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Issue 794 | Friday 16th October 2015

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Issue 794

Friday 16th October 2015

# VARSITY

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## Sixth Tripos in six years

**Archaeology to form own Tripos as finalist numbers plummet only two years after original merger with HSPS**

**Joe Robinson**  
Deputy News Editor

The General Board of the University of Cambridge has recommended plans to separate archaeology into its own Tripos only two years after the Archaeology and Anthropology Tripos was withdrawn.

According to a report submitted by the General Board of the Faculties, responsible for the academic education policy of the university, archaeology is to be spun off into its own Tripos with effect from October 2017.

The recommendations from the General Board, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor of the university among others, come only two years after archaeology, alongside social and biological anthropology, became part of the Human, Social and Political Sciences (HSPS) Tripos, whose first students matriculated in October 2013.

Previously, students had been able to study either the Politics, Psychology and Sociology (PPS) Tripos or the Archaeology and Anthropology Tripos, with students borrowing papers from the other Tripos on a regular basis.

Similar to current plans, psychology was separated into its own Psychological and Behavioural Sciences (PBS) Tripos in 2013.

The report states that the motivation for creating a separate Archaeology Tripos was to "provide a more focused core" than the Archaeology and Anthropology or HSPS Triposes while

still allowing students to borrow papers from HSPS.

The remaining Human, Social and Political Sciences Tripos will consist of politics, international relations, sociology and social anthropology.

The proposed Archaeology Tripos is also intended, by virtue of its separate identity, to remedy the issue of the falling number of applicants applying to study the archaeology stream resulting from a "loss of visibility" since archaeology was integrated into the HSPS Tripos.

The report notes that, on current evidence, the annual intake for those wishing to study archaeology within the current Tripos arrangements will amount to no more than 10 students.

The new Archaeology Tripos is anticipated to have an annual intake of between 20 and 30 students, rising to between 40 and 50 students within a few years.

The separation of archaeology into its own Tripos will accompany other efforts to increase student numbers to the area, including taster days, school visits and college-linked outreach activities, intended to introduce potential applicants to archaeology.

The papers from which students can choose over Parts I, IIA and IIB are largely the same as those which they can choose within the archaeology track of the HSPS Tripos as currently administered.

Students will also be able to borrow papers from the HSPS and Classical Triposes.

*Student reactions: page 4*



**Where there's a Will:** Prince William visiting St. John's yesterday after officially reopening the newly refurbished School of Pythagoras

## Divided response over cancelled 'slum' event

**Jack Higgins**  
Deputy News Editor

An event to simulate the conditions of poverty that drew fierce criticism across the Cambridge student body has been cancelled, with its organisers issuing an apology.

Giving What We Can Cambridge (GWWC) told *Varsity* that they "now see how the simulation might have come across problematically and are deeply sorry for any offence... caused".

*Varsity* previously reported criticism of Clare Cellars' intention to turn their event space into a "run-down oppressive slum" as "deeply disturbing, inappropriate and an affront to the dignity of the people who actually live in poverty every day".

*The Independent* has since reported on the student backlash and the way the society had to "bow down to pressure".

GWWC's spokesperson defended their intentions of trying to "deepen students' understanding of the issues involved in extreme poverty, with the hope that it would motivate students to take action".

They added that poverty is "not a spectacle" or "a game" to be enjoyed but a "reality" for 1.2 billion people and that "many" GWWC members "donate at least 10% of their incomes to help eradicate extreme poverty".

Particular criticism was aimed at the way the event was marketed, particularly the use of a black child as the banner on the Facebook event.

Ethical Action, the organisation invited by GWWC to run the simulation, told *Varsity* that what had happened was "regrettable" and recognised the marketing of event – for which they played no role – may have strongly influenced the backlash.

*Continued on page 4*

**INSIDE:**

**FESTIVAL OF IDEAS, MENTAL HEALTH INVESTIGATION, NOBEL SUCCESS**



# It is time to act on mental health

*"One in four people, like me, have a mental health problem. Many more people have a problem with that."*

So said Stephen Fry, one of Cambridge's most famous alumni, and perhaps the most well-known to have suffered from a mental health condition. Thankfully, a raft of recurrent student-led campaigns and new student societies have consistently raised the visibility of mental health issues among the current student body to a level far higher than was seen in Fry's time. Groups like the #endweek5blues campaign and Student Minds Cambridge continue to highlight the perennially high incidence of mental health problems among students, while movements like Destigmatise Sunday work to change the subtle linguistic cues of trivialisation that demean one of the most isolating medical conditions. Martha Perotto-Wills has already argued on this newspaper's website that the same trivialisation results

from the continued use of terms like "Week 5 blues". A chocolate bar in your pigeon hole won't cure depression, and the sooner we realise this, the more seriously we will begin to take our fellow students' mental health problems.

But there is a bigger problem. One would think, given this continued emphasis, that student services were responding accordingly, especially when a 2014 CUSU survey revealed that almost half of respondents found dealing with stress and anxiety had become a problem in their student life. Unfortunately, Dermot Trainor's investigation into this issue reveals a far darker reality.

