)

**MAY WEEK**

"50 SHADES IS AN ABSOLUTELY HORRENDOUS PORTRAYAL OF BDSM RELATIONSHIPS"

Thea Dunn meets members of Cambridge's BDSM scene (p. 10)

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DAYS LEFT TO APPLY TO JOIN THE VARSITY MICHAELMAS EDITORIAL TEAM

# Complaints procedure "inadequate"

CUSU Education Officer criticises collegiate complaints system

**James Sutton**  
News Editor

Jia Hui Lee, Education Officer at CUSU, has condemned Cambridge's complaints procedures for being "inadequate". When asked by Varsity about the publication of recent figures that revealed that more than 20,000 students nationally lodged complaints with their universities over the last academic year, Lee suggested that the university's complaints procedures are far from clear-cut.

In Cambridge, the collegiate system means that complaints from students about their courses are handled individually by their colleges. Accordingly, Lee suggests that the "depoliticising

structure" of the collegiate university means that "the University does not know the number of academic complaints that each college receives on an annual basis". Without this knowledge, the University cannot provide support for complainants, as the Student Complaints and Appeals Section of the Academic Division simply has "responsibility for the administrative oversight of student complaints".

In all, says Lee, the University must do more to "ensure inclusive environments for students with different learning abilities who come from a diverse range of backgrounds", by making the resolution of any academic complaints much simpler. The current approach is "inadequate", since "there remains a lot of confusion, even among tutors, about how best to resolve such issues [concerning student complaints]."

University policy states that the formal stage of a complaint can only begin if "the problem is particularly serious, or that when it was raised informally there was refusal to deal

with it". At the formal stage, colleges often insist upon a written statement, and at Corpus Christi students are expected to produce a list of names, witness statements, and documentary evidence with a contents page and numbered pages. At Gonville and Caius, complainants must write to the Master to initiate a complaint. These intimidating beginnings are then further complicated by standard clauses such as that which appears in Murray Edwards' policy: "the College may take disciplinary action against a student making frivolous, vexatious or malicious complaints."

Complaints are expected to begin informally, with the issue being raised with a Director of Studies, Tutor or Senior Tutor. There is pressure on complainants to keep their concerns informal, such that very few complaints ever make it to the formal stage of the procedure. Over half of the Senior Tutors who responded to enquiries about their colleges' policies reported having no experience of dealing with formal complaints. The

university also recommends that "The student should if possible raise the complaint directly with the person responsible for the matter", but recog-

**"HIS SUPERVISIONS WERE ABOUT 20 MINUTES LONG, AND HE FAILED TO TURN UP TO A FEW AND I FELT LIKE I SHOULD SAY SOMETHING"**

nises that "It may not always be easy to do this if the complaint is about the conduct of this person".

One first-year HSPS student experienced this lack of structure in the informal process when they complained about their supervisor, who also happened to be their Director of Studies. The student, who wishes to remain anonymous, raised concerns about the

supervisor "because his supervisions were about 20 minutes long, and he failed to turn up to a few and I felt like I should say something". Having heard that negative comments had been voiced, the supervisor then directly emailed the student, asking them to explain the grounds for the complaint either in person or by email: "I chose the email option, but a friend who also gave negative feedback got the same email and opted for the meeting. It was quite embarrassing really, as I wasn't expecting to be confronted directly by him."

Nevertheless, this confrontational approach seems to have worked, as a compromise was reached when the supervisor "conceded that he had been a little caught up in his other roles, [and] pointed out the fact that I perhaps could invest more in the supervisions".

The time-scale for complaints varies considerably between colleges, with Christ's, Selwyn and Fitzwilliam promising that the Complaints

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Officer (normally the Senior Tutor) will investigate and respond within 14 days, whereas Robinson's policy vaguely promises a response in "reasonable time". In theory, a complainant could lose a significant amount of supervision time in the interim, or repeatedly have to face the supervisor about

**"JIA HUI CLAIMS THAT THE 'DEPOLITICISING STRUCTURE' OF THE 'COLLEGIATE UNIVERSITY MEANS THAT 'THE UNIVERSITY DOES NOT KNOW THE NUMBER OF ACADEMIC COMPLAINTS THAT EACH COLLEGE RECEIVES ON AN ANNUAL BASIS'"**

whom they have complained.

As supervisions are integral to teaching in Cambridge, Jia Hui argues that "there is scope (and even pressure) on the collegiate University to seriously review how they deal with students who may have fallen through the cracks in terms of their access to quality supervisions."

More broadly, David Willetts, Universities and Science Minister, welcomed the findings on the level of student complaints: "If there are more complaints because students are more aware of what they should expect of funding and are [in consequence] more demanding, then I think that's a good thing."

"When there's a fee of £9,000, the university is obliged to show what they're doing and provide a decent service."

In February, Varsity found that College sexual harassment procedures were similarly obscure, with some students left unwilling or unclear of how to report serious incidents.

# Finalists look to the jobs market

With exams out of the way, graduates look to burst the Cambridge bubble

**Till Schöfer**

*News Correspondent*

As the majority of Cambridge students enjoy May Week and the promise of the summer vacation ahead, one particular cohort are faced with a new challenge as most third-year Cantabs must delve into the murky waters of the British job market. Every year the issue of graduate jobs re-emerges across the country, especially in light of national debates on youth unemployment and the benefits of higher education.

Statistics which shed some light on the obscure world of graduate careers have recently been released by the employment website totaljobs.com. These statistics collectively present an optimistic image of a welcoming jobs market in which students can independently and freely pursue their chosen career without fear of too much competition. Indeed in the last year the number of job placements available in the UK has risen by 11 per cent whilst the number of applications per job has fallen by a rate of 22 per cent. This trend would suggest that as Britain meanders out of the financial crisis, students are increasingly able to secure a placement.

Students also seem to have become more independent and confident on the jobs market with only 32 per cent of those polled having consulted their parents with regard to job applications and only 12 per cent following in their parents' footsteps and seeking work in the same industries as their fathers or mothers. Instead more and more of Britain's students are using social media sites such as Facebook (22 per cent) and Twitter (11 per cent) to find out about vacancies for post-graduation work.

According to these polls, the



Will a graduation certificate transform into a job offer?

prospects of Cambridge students are ideal; there are many new jobs available with little competition, allowing students to confidently seek employment without the need for assistance. Cambridge graduates do not need to fear unemployment following the end of their 3 or 4 year course, as figures provided by the Cambridge Careers Service demonstrate. Of last year's

**"CAMBRIDGE IS NOT A TICKET TO ANY JOB"**

graduates only 2.9 per cent were still actively seeking employment six months after completing their studies.

However, this perception may be, unfortunately, a distorted view of the realities of the struggles of the Cambridge student in finding a job.

David Ainscough, the deputy director of the Careers Service, warns that baseline figures can obscure key issues, such as regional or sectorial differences. In a nation in which more and more young people are going to university, job applications are almost certain to cluster around the most popular job vacancies. As a result, unpopular vacancies may be skewing the statistics for the number of jobs available and the level of competition in the British job market. Ainscough argues that the popularity of positions in commercial management, the City, the public sector and media leads to a highly competitive employment environment, despite the fact that placements in London and the South East are often unaffordable due to high living costs. The increasing desire for students to undertake unpaid work further complicates these statistics.

A Varsity straw poll of current third-years revealed that these difficulties are

experienced by many students, with London being both the most popular and the most fruitless destination for applications.

Commenting on her experiences, Anya Vlasova, a Law finalist at Homerton who has received an offer for a training contract at a corporate law firm, stated "I applied to 11 different law firms, spent like a month writing applications, and they all rejected me bar one/ She added that "Cambridge is not a ticket to any job" noting that many lawyers with solid 2.1s have failed to secure training contracts.

To the great dissatisfaction of many third year students, the conclusion that statistics indicating an improving job market are reductively simplistic is inescapable. Unemployment should not be expected in the near future for many graduates, but the Cambridge finalist will still have to face some of the inequities of the British job market.

## Change coming for Cambridge charities?

Cambridge student fundraising may be moving away from larger organisations

**Sarah Sheard**

*News Correspondent*

This May Week, two students ran from Homerton to Girton in aid of the Meningitis Research Foundation. Through their five mile run between Cambridge furthest apart colleges, Tony Wells and Vasilis Eliades aim to raise a total amount of £500 with the run, which took place on Saturday.

Wells and Eliades agreed to run the 3.9 mile run in a "drunken stupor", according to their Facebook fundraising page, although they decided to stick by their promise of reaching their fundraising target and so far have raised over £200.

The run comes, however, as another Cambridge charity suffered a serious lack of student support. The society

representing SOS Children's Villages, the world's largest orphan charity, in Cambridge (CUSOS) had to cancel their 2014 SOSscape event in which students were dropped off at an unknown location and had to make their own way back to Cambridge whilst fundraising.

As of 9th June, just seven people had replied that they were attending the event on Facebook, two days before the event was scheduled to take place. The official announcement of the cancellation by the CUSOS Executive Committee, however, cited only "a number of unforeseen issues" which led to the cancellation of the event, as it had become "no longer feasible to undertake".

CUSOS did stress the popularity of SOSscape in previous years and the possibility of re-running the event; "the annual SOSscape has been a highlight on the CUSOS calendar for many years. Though we have had to come to the difficult decision to cancel the SOSscape 2014, we look forward to a successful event later in 2014 or 2015."

The lack of success for CUSOS, when paired with Wells and Eliades' success with smaller-scale fundraising,



2014 Jailbreak was a success, with the winners reaching Oman

suggests a move within Cambridge's charitable scene toward individual fundraising, rather than participation in charitable societies and organizations such as CUSOS.

Emily Dunning, however, strongly feels this is not the case for all societies. As the manager of the student-run charity Cambridge Hub, she disagreed

that charities were taking a back seat to individual fundraising; "Charitable societies are definitely not playing second fiddle – they offer different things. It just depends on each individual student whether they want to go and do their own thing, or join up with larger groups and other opportunities."

She also commented that the Hub

had enjoyed well-attended events and increasing student support; "It's all thanks the student committee that there has been so much profile around the Hub and the Ethical Network more generally. There's always more opportunity for people to get more involved but it feels like it's a constantly growing number of people interested and acting upon creating positive impact."

The time commitment of working within a charity, however, seems to be putting off some students. Emma Elston, a first year Classicist from Homerton, cited the relative ease of internet fundraising sites like JustGiving for the rise in individual charity: "It's easier to click on the internet and give away your money without giving up the time to go to something, especially as Cambridge students don't have much spare time, and it's a lot more effort."

She also pointed out that fundraisers amongst friendship circles are often more successful than larger events due to closer relationships and a better awareness of a friend's activities through social media: "if it is your friends you're more likely to support them [as] they might pester you more, having more social media stuff."



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# UNION



## STYLE OVER SUBSTANCE

Grey skies of the morning of the Union Garden Party did not bode well, particularly compared to the glorious sunshine of the day before. The Union may have wondered if the Fates were against them. The winding queues and the fairly forced efforts of one poor magician to combat boredom in the queue did not help. Nonetheless, as one of the first events in May Week, groans at the first sight of the queue quickly died away as the music of the garden party beckoned us closer.

"The most rumbustious booze in town." The advertising didn't disappoint. Throughout the event there were multiple drinks, ready and waiting to help guests-in the Union's words-to get "gazeboed". All those arriving were immediately greeted with a champagne reception, alongside scones and cream. This was a really great way of opening the garden party, serving as a greeting area before the main sections of the event. The harp as we handed in our tickets was a further deft touch in the Union's constant efforts to be the "classy" garden party of May Week.

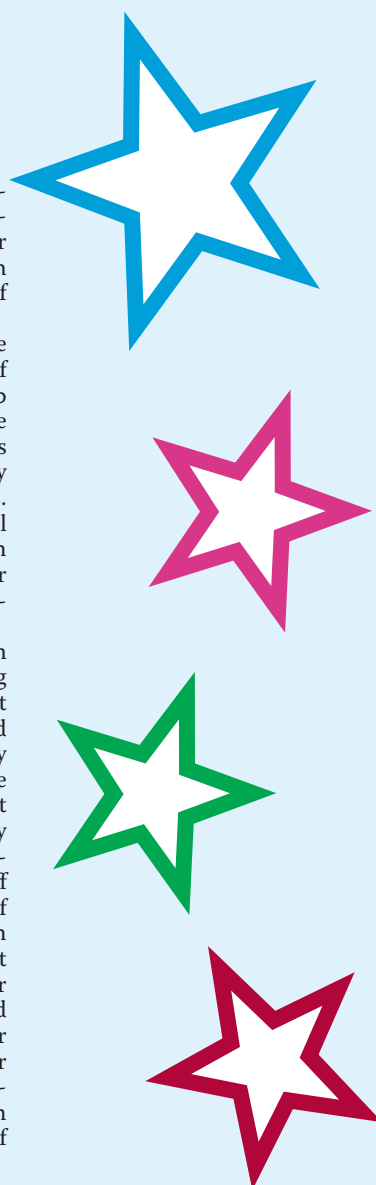
The real problem was that beneath this stylish façade was the reality of the Union Garden Party experience. Queues. Queues everywhere. Whilst the drinks queues moved quickly, the ones for food snaked around the garden – many people simply turned away without even trying. And no wonder. Waits of hours for food, even at a garden party as esteemed as the Union just isn't good enough. The food itself was nice enough when you finally

reached the stand. The burger was perfectly tasty and well cooked. But paying £20 for the privilege of queuing for hours on end doesn't seem to fit with the grand claims in the description of "nibbling some Pheasant."

The gardens of Sidney Sussex were a great choice; the hedges and trees of providing excellent ways of dividing up the areas of event. Sipping champagne against such beautiful surroundings was certainly a very 'Cambridge' way of starting the May Week celebrations. This was certainly accompanied well by the rock-jazz accompaniments in the background, a great backdrop for the picnicking when people had obtained/given up on food.

Overall, the Cambridge Union Society garden party left me feeling slightly disheartened. An event that promised so much, ultimately failed to deliver. The committee definitely deserves commendation for the style of the event, a classy affair amidst some more drab alternatives in May Week. Equally, for those simply looking to get their May Week drinking off the ground, the copious quantities of champagne and Pimms provided an excellent opportunity for doing so. But paying £20 for an experience that, for many people, revolved largely around queuing is really unforgivable for somewhere of the Union's stature. For 2015, they should concentrate on ironing out these little details, rather than just revelling in styling their event of "coruscating entertainment."

Alexander Izza



# JESUS



## FILLED, FILLING, FULFILLED

Armed with a pack of cards, I was ready to spend a large part of my evening in the queue. After pitching up at 7pm (and then fleeing home to get my camera) the queue moved surprisingly quickly. Jesus made the most of its space by having half of your queuing experience within college rather than in the street, allowing the guests to eat sausages on sticks whilst they waited. Queues all round were great with most taking no more than a few minutes for food and activities alike. It was not until around 2pm when some things began to close up that lines began to grow. The tea and coffee line was particularly long.

The theme – Lost in the Woods – had not made me over-excited, expecting just a heavily forested theme possibly with some folklore nods. Instead, Jesus cleverly played on the terms 'woods' with Enchanted, Frozen and Rain – forest areas but also Woodstock, Bollywood and Hollywood. This variety provided distinct atmospheres – Hollywood was chic with a casino and cheese-and-wine room, whilst Woodstock was loud and playful with the ferris wheel and dodgems alongside the shots and bomb bar. Though the Ball suffered for a distinct lack of fireworks, the theme brought the whole ball together rather than making you feel lost. Blessed (or cursed) with the double edged sword of being a big college, Jesus would always have to be careful with how it is used the space. But spread across three courts and using the orchard, Fellows'

Garden and the hockey pitch, the Ball managed to make the most of its space without feeling empty.

As the kind of person who ends up storing half of any buffet in their pockets/ rucksack/ hand bag for later, food is probably the most important factor for me at any event, let alone one about 9 hours long. On this count, Jesus exceeded expectations. Not only was the food plentiful – nearly all the stalls were open past midnight – there was such a wide variety. From pizza to pies, waffles to wraps, I managed to efficiently stuff my face at a leisurely pace and without having to panic. However, bacon rolls ran out surprisingly early leaving many hungry in the early hours of the morning. Drinks were also plentiful with commendations for the seemingly limitless G&T and the more exotic coconuts chopped in half in front of you providing a boozy-milk concoction. Soft drinks abounded.

Entertainment was consistent throughout with the tribute acts Coldplace and Antarctic Monkeys drawing almost as large crowds as the actual headliners. Alongside henna and photobooths, the more restful Enchanted Forest provided giant chess and bracelet making which admittedly challenged the dexterity of my excitable/sleepy fingers. The early morning ceilidh helped keep the Ball's energy up as the end drew near. As we waited for the Survivors' photo I did feel sad to leave, although happy to be off to bed.

Georgina Phillips



# ROBINSON



## SUSHI, SUITS, STYLE

Robinson's 'Land of the Rising Sun' was a spectacular start to May Week despite rather dubious music choices and slightly sparse decoration. Set against a warm red brick backdrop that is the envy of every other college, you entered into a labyrinth dotted with cherry blossom trees and hanging fairy lights towered over by Mount Fuji. Winding through the corridors and into the gardens, you found yourself immersed in the oriental atmosphere.

Kudos for the food – it was delicious and plentiful. Entering into the dining hall was a highlight, with parasols hanging down from the ceiling as a string quartet serenaded the diners decked out in elegant gown and suit. The only thing that surpassed the finery of the fabrics was the attention to detail of the dishes themselves. Ranging from crisp tuna Tataki to lychee and green tea ice cream, the diners were wowed by every single course. In the ongoing debate concerning whether or not to fork out for the dining ticket, Robinson is making the case for silver service.

Though one might question the 'Japanese-ness' of the menu, the fusion of flavour worked beautifully. Those who didn't dine were equally spoilt for choice with sexy sushi waiters on every corner, fajitas on demand and an array of white paper boxes filled with Asian treats. You were never far from a bar, where spirits, cold beer and inspired cocktails were churned out by a team of dedicated workers – to whom all in attendance owe a big thank you.

The Ents were equally as captivating,

though some worked better than others. The casino provided a taste of grown up fun and the dodgems were typically in high demand. The coconut shy proved more of a hazard than a highlight but fortunately the crazy golf and surf simulator offered more controlled forms of exhilaration. The constant stream of somewhat bizarre 'cruise-ship' courses in the main hall was hit and miss – judo, ballroom dancing and salsa lessons did not contribute much to the Ball, although credit must go to the attempt to do things differently.

Musically, the Ball did perhaps leave something to be desired. The choices were original, which should be commended. Lorelai were the stars of the show, showing an innovation lacking in some of the other headliners that are featuring this week. The blues of Ouse Valley Collective and the Indie-Pop of Maribou State were both fantastic, while the DJ set of Itchy Feet was most definitely a crowd favourite. However, as the sun began to rise over the magnificence of Robinson's lush gardens, the Abba Gold tribute band could not have felt more out of place, and arguably should have not been entrusted with the tall order of playing out the night. Had there been J-pop, it would have been perfect.

Overall, Robinson May Ball was a superb start to the season, not to be overshadowed by the giants of the coming week. Top marks all round.

*Nikita Simpson*

# EMMA



## QUIXOTIC AND QUIRKY

The ambitious theme of 'Quest', made big promises of escape and escapades kicking off this year's May Week. Unfortunately, these romantic dreams failed to materialise. Perhaps it was due to my lack of inebriation, perhaps it was due to the 1am drizzle that caused my perfectly straightened hair to frizz, or perhaps it was due to the spacious courts that created a sense of emptiness, but, for whatever reason, I was left somewhat unimpressed and slightly damp.

Emma is beautiful but just too big to create the sense of business and energy that is essential to a June Event. The main stage was frequently under-populated, although this is no reflection on the amazing talent that was being displayed there. Eliza and the Bear were a refreshingly folksy alternative to the typical pop bands seen at May Week events; with an abundance of potential, and catchy songs, they kept the party-goers entertained in the early hours. Truly Medley Deeply were favourites, attracting a large number of revellers with their upbeat tunes. But, as mentioned, the vast grounds of Emma meant that crowds were dispersed and a buzzing liveliness was always just on the cusp of being achieved.

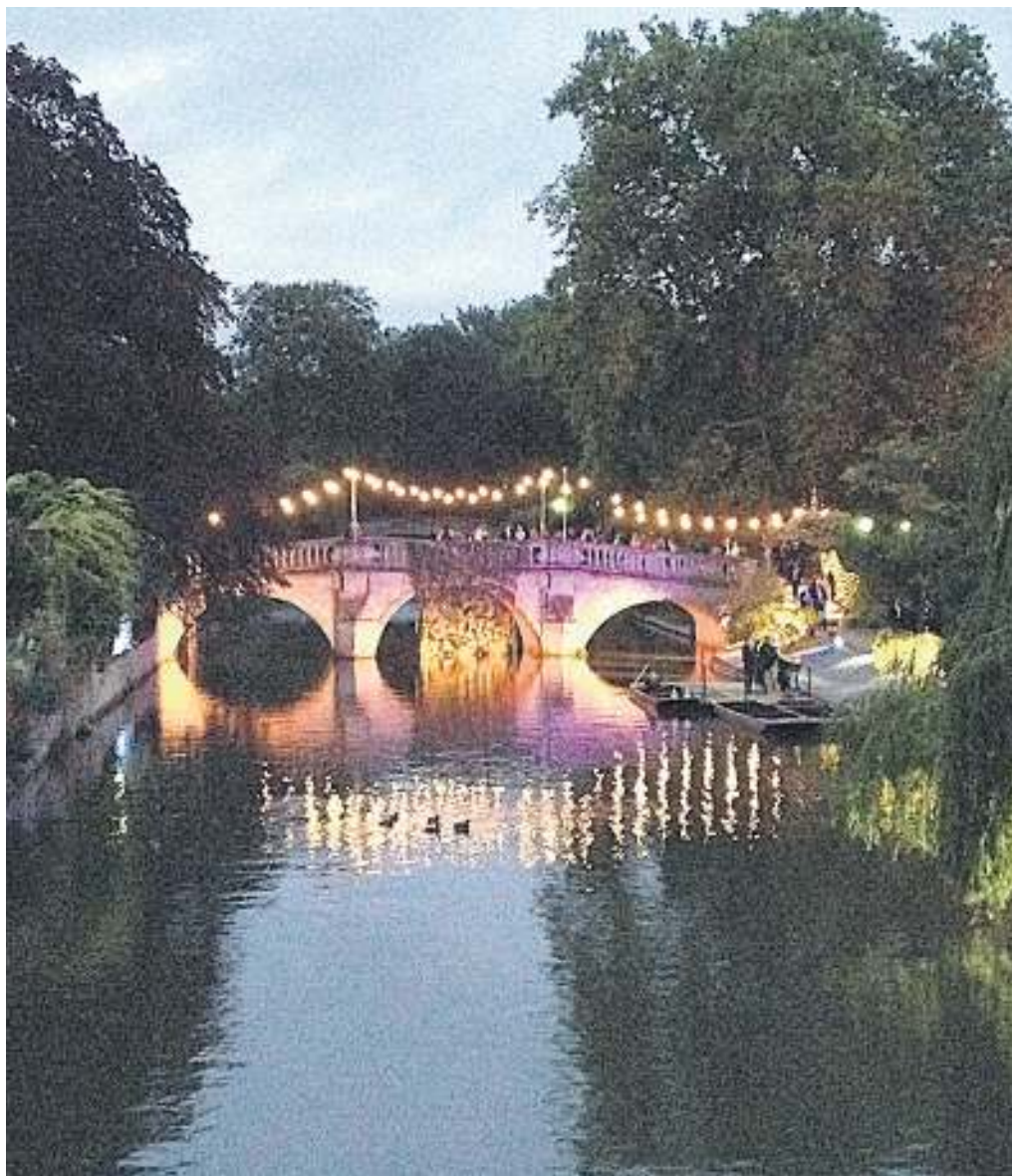
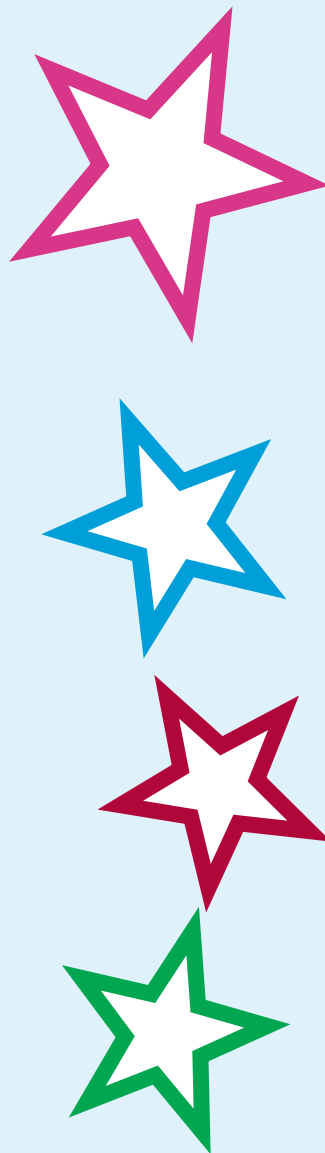
The theme lent itself to the disconnected court structure of Emma. 'Quest' amalgamated Arthurian legend with sci-fi moon-treks and Wild West rodeo. As guests moved from one court to another, they were ostensibly transported into several different eras; the vast and diverse collection of decor

meant that it often felt as if one was attending numerous, separate, events which sustained interest and excitement much more than a unified theme would have done in such a large space.

The Wild West area was particularly fun, with water zorbs and an inflatable obstacle course that allowed black tie grown-ups to revel in tomfoolery once again. As always, the shisha lounge was popular, with those too cool to bop in the cheesy-music tent lounging on silk cushions under cover of the willow tree. The food was excellent with delectable delights such as paella, pizza, and doughnuts providing sustenance. Although I could not sample the alcohol, reliable sources inform me that the ale table was simply glorious and the cocktails were "deliciously refreshing".

Yet, for all the wonderful ents, the event was overshadowed by the relative size of the courts themselves. Despite long queues for doughnuts and paella, the outside tents and attractions were spaced wide apart and often empty, and in the early morning bitter cold, the interior venues became hot and sweaty as hoards of guests searched for somewhere to sit down in the warm. Though the crowded atmosphere engendered spontaneous bonding and provided the buzzing excitement I expected from an event, the night would have been improved if such an atmosphere had transferred to the outside venues as well. Ambitious, but unrealistic, Emma was nevertheless a great start to my May Week.

*Charlotte Chorley*







**MESSING ABOUT ON THE RIVER:** On Saturday, students took to the water, and ended up in it, as part of the Granta Rats' annual Cardboard Boat Race.

## Uncontested President election the “lowest point” for Flick

Flick Osborn speaks about CUSU's difficulties, her goals and achievements

**Hesham Mashhour**

*Interviews Editor*

Flick comes across as friendly and endearing but also very busy – I catch her whilst she is having lunch with other members of the CUSU committee and she immediately begins by apologising that it took weeks for her to fit in an interview. She tells me how busy she's been with moving the CUSU headquarters over the last few weeks, and seems rather relieved that her term is coming to a close. I ask her what made her apply for President and she tells me that she “decided [she] was going to run two days before the nomination deadline closed,” and that “she wasn't very prepared.” She ran because: “there were two men running and no woman and I thought I could do a good job, having been JCR president.” She continues: “it was only half way through the campaigning process



that I realised I might actually win... I didn't really start with that frame of mind and kind of pushed it and ended

up winning.”

I ask her how her goals have changed from the day she won the elections to

today. Her priority, she says, was “getting CUSU's strategic plan done” as “it's really crucial for any organisation”. She continues: “Student engagement was my main thing – I had been on the Access team before and as President I wanted to see the access work grow... I also wanted to make sure that JCRs were getting better training and seeing more of us.”

But how many of these plans have been achieved? “The strategic plan is done, which is great; we have a building paper which is done, building negotiations are underway. We're not going to get what we wanted in one move – it's going to be probably two or three moves before we get the

sessions to choose from and a variety of different speakers.

Osborn says her “lowest point in the year” was when the President role went uncontested in the CUSU election, “because we spent far longer than usual planning the election... we really tried to get people engaged and we obviously didn't do that as well as we could have done. There was a link missing somewhere, and we did a lot of consultation after the election to see what went wrong, but interest is obviously highest when there is a fight.” She continues: “having said that, I think people in Cambridge are very harsh towards CUSU; they don't see the difficult position that we are in – we fight battles in every corner because we don't get enough resources, we don't get enough funding from the institution – we have to raise a lot of our own funding commercially which takes up a lot of staff time.” She reminds me, however, that the average national turnout in student union elections is 14 per cent and that usually CUSU has a turnout of about 23-24 per cent but dropped this year to 14.1 per cent; “so even on a bad year for us we were still on level with the national average, which isn't an excuse.”

**“WE REALLY TRIED TO GET PEOPLE ENGAGED”**

building we want and it's going to take a lot of political negotiation with the University.” She then moves on to tell me about the first ever CUSU conference in January, in which a whole day of training was delivered with many





Anthony is a first year engineer at Girton and, in his own words, he 'dabbles with paint and photography and is trying his best to blur the boundary between them'.

# Getting Creative in Cambridge

Saskia Walker talks to Eliska Haskovcova, one of the Cambridge Creatives editors, and delves into the work of some of its artists

Cambridge Creatives was set up last year as a creative network, platform and publication for artists of all kinds. While various arts events take place all the time in Cambridge, Eliska Haskovcova and Jack Collier noticed a gap in the market in that there was no single place where these artists – and their artwork – could interact. The online magazine is a digital exhibition space where art, photography, poetry, music and other media can sit together, and is easily accessible to all. The founders say that Cambridge Creatives is designed to be a stepping-stone into the arts industry and allow like-minded people to come together. We caught up with Eliska to talk about the project and life after Cambridge.

**Now that the champagne and glitter have nearly washed out of your hair, how does having finished finals feel?**

Incredible! Walking out of my final exam is definitely up there with the best moments ever. Being in Cambridge with friends, great weather and no work to do is a nice fat cherry on top of the uni-life cake. I'm also excited to have more time to shoot!

**What – or who – would you say have been your greatest influences, in terms of photography and life?**

My influences change all the time (fickle, I know). I've always admired Annie Leibovitz's soft, feminine style; I love Nirrimi Hakanson's natural light photography and colours, and Rosie Hardy's post-editing skills. Running Cambridge Creatives has also been hugely inspiring; it's great to see other people's work and have the opportunity to meet all those talented people.

Generally, I think the people in my life are my greatest influence, and also form the subject of my photos.

**You've taken some amazing photographs of speakers at the Cambridge Union Society – is that aspect of portrait photography something you hope to pursue?**

Thank you – portrait photography is my greatest passion, and if I get the chance to continue it, then I definitely will. Shooting for the Union was a fantastic opportunity to shoot some influential people, as well as

a learning curve in terms of experimenting with different studio set-ups.

That said, I prefer doing more conceptual work and, in an ideal world, I would combine the two! Messing around with things in Photoshop to create some form of crazy image is as much fun as shooting the photo itself – and portrait and fashion photography lend themselves best to that.

**What do you think about travel – your year abroad and plans to go to Vietnam this summer – as an opportunity for experimenting with photography?**

I absolutely love travelling – it's a great source of inspiration and opportunity for personal growth, in photography and pretty much everything else. It feeds you with new ideas and emotions, which is great for anyone creative. Shooting in new environments and with new subjects is always a challenge in its own way, so there's always something to be learnt. I take my camera with me pretty much everywhere and sometimes post the results on my blog, but those photos don't usually make it into my portfolio because that's not the type of work I tend to offer my clients.

**Where do you hope to find yourself this time next year?**

Hopefully I'll have a busy year of photography behind me whilst being on track for becoming a qualified lawyer. I will be at law school next year, which will give me a lot more time to focus on photography, so I plan to get a few personal projects going!

**Best place for photography in Cambridge? Why?**

Despite everyone's hatred for the John's Cripps building, it's actually pretty great for a neutral, modern background – I've done arguably too many shoots there. And of course, at this time of year, pretty much any college gardens are great to shoot in – who doesn't like the odd tree and flower in their photos?

[www.camcreatives.co.uk](http://www.camcreatives.co.uk)



**Emily Fitzell** is an MML finalist at Trinity, who recently won the Trinity Powell Prize for the following piece.

I'd say  
given the chance,  
you could have been a poet.

A poet, me?  
Well, no,  
you see,  
I'm not like you.

See you, now you, well you,  
you've got them ready, there.  
I...have to dig up the words.

You see, I'm like the squirrel, I  
forgets where I first put 'em,

The bottom of the garden.  
Difficult to see 'em.

In your letters-  
Oh yes, my letters.  
I go a little bit crackers  
I go into a... trance.

Do you think, that now,  
I could write  
my own epitaph?





# The Interview: Ken Loach

## THE REAL EXPERIENCE OF FILM



**Will Hutton** talks to Ken Loach about new film *Jimmy's Hall*, social issues on screen and the role of the critic

As Ken Loach sat down at the Arts Picturehouse, it was clear that my role as screen writer and film reviewer was one I'd need to defend to a director who told Catherine Shoard of the Guardian that cinema should "sack film critics and get the ordinary punters in".

Loach was in Cambridge for a live Q&A following the sold-out screening of his latest and possibly last film, *Jimmy's Hall*. If the rumours are true, *Jimmy's Hall* will be the final bow in a film career that has spanned five decades. Loach has received the BAFTA fellowship, the Berlin Golden Bear and the Palme d'Or at Cannes. Never once has Loach been beguiled by the big-budget sirens of Hollywood, and despite this, or possibly because of this, as a director, Loach is a big presence in cinema.

His is a greatness that belies his appearance; his physical stature is slight, sitting opposite me propped up with two additional cushions, and his trademark spectacles swallow a lot of his face. But Loach's thoughts are bigger than the pillows that lift him inches from the sofa and greater than the long shadow cast by his presence as a director. He is one of the few well-known British directors whose films ardently depict social concerns and ideas.

He has recently joined others in the film industry, including Mike Leigh, in calling for the release of Ukrainian

director Oleg Sentsov, imprisoned for criticising the Russian annexation of the Crimea. The difference between Ken Loach and Mike Leigh, however, is that Loach turned down his OBE. Why? "It's all the things I think are despicable: patronage, deferring to the monarchy and the name of the British Empire" he told the Radio Times some years ago.

These concerns motivate his filmmaking. Too often, he feels that characters in film are stereotyped by social contexts that they are unaware of. In other words, all too frequently the working class are victimised in film. For Loach, the important thing is to show, on the contrary, how socially and politically conscious the working class are and always have been. It is no surprise then that Loach is the director of films like *Kes* (1969), *Land and Freedom* (1995) and *The Wind that Shakes the Barley* (2006) that are charged with an awareness of the social and political contexts driving their protagonists.

Perhaps this was why critics had an issue with *Jimmy's Hall* after its premier at Cannes last month. The half-baked enthusiasm had much to do with what they considered to be the glorification of the film's protagonist, 1930s Irish political activist Jimmy Gralton (Barry Ward), a working-class idealist, against the vilification of the Church embodied in *Jimmy's*

*Hall* by Father Sheridan (Jim Norton). Robbie Collin of the Telegraph called it "exasperatingly thin stuff", and the Guardian's Peter Bradshaw said it was "pedagogic".

**"LOACH TURNED DOWN HIS OBE. WHY? 'IT'S ALL THE THINGS I THINK ARE DESPICABLE: PATRONAGE, DEFERRING TO THE MONARCHY AND THE NAME OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE'"**

When I asked Loach if the anomalous nature of Gralton's case (to date the only Irishman ever to have been deported) undermined the message of the film, I didn't really get an answer. Instead, Loach emphasised how Jimmy Gralton's deportation showed the "shameful, illegal process" of the authorities that ensured it happened. For whatever reason, the reality is that the records of Gralton's life have largely been lost, to an extent that *Jimmy's Hall* should be considered less a biopic and more a reimagining, perhaps also a romanticisation, of his life.

Yet, while its reception might be less than hospitable by some critics in Britain, in places with similar curbs on the freedom of speech and expression such as Latin America, the film has had an enthusiastic reception. I asked Loach why he made an historical film that could be attacked as it has been, when he could have made a film in a contemporary setting that could tackle the same issues of *Jimmy's Hall* and perhaps avoid such criticism.

He paused for a moment to think. "It's about clarity," he replied, after moments of silence. "When you're further away you can see the principle elements more clearly. When you're right in the thick of the forest you don't see the height of the trees. I suppose it's the same with stories." Regardless of the criticism Ken Loach has received at times for his depiction of characters, rightly or wrongly, he is very sincere in his intentions, and it is refreshing to see.

"It's also interesting," he went on to say, "to see the struggle people are having now – it isn't something that's just happened, it's part of an historical struggle. It is a pattern. In this case oppression, which reaches back generations."

At times Ken Loach might be considered forthright, particularly with a character like Jimmy; perhaps it's here that his film is pedagogic, as it's so clear to the audience who Loach

is rooting for. Arrogance, however, is something he is far from. He was very conscious to articulate how fortunate he had been with his career, and that it was not from a personal sense of grievance, but more an observation of the film industry itself that all too often places the opinion of the critic above that of the audience.

"Film critics, as opposed to people that deal with books, deal with the surface, or merely frame their reference around other films", he argues. For Loach, living in the cinema really disqualifies critics from relating films to real experience. "Our frame of reference," he says, "is always real experience or the real experience of others." "But when film critics write about it they compare it to other films, as if we had sat in the cinema and said let's make a film like 'such-and-such'. They seem to have no hinterland."

Loach is a director adamant in giving autonomy to the viewer, "the punters", something so in tune with his wider social thoughts. He really highlights the particular and singularity of film criticism, that it is only ever the opinion of any one person. Like his film, Ken Loach too seems to reinforce the maxim: a film that pleases everyone pleases no-one, but talking with him certainly pleased someone.

*Jimmy's Hall* is showing at the Arts Picturehouse until 26th June





# In defence of: History & Philosophy of Science

What to do when your IB results make HPS look like the only option

Edd Bankes  
Editor

Just one week until I don the hood, strange bands and prepare to touch Richard Dearlove's finger as I become a Master of Natural Sciences. Plural. Of course, as has been pointed out on numerous occasions, HPS is not a science and I am willingly defrauding knowledge, taking forth the magic MSci with criminal intent of using the appearance of scientific competence to defraud myself in getting all those jobs in the city and in journalism that hinge on your ability to do titrations. But it does sound mightily impressive and my parents have forgiven me for my early transgressions of doing Part I English and writing essays about eight-

eenth-century porn. Now I write about porn in medical settings so it's science.

Too long HPS has been seen as the Hufflepuff of academic disciplines. Even outside Natsci it's treated with suspicion. A philosophy department concerned with real world problems? Sounds a bit vulgar...

True, HPS doesn't involve doing science (though one researcher does have an alchemy lab in the Chemistry department). Yet there's a lot more to science than knowing facts and acquiring specific manual skills. So many important questions about how scientific knowledge comes about and the ethics of making knowledge – basically, how do we know what we know? – are left unasked far too often.