As has been pointed out in this newspaper in various forms over the years, many things vary between colleges, from the provision of travel grants, to the quality of tutorial support, and the number of supervision hours. As this investigation makes clear, the disparate levels of support

across colleges remains a significant problem.

But investigations should not just uncover the problems – they should also offer solutions. If investigations into welfare provision within the collegiate system simply continue to uncover the same disparities without offering practical solutions as to how those problems can be tackled, those students who were brave enough to inform student reporters, survey-takers and campaigners of their struggles will have those struggles unaddressed. When the chorus grows loud enough, such conclusions descend into platitudes – and such platitudes become as commonplace as stash, swaps and Cindies, becoming as trivial as terms like "Week 5 blues".

Instead, we need solutions. We hope this investigation, with its concrete proposals about basic cross-college welfare provisions and model colleges to follow, strikes a rather different tone.

## INVESTIGATION

### College mental health provision

Dermot Trainor examines the provisions in place for students suffering from depression (page 7)



## SCIENCE

### Interview: Dr. Kristian Franze

Joy Thompson interviews the man at the cutting edge of biophysics in Cambridge (page 9)



## INTERVIEW

### Gerry Gilmore

Naomi Obeng talks to the Cambridge astronomer about looking the technology which is looking at the stars (page 10)



## COMMENT

### Why Jeremy Hunt is wrong on junior doctors' contracts

Charlie Bell says students must support doctors (page 11)



## FEATURES

### Memoirs of Ex-Freshers

Liz Fraser and Jonny Dillon look back at their Freshers' Weeks three and 23 years ago (page 18)



## REVIEWS

### Fever @ Kuda

Aodhán Kelly is thoroughly impressed by the first Turf event of the term at Life (page 25)



## Varsity Writers' Meetings

Varsity will be holding meetings for aspiring writers, photographers, illustrators, designers and sub-editors every Monday in our offices at 16 Mill Lane at 6:30pm.

Come along, or email [editor@varsity.co.uk](mailto:editor@varsity.co.uk) to find out more.

## Clarifications and Corrections [editor@varsity.co.uk](mailto:editor@varsity.co.uk)

Last week's *Varsity* story 'Dark Times at the UL' incorrectly stated that all 18 staff members working at the University Library Bindery had already been made redundant. In fact, while all 18 jobs will go as the department remains earmarked for closure, the consultation process is still ongoing.

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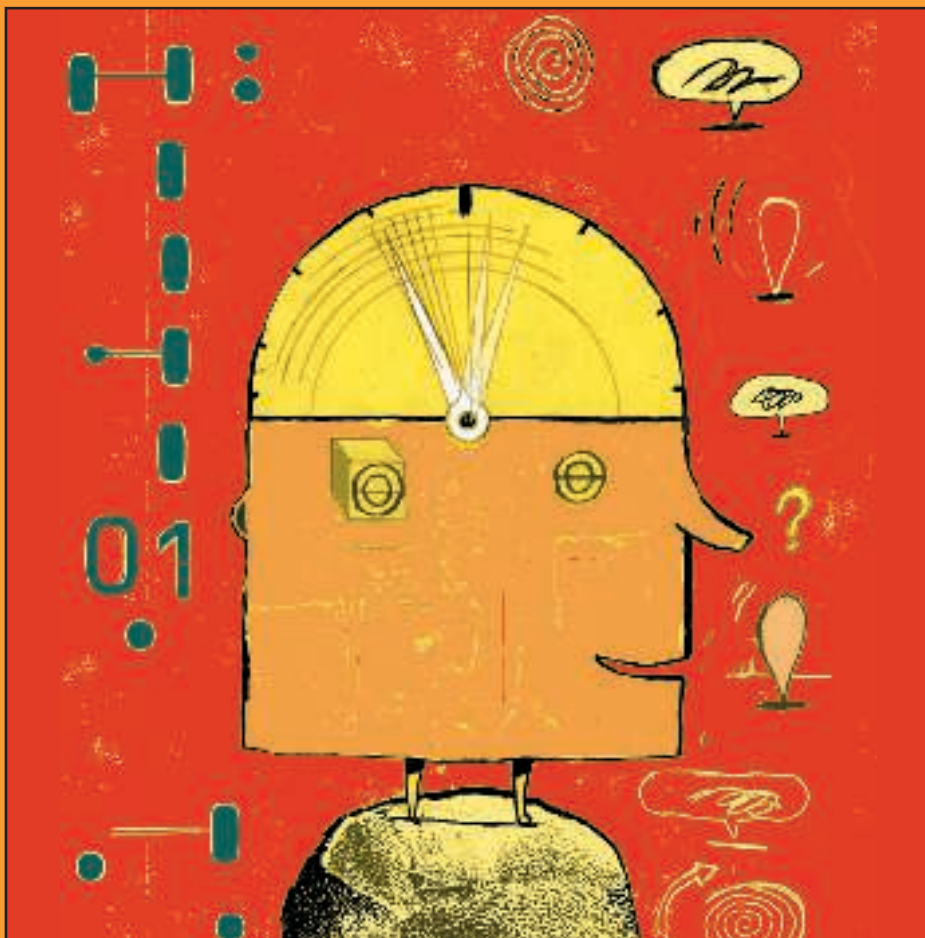


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# A troubled tripos



Students sceptical of continued changes to flagship social sciences course

**Joe Robinson**  
Deputy News Editor

The proposed separation of archaeology into its own Tripos, as has been proposed this week, is not the first time that Triposes accommodating the human, social and political sciences have been altered.