To say HPS wouldn't prepare you for a career in science or medicine would neglect just how skills are needed to be a scientist. Each year, the medics who take HPS – a subject

in which their opinion is valued above their ability to regurgitate the names of proteins and biochemical cascades – comment on how essential the ethical, sociological and historical concerns of HPS are for being a good doctor. The history of medicine shows over and over again how damaging it can be when doctors make assumptions about the best (or most effective) treatments for their patients, but it's a point that's true of all science: knowing what causes what and how nature works is rarely enough.

The upside is that HPS is a fantastic area to study. You'll be forced to actually think and challenge so much you might take for granted. You have the opportunity to spend every day surrounded by true world experts in an unbelievably high-performing and prestigious community where your input, even as an undergrad, is highly valued. And they value you as people; your supervisors will stop to chat to you, and go out of their way to ensure that you're a part of an academic community. Yes, they take the piss out of you at the pub, but you're treated as a proper adult, as someone who's a lot more than just a repository of facts.

1. Green sea turtles can stay underwater for up to five hours, slowing their heart rate so that there is a nine minute gap between heartbeats

2. Loggerhead turtles often mistake plastic bags in the ocean for jellyfish and are fooled into hunting them

3. A turtle's shell is a evolutionary modification of the rib cage and part of the vertebral column, so a turtle slipping out of its shell is about as easy as ripping out a rib in the garden of eden.

4. Turtles are less proficient than tortoises at predicting the result to the Spain-Chile match

5. Zombies at the waterfront village are known to like turtles.

TOP 5

TURTLE FACTS

## What does your online profile say about you?

Danny Simpson

What secrets have you shared about yourself on the internet? It's a question well worth asking, and one which your increasingly nosy future employers are sure to ask too. Here are some hints and tips to looking yourself up online: use them, and see what the internet says about you...

1) **Google.** So far so obvious - use quotation marks ("") to run an exact search for your name, email addresses and telephone number. The results can be surprising. Don't forget Bing, either.

2) **Metasearch Engines.** In fact, websites like Dogpile and Browsys act as search engines for search engines, allowing the user to search with many engines at once. These can often turn up pages which mainstream engines overlook.

3) **The Deep Web.** Useful not only for buying illicit goods (don't do it!), but for spying on people. This area of the web is invisible to regular search engines, since its contents are often found in databases. Websites such as 123people.com, Pipl, Zoominfo and Wink.com collate dark-web information from a large range of sources – use them to scan the dark web for information about yourself.

4) **Facebook.** The world's largest social network is accordingly adverse to the notion of privacy; my advice here is not only to make sure that your profile picture is appropriate, that your privacy settings are set to 'high' and that 'tag review', which blocks people from tagging you until you give permission, is turned on, but to check these settings periodically. The 'view my profile' button allows you to see how you appear to a stranger, but due to Facebook's constant meddling, the results can change drastically from one month to the next. Check this yourself, or use widely available online tools to maintain your social media privacy for you.



# Kink in Cambridge

The spirit of 50 shades of Grey is alive and kicking in Cambridge colleges, finds Thea Dunne

The spirit of 50 shades of Grey is alive and kicking in Cambridge colleges.

Bondage, Discipline, Domination, Submission, Sadism and Masochism: we might be able to vaguely recall the daring practices that form the loaded initials BDSM. What Christian Grey doesn't tell you is about the thriving subculture in Cambridge's colleges.

"50 Shades is an absolutely horrendous portrayal of BDSM relationships," argued Sophie\*, a sexual dominant in a loving, committed relationship. The reaction was common when I mentioned in interview the international bestseller credited with soaring sales in sex toys at the commercial chain Ann Summers. "It bears no relation to the reality of BDSM relationships and it's dangerous," Sophie continued. Communication, consent and safe practice, like the effective use of safe words, were the sticking points for people. "Pain not damage" is the byword for BDSM and as Amy insisted emphatically "everything is discussed". It stands to reason. If people make a lifestyle choice to explore punishment or bondage, they're going to do it properly.

E.L. James' 50 Shades phenomenon was a master stroke of rebranding. It reframed BDSM practices within a standard, and standardly dubious monogamous, heterosexual Mills & Boon-esque romance, made it palatable, even attractive to the masses. Private dabbling with the odd risqué Ann Summers purchase seems now ubiquitous, as friends might giggle to you over coffee the next day. But for some, intensely suspicious of the phenomenon, BDSM is a subculture and a lifestyle.

Resolutely vanilla in proclivities, I was startled by the revelations of the Cambridge scene: a secret community of people who enjoy playing with power and pain. Amy\*, a current student of Cambridge university, discussed with Varsity her engagement in the scene, into which she had entered a year before and saw it as a part of her life she would never give up.

Online social networking websites, Amy explained, provided the 'in' to a subculture hidden from sight.

What were the social occasions that occurred within this scene, I asked her. She explained that 'munches' are casual meetings where people meet to chat in pubs, like any gathering of people of common interest, church or chess society. 'Workshops', 'play parties' and club nights are held by people in the 'scene' to learn skills and play what are casually dubbed as 'scenes' with each other. Skills, she explained, were important: intricate rope play was particularly popular. Both Sophie and Amy admired the beauty of Shibari, the ancient Japanese art of rope bondage. Learning to hit, beat, whip, spank or flog someone safely was also a carefully learned skill within the scene. A play partner of Amy who she called "her Mistress", an older woman, who like Amy, could switch between dominant and submissive personas, had been practising a single-tail whip for an entire year, including on leaves and paper, before attempting to use it with another person. A recent workshop had centred around the erotic use of hot wax. The different temperatures at which the candles burnt and the height from which they were dropped were altered to affect the sensation

of dripping the wax on someone before being scraped off with blunt knives.

The character Christian Grey is famously a Dom (Dominant) and Anastasia Steele a Sub (Submissive). Unmentioned were 'Tops' and 'Bottoms', the less extreme and more common power positions. Amy plays in various ways with other people in the scene but had a long-term girlfriend who she had sex with. Generally she tops she says, "for rope and hitty things" but also described herself as "a masochistic bottom". With her girlfriend however, she is a Sub. 'Play partners' aren't in a relationship but are people in the scene who meet up to play. "They're my friends too," Amy explained. "I have a friend in the scene whose house I go over to for knitting." All of the above take place in Cambridge City with student participation. What happens in a BDSM scene? I ask. People are tied up with rope, or hit with various implements. Skill is revered. Safety is paramount. Sex doesn't seem to come much into it. "I get a warm, nice feeling when I'm being hit" Amy says dreamily. She had never taken drugs, but described the sensation she felt as a high, with her mind "spacey" and "relaxed". Sophie had said something similar when interviewed: "Its erotic, yes. But not necessarily sexual".

BDSM clubs, I was told, are a far cry from Cindies. Though paid entry, I'm assured, can be cheaper. The premises are often special nights at swinger's clubs; there was only one frequented by the Cambridge scene in the ten-fifteen-mile radius around the city. Dress in black. No blood and no sex. "We get a car of people together and go from college," Sophie explained casually. According to her there were normally sofas to sit, talk and socialise, beds with plastic sheets, St Andrews crosses, maybe a cage, and, as I'm told, latex is common. Did they serve food? I asked. "Cheese toasties" I am agape. "We asked for a toastie maker last month," Amy smiled.

In vague reminiscence of World of Warcraft, 'dungeon monitors' patrol the clubs, making sure everything happens safely. People chill, chat, have their scenes, watch others, teach others, "have a cuddle" afterwards. "Standard" accoutrements abound: floggers, belts, whips, paddles, rope, "those head massagers too, I see those a lot." When I looked at Amy in surprise she shrugged. "They help people get spacey."

It is not an easy scene to picture. What was the draw of the clubs? I asked Amy. "It's a social thing." More practically speaking "it gives people a place for it." This rings true: flogging someone could be noisy in college accommodation. One adventurous person I spoke to described the near-discovery of a riding crop by her bedder. The poker face signing for its parcel at the plodge, she assured me, was truly remarkable.

Who were the Cantabs in the scene? Who hinted mischievously at a spot of private dabbling? A mixed bag, though it seemed particularly prevalent at the same-sex colleges and among the LGBT community.

The novel had the world talking about it. The reality is 50 Shades more unfamiliar but perceptibly more functional.

## TALES FROM THE DUNGEON

"I THINK IT'S QUITE UNUSUAL FOR A WOMAN TO BE SO SEXUALLY DOMINANT. SOMETIMES IT MAKES ME WONDER IF IT'S SOMETHING STRANGE IN ME. BUT FUCK, I REALLY ENJOY IT. WHAT PEOPLE DON'T REALISE IS THAT THE SUBS HAVE ALL THE POWER. I ONLY DOM TO MY GIRLFRIEND BUT NORMALLY IT'S ME THAT STOPS THINGS, AND MIGHT BE WILLING TO BE PUSHED FURTHER THAN I'M COMFORTABLE WITH PUSHING. IT'S A BIG RESPONSIBILITY. "

**A DOMINANT**

"I TRUST HER. SHE LETS ME EXPLORE PART OF MYSELF THAT I WOULDN'T OTHERWISE BE ABLE TO. WE CAN PLAY, AND PUSH THINGS AND TRY NEW THINGS. I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO TO A BDSM CLUB WITH HER ONE DAY WHEN SHE'S READY TO."

**A SUBMISSIVE**

"I ALWAYS JUST THOUGHT I WOULD BE A MASOCHISTIC SUBMISSIVE BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE DO THAT FIRST. THE MORE YOU PLAY, YOU REALISE YOU CAN ENJOY OTHER THINGS THOUGH. IT REALLY DEPENDS ON THE PERSON YOU'RE WITH. SOME PEOPLE REALLY DON'T THOUGH, PARTICULARLY IN FIXED RELATIONSHIPS. ONE REALLY DOMINANT PERSON I KNOW ASKED ME TO USE ALL HIS NEW HITTING IMPLEMENTS ON HIM BECAUSE HE NEEDED TO KNOW WHAT IT FELT LIKE. HE WAS QUITE BEMUSED AFTER, LIKE THAT JUST HURTS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D GET OUT OF THAT."

**A SWITCH**

## SEX TOY SALES

## POST 50 SHADES SALES INCREASE

**30%**

**PADDLES**

**35%**

**ROPE TIES**

**60%**

**BLINDFOLDS**

**170%**

**BUTT PLUGS**

**200%**

**JIGGLE BALLS**



# Comment



Aron Penczu

*Should we discard a word because of its origins?*

## On 'cunt'

Sometimes no other word will do. No word rivals its clipped impact, condenses so much violence into so little space. 'Fuck's cataclysmic diminishment in the past two or three decades has been a disaster for obscenity. Cunt: what would we do without it?

Until recently I believed this to be an uncontroversial position, if unlikely to be articulated in quite this way. When it slipped out at dinner in the company of a friend's parents, I felt sheepish only in the way you'd feel sheepish swearing before the elderly – in recognition of an expletive carelessly aired. But the other night I used 'cunt' in what I took to be the safety of a friend's room and provoked a rather lengthy debate. The claim was this: 'cunt' objectifies and dehumanises women, reduces them to mere body-parts. It is degrading and offensive regardless of its object; to use it quite casually, as I do, is to be complicit in the oppression of women.

I rejected this claim. It's true that 'cunt' was originally an insult applied only to women: the OED's 2. a. definition is 'A woman as a source of sexual gratification; a promiscuous woman; a slut. Also as a general term of abuse for a woman.' But it has become a generic, gender-neutral insult, I argued, degrading to women only insofar as

'dick' or 'prick' are degrading to men. This might be phrased as the problem of linguistic compartmentalisation. A certain sort of argument seems to proceed from the assumption that the senses of a word invariably contaminate each other – that 'cunt' as a generic insult cannot shake its older, sexist meaning. I think homophony compellingly suggests that this is untrue. 'Rose' refers both to a flower and an action, but we don't claim that roses are tinged with a suggestion of movement upwards, or that the preterite of 'rise' connotes eternal love. In fact we're excellent at placing identical words into separate mental compartments: our languages depend on it.

'Gay' is problematic as a counter-example because homosexuality is implicit in the derogatory use of 'gay' – unlike for instance its older meaning of 'carefree' or 'light-hearted', which it more or less ousts. The direct link between societal rejection of homosexuality and derisive uses of the term drives what Pinker calls the 'euphemism treadmill', as with descriptors of mental impairment: the initially euphemistic 'idiot' and 'moron' are replaced by 'retard' and later 'mentally disabled', each in turn becoming a term of abuse. In the case of 'cunt' such a transition is far more difficult to identify, partly because there's no

widespread cultural connotation attached to female genitalia. Four-letter words seem naturally to derive from the sexual and the scatological. And if the suggestion that this reflects society's view of sexuality – is fucking always bad? – is dubious, the claim that it shapes it is even more so.

I stand by this argument, in its essentials. But to claim a word is intrinsically unobjectionable is to make the same mistake, in inverse, as to label it intrinsically offensive. It's no use telling the wounded to feel no pain. And you can no more believe that intention is the sole determinant of meaning than that reception is: either would make communication impossible. A better definition would cite words' consensus meanings within particular social groups. This allows us to point to the re-appropriation of 'queer' and 'gay' since the 1970s, the spanner in Pinker's treadmill. It also forces us to recognise that communities can understand words in different ways. At their broadest these communities are nations: while shortened versions of the OED define 'cunt' (today) as gender-neutral, the American Merriam-Webster has 'an offensive way to refer to a woman' and Australia's Macquarie Dictionary 'a despicable man'. My initial argument was ignorant of this geographic

variation. And attempts to reclaim 'cunt', including an episode in Eve Ensler's Vagina Monologues or Dodie Bellamy's invention of the creative process of 'cunting', may birth specific communities which recognise particular alternate meanings of the word. In this view branches of feminism which take 'cunt' to be inherently offensive are not so much identifying its meaning as creating it.

There are two ways to account for language: prescriptively (only John and I can go), or descriptively (me and John seem to be going all the time). But prescriptive definitions, like the declaration that 'cunt' is sexist, affect language all the time. I was making the same mistake: in my attempt to achieve a descriptive definition of 'cunt', I realised, I'd unwittingly arrived at a prescriptive one. It may be that in a zone so highly-charged attempts at linguistic intervention are simply imprudent. But I'm also convinced that the blanket censorship of 'cunt' is doomed to failure, that not saying a word will only increase its power. Strange as it may sound, even radical feminists may be better off arguing that 'cunt' says nothing about female sexuality at all – and using the word freely. Tentatively, I reiterate my initial premise: 'cunt' is the best swear-word we've got.



Tatiana Barnes

*We have a troubling reluctance to acknowledging misogyny in Elliot Rodger's killing spree*

## Isla Vista: Everything but the truth

For people who have been following the debate that was sparked by Elliot Rodger's killing spree and his disturbed, misogynistic videos and 140-page manifesto, it seems like almost everything has been said in the past few weeks: teenage hormones have been blamed, irresponsible gun laws have been blamed, Hollywood culture has been blamed, and Rodger's mental health has been blamed (he suffered from Asperger's Syndrome). But the hottest topic has certainly been the role of misogyny in his decision to pick up a gun and kill in an attempt to "punish you girls".

On the 23rd of May, Rodger killed four men and two women, and injured several more. Spree killings are something we are used to hearing about, and this one is far from having claimed the most victims, but somehow it has lit up a wildfire of debate.

In the news coverage immediately after the event, readers were shocked by the media's failure to acknowledge Rodger's evident hatred of women and the possibility that this was a hate crime. The BBC's first article displayed an inexplicable refusal to refer, even briefly, to Rodger's misogynistic tendencies: "Investigators are analysing a YouTube video in which a young man who identifies himself as Elliot Rodger sits in a car and says he is going to take his revenge against

humanity. In a so-called manifesto published online, Rodger said he was born in London and spent the first five years of his life in Sussex." For those who have watched or read any of Rodger's online postings, this seems akin to writing a summary of the Harry Potter series without mentioning magic.

Ed West wrote an article in the Spectator entitled "The California spree killer: why is that loser's face all over the media?", asserting that constructing an extreme misogynist narrative to explain Rodger's actions is misguided: "such explanations are unhelpful because spree killings are an anomaly". True, this kind of event is still relatively rare and true, we must always be careful about drawing inferences about wider society based on the actions of individuals. But surely there's danger in turning our backs on analysis? Ignoring spree shootings may avoid giving killers glorification, but it inhibits society's ability to learn and, possibly, prevent fresh incidents. Spree killings may be anomalies, but in some cases they are the diagnostic symptoms of a systematic illness.

Brian Levinson writes: "It's easy to mock Rodger's assertion that he 'deserved' a girlfriend. But the only system he understood was one in which good behavior was rewarded, and bad behavior was punished.

Punished for what he thought was nice-guy behavior, he responded with self-pity, which gradually gave way to anger." Dexter Thomas on Al Jazeera theorizes that Rodger's fixation was really based in his racial insecurities, and notes that in the manifesto "Elliot wasn't talking about women at all. He was talking about men. Specifically, white men."

To be fair to Ed West, Elliot Rodger was seeking attention, and he was acutely aware of the power of the media, which encouraged him to feel that he had support and would not be acting in vain. The youtube videos in which he describes his loneliness are haunting: in the aftermath they seem to be making a case for his actions. Perhaps more chilling, because they reflect a wider circle, are the websites for organised misogyny that Rodger frequented; afterwards, some comment feeds contained praise of the spree such as "God bless you," and "You truly tried."

But the idea that misogyny is a killer was ignored by many news outlets, at least until the cry of feminist bloggers became too loud to ignore. Is it too much to handle, too distasteful to align the general population with Elliot Rodger to even a small degree, or are we unwilling to address systematic problems in gender politics? Even if misogyny was not the primary cause of Rodger's actions, shouldn't

we leap to scrutinise society for possible damaging undercurrents?

If we isolate spree shooters from the rest of society, then the impetus behind their actions has to be something intrinsic to themselves, an initial mental instability. This means that we are arguing that mental illness leads to murder in a significantly causal way. The Santa Barbara County Sheriff was quick to say that it was "obviously the work of a madman." But so what? Lots of people with mental health issues do not commit such crimes. 1 in 4 British adults will experience mental health issues in their lifetime. 1 in 100 people live with autism in Britain. Are we really so terrified of taking a close look at our gender politics that we would rather nonchalantly accept that all of these people are Elliot Rodgers in waiting? It begs the question: what are we hiding?

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



*What you thought of us this year*

*This is so overwhelmingly, mind-numbingly, soul-destroyingly, offensively idiotic, I don't know whether to feel angry or ashamed for you*

MATT  
16 LIKES

*Obviously the fact I am advancing an anti-socialist, pro-capitalist and pro-democracy argument is the reason I wish to remain anonymous in a communist enclave such as Cambridge*

ANON

*Genuinely want to get the last sentence of this comment tattooed.*

ZOAH  
2 LIKES

*Great article. Wish MSN had such big balls.*

FARAH  
1 LIKE

# Place Hacking: activism for a modern era?



Sam Matthew

*The trial of a postmodern Spiderman highlights how night climbing has moved beyond hedonistic thrill-seeking to posing serious questions*

Dr Bradley Garret, an Oxford academic on trial for breaking into London's disused tube stations and raiding data stores, is a figurehead for the fast-growing global subculture which numbers around 20,000 "urban explorers" or "urbexs".

From climbing to the top of the Golden Gate Bridge to scouring arms dumps in the Mojave Desert, this eccentric movement is based on the joy of discovery, the thrill of danger (both of prosecution and physical harm), and the search for beauty in objects and landscapes not designed for human eyes.

It's easy to dismiss such activities as a reaction against a cotton wool upbringing. Urban explorers are typically educated and privileged, and it is arguably no coincidence that some of the pioneers were 1930s Cambridge students, immortalised in Noel Howard Symington's book *Night Climbers of Cambridge*. The book was recently reprinted and has become something of a cult favorite.

The Guardian's Sam Jordison argues Cambridge's night climbers formed the other side of the Brideshead Revisited caricature: instead of "morning coffee in the cafés, beer drinking and hilarious twenty-first birthday parties" there is "a jumble of pipes and chimneys and pinacles, leading up from security to adventure".

Indeed, modern explorers' online photos and videos do little to dispel the picture of urban exploring as the sole preserve of an unengaged elite. Highly stylised images of Detroit's car factories or London's docklands have been termed "ruin porn". They glorify industrial heritage and the "beauty" of decay but show little thought to the suffering of those who worked there or the pain that the closure of these industries caused.

Other images look forward to a post-apocalyptic and dystopian future. Photos include explorers silhouetted like Batman on top of skyscrapers looking down at the city below, or else lurking alone in a

dripping culvert, hood up and face in shadow. These pictures are compelling and evocative but they also represent a detached and dehumanised view of the city.

However, such analysis risks concealing more important meanings underlying the movement. In this quantified and accounted world, the very concept of exploring - let alone urban exploring - is oxymoronic. Every inch of the world's surface can be accessed from a computer and the wildernesses that do remain, the final frontiers of space or the deep ocean,

**"THERE IS SOMETHING CATHARTIC ABOUT UNCATALOGUED DANGER IN THE PLACE THAT'S MEANT TO BE SAFEST"**

are far beyond the reach of ordinary individuals.

We live in a knowledge society in which risk is continually mitigated through everything from health and safety legislation to insurance packages. Paradoxically, these tools which are designed to protect us also make us more aware and more fearful of the dangers that we know we cannot avoid.

The effects of such certainty on our mental well-being are unknown. As evolutionary anthropologist Hillard Kaplan notes, humans evolved to thrive on the instinctive evaluation of risk and uncertainty. Our best decisions are often made on the spur of the moment.

Perhaps it should not surprise us, then, that there is something refreshing and even cathartic about uncatalogued danger in the place that's meant to be safest and best-mapped: the city. Critics of urban explorers speak of risk-seeking behaviour, but perhaps it would be more accurate to

describe it as meaning-seeking.

Urban explorers also begin to challenge the growing disparities of power and wealth that have accompanied technological achievement.

Over the past thirty years cities have been sectioned and stratified. Recent campaigns against "anti-homeless spikes" and the design of park benches to discourage rough sleeping are a small part of the wider picture. Private space has been gated and public space has been privatised.

Space is increasingly a viscous substance through which the rich or connected can move more freely and even cheaply than others. A visit to the "public" viewing deck of the Shard costs £90 for a family, but the smartly dressed cognoscenti can visit the restaurant for a comparatively reasonable £60 meal overlooking the city. It pays to be rich.

However, while the rich and powerful may have purchased the view, the city is not theirs to buy. London's shape, size and visual layout is the product of all its citizens rich and poor going about their daily activities. Through trespass, urban explorer have the ability to challenge and change perceptions of ownership and the division of public and private space.

In his 2013 book, Dr Garret describes opening the hatch on the seventy-sixth floor of the Shard and seeing London spread out beneath him. He spent the night for free, thereby reclaiming the right to the city.

Of course there are ironies and contradictions in this narrative. The stories and pictures produced by explorers make everything from sky scrapers to abandoned tunnels appear edgier, sexier and more marketable. They are a small movement making demands for freedom of movement - which for reasons of safety, security and privacy neither can nor should be allowed.

However, none of this detracts from the message that at least in theory the city belongs to its citizens and that it should be as accessible as possible.

Every student has done it: toiled gratis for hours on end in the dim hope of obtaining a (low-)paying entry-level job. Years of warnings about the dire state of the job market have taught us to accept the shackles of unpaid labour without question or protest.

Horror stories abound: one intern resorted to jogging to work, an hour-long odyssey, when an unpaid stipend left him incapable of paying his bus fare. Another regularly received unwanted confidences about her boss' sexploits, while yet another was charged with keeping feuding politicians in separate rooms at all times. One friend pretended not to notice that the chief executive at a financial consulting firm spent most of her day looking up pedigree cats on the internet.

And this is not to mention the all-pervasive scourge of social media tasks. All persons under 25 can be expected to be expert social media strategists, and the upkeep of the (largely unread) company Facebook page and Twitter feed must necessarily fall to the intern. And what

shall we do about the lack of readers? The intern can publicise the company! Every university student is dying to post about their less than cool workplace. Never mind that their carefully-curated online image will be shot to pieces.

Some interns have inspiring bosses and great experiences, it's true, but even then unpaid internships are problematic. An intern in the poorest of work situations is still one of the lucky few: those who can afford to work for free.

The unpaid internship presents a barrier to social mobility, excluding those who need to work for a living and locking them out of top-tier jobs. Working unpaid in London without funds or at least some accommodating relatives is a near impossibility. The travel costs can be prohibitive, and purchasing appropriate clothing can add up, even if it comes from Primark.

So what do we do? Rise up! Know your rights and refuse to work for free unless you're gaining real insight into your desired profession - you haven't spent most of your life in education to get some asshole a latte.

SOAPBOX



Chloe Clifford Astbury

Varsity, The Cambridge Student and the Tab: what's a reader to do?

The Tab is effectively the Daily Mail. Though admittedly it has its moments of brilliance, it rarely publishes anything serious, and it's not the place to furnish your CV with compelling investigations. But why should they care? Like the Daily Mail, the Tab is rewarded for its silliness with the highest readership. The decline of Varsity at the hands of the Tab apes the current state of national news media. It reminds us that Cambridge students, too, like to shy away from esoteric or enlightened commentary, and revel in more entertaining distractions.

TCS, on the other hand, lies somewhere between a local council newsletter and The Independent. A politically-correct paper, it attempts to please everyone. TCS's disregard for form in favour of function resembles the Labour Party's choice of leader - it might do the trick, but looking the part matters too.

Like The Independent, TCS claims to be unswayed by market or political forces, embodying a belief in

the myth of objective journalism. If you need to defend yourself with a 2,000-word guide on what 'Editorial Independence' means, however, then you most probably are not editorially independent.

Varsity, much like The Times, began as a venerable broadsheet, full of impenetrable columns and adverts. Like its national counterpart, Varsity saw the introduction of better printing presses, colour, and tabloid media, and editors now stress smaller columns and brighter pictures.

Whether this is an improvement or not, Varsity is at least a forum for serious and independent commentary.

This year, we've become Guardian-esque in our championing of equality, emancipation and feminism, though we have perhaps failed to address these issues outside Cambridge.

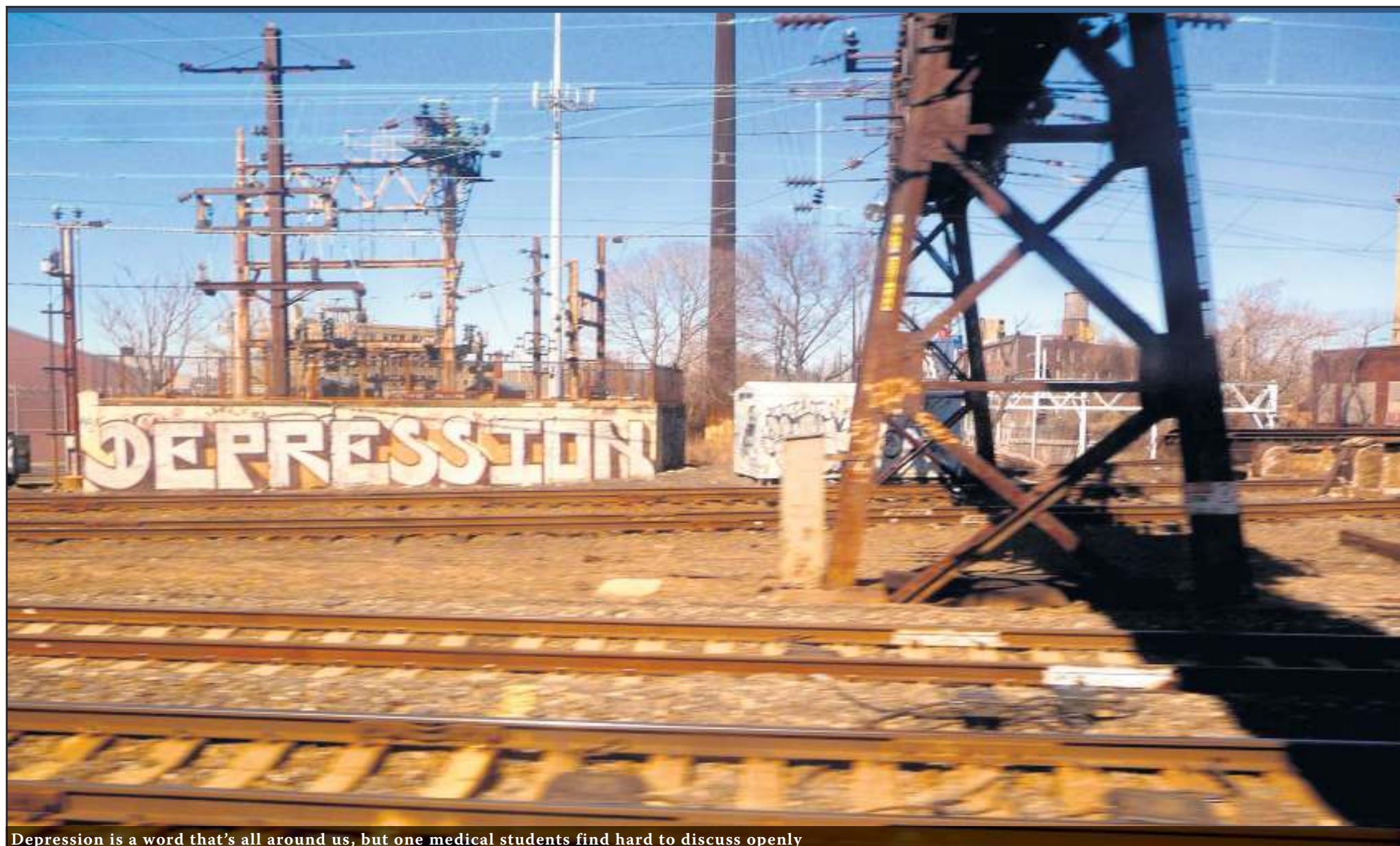
The TCS and Tab go some way to representing a choice between the extremes of authoritarian bureaucracy and free-market consumption; Varsity tries to lie somewhere in the middle. As is the case with media in society at large, we desperately need them all.

SOAPBOX



Danny Simpson





Depression is a word that's all around us, but one medical students find hard to discuss openly



Yasmin Walters

*There's still a long way to go in overcoming the stigma of mental health in a field that equates speaking out with weakness*

## Medicine and Mental Health

In the summer after my A levels, while most of my peers were downing jäger bombs and grinding to Taio Cruz, I was being dragged down to King's College London for psych analysis. I had to prove I was sane enough to start medical school in September (if I didn't get my grades for Cambridge). I'd declared I suffered from depression on my application form and now, having survived what felt like endless entrance exams and hours of wiping dribble from the chins of the elderly, it felt like I was about to have everything I had wanted snatched from me. Needless to say, I was shit scared.

I will soon join a secret class, a group of doctors who suffer from mental illness. I'm almost ten years into my battle with depression and anxiety, but am blessed to have been able to cultivate an understanding of my illness in an arena of openness. Sadly this is not the case for the majority of practitioners, who, to the detriment of their own health and that of their patients, are often prevented from seeking the treatment they need due to the stigma surrounding mental illness.

Perusing the blogs on the Time to Change website, a project aiming to challenge mental health stigma, I find a post from a doctor going by the username *\_\_Anna\_\_* about her experience of being sectioned. She talks about the initial shame she experienced, heightened by her seniors' suggestion: "doctors do not experience mental illness". It is this belief that leaves so many medical practitioners isolated both within and from their own profession.

Louise Carpenter's article for The Guardian particularly highlights how pervasive the problem of mental illness stigma is within medicine. She reports that 20 per cent of doctors experience mental illness at some point in their careers. Her interviews with high-powered consultants crippled by their personal demons reveal the vulnerability of the professionals relied upon by so many for support, and the difficulty of their battle to keep their secrets hidden. The pressure is felt at both ends of the hierarchy: a Medical Protection Society survey of junior doctors conducted in 2013 found that one third had considered leaving in their first year due to the pressure of long hours and stressful working conditions.

Stigma towards mental illness is rife in society. While campaigns such as Mental Health Awareness Week work hard to overcome this, there is a widespread and undeniable insensitivity to the issue. How often do we refer to our mental capacities in a derogatory way? How many of us observed with simultaneous revulsion and glee as Britney and Amanda shaved their heads and threw vases from hotel windows?

Patient expectations also add to the worries of the mentally ill practitioner. The role of the doctor goes beyond just doing their job. Taking up the coveted stethoscope means accepting certain expectations from patients, such as remaining calm and polite at all times – even at three in the morning, covered in multiple bodily fluids, and wondering whether your banking friends might have made better life decisions. Depression, anxiety and

other mental illnesses don't tend to fit this idealised mould patients expect doctors to conform to.

The profession itself propagates stigma to a degree. Doctors avoid speaking out when things are getting too much, wanting to avoid looking weak in front of colleagues. The competitive nature of the career can prevent admissions of mental illness,

**"DOCTORS DO NOT EXPERIENCE MENTAL ILLNESS': IT IS THIS BELIEF THAT LEAVES SO MANY MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS ISOLATED"**

for fear it may be detrimental to career progression. The Good Medical Practice guidelines issued by the General Medical Council are often misunderstood, with doctors reading the section entitled "Protect patients and colleagues from any risk posed by your health" as "We might sack you if we think you're a bit barmy".

In my first term at Cambridge, four students committed suicide. It was a bleak way to start my university career, and a stark reminder of the pressures faced by current university students. It is therefore unsurprising to me that the GMC is looking to medical school to help curtail mental illness stigma in later careers. Last September, in conjunction with the

Medical Schools Council, the GMC produced guidelines for medical schools on how best to support their students. As well as promoting health and wellbeing and providing support for students, the guidelines aim to challenge common misconceptions that begin at clinical school: having a mental health condition will not damage career prospects, and the GMC will not refuse to register you as a doctor if you have a mental illness. It's still early days, but I have already experienced some effects of this programme during clinical school. Nevertheless, there is still a lot of work to be done on this issue.

In an occupation pervaded by vestiges of antiquity, like "that dusty old consultant ENT surgeon who sometimes is a bit racist but we just don't talk about it", it will take more time to fully overcome the stigma that's attached to mental health.

However, it is refreshing to see such forward thinking on the part of the GMC. The myths they are attempting to bust are some of the very fears that doctors spoke of in Louise Carpenter's article. Hopefully it will become apparent to more people that such experiences can be enriching to an occupation that often loses its empathy beneath a pile of routine examinations and protocols.

I therefore remain optimistic that, as I progress towards my career goals, I will do so with more people by my side sharing their experiences and accepting that mental illness is not a weakness, even if you're a doctor. I urge you to make a pledge to end the stigma.





prelim countdown

adc

1 a m

3 a m

4 a m

5 a m

PRO PLUS

Vul





My first year in Cambridge by Hannah Taylor





# A farewell to Cambridge

Roxana Antohi reflects on her time in the bubble

**I**t's almost over. Three years spent in this crazy place have gone by in the blink of an eye and the end has almost (though not quite) taken me by surprise. I've been waiting for it for so long – complaining about how much I 'hate' Cambridge and its 'stupid' exams and the 'ridiculous' amount of work that comes with it – and yet, here I am, at the end, being not quite ready to leave it.

What do I have now, after three years here? There's a saying that a girl should graduate from Cambridge with 'a First, a Blue or a husband'. I've been far too busy doing other things to work on my degree to get the First. My sporting prowess is about as promising as

*"It's the things I wasn't supposed to do, like that time I jumped on the Jesus horse and my dress broke all the way at the back"*

England's chances of winning the World Cup, ruling out the Blue. As for the husband... well, although I've had a few proposals over the last few years, getting hitched has definitely been one of the last things on my mind.

But while the traditional 'magic three' has left me unperturbed, I am taking so many other things with me out into the real world – the most memorable moments, the things I will miss...

I still remember my first day here so clearly – how I thought that Cambridge was a magical place. I was so scared (like so many of us are) that everyone else was a genius and I was the fraud. However, I soon realised that we all felt the same – we were just a bunch of pretty smart kids with a ton of insecurities. We weren't 'all' rich and posh, coming from various backgrounds, and united in our anxiety over what was to come. We all somehow fitted in, finding our group, our clique: the medics, the rowers, the cool 'alternative'

arts students. I found myself in between all of those – not quite able to place myself in a box, but nonetheless happy with where I was.

And so the Cambridge life began. While some expect the most memorable moments here to be bumping into Stephen Hawking by the river or having the ultimate 'Harry Potter' formal in a centuries' old hall, the things that stick with me the most are the small things.

It's the things I wasn't supposed to do, like every time I skipped on the King's lawn at night, feeling like a naughty child; or that time I jumped on the Jesus horse and my dress broke all the way at the back. And all the nights spent laughing hysterically with my best friend, having orange peel fights or playing volleyball with an inflated condom and making silly 'that's what she said' jokes that cracked us up for no reason whatsoever.

I'll also miss the Cambridge buildings, which made me feel so often like I was living in a castle, soaking in the energy of the intellectuals that surrounded me. I will miss the bubble...

**I** won't miss the two 'friends' that followed me around and whom I was unable to kick out of my head – Anna and Dean (as I named them, for Anxiety and Depression). They came in uninvited and screamed vile words into my ears, making me crumble to the floor, crushing me under their vice, making me unable to function. They hurt me and were part of me for so long that I became an expert at putting up a shield in the form of a happy smile for others, letting few (too few, perhaps) know of my inner battles. Oh, I will not miss those friends...

I will, however, miss those who made me get through it. The incredible people along the way, who made me learn more than my degree could have ever done. Those who have helped me grow – intellectually, by constantly challenging me, and as a person, by teaching me how to deal with the most random scenarios, which will most certainly come in handy later on in life (or not – telling your supervisor that she has 'great boobs' is not

something I ever intend to do).

I'm so grateful I've spent these years here – no matter how much we mutter that we should have gone to a different university (other than Oxford, God forbid) to have more fun and study less hard. We've done it, we somehow managed to get through it all – and that feeling of joy and relief when the champagne fizz finally hits you after your last exam makes it all worth it (future job prospects added as a bonus).

**I**'d like to think that people here will remember me for making them laugh and for having a 'let's not give a fuck' perspective on life. But I know that the memory of me will fade – people will forget I was here. I will get lost in the trail of time and thousands of other students will take my place. I will be nothingness to Cambridge, and yet it's been so much to me. I almost want to have my name engraved on a stone, like Xu Zhimo does at the back of King's, so I can leave a last mark before the wind of time gives my memory the blow of death.

But I can't – I am, along with a thousand

*"That feeling of joy and relief when the champagne fizz finally hits you after your last exam makes it all worth it"*

others, a larva ready to get out of my cocoon, though I have no idea where the wind will take me. It's so damn difficult to figure out who you are and what you should be doing. The 'options' that a Cambridge degree gives you now seem oppressive, by their sheer range alone.

Regardless, I now have to leave Cambridge behind. What I will do now is spread my wings as far as I can and make a difference out there, however small it may be.



## Getting your DoS to love you

The advantages of getting into your DoS' good books are abundant: they'll recommend you for anything. Sign off on college funded trips to Greece to 'prepare you for the tragedy paper' and begin every post-exams meeting asking about your life rather than your 2.2. The trick is careful planning. Bump into them in the bar after formal. Get to know their smoking habits. Your DoS will remember the time you met in the street when they were having a fag and it broke down the student-teacher divide. Check out their Twitter profile for ideas of good conversation subjects. Getting your DoS to love you as much as you might love them is a challenge: only rarely will you get the fabled invite to visit them at home and look after their kids. Obviously being diligent and going to additional reading groups will make your DoS love the academic in you, but loving your essay while refusing to be your friend clearly means you're getting it the wrong way around.