Until 1970, students could only take papers on social science topics, such as politics and sociology, within the framework of existing Triposes such as history and economics. The creation of the Social and Political Sciences (SPS) Committee in 1970 was a key step legitimating psychology, sociology and political science as independent fields of study.

The SPS Tripos, which became the Politics, Psychology and Sociology (PPS) Tripos in 2009 following the creation of the Faculty of Politics, Psychology, Sociology and International Studies (PPSIS), went from strength to strength.

The interdisciplinary Tripos benefitted from the expertise of practitioners in their individual subjects, including the Cambridge school of political thought pioneered by Quentin Skinner and continued by David Runciman,

Christopher Hill's contributions to the study of foreign policy analysis, and Patrick Baert's contributions to the study of social theory.

The original Archaeology and Anthropology Tripos, which was founded 100 years ago this year, enjoyed notable academic success with such notable academics as Alan Macfarlane and graduates of the Tripos including actor Hugh Laurie and former Deputy Prime Minister Nick Clegg.

In 2013, the PPS and Arch & Anth Triposes combined to form the Human, Social and Political Sciences Tripos, comprising of politics, international relations, sociology, anthropology and archaeology, including subfields such as Assyriology and biological anthropology.

Psychology was simultaneously removed from HSPS and became its own course, the Psychological and Behavioural Sciences (PBS) Tripos, intended to encompass all aspects of human behaviour.

The new Archaeology Tripos, which will take its first students in 2017 and thereby reduce the number of students admitted to the continuing HSPS course, is intended to give archaeology an independent identity in the same way that psychology was given that through the PBS Tripos.

Ben Simpson, a HSPS finalist, commenting on the plans for a separate Archaeology Tripos, stated that he

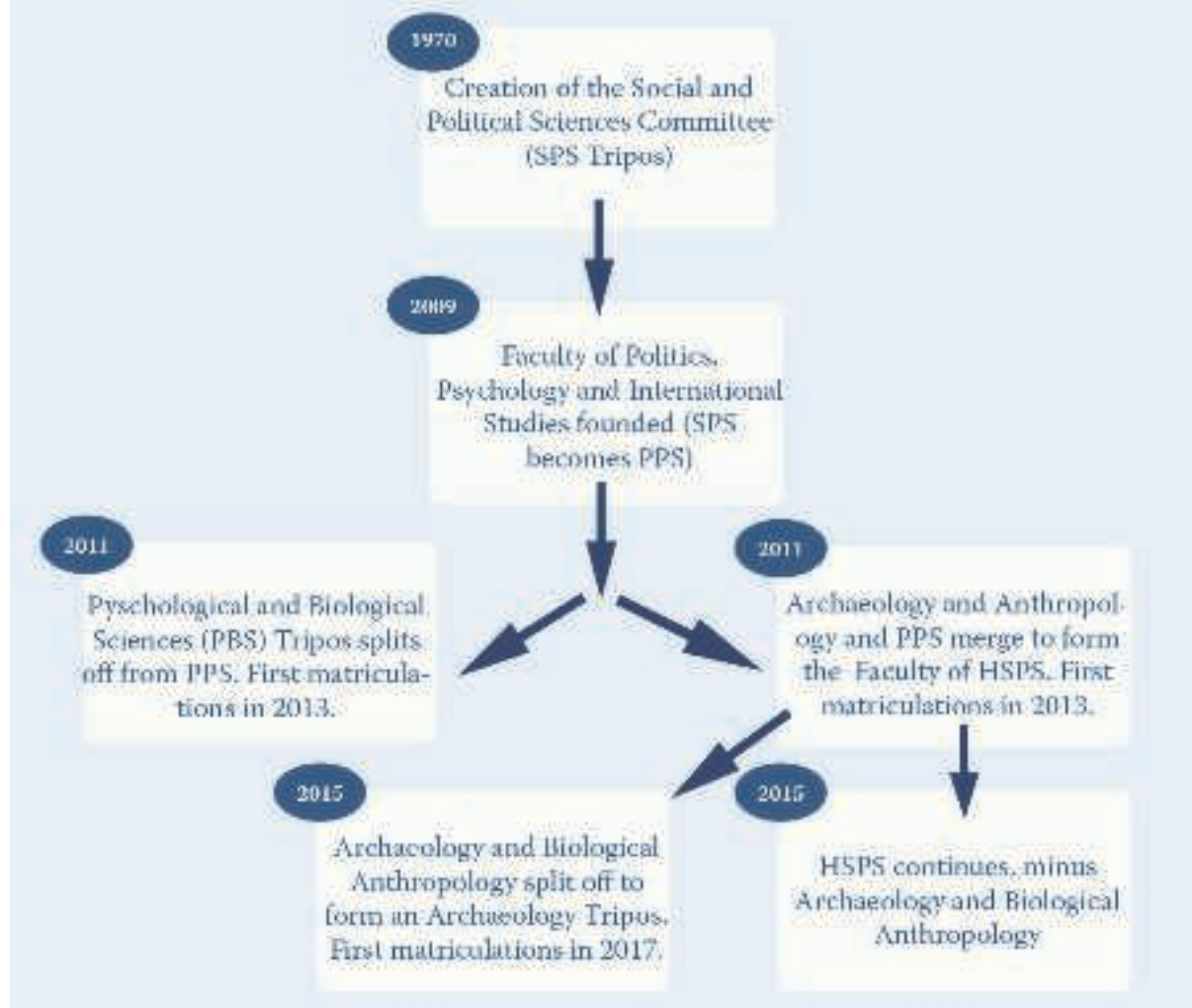
was "unsurprised" because "archaeology was always the rebellious child of HSPS" which "didn't fit in".