## The 3-hour essay

It is three hours before the deadline. You've had all week, but somehow have only just managed to persuade yourself to care enough to even contemplate picking up a book. We've all been there. What's that you say? You actually care about your degree and your future, and it's just me? Oh. But the point still stands. Why work hard all week, when you can leave everything until the last minute and get the closest thing to an adrenaline rush that central Cambridge offers? First tip: reading the set text is for the weak. Get on Sparknotes. Secondary texts? Please. Those are for people who have no ideas of their own. Citing no-one but yourself shows how committed you are to developing a clear argument.

Maybe skim one, just so you can pretend you didn't understand it properly and have your supervisor explain it to you, thus saving having to read it when revision comes around.

## Not being hated by your bedder

As fully realised people, bedders really have better things to do than empty the sick out of your bin, especially if you're still asleep and refusing to move when they knock on your door at 11.30. If they have grounds to hate you, it's only in part a reflection of rampant inequality: you're also a dick. Avoiding this is easy: try not to get changed with the door open so that they appear, like phantoms, catch a glimpse of your lithe lines and then disappear again and definitely don't forget to leave out the recycling then get pissy when it's all thrown in the rubbish and destroys the environment.

*Jilly Luke & Charlotte Ivers cover 6 vital skills you really should have perfected by now...*

**Have you failed at Cambridge?**

## Humblebrag

Your essay was so groundbreaking you DoS thanked you at the end of your supervision for your contribution to knowledge. Someone has to be the best at Cambridge. You want to remind everyone that you actually are a precious little intellectual sunflower. Just remember to emphasise how little sleep you've had over the past few days, how you'll never better it and how it could still be a 2.1. Make sure that your success is directly relatable to a horrific flaw in your personality so your 1500 word essay on 'Gendered Readings in Early Modern Literary Theory' is all you've have left with when you're old and alone. No one likes a show-off.

## Keeping hook-ups outside college

A friend once gave me very good advice on this topic, though it was much too rude to reprint. Suffice to say that it involved keeping one's locations of defecation and eating separate. There are no secrets in college. Everyone knows everything else about everyone else, including that it's actually you who keeps leaving hair in the shower and that your food hygiene is sub-par at best. Having something that is a little bit private in a college is as rare and beautiful as a sight of Mary Beard on her bike. After all, you don't want your exploits in the buttery to be the subject of gossip and more importantly fining for years to come. Rumour has it that one college's porters used to tell everyone's friends whenever they took someone home, a practice which we think should be reinstated immediately to curb the incestuous leanings of too many of our college friends.

## Ninja Dating

I know, I know, you are a little socially awkward. No, don't try to argue: this is Cambridge. You voluntarily decided to spend the best looking years of your life tucked away in a library. I don't care what you say, that makes you a little weird. Sorry. But the point is, in between games of World of Warcraft, you still need human interaction and sometimes this can be a little hard to find. Never fear, if you can develop the skill of Ninja Dating, then you will be just fine. Essentially, the idea is to take someone on a date without them realising it is a date. Take them to the theatre, go for lunch. Don't offer to pay. That would make your intentions clear. Plus you would have to pay. Keep quiet, and then at the end, lean in, wait for the reaction, lean in again for a second time and thank them for the date. This will leave them perplexed enough never to want to see you again, plus you get to tell everyone you had a date last night. Winning.



# LOOK, SMELL, TASTE, GUESS

If you ever go to a tasting session (wine, beer, coffee, chocolate, olive oil or whatever else you can think of), you will be told to do three things: **look**, **smell** and then **taste**. In other words, you'll be asked to analyse the things in front of

you. And if you come to a blind wine tasting, you'll be asked to do a fourth thing – **guess**. In a blind wine tasting, you taste the wine without knowing what it is, so without any prejudice about what it is supposed to taste like and

whether it is any good or not. But guessing is the least important step in the process. Let me talk you through what it is that we're looking for in wine...

## TASTE

There are 3-4 major things that we look for in a wine, and a couple of other features that can be present in some of the wines...

## ALCOHOL

If you do enough wine tasting, you can usually tell the alcohol level with 0.5-1 per cent error, but even figuring out if the wine has low, medium or high alcohol is extremely useful. You can gauge this by paying attention to how much of a burning sensation you get at the back of your mouth after swallowing the wine. Another method is to slurp the wine to see how much it burns your mouth. The latter might be less appropriate for dinner parties, though...

## BODY

No hard science here. You want to gauge the weight of the wine, the thickness of it in your mouth. Nick, another member of the team, compared it to the difference between skimmed, semi-skimmed and full-fat milk. You get the picture.

## TANNINS

Rarely present in white wines, but quite prominent in reds. Tannins form a family of chemicals that are also present in very strong black tea – it's the thing that leaves a drying feeling in your mouth. The best test for me is to swirl the wine in your mouth, and check how much your lips stick to your gums. There are other descriptors you can use to describe the quality of tannins (chewy, silky, etc.), but even getting the amount of them is of great use when identifying wine.

## ACID

Hold the wine in your mouth a bit longer and see how much it burns on the sides of your tongue. Either that or check how much saliva your mouth produces after you swallow or spit your wine. Some people suggest doing a 'dripping test' by actually allowing your saliva to drip out of your mouth, but if slurping is not appropriate for a dinner party, this is definitely a no-no. I find that allowing your saliva to pool inside of your mouth is more than appropriate.

## SPRITZ

Spritz (carbon dioxide bubbles) can sometimes be visible in the glass, but will also produce a tingling sensation on your tongue. Think of Champagne, but at a much lower level!

## FINISH

Did you think you were done once you swallow the wine? No way! You want to check how long the flavours linger in your mouth after you swallow, and what those flavours are. This gives away little about the grape variety, but, together with the balance, tells you a lot about the quality of the wine.

## SUGAR

Rarely present in reds, can sometimes feature in whites. Remember, you can never smell sugar, you can only taste it, so the wine that smells sweet might not have any residual sugar left in it. Don't be deceived by your nose!

by  
Vaiva Imbrasaite

## LOOK

Appearance can immediately give you some indication about the wine in front of you. For the whites, paleness usually means that the wine is young, while deeper colours indicate age. Hints of green, pink or gold can lead you towards certain grape varieties and spritz (small bubbles in the glass) will take you to a fairly limited set of grapes it is likely to be made from.

For the reds, the colour is even more important. Depth of colour and hue will give a good indication of the set of potential grapes. Sometimes just looking at the wine is enough to guess the grape correctly (Pinot Noir in particular!). The difference in hue between the rim and the centre of the glass (especially if you tilt your glass 45 degrees) will tell you a lot about the age of the wine, especially if you have a guess about the grape. As the wine ages, the rim goes from purple or red to brown or orange, and for some grapes this process is faster than for others.

## SMELL

Your nose has a huge amount of different receptors (especially compared to your mouth), so not using them is a waste. Aromas in the wine can tell you a lot, and for this reason we tend to do at least three 'noses'. We first smell the wine as it is just poured in the glass, trying not to disturb it too much. The second 'nose' is after giving the wine a good swirl, and the third 'nose' is when you go back to your wine after tasting it and giving up to three more swirls. It can also be extremely interesting to let your wine sit untouched for 10 minutes – the aromas can change so much that you will not believe it's the same wine!

For the whites, we look for five main fruit groups: citrus, tropical, stone, white and green. For the reds, we look for, well, red (raspberry, etc.) and black (blackberry, etc.). In addition to that, we can get floral aromas, vegetal, mineral or chemical, as well as others like nuts, cocoa and smoked meats. Combinations of these will lead you to certain grape varieties.

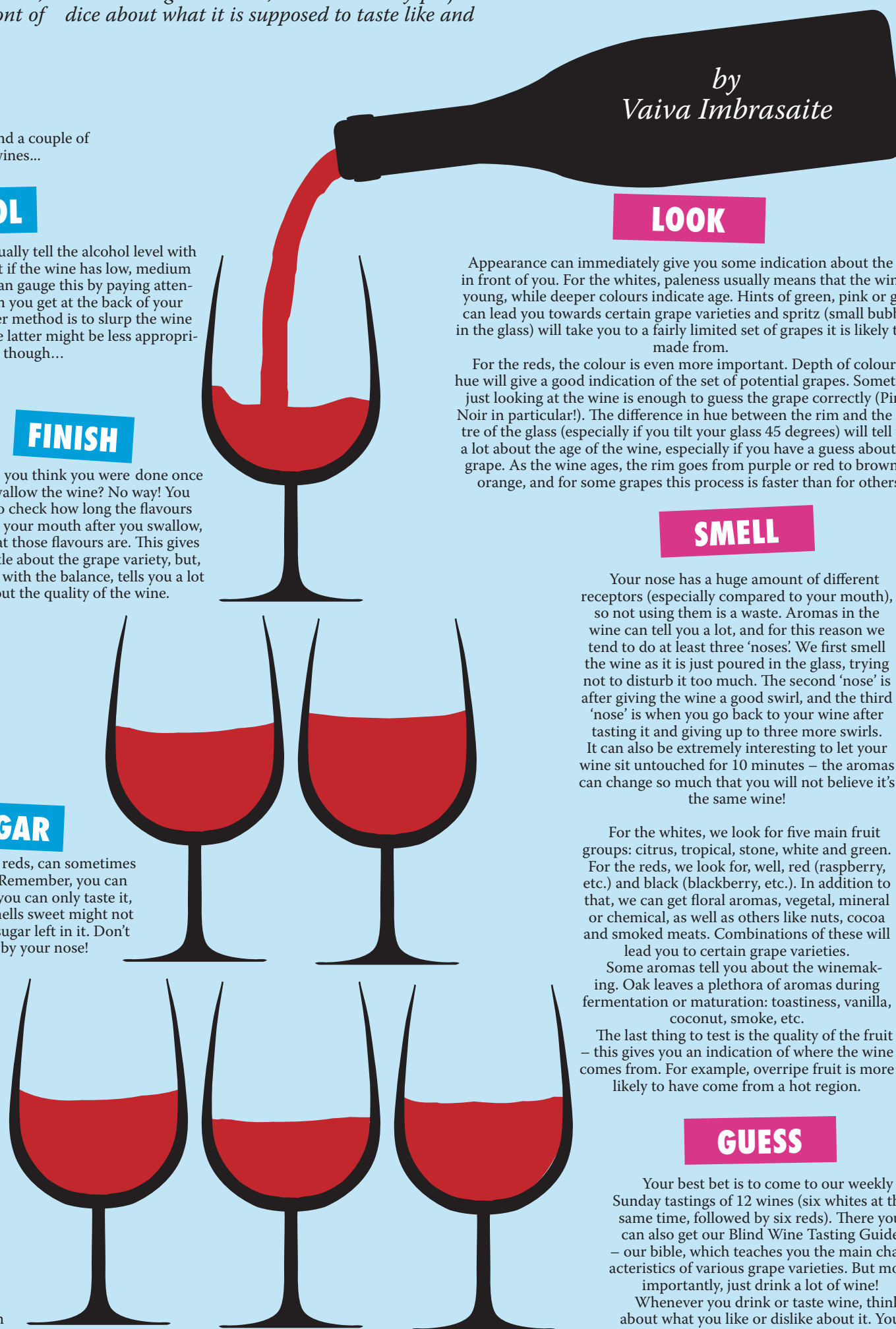
Some aromas tell you about the winemaking. Oak leaves a plethora of aromas during fermentation or maturation: toastiness, vanilla, coconut, smoke, etc.

The last thing to test is the quality of the fruit – this gives you an indication of where the wine comes from. For example, overripe fruit is more likely to have come from a hot region.

## GUESS

Your best bet is to come to our weekly Sunday tastings of 12 wines (six whites at the same time, followed by six reds). There you can also get our Blind Wine Tasting Guide – our bible, which teaches you the main characteristics of various grape varieties. But most importantly, just drink a lot of wine!

Whenever you drink or taste wine, think about what you like or dislike about it. You are the best judge of a good wine (for you). Understanding that is by far the most useful thing you get out of blind wine tastings!







## Paris when it sizzles

*Joanne Stewart on a summer spent in gorgeous Paris*



GABRIEL VILLENA

When I arrived in Paris last summer, I quickly fell into the laid-back lifestyle of the city. I sought to unleash my inner Parisienne and turned to the words of French literary big cheese, Victor Hugo: “To err is human. To loaf is Parisian.” Ô how I loafed! However, as the summer ended, sadly, so too did the loafing. The days got shorter, as did the pools of lingering afternoon sunlight, the Parisians’ tempers, and the coffee – café allongé rationed to espressos that were knocked back with a grimace on the morning commute. Hélas, summer is finally returning, and with it a new cultural calendar awaits!

Standing under the Eiffel Tower, climbing up to the Sacré Coeur, visiting the Centre Pompidou: the best things in Paris are free. The FNAC Festival (July) has a super line up of free concerts featuring Glass Animals, Mø, Ben l’Oncle Soul and Moodoïd, all against the grandiose backdrop of the Hôtel de Ville. Moving north from the 1ère arrondissement to the 19ème, the festival du cinéma en plein air is the perfect opportunity to see Moonrise Kingdom, American Graffiti and Somewhere on the big screen for free at La Villette park.

Food truck culture has taken Paris with aplomb, and the best of the city’s culinary minds are challenging the tired tradition of flubbery garlic snails and stuffy bistros with their meals on wheels. Le Tricycle serves veggie hot

dogs with zany toppings (Le Snoop Dogg comes with a dollop of caramelised onions that is sticky-icky-icky perfection), or choose an artisan sandwich à emporter from supper club, Verjus or the Caravane Dorée. Even Pierre Hermé is daring to play with the Gallic DNA of iconic French pastries! His new range of ice cream terrines sandwiched between fruity macaron wafers has given a childhood classic, the ice cream sandwich, a grown up, gourmet makeover, while Christophe Adam has just unveiled ‘l’éclair glacé’, a pastry-cum-popsicle enveloping light and airy fruit and caramel ice cream in traditional choux pastry.

As it’s illegal to swim in the Seine in Paris intramuros, taking a dip to cool off during a summer day is not recommended. However, thanks to Paris Plages (July and August), you can feel the (imported) sand between your toes, borrow a book from the pop-up Flammarion library, or relax with a free Tai Chi class along the river. The Parisian equivalent to London’s South Bank, Les Berges is a prime spot to open a bottle of Monoprix’s finest five-euro wine, and play a game of swing ball or ping-pong as the sun goes down. The best nightlife is found Seine-side too, and while Wanderlust by the docks on the 13ème may not be the most central of Parisian clubs, it does boast the best outdoor summer terrace for dancing to minimal techno and chilled house. Further north, you can find some of the most eclectic

nights at Batofar, an inconspicuous looking little red boat that bobs calmly beside the Bibliothèque Nationale de France. With a huge line-up of summer events hosted by Parisian collectives like skate crew KLAP and electronic music label, Sound Pellegrino, you’ll never know what you’re letting yourself in for until get you step aboard. Debuting in June is a new, somewhat niche event, Electro Pétanque, that looks to unite two of the country’s coups de coeur: modern EDM with every French pensioner’s favourite pastime, boules.

In a city tourists flock to, visitors are missing out on the best Paris can offer with their frantic sightseeing ordre du jour: hopping from metro station to metro station, backs turned, arms stretched high to get the all important Eiffel Tower postcard-selfie, scoffing macaroons in two bites and then endlessly dithering over which Instagram lomo filter can bring their overpriced pastry into LCD life. By the time they’ve snaked their way through the crowds of the Louvre to meet Mona, they’ll think that she’s the only lady in Paris who seems to smile. The perennial beauty of summer in Paris can seem overwhelming in the guidebooks and the slipping hourglass of weekend breaks and day trips, but, during the city’s best season, slow down and get lost. Loaf on mes biches!



D.J. ROGERS

## Making May Week Last

May Week is brilliant. The only downside (apart from the whole ‘May’ being in June concept – but let’s ignore that for the time being), is that it’s just a week. In light of this, and in honour of making your May Week last a whole lot longer, with all the delights of late nights, buzzing beats, day drinking, and a free’n’easy carnival vibe, we’ve put together a little Lifestyle guide to the summer.

Having blown most of your budget on living the good life in May Week, why not base at least some of your summer close to home? First stop: London. The capital’s filled with a thousand things to do: pubs to pop into, great food and shopping, live music in hundreds of locations all summer, and countless parks and gardens to amble through with a book. Find the perfect spot and settle in for the day.

But, of course, what would summer be without the sport? Get there early enough on the day and you might be one of the lucky few to grab a last-minute ticket to Wimbledon: half the fun is the queueing, and if you miss out on tickets, you can always head down to one of many large screens dotted around or find your own spot at a nearby pub. It’s all about the atmosphere, come rain or shine. Henman Hill (or Murray Mound, depending on how Andy’s playing) is the perfect place to enjoy a buzzing crowd and a glorious day out watching the tennis – well worth the over-priced Pimm’s. Wimbledon takes place from Monday 23 June to Sunday 6 July 2014

If you fancy something a little more active to mirror the pre-May Week bumps action, try taking on the Tour de France routes yourself! In July, the Grand Départ is taking place on British soil, through Yorkshire and the heart of Cambridge. Once you’ve watched the professionals lay down some rubber on the local roads, grab your bike and head out yourself. Cycling is already the fastest growing sport in the UK, and with the Tour set to boost interest even more, you’re unlikely to be alone in following the route through Yorkshire’s best scenery. You can check out the routes in more detail on the Tour de France website. The Tour de France zooms through the UK between 5 and 8 July 2014.

Looking for your next fix of cardboard-contraption lunacy? Look no further than the Worthing Birdman competition. Witness great feats of garden-shed ‘engineering’ as the good, the bad, and the downright mad leap from Worthing pier attached to human ‘flying machines’ to see who can make it the furthest in this festival of aeronautical ingenuity. Despite the notional competitive element, this really is all about the fun and sun; grab an ice cream, seek out a prime viewing spot along the promenade, and enjoy as the frivolities unfold. International Worthing Birdman takes place on the 12 and 13 July 2014

If you’re dreaming of greener pastures, why not take the festival feel a step further? Take the ferry across to Santander or Bilbao from Portsmouth, and get yourself to Bilbao BBK Live. The weather’s almost guaranteed to be warmer, and this year’s line-up is nothing short of brilliant: Franz Ferdinand, White Lies, The Prodigy, Jack Johnson, Bastille, Foster the People, The Black Keys, The Lumineers, Band of Horses and countless others are set to feature. For the price you pay, it can’t be beaten. Bilbao BBK Live takes place from 10 to 12 July 2014

For something closer to home, and definitely the coolest new festival around, Wilderness is the place to be. Nestled in the stunning grounds of Cornbury Deer Park in rural Oxfordshire, and with a chilled, hippy vibe reminiscent of those long, hazy afternoons on the Backs in May Week, it’s not a tough choice to spend languorous hours sunning yourself and taking dips in the river. With great music, funky food stalls, relaxing holistic treatments and everything in between, this is a festival with a twist, and not one to miss. Wilderness takes place from 7 to 10 August 2014.

*by Chris Rowlands and Saskia Walker*



# Can you see the beats?

The extraordinary psychological phenomenon of synaesthesia (deriving from the Greek, meaning “to perceive together”) has a diversity of manifestations. Having inspired research in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it has recently been revisited by psychologists after a period that has seen little investigation. For those who are unfamiliar with the phenomenon, synaesthesia involves experiencing the stimulation of multiple senses together. Research suggests that, although varying gradations of sensitivity exist, about one in every 2000 of us can be classed as synesthetes. While the most common popular reference to synaesthesia relates to association of symbols and words such as numbers and months with colours (“grapheme-colour” synaesthesia), its relationship to music and aural sensory experience is less frequently discussed yet arguably more intriguing. “Chromesthesia”, the branch of

synaesthesia which concerns people’s casual association of sounds with colours, is the most common form of the phenomenon. In the past, people’s claims about these experiences were written off as evidence of mental instability or illness. Today, a more open-minded consideration of the truly extraordinary nature of synaesthesia has led to its recognition as something benign, even advantageous. Indeed, for the majority of synesthetes, it is resoundingly a welcome wonder. “If you ask synesthetes if they’d wish to be rid of it, they almost always say no”, says Simon Baron-Cohen, Director of Cambridge’s Autism Research Centre. For the unblest majority, the aural and incandescent sensory display that is the norm for the receptive few is undetectable. For a “chromesthete”, everyday sounds such as the slamming of a car door, a dog barking or people talking can stimulate vibrant explosions of colour, experiences that have been compared to a fireworks

display. Other, more subtle experiences of stimulation such as the perception of sound and time expressed in three-dimensional space have also been described. What is perhaps most interesting about this phenomenon, though, is its long-established connection with artistic and creative processes, particularly in relation to music. The composers Liszt and Rimsky-Korakov famously disagreed on the colours of sounds and pieces of music, and the later 20th century composer Olivier Messiaen is also believed to have been receptive in this way. Research has revealed connections between perfect pitch and synaesthesia, and numerous reports have been given of an ability to perceive harmonic progressions and chord sequences on multiple sensory levels via visible conceptual models comprehensible only to the synaesthete. Significantly, it seems very likely that a world of sensory interconnectivity, totally unknown to the majority of us, lies behind

some of the most exceptional feats of musical creativity. Although different to drug-induced hallucinogenic experiences, another route by which inspirational highs have traditionally been sought, it now seems likely that many artistic achievements throughout history have been the product of synaesthetic stimulation. Psychologists have recently been involved with investigations into the possibility that the phenomenon has genetic roots. It has been established that synaesthesia is far more common in women than among men, but the potential of synaesthetic families is now beginning to arouse debate. Synaesthesia remains shrouded in uncertainty, but our increasing understanding of its connection with the creative process is (rightly) prompting ongoing exploration of its peculiarities.

James Taylor

## Singing on the River



If I were to draw up a bucket list of things to do before graduating at Cambridge besides the obvious things like May Balls, garden parties and boat races, Trinity College Choir’s annual Singing on the River would definitely have to feature. There are few tableaux as enchanting as the sight of hundreds of relaxed Cantabrigians and community members reclining on picnic rugs across Trinity Backs, framing the majestic symmetry of the Wren library and the lengthening shadows of willow and bridge across the river. And there are few sounds as pure and iconic as the dulcet notes of Trinity College Choir, arguably the most accomplished choir amongst the University’s many talented ensembles.

Moored on one side of the bank were three punts, the choir sitting across the punts under the of hand Stephen Layton. The acclaimed conductor seemed relaxed and spontaneous as he led his musicians through an eclectic mix of madrigal pieces, African soul, nautical rhyme and nostalgic love songs. Crowd-pleasers included a rendition of ‘Drunken Sailor’ that rose to a feverish pitch with quickening harmonic changes rousing the audience to rapturous applause. It was followed by the soulful African American gospel song ‘Joshua Fought the Battle of Jericho’, for which the choir innovatively exploited gospel-style call and response that was both plaintive and hopeful. The dramatic tension built up by these upbeat numbers was skillfully released with a somewhat understated and restrained rendition of the classic ‘Amazing Grace’ that was truly moving. Following an interval that seemed to drag on forever, the choir returned with sassy charm, now offering a whimsical but musically satisfying rendition of ‘The Teddybears’ Picnic’. Another memorable highlight of



the second half was the nostalgic ‘Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight’, a sorrowful and iconic love song from the 1950s, which allowed the choir to revel in the thick and broad accent of the Deep South. Soloists added emotional texture to the portrayal of separated lovers, with deep, sultry voices piercing the distance between the river and the audience with almost unsettling precision. The truly magical evening climaxed with John Wilbye’s ‘Draw On, Sweet Night’ from his second set of Madrigals, written in 1609. The choir floated past the enchanted onlookers, as the smartly-clad punters sporting Mediterranean straw hats and pristine white suits gently pushed the punts across the still Cam. As the

choir punts receded, illuminated by fairy lights flickering against the deep blue of the twilight, Wilbye’s haunting words lingered with the crowd of onlookers: ‘Sweet night, draw on; my griefs, when they be told to shades and darkness, find some ease from paining; and while thou all in silence dost enfold, I then shall have best time for my complaining’. Trinity College Choir brought their usual professionalism to a magical setting, and with the aid of an inspired selection of music, made moments that will endure in the memories of the attendees. Singing on the River is one of those essential Cambridge experiences that everyone who has the privilege of attending this university ought to avail.

Shounok Chatterjee

- Kings of Leon- Sex on Fire
- Alex Clare- Too Close
- Europe- The Final Countdown
- Kelly Rowland- Kisses Down Low
- MIKA- Lollipop
- Beethoven- Symphony Number Nine
- Fountains of Wayne- Stacey’s Mom
- Rihanna - Cockiness (Love it)
- Pitbull ft Chris Brown- International Love

## THE SEX PLAYLIST

JACK WINSTANLEY

## In the Lonely Hour

Sam Smith



For anyone who, like me, was hoping that Sam Smith’s debut album would be full of catchy, Cindies classics to follow on from singles ‘Latch’ and ‘La La La’, this album will leave you disappointed. The opener, ‘Money on My Mind’, gave me hope that I’d misinterpreted the downbeat album title, but instead this song stood alone as the single positive explanation for what followed. The rest of the album is dedicated to an open and emotional treatment of the failings in Smith’s love life and, in particular, his unrequited love for an unidentified friend. It felt a little bit like being sequentially dragged through the stages of unresolved grief – denial, anger, bargaining and depression. As a singer and lyricist, however, Smith succeeds in conveying these emotions powerfully, helped by a voice which has been rightly described as sorrowful by critics. It is, perhaps, easy to be unfairly negative about this album; after all, my post-exam, 26-degrees-outside emotions could hardly be

further from what Sam Smith was going through as he wrote these songs. But the bleakness and dejection which pervades the majority of the album is something which, personally, I would never choose to listen to. Several of the songs would not have been out of place as backing music to the emotional breakdown of a TV series protagonist (specifically, I was thinking of Homeland), or the frustrating post break-up period in every RomCom – ever. Or in a singles-only Jazz bar. This is not meant as criticism – the mood created is effective, but is also very specific to emotions that most people hopefully experience only rarely! I can only hope, then, that what is still to come in Sam Smith’s career is as clichéd as the storylines in these RomComs. I hope he finds the love and happiness which are clearly missing and I hope, most of all, that this can lead him to produce memorable, upbeat, summer tracks again.

James Hutt





# Meet the Gum Man

Daisy Hessenberg meets the man behind a form of art reclaiming London's litter

After a day at the Tate Modern, my friend and I were feeling sufficiently cultured to start our journey back to Cambridge. Crossing the Millennium Bridge, we saw at our feet a different art form - chewing gum miniatures. Amongst our footsteps were spots of colour - random pieces of gum, discarded by busy Londoners, had been resurrected as tiny masterpieces - my favourite was a tiny nude lady bathing.

This is the work of Ben Wilson, a man renowned for transforming discarded gum into art that brings a little bit of joy to anyone fortunate enough to look before they leap. Rushing through this unexpected gallery space, we looked up to see none other than the chewing gum man himself.

Lying on an exercise mat, Ben was in the midst of painting a panorama of the Arizona desert. The tiny piece of gum captured the colours of a tiny sunset, cactus and all. Ben paints personalities: "For me, it is about the people".

It's not just the people commissioning the art and their story that determines the tone of the piece; the British weather plays its part. On rainy days, Ben admits he is more reflective and reserved, while this playful nature comes through with the sun: "On those days if someone asks me to paint Jesus I ask myself, why is he always painted with a cross and in pain? I wouldn't want to be remembered like that so I want to paint him with an ice cream in his hand, smiling and enjoying the sun."

Ben likes to connect his art with people, asking for the email of the young man who was next in line to be immortalised on the silvery floor of the

Millennium Bridge. This art is about connecting people and stories to other people - he doesn't ask for payment for his chewing gum paintings (although I did notice that this young commissioner slipped a note to Ben in a very discreet gentleman's handshake).

Even though painting gum that no one else wants seems rather innocuous, Ben has been in trouble with the police for his 'graffiti' multiple times. However, after a recent court case ruled he was not damaging property since gum does not belong to anyone, he is on better terms with the boys in blue. "Some of them know who I am now. They used to get worried... seeing a grown man lying on the ground. I even had someone call the paramedics in the past". By now this local celebrity had gathered a crowd of admirers and many were shocked by his tangle with the law. One bystander commented that "I think they should let you paint the whole bridge if you wanted. When did we become part of this system that doesn't lend the freedom to artists to paint what they like? We didn't vote on this." It seems that Ben's art is not just pleasing to the eye but also fires up discussions on art and its value.

How much harm can street art have? I know what I would rather see on my sidewalk. An unassuming man with piercing green eyes. We left the chewing gum man to put the finishing touches on his Arizona sun set. He had nearly traversed the entire Millennium Bridge with his art (over 400 pieces in total). The chewing gum man shows that you don't always have to find masterpieces in a gallery. Art can be found all around... even on a piece of gum.



## Top 5 Art Exhibitions

Zoe D'Avignon picks out her cultural highlights of the summer

### 1) HENRI MATISSE: THE CUT-OUTS

A collection of 120 of the most brilliant and vibrant cut-outs from the later period of Matisse. Unable to paint when taken by illness, Matisse used scissors and paper to explore his world. Colourful, fun and exciting - a must see!

*Runs at the Tate Modern until 7 September*

### 2) DIGITAL REVOLUTION

An immersive exhibition that plunges you into the arts through digital technology. The brain child of artists, designers, filmmakers, musicians and game geeks, Digital Revolution includes commissions from Will.I.Am to Oscar-winning VFX Supervisor Paul Franklin and his team at Double Negative for Christopher Nolan's ground-breaking film Inception. A fusion-fest that is set to delight.

*Runs at the Barbican from 3 July - 14 September*

### 3) ABSTRACT AMERICA TODAY

A juxtaposition of Lisa Anne Auerbach's work filled with allusions to contemporary culture from Britney Spears to heavy metal, to Auerbach's more conventional abstract work. The collection uses old fashioned ways of making art to create interesting up-to-date pieces that feel fresh and beautiful. "These artists are looting the past, dipping into art history to steal and reconstruct" - Eddy Frankel.

*Runs at the Saatchi Gallery until 28 September*

### 4) ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION

The annual Royal Academy Summer Exhibition is always worth a gander. A perfect opportunity to see such a wide range of artists work from large canvases to tiny illustrations the range and variety of work is just lovely. The Summer Exhibition also offers to opportunity to purchase prints of the work on show, some of which are very affordable. Each year holds its own treasures and more than 1,200 works to take in, so pop along!

*Runs at the Royal Academy of Arts until 17 August*

### 5) MAKING COLOUR

A journey through the use of colour through time and space in art, from the Renaissance to Impressionist France.

*Runs at the National Gallery until 7 September*



# Interview: Robbie Aird

**Kenza Bryan** talks to a graduating thesp about his three years immersed in Cambridge theatre, and the future

The sun is blazing on one of the first days of May Week, and I entice finalist Robbie Aird into doing an interview with the promise of ice cream on King's Backs. Sadly, we end up in a far more sombre coffee shop – but he lights up with enthusiasm when I ask him about his time at Cambridge.

Having performed in thirty-five plays across his three years here, including *The Bacchae* and *Titus Andronicus* (as well as two European tours), Robbie guesses his ratio of ADC to non-ADC waking hours has probably been about half: “When I did my last show I had to take a moment to say goodbye to that stage. It had been where I’d grown up as an actor.”

What comes across most strikingly

“HAVING PERFORMED IN THIRTY-FIVE PLAYS ACROSS HIS THREE YEARS HERE, INCLUDING *THE BACCHAE* AND *TITUS ANDRONICUS* (AS WELL AS TWO EUROPEAN TOURS), ROBBIE GUESSES HIS RATIO OF ADC TO NON ADC WAKING HOURS HAS PROBABLY BEEN ABOUT HALF”

is Robbie’s intense self-awareness: “I came from this place in first year when I wanted to do all this crazy surrealist this and the other, and I’ve turned into an actor who prefers naturalism over anything else.”

How quickly did he get into it? Robbie admits that his very first audition immediately led to a part, and although he sheepishly adds that he just “looked a bit too much like a hillbilly

not to get it”, it’s clear that Robbie’s path hasn’t been a conventional one.

As one of the reviewers on the other end of Cambridge theatre, I ask Robbie about the nature of his relationship to student journalism: “It’s been really, really mixed. The trouble I find with Cambridge reviewing is that there isn’t any sort of standardisation.” In terms of responding to them as an actor, “you just have to try and ignore them. You’ve got to keep that integrity.” And Camdram? “My CV is pretty much just a copy-paste of what’s there. You filter it down.”

Two years ago, Robbie told *Varsity* he thought Cambridge needed more experimental theatre – I ask him whether he thinks he’s contributed to that happening. “The problem is, we’re all still learning” he replies, “and you’re only able to do those crazy things either if you’re a visionary or if you’ve got the basis of knowledge already. There’s no point in going out on a limb unless you know where you’re going from.”

Isn’t that what he tried to do in writing *Drink Me*, a dark, surrealist piece of theatre? “I tried to, but the end result was very very tied to standard theatre. My attempts to be crazy and weird were arrogant. I wanted the Cambridge theatre scene to be more like the German theatre scene, which is mad.”

In defence of the ADC, his “spiritual home”, Robbie declares, “we’re no more bitchy or nepotistic than any other society – we’re just more dramatic in the way we do it! And so it gets more press.” Perhaps it’s during the brief time when he started being given “much much smaller” parts that Robbie became more self-analytical.

“You need to be so careful of entitlement as an actor. When I arrived at Cambridge, I thought I was good, but then realised I wasn’t. Now I think I’m okay. The most praise that I ever got for a performance was *Frost/Nixon*, and I left the ADC that night feeling ten times as insecure because of it.”

Has his own approach become

more pragmatic? “Definitely. I’ve had a lot of rejections, but I’ve always auditioned for everything – every single play.” He auditioned twice for the role of Stanley in *a Streetcar Named Desire* – with no recall – which he says now seems completely unsurprising: “I’m too lanky, I’m too skinny, I don’t look great with my shirt off. I aimed in the wrong direction.” When I suggest that he likes to take self-deprecation to the extreme, he shakes his head: “Every actor has a type – a limited range.”

Humble though he may be, Robbie is now going on to the Central School of Speech and Drama, following in the footsteps of the likes of Laurence Olivier and Rupert Everett. For a whole year, he’ll “be at school from nine until six every day. It’s going to be the biggest culture shock.” And, within a decade, he hopes to be somewhere at the National Theatre. “I’ll try until my knuckles bleed to become a professional actor.”

For the moment, he wants to start a small theatre company with a few fellow graduates. “If you’re not getting work, just put a play on in a room somewhere for ten people... it’s better than not acting.” Can he see himself acting professionally under the direction of a fellow Cantabrigian? “It’s a fun fantasy to play with.”

I ask if he thinks he’ll ever be able to recapture the freedom and ability to experiment that Cambridge theatre has provided him, and he replies lightheartedly: “probably in the years of unemployment that will follow...”

“I’VE HAD A LOT OF REJECTIONS, BUT I’VE ALWAYS AUDITIONED FOR EVERYTHING – EVERY SINGLE PLAY.”



## CAMBRIDGE GOES TO EDINBURGH

**THEATRE**

**Occupied**

Students have occupied this theatre (again). Off to Edinburgh after successful run at Corpus. Get your sketch pads ready.

11-23 August  
5.15 pm (1 hour)  
Greenside @ Royal Terrace

**MUSICAL**

**UCAS**

Daring new musical. Ms Miller has one hour to persuade her inner city school’s most difficult students to write their personal statements.

1-23 August  
7.40 pm (50 mins)  
Greenside @ Nicholson Square

**IMPROV**

**Improv from the Crypt**

The world of horror and audience suggestions fuse for an hour of comedy

15 - 24 August  
12.45 am (1 hour)  
Laughing Horse @ Counting House

**DRAMA/COMEDY**

**Bizarre and Rummage**

Three agrophobic women endure a jumble sale organised by their social workers

30 July - 16 August  
7 pm (1 hour)  
C venues - C nova

**Saturnalia**

Becky Rosenberg

★★★★★

The Saturnalia experience commenced with a wizened porter smoking outside the entrance to Peterhouse who, when I told him I was here for Saturnalia, exclaimed “You’re not with them are you?” before letting me pass like a bemused and resigned Gandalf. Audience members were greeted by members

of the Saturnians, an all-female drinking society bedecked in classical garb, and guided to the entrance of the Fellows’ Garden.

Through interacting with members of the Saturnian and Saturn drinking societies the integers of the drama were established, from seeking out the Tab whistleblower to critiquing the excessive initiations. The actors did not exactly blend in with the audience members, wearing their (sparse) Greco-Roman clothing, but they moved seamlessly in and out, establishing



EDINBURGH PREVIEW

And The Horse You Rode In On

**Hazel Lawrence talks to Tom Stuchfield about the play he's taking to Edinburgh, and the changes he's had to make to it**

World War I in many ways exemplifies the complicated relationship an individual can have with history. We soak up all the facts and achieve emotional detachment, remembering only the huge numbers and important names. Then suddenly a word, a diary entry, or a forgotten event brings out a new perspective and the facts become horribly informative of the human cost involved. This year marks the centenary of the beginning of The Great War, and it's clear that, in the creative arts at least, these events still have the capacity to move and affect even the most stiff-upper-lipped.

Student playwright and director Tom Stuchfield is certainly aware of World War I's potential for emotional volatility. As we met to discuss the upcoming Edinburgh run of his Cambridge student theatre hit *And The Horse You Rode In On*, he explained his experience of writing a play set in the trenches: "It allows your characters to be quite extreme and to experience quite extreme emotions in

a short space of time, that don't need to be explained." Clearly, the weight of the subject matter is also important to him: "I don't want to risk glorifying anything that happened."

The play follows ten characters, five British and five German through the final 20 minutes before they go over the top into No Man's Land. It's an emotional setting that seeks to demonstrate the human connections made between enemy camps. Much of this connection has been amplified thanks to alterations made to the original version for Edinburgh. Script editing has been fierce and five characters have been completely cut, reducing the previous cast size of twelve to just five.

Stuchfield laughingly acknowledges that the alterations made to the script have changed it significantly, but, from what he tells me, it seems that editing a script for a tight Edinburgh budget can throw up new avenues of meaning. The actors now each play characters from both the British and German armies, with types paralleled between the two sides. This is a deliberate choice to highlight resemblances: "We actually want people to hear lines echoed — the British bully has some identical lines to the German one. It's

just about how the melting pot is at a slightly different temperature."

Stuchfield's 2014 Edinburgh experience is apparently going to be "about as different as you could possibly get" from the show he acted in last year. When he tells me it was a comedy set inside a radio, I have to admit that I agree with him. This year he's also transitioned from acting to writing and directing, a shift that seems to fit him well judging by his three plays produced in Cambridge this year alone, with another one just around the corner next Michaelmas.