However, he was concerned about the "prestige" of the HSPS Tripos following the removal of archaeology, given that the removal of a subject would mean that the name HSPS would provoke "confusion".

He stated that in order for HSPS to maintain name recognition with employers and a reputation as a prestigious and legitimate academic endeavour, it "needs to be more consistent".

Another HSPS third year, speaking anonymously on the changes, said that the splitting of Social and Biological Anthropology into two separate

## HSPS Through the Ages



Triposes "didn't make a lot of sense" even though "most politics students take Soc Anth in their first year and most archaeologists take Bio Anth."

"I understand why Archaeology wants to split off again, and that both Triposes will still be able to borrow each other's modules, but the course has now changed so often it has lost all name recognition and anthropologists do seem to lose out."

A third year PBS student who wished to remain anonymous, when asked how the course fared after its break off from PPS, told *Varsity* that "wasn't the degree I thought I was signing up for" as the option to only take psychology papers is only given in the final year,

with 50 per cent of papers in the first two years being borrowed.

"Psychology is such a broad topic that there is definitely enough content to be able to teach three full years of psychology related things. By always being the additional students in a department we start at a disadvantage as never have the same background as those doing the module."

Another PBS student said that it "ha[d] been a bit of a nightmare at times", adding that "the frequency of supervisions was very different among different colleges and while we had quite a lot other friends who had hardly any because basically no one knew what was required."



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## Cancelled poverty event organisers issue apology

*Continued from front page*

They also felt that the cancellation might have come "as a result of comments from people who had likely not participated" in one of their events.

**MANY PARTICIPANTS ARE LEFT WITH A "DEEPER" AND "DIFFERENT" IMPRESSION**

In a statement, Empathy Action said their aim "is to promote the prevention and relief of poverty by providing experiential learning opportunities."

They added that many participants are left with a "deeper" and "different" impression from their events.

"Many report that they have become more involved in seeking to eradicate

poverty, supporting evidence that empathy correlates to pro-social behaviour."

Nungari Mwangi, President of Cambridge University's African Society, confirmed to *Varsity* that she has sent a letter to the organisers of the event detailing the society's grievances, and that they are working on "further discussions" to look at "appropriate" ways to raise awareness of poverty and other issues with student societies in the future.

Clare College MCR's Secretary also released a statement to *Varsity* regarding earlier controversy over a post referring to the event:

"The MCR bulletin is an unmoderated news feed of adverts sent to us to display. The Clare College MCR does not control, monitor or guarantee the information contained in these sites or information contained in links to other external websites, and does not endorse any views expressed or products or services offered therein."



# Festival of Ideas 2015 to focus on power, privacy and politics

**Louis Ashworth**  
News Correspondent

The University of Cambridge's Festival of Ideas will begin on Monday – but be careful who you tell. The theme this year, 'Power and Resistance', covers a range of topics; from censorship to surveillance, data tracking to Tory-themed doom metal, and much more.

The festival, which runs from Monday 19th October to Sunday 1st November, will revolve around a core series of events, highlighting oppression and surveillance as key topics.

The internet will come under scrutiny as experts muse upon its increasing capacity to monitor its users.

The annual event will feature a wide range of well-known speakers, including BBC Creative Director Alan Yentob, *Mail on Sunday* columnist Peter Hitchens, and former Archbishop of Canterbury and current Master of Magdalene College, Rowan Williams.

Events will take place across the town, with the University of Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin University opening their doors, along with many theatres, faculties, pubs, colleges and halls.

Among the highlights will be 'Data Shadow', created by artist Mark Farid. The installation will allow individuals to enter a shipping container placed in central Cambridge, and face their own 'data shadow' – all the information they have shared online for anyone to see. In the wake of the Ashley Madison data scandal, Farid hopes the exhibition will prompt the public to



Alan Yentob, #TORYCORE, and Rowan Williams are all set to feature in this year's Festival

become more aware of how much information they reveal online, and raise questions about the value of privacy in an interconnected world.

The Cambridge Junction will play host on Wednesday 21st October to #TORYCORE, an austerity-inspired fusing of 'sludge and doom metal' with the words of Chancellor George Osborne's July Budget. The event, 'part metal-recital, part exorcism', has been designed to be the musical equivalent of "a government ripping out society's guts" in "a pounding, subverbal death-growl". Entry will be free, but those who attend are encouraged to donate to Cambridge Food Bank and other local charities.

Elsewhere, journalists Bidisha and Peter Hitchens, feminist writer Julie Bindel and Cambridge sociologist Ella McPherson will discuss censorship through omission, and the new

challenges and questions regarding freedom of expression raised by the internet, as part of the topic of 'Hidden Voices'. BBC Creative Director Alan Yentob will discuss the past, present and future of the corporation, and Rowan Williams will participate in a debate on religion in schools. Alan Sked, founder of UKIP, will take part in a debate on the European Union's role as a peacekeeping organisation. The author Helen Moss will speak at an event examining the depiction of the antagonism between children and adults in children's mystery fiction.

The festival, which is in its eighth year, will also play host to a varied cohort of academics, Cambridge professors and local experts. RAND Europe analyst Dr Chris Giacomantonio will discuss the unlikely role of horses in criminal justice, a capacity in which they have shown "unexpected

resilience". The event will also be attended by two police horses from the City of London Mounted Branch and their riders.

“  
THE MUSICAL EQUIVALENT OF  
"A GOVERNMENT RIPPING OUT  
SOCIETY'S GUTS"

Astronomer Royal and Cambridge professor Lord Martin Rees will spearhead a series of scientific talks, including such topics as the state of humanity in 2050, artificial intelligence, and territorial disputes in outer space, covering themes of technology, ethics and the future.

Film fans can join university experts on right-wing violence and gender for a viewing of Andres Veiel's award-winning film *Der Kick* (The Kick, 2006), followed by a group Q&A. The film, which depicts neo-Nazi crime in Germany, portrays themes of brutality and alienation.

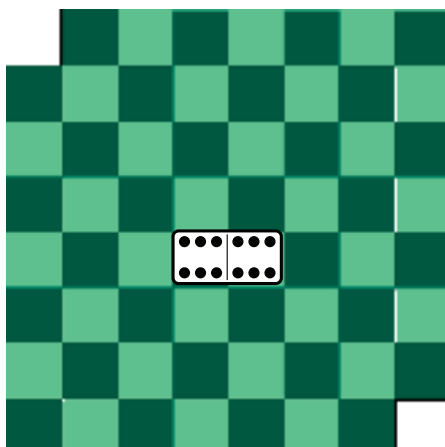
There also promises to be some light-hearted soul-searching in the shape of *Kindness*, the latest show by comedian and failed Buddhist monk Sam Brady. Brady, who left monasticism behind after three years, will reflect on the struggles of being a 'good person', and questioning why kindness is such an undervalued quality.

Last year, the festival sparked international discussion after Cambridge researchers launched 'Hip Hop Psych', an organisation promoting the use of hip-hop music in psychiatric therapy.

Rhyme aficionados must be sated this year with something a little more old-school, as Shakespeare experts Paul Edmondson and Stanley Wells discuss the bard's personal life, friends and family, and how they influenced his work.

As well as a wide-range of talks, there are also a number of workshops to attend, including reading poetry, learning meditation, interpreting scripture and exploring the power of selfies. For those who yearn for a hands-on role in the UK's finances, the Faculty of Economics will play host to a team-based interactive British economy videogame.

The full list of events and details on how to book can be found at [www.festivalofideas.cam.ac.uk](http://www.festivalofideas.cam.ac.uk).



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# Under pressure?

*Dermot Trainor examines the challenges faced by students suffering from depression and the services which care for them*



Stephen Fry, one of Cambridge's most famous alumnus whose struggles with bipolar disorder and depression are well-known, once said: "One in four people, like me, have a mental health problem. Many more people have a problem with that". Encapsulated within this statement is the stigma that remains attached to mental illness, especially depression, within society at large, even towards the archetypal 'brilliant sophisticate' Stephen Fry, who threw himself into activities like a true polymath while at Cambridge. From an outsider's perspective, the legendary 'Cambridge Lifestyle' conjures up caricatured images of super-human students, breathlessly pursuing a kaleidoscope of endeavours from the worlds of music, sport and academia, seemingly all at once.

Yet stripping away the 'super-human' stereotype reveals that Cambridge's prodigious pace often has an all-too-human cost. As revealed by 'The Big Cambridge Survey' of 2014, "almost half of students feel that dealing with stress and anxiety has become a problem in their student life" with 43 per cent of students feeling that "Cambridge had a negative impact on their mental health", spawning a variety of disorders, including depression. Indeed, never before has the public been as aware of the dark influence of clinical depression as now. And happily this shift also appears to be mirrored

within Cambridge. The President of Student Minds Cambridge (SMC), an organisation set up to assist student welfare, describes having seen a conversation about mental health "really open up", with "people talking about it more" and "an increase in mental health coverage by the student press". Discussing the trend of increasing awareness, CUSU's Welfare Officer explains that "depression is probably the most known about" of all mental health issues, doubtless a far cry from Fry's time.

“

THE QUESTION THEN, IS NOT QUALITY, BUT QUANTITY

However, making it possible to talk openly about depression is clearly only the first step in removing the stain of stigma which continues to afflict those who suffer from it. As one recently graduated medic describes, "while many of us are reasonably comfortable talking about mental health, we simply do not know how to deal with it practically".