So what's this new play about, and how close is it to what he's done before? "It's about a dinner party in 1950s New York", he explains. "Eight female friends are waiting for their husbands to get back from a job and it soon becomes apparent that they are members of the Mafia. Then it essentially turns into *Lord of The Flies*. So, slightly different". Once again, I agree. Here's hoping *And The Horse You Rode In On* convinces the Edinburgh critics as easily.

4 - 25 August  
7.10 pm (1 hour)  
*Paradise in Augustines*



CHARLOTTE WASTESON



THE MOTH OF AUGUST

EDINBURGH PREVIEW

The Moth of August

**Charlotte Taylor meets director Bethan Kitchen ahead of a fresh new show written about Edinburgh**

For many theatre-goers, the long sun filled days of August mean sitting in a small darkened room for an hour or two to watch an eclectic mix of dance, drama and comedy in varying degrees of refinement. It was perhaps inevitable that at some point one of its artists would write about the drab, dingy reality of the Fringe that exists alongside its colourful scenes of drunken merriment. The *Moth of August* attempts to capture the "disappointment and anti-climax" the Fringe dispenses.

In Bethan Kitchen's production, the audience eavesdrop on the conversations of three performers, poverty-stricken but happy, in their mundane Edinburgh kitchen after a day of inevitably dismal reviews. Kitchen explains the intriguing title by stating that she has always thought of moths as kind of "rubbish butterflies" which "aesthetically" sum up her characters

"who are always trying to be something that they'll never be". That said the characters are quite a concoction of personalities as they already are: James (James Dobbyn) the unhappy Clown; Conrad (Conrad Jefferies) the mechanic who can also talk to the dead (but only about the dull-est of topics), and Hannah (Hannah Calascione) the pornstar and dancer who loses her touch of glamour throughout the course of the action.

The play seems to be heavily meta and Kitchen admits that she's "obsessed" with naturalism. As a result, collaborating with her actors is essential to the play as the script will be influenced by any improvisations the actors may make during rehearsals. Not only do the characters seem to be extensions of the actors themselves, but the cast and director will all be sharing an flat for the run of the play. Kitchen has "joked with the actors that if they fall out [she'll] change the scripts so they fall out in the play."

The original plan was even closer to

home – Kitchen originally wanted the play to be performed in their actual flat so that "the scenery would change as we lived in the space", but this scheme was abandoned after proving to be too difficult.

Despite the dreary picture the play seems to offer, Kitchen seems uxorious about the Fringe itself. "It's just the most incredible experience in the world! For an audience member, or an artist, it is so collaborative and welcoming". The most important thing about the Fringe seems to be the acceptance of original work. "I think new writing is always faced with scepticism in Cambridge as there is so little of it", whereas in Edinburgh, Kitchen argues, there is an "open space for trying out new work". Whatever the outcome, Kitchen's *The Moth of August* promises to encapsulate the spirit of originality and novelty the Fringe promises.

30 July - 25 August  
12 pm (1 hour)  
C venues - C nova

rapport and conversing, both to establish action and drama and further enrich the scene of the hedonistic garden party.

Highlights included the groundsman who apparently owned the gardens and insisted on offering audience members actual grass and tea bags. A mysterious woman wandered round doing visceral poetry readings – her performance to my friend and I amongst the flowers in the garden was riveting. There were numerous loud and vicious fights among the actors, including the

Saturnian President who was caught by her drinking society boyfriend getting up to no good in the bushes. The subsequent ruckus was observed with amusement by onlooking audience members. The character Electra was both entertaining and menacing as she stormed around the gardens swearing and cackling, gleefully accusing her fellow Saturnians of multiple sexual exploits. Indeed, the audience was privy to an enormous amount of gossip as the various back stories were fleshed out.

The initiations were extreme and

outrageous, as much a satire of drinking societies and the stereotypes associated with them as they were challenges to the audience being made to observe degrading and provocative acts. Indeed, as the experience continued, the actors dropped hints about how shocking some of the initiations were, leading some members of the audience to shout out and become more involved in the drama.

While the various narrative threads and the passion of the actors were admirable, on occasion the acting

and interacting felt contrived and strained. The evening was a theatrical experience that inevitably involved actors and spectators, but the most entertaining and amusing drama occurred when the action was performed as if it was unobserved, rendering it more organic. The experience became more believable and enthralling for the audience when the action was more spread out, with several scenes unfolding at once in different places in the garden. In one such scene, a Saturnian initiate sat alone with a distraught look on her

face, while everyone acted normally around her.

Saturnalia was certainly original, unusual, and, in choosing to lambast, satirise and even relish drinking societies and the urban myths that envelop them, made for an entertaining experience. However, the immersive experience often left me cold as a result of its ultimately contrived nature, its more absurd elements becoming affected and laboured. Overall it was an interesting evening, just not an entirely immersive one.

DRAMA

God on Trial

Seth Rogen, Zac Efron and Rose Byrne star in this comedy about a young couple who move in next to a raucous frat house.

30 July - 16 August  
7.50 pm (1 hour)  
C venues - C nova

MUSICAL

Sunday in the Park with George

CUMTS presents Sondheim's show that enters the world of Georges Seurat and 19th Century Paris

10-25 August  
2.45 pm (1 hour 25 minutes)  
C venues - C

FOOTLIGHTS

Real Feelings

The 2014 international tour show brings Cambridge sketch comedy to the fringe once more

30 July - 25 August  
4 pm (1 hour)  
Pleasance Dome

SKETCH SHOW

Fuzzbuzz

Feuding sisters have never been closer, mainly because of Lizzy's memory loss. Sister-act Toby back for their third Edinburgh outing

30 July - 25 August  
5.45 pm (1 hour)  
Pleasance Courtyard

PHYSICAL THEATRE

The Penelopiad

Margaret Atwood's retelling of *Odyssey* is interspersed with energetic movement and music

10-25 August  
3.30 pm (1 hour 10 minutes)  
C venues - C



# Where is publishing going?

*It's a diverse world out there. From Ebooks to iBooks, self publishing platforms like Wattpad, to the ever-present growth of digital reading, if Harry Potter came out now who knows how we would be reading it? We talked to two companies who are innovating and inventing in publishing, one through paper books and the other digital, to see what they had to say about the future of their field.*

*Mairi Kidd works for Barrington Stoke, a company dedicated to 'cracking reading' by providing specially designed physical books for dyslexic readers.*

## What is different about a Barrington Stoke book?

The most obvious difference is the word count – our shortest books have just 500 words and our longest 20,000. A typical teen novel will clock in at at least 40,000. The other obvious differences are our paper stock, which is tinted with a pale yellow to reduce contrast, and our font and typesetting, which are designed to counteract poor visual discrimination and other issues.

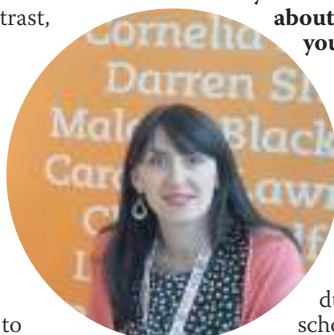
We also carry out a specialist edit, tweaking syntax and vocabulary to reduce barriers to comprehension. That's it in terms of difference – we ask our authors not to modify their writing in any other way. Our readers need the best stories to persuade them that reading is worth the effort – we won't publish anything that's 'dumbed down' in its content.

## Would you like to see a growth in books produced specifically for dyslexic readers?

No – we would like to see an increase in accessibility across the board. Paper means pennies in print publishing and so there's a tendency to typeset too tightly and print on cheap stock that is

see-through to a degree that can be quite uncomfortable for an able reader, never mind an individual with dyslexia. There's also a fashion for children's and YA books to be very long with no good editorial justification, and design definitely trumps readability in a lot of young fiction.

## Do you have any personal anecdotes about the kind of support you've received?



Our postbag is a bit of a tear-jerker; there's one letter I often read aloud at events and it chokes me up every time. It's from a lady whose teenage son absolutely adores books but could read so little due to his dyslexia that his school had 'condemned' him to books for younger children. He had become quite depressed as a result. They discovered Barrington Stoke and he read his first age-appropriate title, right there and then, three chapters at one go. His mother said she cried with pride, and he cried with relief. This story is far from unique in the bones of it; we hear variations of it over and over, but it never becomes less touching. It's a real privilege to be able to help.

## Do you see a future in e-books?

That's hard question because e-reading is

really still in its infancy, the adoption of digital formats for children's books is very small and it doesn't seem to be growing at the moment. It seems likely that stand-alone e-readers like the original Kindles will fall by the wayside and future devices will be multi-functional, as iPads and other tablets already are. This should give more options re layout but it also raises a lot of questions – is back-lighting a good thing, for example? Do children give their full attention to a book read on a tablet or is a portion of their processing power given over to thinking about the multitude of other – perhaps more fun – functions the device also performs?

## What other changes do you foresee for the publishing world?

The sea-change in publishing in recent years has been driven by large commercial interests outside publishing – online retailers, content companies and the producers of e-readers. Many of these companies are most interested in building their share of the general retail market; books were a handy way in but now

the book industry is paying the price.

But I do believe the book – by which I mean the printed book – will survive in the children's sector at least. I love It's a Book by Lane Smith – it makes the very good point that books weren't broke before the world started trying to fix them.



## What advice would you have for anyone interested in getting involved with Barrington Stoke or a similar project?

Avoid the sentence 'I really love books'. We all love books, but we'd love it even more if someone were to say, 'I love posting review copies/checking stock/improving SEO on blog posts/typesetting/uploading author videos/laying out marketing copy/taping up the recycling to go out'. Publishing a book is not the same as reading one. It's a hard slog, but the reward at the end of the day is that someone who loves books will – hopefully – love yours.

*Jacob Cockcroft is the co-founder of The Pigeon Hole, a new indie publisher that releases book chapters in weekly 'staves', combining this with interactive extra content such as soundtracks and author Q&As.*

## What prompted you to start up The Pigeon Hole?

The general malaise that has taken over the publishing industry and the desire to do something about it. Launching books should be exciting. This is the aim of publishing our books in staves (instalments) – to create suspense and ceremony each week. In turn our books get as much exposure as possible; rather than a perfunctory week on the shelves they get months of publicity. The Pigeonhole is creating not only a new reading experience, but also a fun social experience.

## With changes like this, where do you see publishing going in the next few years?

There is huge change afoot, but the future

will always involve a combination of digital and physical. You can't reinvent the wheel, but you can maximize the potential technology provides.

The industry is, however, fast dividing into the large corporate



houses and the small, independent and boutique companies. Both have their benefits, but they give a very different experience. The key focus will mostly be on digital publishing – the cost base of physical publishing and distribution makes this certain.

## Would you ever consider re-publishing some of the classics in this format,

## perhaps for schools?

We will definitely be doing this – we are currently arguing over The Count of Monte Cristo or the Bible for our first book of this type. Just think of the extra material we could do!

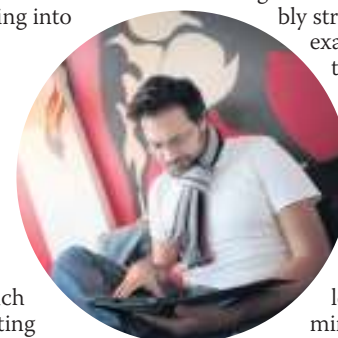
In terms of schools, there is huge potential for utilizing The Pigeonhole – and we have already started looking into this type of application.

## What's it like working in a small publishing start-up?

Non-stop, but so exhilarating and dynamic. We are building something really special and at no point does it ever feel much like work. It's far too exciting for that.

## What advice would you give to anyone who wanted to get involved in publishing or even start their own publishing company?

The main focus should always be people and product. Create an extraordinary team and know what you want, but flexible on how you get there. The point of The Pigeonhole has always been incredibly strong in our minds, we knew exactly what it was we wanted to create, but the functionality has changed so much as we've been guided by the experts who've helped us along the way. Never be precious and always listen to what people have to say, because the things you'll learn if you keep an open mind will take your company from good to brilliant.







# The Future of Netflix?

Millie Brierley paints a not at all unlikely future for Netflix

Netflix: in theory, is the home of TV and film fanatics the world over. In reality, it is occupied by procrastination-loving squatters. It's an all too familiar struggle. My head knows that I should be swotting up on medieval German poetry but my heart lies with The US Office, or, in life's darker moments, anything starring Hilary Duff or Lindsay Lohan. I sit down, with every intention of practising the French imperfect subjunctive, only to find myself, two hours later, well on my way to a full-blown Netflix binge whilst my grammar remains none the better.

Part of me thinks, hey, if Obama's into it, that seems like a pretty clear green flag, yet my more rational side wonders what consequences the Netflix Effect – touching as many lives as it does – may have in the future. Allow me to paint you a picture...

It's 2034. Netflix has been streaming for 27 years and life is pretty sweet. Not only are we all loaded as TV licenses are now redundant but our lives are also so much more flexible than we ever could have imagined.

Gone are the days when we were slaves to the TV guide – or even to our TVs. Want to watch the original Freaky Friday in the bath on your laptop? No problem! Feel like watching an episode of The Royle Family in the middle of the Sahara on your iPad? Go for it! (Network coverage is insane by 2034.) The possibilities are literally endless. Hell, we could be watching

season 22 of House of Cards on holographic virtual screens on the moon, for all we know.

We're also experiencing intergenerational harmony like never before: the world is so Up right now. Thanks to Netflix, children are watching shows their grandparents were obsessed with fifty years ago and adults are co-bingeing on the latest craze with their kids. In fact, so astounding has the Netflix Effect turned out to be in this respect that teenage yobs are no longer scrubbing graffiti in multi-storeys. That's so twenty years ago. These days the judge simply prescribes 20 hours of Fawltly Towers. It works a charm.

And Netflix has even worked political wonders too: Anglo-American relations have never been better. The

"2034 LOOKS PRETTY GREAT, HUH?"

raging British envy that the guys across the pond get New Girl months before Channel 4 does is a thing of the past – this is the golden age of synchronised release now and it's the shiz. Internet piracy is legend and trick-or-treating kids have ditched the eyepatch and parrot in favour of a laptop and Star Wars poster.

2034 looks pretty great, huh? How could we ever tire of Netflix? Allow me

to paint you another picture...

It's now 2044 and things have taken a bit of a turn. Some people still haven't seen the Breaking Bad series finale. Violence is at an all-time high; let slip a spoiler at your peril. Prisons are filled with inmates who just couldn't handle having the latest American Horror Story plot twist ruined for them.

As for the economy, it's in a truly sorry state as the epidemic of the Netflix Hangover (the nauseating result of binge-watching) has slashed the working day. Indeed, the tubes are now ghost trains between eight and nine as half eleven is the new rush hour.

In fact, the entire country is in an alarming state of anarchy. While the Netflix binge was once reserved for weekends and bank holidays, it's now a total free-for-all. No-one's seen an MP in months because none of them can bear to drag themselves away from Sons of Anarchy. We think the prime minister declared a State of Emergency a while back (in the ten seconds between episodes) but nobody's really sure. Meanwhile, Bruce Forsyth (now running on energy generated by the dancing feet of hundreds of children who have to earn money for their impoverished families somehow) seems to think he's in charge.

It's all rather worrying, isn't it? We've seen our future and it ain't pretty. So, I end with a plea: let us all take a moment to consider the potentially catastrophic conseq–

Ooh, look! The new season of Orange is the New Black is up!

## Fading Gigolo

John Turturro



Though not a Woody Allen film sensu stricto, Fading Gigolo could quite easily be mistaken for one, and not just because the man appears as co-star.

Here John Turturro has been heavily influenced by Allen, from the dialogue (all stutters and schlemiels) to the assumption of the writer-director-actor role. Some degree of self-indulgence is perhaps an inevitable consequence of that latter unholy trifecta; certainly that might explain what is by all accounts a preposterous plot, in which beautiful women are willing to pay Turturro's character for his sexual services.

Incredulity aside, a film like this lives or dies on its dialogue, and Turturro's is far too hit-and-miss to carry 90 minutes. There are some wonderful lines, almost universally delivered by Allen, but just as many fall flat. Fading Gigolo's disjointed plot occasionally promises something more substantial, most notably when



Vanessa Paradis enters as a repressed Hasidic widow. Any and all emotional heft is attributable to Paradis' mesmerising performance: by turns vulnerable, icy, playful, she is the best part of this film by some margin. It's a shame that Turturro, fine actor that he is, chose to make Fading Gigolo

a vanity project because one feels that with a more even approach to direction and dialogue it could have been something far superior. Instead, this middle-aged male fantasy is as lukewarm as it is ludicrous.

Benjamin Taylor

# Top 5 Dance Shows

Zoe D'Avignon picks out her cultural highlights of the summer



## 1) ROYAL BALLET: CUBANIA

Beautiful Cuban-inspired dance show with guest artist Carlos Acosta in a performance that echoes his homeland. Created by Russell Maliphant and Taiwanese-American choreographer Edwaard Liang, The Danza Contemporanea de Cuba also comes to the fore with a stunning and eclectic performance.

Royal Opera House, 21 - 23 July

## 2) SOUL TRIP

A thoroughly modern brand of circus that offers a diverse range of skills performed in a plethora of dance styles. Funk Da Cirque performance displays the best in acrobatic body percussion and boogaloo to b-boying dance talent.

Roundhouse, 9 August

## 3) RAMBERT EVENT

Rambert Dance company has employed some serious industry talent for a series of performances that meld dance music and design prowess. Radiohead's Phil Selway set the tone of choreographer Merce Cunningham's motions. Audience members are free to move around the building creating an immersive experience.

Rambert, 28 June - 12 July

## 4) DANCING CITY

Featuring over 20 UK and international companies, and situated in the unlikely location of London's financial district is the Greenwich + Docklands International Festival's showpiece, Dancing City. Pieces include La Mirada Interior from Spanish company Producciones Imperdibles and Ballet Black's Two of a Kind.

Venues throughout Canary Wharf, 23 - 28 June

## 5) Coppélia

Coppélia is a playful family ballet with toys coming to life in beautiful revelry. Alban Lendorf (principal dancer at the Royal Danish Ballet) plays Franz to Tamara Rojo's Swanilda. In this adaptation the dances swap roles each night, making each performance wholly unique and diversely challenging for the performers.

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, 23 - 27 July



# A Knotty Business

Moses Hoyt, Pembroke graduate, speaks to Varsity about setting up his own fashion company Bowtiful Ties

**When did you realise bow ties were your calling?**

I was in Cambridge, basking in May Week and realising that everyone was wearing boring black bow ties. I wanted to make something far more exciting and individual and come up with an awesome little brand.

**What makes bowtiful different to other brands?**

Regular neckties are boring. We want to make ties fun again. We specialise in cotton hand made British double sided bow ties. Tie something new.

**Is there something distinctly Cambridge about your designs?**

Other than the fact that they look super awesome when worn in May Week, probably not. Most of our ties are double sided. Serious on one side, party on the other. I think that represents Cambridge life pretty well.

**Do you have any advice for students wanting to start their own business?**

Get out there and do it. Don't just sit around on your ideas, the barriers are so low, and it's an unbelievable amount of fun.

**When's the perfect time to wear a bowtie?**

When you want to stand out from the crowd and add that tongue-in-cheek level of formality to your outfit.

**What inspires your designs?**

Contrast. I love great textured materials, and contrast. Lots of contrast. And maybe a little harmony.

**Any advice for people who struggle with self-tie?**

Youtube, a mirror and ten worthwhile minutes. Even a messily tied self-tie has that aura of originality that no pre-tied tie could ever match.

**How did Cambridge influence your designs?**

So many opportunities to wear bow ties, but so few original ties out there. I wanted something more exciting. College striped bow ties were a start, but I wanted to take it to another level.

**What's behind the names?**

I started naming the ties after people that would love to wear them, and then realised that each design had this style of its own—so I just created these names and personalities to go with them.

**Which is your favourite tie, and what does it say about you?**

My favourite is constantly changing. At the moment it's Freddy. It's loud and garish in so many ways, sort of like me.