In this sense, one way in which Cambridge mirrors society at large is the under-funding of mental health services. All of those with whom I have corresponded on this topic have been as unanimous in asserting the "high quality" and "professional" care that the University Counselling Service (UCS) provides students as they were in stressing how "overstretched" and "underfunded" it was. One student currently undergoing a course of therapy through the UCS described it as "great" and "incredibly useful" but also "horribly overstretched". The UCS tends to run six-week courses described as "very useful" by the current CUSU Welfare Officer. Yet this same student had to wait "four to six weeks to get an appointment". The NHS was likewise taking "another two to four months for any kind of therapy". St Catharine's College MCR Welfare Officer Charlotte Northrop concurred in saying that the "NHS services have long waiting times and poor

communication". Charlotte also notes that while university services are "well-advertised" and "good", they are limited "to those students dealing with short-term problems". And given that Cambridge terms last what can feel like a very long eight weeks, those with long-term mental health issues (like chronic depression) end up relying on their colleges the most.

The elephant in the room cannot be avoided forever: the "highly inconsistent provision" of the collegiate system. Although a cliché, the oft-maligned, idiosyncratic college system undeniably and by its very nature guarantees variation, and what the President of Student Minds Cambridge describes as "a huge disparity between colleges as to the kind of help you can access for mental health related matter".

Beyond college chaplaincies and tutorial systems, only approximately a third of the University of Cambridge's 31 colleges employ anyone devoted specifically to mental health. At the top of the list are Queens' and St. Catharine's, who both employ at least three mental health counsellors. Clare also employs several mental health advisors via the Mindfulness program. Likewise Selwyn, Trinity, Wolfson, Pembroke, Homerton and Emmanuel all employ at least one counsellor each. The Hill Colleges – Churchill, Murray Edwards and Fitzwilliam – all share one counsellor between them. All other colleges simply employ a college nurse and otherwise either direct students to their tutors, or to already overstretched university or public health services. Notably, Darwin, Clare Hall and Corpus Christi don't even have nurses. Which college you attend can clearly have a serious impact on the time you could expect to spend waiting for mental health care.

And even at those colleges that do provide "adequate" services, like St. Catharine's, those services are "under-advertised", whereas "long-term treatment services, which are mostly left up to colleges, are not generally so well advertised either", as Northrop adds. An awareness of the existence of these services is surely essential, as those students searching for help from the overstretched NHS and university services could otherwise be accommodated by their college. Northrop highlights that those suffering from more serious forms of chronic depression, which hinders their motivation and organisation, need their colleges to step up to the plate in its pastoral role, rather than having to navigate a "labyrinthine NHS system" and a

"counselling service not equipped to deal with long-term mental health problems."

As for academics within colleges, CUSU's Welfare Officer Poppy Logan notes how: "For every person in Cambridge who's aware of the issues and works to make things better, there's another academic, tutor, DoS, supervisor who don't realise how much more inclusive or accessible their provision of expertise could be." Similarly, the 'Big Cambridge Survey' reported over half of those surveyed as rating their tutorial support less than "OK to Excellent", as explored by an investigation in this paper at the time. As proposed then, new tutors across colleges are now expected to undergo training, yet only "about thirty tutors across the university turned up" to the most recent session, according to Logan. However, as Poppy adds, academics should endeavour to "maintain awareness of student support documents" produced by the Disability Resource Centre (DRC), and more broadly consider the health and wellbeing of the minds they're helping to expand.

“

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM CANNOT BE AVOIDED FOREVER: THE "HIGHLY INCONSISTENT PROVISION" OF THE COLLEGIATE SYSTEM

On the whole, Cambridge does not have a problem with the quality of medical and counselling services offered, whether that's in the form of nurses, advisors or counsellors at college and university level.

The question then, is not quality, but quantity.

Simply put, the university's provisions for the treatment of depression do not currently accommodate the sheer number of Cambridge students who suffer from the condition and are seeking help for it. The colleges which make up the university owe this to their students, as it would seem that their problems are exacerbated by the academic pressure which Cambridge places upon them. The UCS needs more counsellors and to better advertise its mental health advisors so as to cut down the long waiting times which students face, despite the shortness

of Cambridge terms. The colleges which fund the UCS already give a lot, but they should give more. This may sound unreasonably demanding, but surely it is worthwhile for one of the world's richest educational institutions to invest a little more into caring for the minds of those upon whom its reputation relies.

Even if further funding remains an impossibility, then at the very least colleges should look to reform and co-ordinate together to create a standardised counselling service of their own, "a baseline of internal mental health support", as the President of Student Minds Cambridge described it, so as to ensure inter-collegiate equality and less pressure upon the university's ability to make provisions for those suffering from mental health issues. She adds that colleges need to advertise their mental health provisions in "an on-going process", because "students would benefit from more frequent reminders", knowing where to go within their college rather than having to actively research it themselves.

Thankfully a college model to be emulated exists in none other than Stephen Fry's old college, Queens'. The college not only maintains counsellors, but a 24-hour support staff who care for students anonymously at any time. Those who are struggling with depression must remember that high-quality services to treat all forms of mental health issues are real and many, even though the waiting times could be better. Best then to conclude with the words of Stephen Fry, who told me to pass this message on to you:

*"Most students – especially in these quite shockingly pressured times – will suffer from anxiety, dread, worry, confusion and self-doubt. I would never underestimate the power of those Bad Fairies to upset what we are always told should be the happiest days of our lives, but Depression ... Depression is a whole different order of dreadful. It sucks away all energy and hope."*

*"One [of] its most appalling evils is that it drags one away from the company of others and bids one to suffer silently and alone, when the best recourse is to seek others out and ask, unselfishly and hopefully, for companionship, solace, help. Besides your fellow students, Cambridge has chaplaincies, counsellors, mentors, tutors, deans and student guides to help you. If you are afflicted, don't you even dare to be afraid to approach them. Say I sent you. So there."*



DANIELA BRISCOE/PEOPLE



# University begins £2bn fundraising drive

**Peter Lloyd-Williams**  
Associate News Editor

The University of Cambridge is to today launch a new fundraising campaign, with a reported target of two billion pounds.

The plans were first revealed by Vice Chancellor, Sir Leszek Borysiewicz, in an internal staff newsletter seen by the *Cambridge News* in August.

In that newsletter, Sir Leszek pointed to larger budgets of American universities as the reason for beginning the new funding drive.

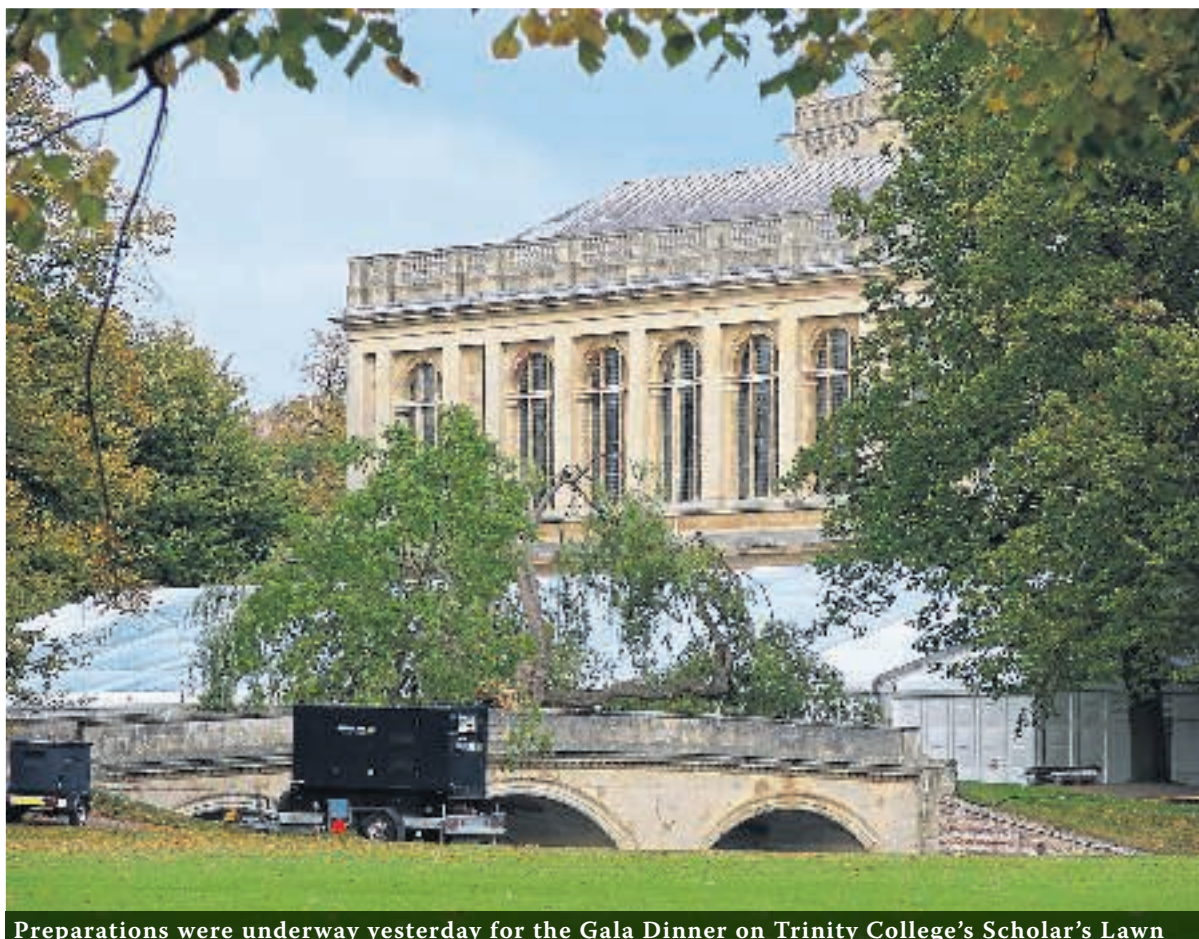
"Whilst our achievements on budgets smaller than our American peers speak volumes, this will not in itself be enough to consistently attract transformational philanthropy, nor will it enable us to remain a world-leading university in the long term."