**Design plans for the future?**

More outrageous double sided ties, and maybe some more cool new materials.



**MODELS** Alexander Himsworth, Favourite Frizel, Tom Hargreaves, Mikey McGovern, Jess Morley & Roxana Antohi

**STYLING** Lottie Franklin & Alice Udale-Smith

**PHOTOGRAPHY** David Godwin for Varsity

Black Tie silk bow ties by **Sartor Resartus**  
Garden Party bow ties by **Bowtiful Ties**  
All other clothes models own









## For the love of SPORT

Roxana Antohi  
CROQUET

May Week rarely goes well with sports. All you do is drink, party, dance, then lie in bed for an entire day, hoping for a miraculous hangover cure. But if there's one thing you should try in Cambridge while the sun is shining and you desperately need to get over last night's endeavours, it's croquet.

I tried it on a breezy yet sunny day, following a week of debauchery. I'd become a shadow of a woman. Pale, with a husky voice, and with my entire body in pain, I felt like getting out of bed was challenging enough, let alone going out to play a sport. But it had to be done. So I turned up (or rather crawled) to the King's Fellows' Garden, where my croquet-trained friends were ready to introduce me to their world.

We got out four colourful balls, six hoops and a peg from a chest hidden in the furthest corner of the garden. The instructions written on the inside of the chest's lid required that before playing, we go to the Cambridge Wine Merchants. Luckily, I was surrounded by pros – a bottle of Lanson Black was waiting for us.

We poured the wine and got going. I had to choose a ball (I went for red, it matched my shoes) and then stuck with it for the entire game. I had to get the ball through the hoops by hitting it with a mallet, in a pre-determined order. Whenever I got my ball through the hoop, I got another go. The best bit about it, however, was the rule regarding hitting another ball (called a roquet). Whenever I managed to do it, I could pick my ball up and place it in contact with the other ball. Then I could strike it again and get another go.

It might seem complicated, but when you're on the field it all just makes sense. The rules are really easy to pick up. What I found so funny about it was how gentlemanly yet vicious it was. Although you drink Champagne and you wear blazers, you do your best to make sure the opposing team lose. Rather than just using your skill at hitting the ball in order to win, you also use it to make your opponent lose by getting their balls as far away from the hoops as possible. I've never played a sport with rules like this before.

It was so fun to mess up someone else's strategy by getting their ball out of the way and getting yours in. It brings out the worst in you, regardless of the fact that your opponent is in fact your best friend. The more I drank, the better I got – in fact, I was the first one to hit the final peg. I wasn't particularly graceful about it, but after winning, glasses of champagne were clinked with the opponents and we were all friends again.

# A fantasy football World Cup

How your dreamteam ruins the World Cup (and your life)

Emily Chan

Sports Correspondent

England are playing Uruguay. Luis Suarez has a one-on-one chance on goal. You hold your breath. You are deeply conflicted. You desperately want the 5 points to your name, but obviously you still want England to win. Joe Hart stumbles to the ground. Goal?! Suarez fires the ball over the crossbar. Phew.

Fantasy Football ruins your World Cup. You forget about enjoying the football. Spain v Netherlands was a torturous experience. Never mind the goal fest – Cesc Fabregas and Pedro are in your midfield. Chan United is sitting at the bottom of the league with nul points, and you really need Cesc to put in a big performance.

You are irrationally angry when Lukas Podolski doesn't start against Portugal. In fact you spend the whole match asking why Podolski isn't playing despite the fact that Germany are winning 3-0. You do a mini celebration when he comes on. He doesn't score, alas. When Pepe (otherwise known as Képler Laveran Lima Ferreira) gets sent off for a Zidane-esque headbutt on a player he already knocked over, you are furious, but not at the violence.

Never mind though – it could be worse. One of your friends picked his players in some kind of trance, meaning that Phil Jones has somehow ended up in his dream team despite the fact he doesn't even make England's starting XI. Now he's being ludicrously optimistic in predicting that Jones will score a hat-trick in the next match.

In fact, most of his choices are based



The glory of Fantasy Football victory is far out of reach sitting at 876632nd place in the league

on who is performing well on Football Manager, resulting in the little-known Ecuadorian centre back Frickson Erazo being selected. At least his team is a bargain, keeping £10m under budget.

In this universe Manchester City and Bosnia and Herzegovina player Edin Dzeko only costs £3m, compared to his transfer fee of £27m. Wayne Rooney only costs £6m – which is probably the price of his new bed of hair.

While Luke Shaw's earliest World Cup memory is Frank Lampard's disallowed goal against Germany four years ago, your 2010 World Cup was defined not by Andrés Iniesta's winner in extra time, but the clean sheet maintained

by Iker Casillas and his solid back four. All you needed was for Spain not to concede in order to be crowned the victorious manager in the league. You even wore a suit for the occasion. You got pretty sweaty.

What will define your World Cup this year? You'll forever remember 2014 as the year when attacking trio of Thomas Muller, Lionel Messi, and Robin van Persie went on to win the Fantasy World Cup League. The year that Phil Jones takes the golden boot. Currently sitting in position 876632, it's unlikely.

Some see Fantasy Football as a springboard to eventually taking Eng-

land to the World Cup Final, in real life. Surely you could do better than Gary Neville? What does he know about World Cup success?

For others, the stress is getting too much, with online support groups springing up all over the place to save those suffering from the curse of Fantasy Football addiction.

In fact, a quick Google search reveals a host of articles entitled "Fantasy Football Ruined My Marriage", or at an extreme level, "Fantasy Football Ruined My Life!!!"

Fantasy Football is looking likely to ruin the 2014 World Cup. Chan United may have been a dream too far.

# Cambridge win Poker crown

Light Blues emerge victorious at relaunched Varsity competition at the Oxford Union

Mark Hammond

Sports Correspondent

Last weekend saw the return of the Oxford versus Cambridge poker varsity match. An event which saw the Cambridge poker society send a team of 6 to Oxford to battle the dark blues on the poker felt. This year Cambridge walked away the victors.

After a few year hiatus in the rivalry between the two poker societies, both teams were determined to secure victory for their university. Cambridge captain Mark Hammond said before the event "We are extremely glad to have brought back the Varsity competition this year and the stakes have never been higher." This enthusiasm was more than matched by Gabriel Tiplady, Oxford captain. "The rivalry is a burgeoning one; the beginning of the varsity match as an annual event should see a sharp rise in tensions between the two sides." The Oxford captain was also full of confidence prior to the tournament following Oxford's success in other varsity events. "We've



Oxford keep their cool on their way to a convincing loss

smashed them on the water and on the rugby field. It makes sense that we'll smash them on the felt. Tabs, prepare to be shoed."

The event format allowed for plenty of play between the two teams. Each of the 6 members faced off against all 6 opponents one on one, each victory adding to the starting number of chips each team had at the final and decisive table. The Cambridge six contained an impressive mix of courses: Captain

Mark Hammond (History), Josh Kirklin (Maths), Jack West (Medicine), Alessandro Barbieri (Land Economy), Xuesheng You (History PhD) and Robin Clancy (Maths).

Things began with little to split the two sides as the opening round's honours were shared at three apiece; the balance however was short lived. In the following round Cambridge stretched out a commanding 17-8 lead, with wildcard selection West and You

particularly impressive. It took a late rally in the closing two rounds, spear-headed by Mehmet Tar to bring Oxford back to within touching distance at 20-16. This meant that as proceedings moved the final table Cambridge held a slight lead.

Events moved quickly at the final table and once again Cambridge made the most of the early stages. Before long there was only Yousisif Moneimne left waving the dark blue flag, surrounded by 4 Cambridge players. Despite Yousisif's best efforts he was unable to beat his remaining opponents, with the Cambridge captain delivering the decisive blow to secure the victory for his team.

Mark was delighted to have won the varsity event, and was the first to commend his fellow Cambridge teammates' and opponent's performances: "The Cambridge team played well, we deserved it. Both teams gave a good account of themselves, but we led it all the way." The Oxford captain was magnanimous in defeat, proud of not only the effort of his players but also the success of the event itself: "This has definitely been the highlight of leading the Oxford Poker Society, there's something special about the rivalry between our two universities, the venue [Oxford Union] has been amazing, the interest and support from Full Tilt Poker – yeah, it's been truly great."



# Light Blues ready to serve up success

Constantine Markides

Sports Correspondent

For most students the corks have been popped and it's time to party, but the CULTC Men's 1st Team have unfinished business as they anxiously prepare to take on the Dark Blues at the National Tennis Centre in Roehampton from the 30th June to the 2nd July. This will be the 124th Varsity meeting between the two sides with Cambridge boasting seventy-two wins compared to Oxford's forty-two wins and a total of nine draws. Having won the last eight Varsity matches in a row, there is extra motivation in the Light Blue camp to go the extra mile to ensure that this year is just as successful.

The Varsity match comprises twenty-one matches which are spread over three days with a round of singles on the 1st day, followed by one round of singles and doubles on the 2nd day and two rounds of doubles on the 3rd day. This exhausting programme means that team spirit, fitness and mental strength will be key in determining the overall outcome. Constantine Markides (Captain) is fortunate to have a team of talented, motivated and hard-working fighters who have adopted his new fitness regime and will be in great shape come the big day. In the lead up to Varsity, the Blues have a series of friendly fixtures at Fenner's against the Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire and Norfolk County Teams, the Old Blues and Reeds School.

The Light Blues also continue to train hard, with five sessions a week. Two of these are with British tennis legend Nick Brown who reached the 3rd round of Wimbledon in 1991 after defeating Goran Ivanisevic in the 2nd round. Additionally, there are two fitness sessions a week, focusing on stamina and on-court footwork which should serve the team well in the coming few weeks.

Both sides have had to adapt to changes in their line-ups, the Dark

Blues having lost their main man Tim Matthewson, whilst the Light Blues will have to do without former Captain Sven Sylvester, James Shacklock and Charlie Cohen. Nevertheless, there is a healthy mix of Varsity experience and freshness amongst this year's squad of 9 (Constantine Markides, Tim Prossor, Sam Ashcroft, Neil Cordon, Jamie Muirhead, Gerald Wu, Rob Legg, Sam Kemp and Alastair Kwan), with tough competition for places in the 8-man Varsity team. In the last three Varsity matches, the final result has gone down to the wire with the doubles proving pivotal; this year, with the fire-power the Cambridge camp has, they are optimistic about inflicting damage on their Dark Blue foe in the singles.

The Men's 2nd team are also preparing for their Varsity match (21st and 22nd June, away at Iffley Road, Oxford). Captain Martin Bachman is set to make a third Varsity appearance alongside fellow veteran Harry Brunton and youngster Jerry Ganendra. Returning Varsity winners, Alex Cole and Vasya Kusmartsev, greatly strengthen the team, with both having competed for the Blues for much of the season. The remaining 3 places provide a selection headache for Martin with Alex Ross, Nic Zbinden, Zac Lloyd and Kamran Tajbakhsh all boasting excellent BUCS results and offering mountains of fresh talent. The team are training most days and are hoping to build on a recent run of Varsity successes as they go in search of another Colours Cup.

The next few weeks will define the teams' seasons, with a year of hard work and preparation culminating in the Varsity matches. The difference between triumph and defeat will come down to small margins and the players will appreciate all the support they can get. The standard of tennis looks set to be as high as always and spectators are very welcome. GDBO!

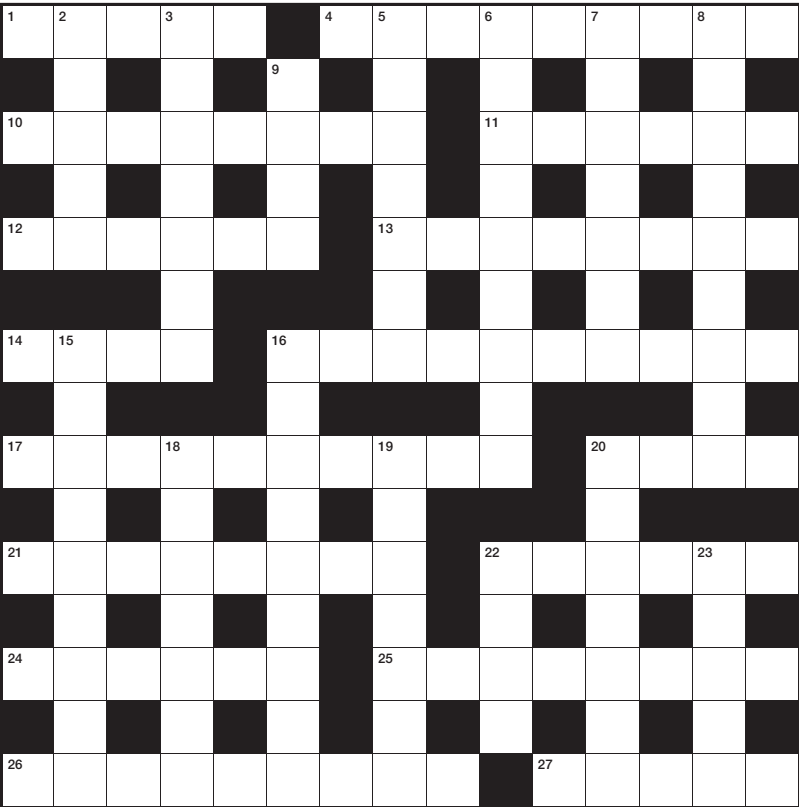
*The women's Varsity and second's matches will take place alongside the mens at the National Tennis Centre and Iffley Road Oxford respectively.*



Gonzales realised that he had psychic abilities when he foretold the sad death of Paul the Octopus four years ago. Paul was the star of the 2010 World Cup, when he correctly predicted the winner of all seven of Germany's matches. Our Gonzales reckons that Chile and Netherlands will qualify tomorrow, in a shock exit for Spain.

## The Varsity May Week Crossword

Stephen Clarke



ACROSS

- 1 Jolly minor, but not small (5)
- 4 4, 22d Continue a poem unravelling narrative cliché (4, 4, 1, 4)
- 10 Unambiguous without a setter to fashion comical homage (8)
- 11 Fading blues musician loses a grand chasing drugs (6)
- 12 Disavowing heart, say yes on return journey (6)
- 13 Better alternative society garden parties take place here? (8)
- 14 Among adults, might intellectuals discuss origins? (4)
- 16 Utensil for stirring accompaniments to steak – they're in the pot (5, 5)
- 17 Fundamental principle: formal or laid-back? (10)
- 20 Academic doctor finding love with end of quest (4)
- 21 Revolutionary girl going topless – reason for being turned away from May ball or festival? (8)
- 22 Young lover's endless kiss – a source of fun for the young (3, 3)
- 24 British student heading into bar in foreign country (6)
- 25 Timeless? Wrong, including time! (8)
- 26 Pack animal is model worker – he helps (9)
- 27 Hide around wood, after getting lost at first (5)

DOWN

- 2 Bigwig looking to enclose Arctic dwelling (5)
- 3 Cambridge university housing beginning with a camper van on Alpha Road (7)
- 5 Labour holds onto happy ending, going after Newcastle city (3,4)
- 6 The Spanish and English court having spoken for political college in America? (9)
- 7 Music for pipes, piano and choir performing without bass (7)
- 8 Taboo about wine being brought up on head of punt – don't overdo it! (3, 6)
- 9 Woman harbouring love for footwear (4)
- 15 Convoluted diagrams exhibiting royal party (5, 4)
- 16 Greeting cut short following wine and cheese (4, 5)
- 18 Lives in enclosures surrounded by motorway with dips on the surface (7)
- 19 Perform perfectly just after midnight, coming up from Europe (7)
- 20 A week away from current festivities, an exam pertaining to Johnson perhaps? (7)
- 22 See 4
- 23 A knockout surrounding like elevated city in the Land of the Rising Sun (5)



# Sport



## World Cup Exclusive

We predict the results of today's three nail biting football matches



New Zealand international Rachel Candy coaches the Cambridge women's cricket team seam bowlers

## International coaching for Cambridge cricketers

England captain and Wisden cricketer of the year, visits women's cricket team ahead of Varsity

**Katharine Russell**  
*Sports correspondent*

This week England captain Charlotte Edwards returned to her home town of Cambridge to deliver a masterclass to the Cambridge University Women's Cricket Team (CUWCC).

Charlotte arrived at Fenner's Indoor Cricket School on the back of several months of huge achievements that have cemented her status as one of the all-time cricketing greats. In April this year she was named as one of the five Wisden Cricketers of the Year, being only the second woman to be awarded the accolade, after fellow England international Claire Taylor in 2009. In May she was awarded one of the first ever English Cricket Board full time contracts for female players, and this month was named England women's

Cricketer of the Year.

There was a huge buzz surrounding the event as Charlotte drew up to Fenner's along with Surrey County player and New Zealand international Rachel Candy. However, any feelings of being star struck quickly abated as the two women set the team to a fast paced warm up with barely a chance to catch their breath.

Rachel then took charge of the seam bowlers, watching them ping ball after ball at an orange foam target set on the top of the off stump. The improvement over the two hours of the session was visible, with the girls noting that it was the best and most consistent that they had ever bowled.

Meanwhile, in the neighbouring net, Charlotte coached the batsmen on techniques to play off spin. She urged the girls to attack the ball with confidence, and stride down the wicket to flighted deliveries. They then watched in awe at her impressive demonstrations, trying hard to replicate her shots.

Charlotte's own confidence and ease with a bat was made evident in the outdoor fielding drills. After some ground fielding she announced a high catching competition, with one of her own

England shirts as the prize. Her high standards were clear as she sent girls to the bench who failed to dive for the more wayward balls, some of which plummeted through tree branches and over the boundary of the men's match

**"IT WAS EVIDENT TO EVERYONE INVOLVED THAT EDWARDS LOVES THE GAME, URGING EVERYONE PLAYING CRICKET TO 'SIMPLY ENJOY IT!'"**

that was taking place at the same time. The captain, Nikki Ravi, rightly won the competition although her twin, Neeru Ravi, took an inadvertent ball to the head for which Charlotte was very apologetic. Throughout the session, it was evident to everyone involved that Edwards loves the game, urging everyone playing Cricket simply to 'enjoy it'!

Charlotte has inspired numerous women in cricket, including Rachel

Candy. Rachel told the team how she had recently discovered a bat which Charlotte had autographed for her at the beginning of her career, when she was still at school. She is pleased that women's cricket is in a 'healthy' state at present and praises England for leading the development of the women's game. Rachel, like Charlotte, played a great deal of boys' cricket in her early years and commends it as a way to take girls out of their comfort zone, forcing them to 'dive around in the field' and not being afraid to commit to the more 'challenging' parts of the game.

As shown by the catching contest, Rachel emphasised the importance of competition to keeping teams motivated and performing at their best. Not content with just winning at cricket, at the end of her international fixtures, Rachel challenges the fastest person in the opposition to a race across the pitch, proudly noting that she is, as yet, undefeated.

Within the University, women's cricket is growing in

popularity with a 20 member squad this year, and the first ever girls cricket Cuppers tournament being held on Monday 16th June. As well as the main squad, there are many girls who attend open training sessions because they enjoy the game and are keen to improve. Steve Taylor, the CUWCC coach, also works with the Cambridgeshire county sides and has been instrumental in developing the university women's team this year.

This season Cambridge lost very narrowly to Oxford in the BUCS league and Varsity T20, due in part to unfortunate exam clashes. However, the side is confident that a full strength squad will be able to offer Oxford a much greater challenge in the fifty over match at Lords on Friday 20th June. Charlotte and Rachel's masterclass was a fantastic confidence booster ahead of this highly anticipated match.

*The men's 50 over Varsity match is also taking place at Lords on Friday 20th June. The four day match will begin on Monday 30 June at the Parks.*