"The reality is that the financial gap is widening, and quite simply, we need more resources to keep pace with the competition."

The University currently has an endowment of approximately £2.8 billion. Despite achieving a similar ranking in the worldwide university rankings, the University of Harvard has a far greater endowment of approximately \$36 billion. Yale University has an endowment of approximately \$23 billion.

The University's intention is to challenge its American cousins. Speaking to the *Financial Times* in 2014, the University's director of finance, Andrew Reid, said: "I think it will be some years before we get anywhere near Harvard or Yale or Stanford or Princeton, but that's our ambition. American money is coming our way. A lot of Asian money is, I think, there to be allocated to the best universities in the world, and we're one of them."

This is not the first time the University has embarked on a fundraising drive. The 800th Anniversary Campaign, which ran from 18th January 2009 to 18th January 2010, raised £1.2 billion and increased the value of the University's trust fund permanent capital by 35 per cent.



Preparations were underway yesterday for the Gala Dinner on Trinity College's Scholar's Lawn

To mark the University's new campaign, special events are taking place in all Cambridge colleges.

The Cambridge University Development and Alumni department is hosting a launch gala dinner on the Scholar's Lawn at Trinity on Saturday, with entertainment on the North Paddock and in Neville's Court.

Meanwhile, Corpus Christi College will host "On the Brink", a live 'war game' this evening involving Sir Malcolm Rifkind, the former head of MI6 Sir Richard Dearlove, previous NATO Assistant Secretary General Stephen Evans, and Jonathan Haslam, John Major's former Chief Press Secretary.

The University's endowment has

been a source of controversy in the past. The student pressure group Positive Investment Cambridge, which has previously campaigned for the University's investment to be used for "positive social, environmental and economic global impact", has released a statement to mark the beginning of the fundraising campaign.

"Cambridge has historically claimed a disproportionate share of the planet's resources and wealth, and if it continues to ask for the right to do so, it must first show a willingness and ability to take on a disproportionate share of the solution."

"Cambridge is asking its donors to invest in the long-term. To justify such largess [sic], it must show that it

is willing to do the same."

Cambridge is not the only place where students are pressuring endowment managers to change investment policy. Students at Harvard are campaigning for the university to withdraw its endowment funds from a series of fossil fuel investments. Students even filed a lawsuit, the dismissal of which they are now appealing, according to the *Harvard Crimson* newspaper. The university continues to invest in fossil fuels.

Positive Investment Cambridge have had more success in its campaigning. In May, the University agreed to review its investment procedure with particular regard to environmental and social investment.

## NEWS IN

### BRIEF



#### Mill Road finalist for City High Street of the Year

Mill Road in Cambridge is a finalist to officially become the Great British High Street of the Year 2015. It is nominated in the City category alongside North Parade in Bradford and St Giles Street in Northampton. Judges from various famous high street brands will be coming to judge the street on the 19th October.



#### Earliest copy of King James Bible found in Sidney

The earliest draft of the King James Bible has been discovered in the archives of Sydney Sussex college. 70 handwritten pages dating from 1604 to 1608 were found in a notebook by scholar Jeffrey Miller. The Bible was first published in 1611.



#### GBBO's Sue Perkins visits Murray Edwards

Sue Perkins, co-host of the Great British Bake Off, visited her old college after a book signing in Heffers. Perkins studied at Murray Edwards when it was known as New Hall, and was a President of Footlights.

## Economics alumnus wins Nobel Prize

**Megan Stagman**  
News Correspondent

The 2015 Nobel Prize in Economics has been awarded to the Cambridge-educated scholar Angus Deaton for his noteworthy "analysis of consumption, poverty and welfare".

Born in Edinburgh, Deaton went on to study at Fitzwilliam College in the 1970s, gaining a BA, an MA and a PhD from the university. He has attributed some of his inspiration to those years, claiming that Richard Stone, the Cambridge professor who won the same Nobel Prize in 1984, acted as a mentor to him. "I've always wanted to be like him," he said. "I think putting numbers together into a coherent framework always seemed to me to be what really matters."

He has taught at the University of Bristol, and is now the Dwight D. Eisenhower Professor of Economics and International Affairs at the Woodrow Wilson School at the prestigious Princeton University. He also holds an Honorary Fellowship at Fitzwilliam College.

The 69 year-old's career has been dedicated to researching international

developments in health and inequality. Perhaps best known for the 'Deaton Paradox' – which describes the way in which sharp shocks to income do not cause proportional shocks to consumption – he has also authored four books and numerous articles exploring the links between individual and household behaviour and wellbeing.

As the Nobel committee explained, "the consumption of goods and services is a fundamental part of people's welfare. The Laureate, Angus Deaton, has deepened our understanding of different aspects of consumption... By emphasising the links between individual consumption and outcomes for the whole economy, his work has helped transform modern microeconomics, macroeconomics and development economics." The practical implications of such work, as the committee described, are especially evident in public policy, where it has helped governments to establish how reactions to tax changes vary across different social groups.

His peers and colleagues have spoken out in praise of both the man and his work. The President of Princeton University, Christopher L. Eisgruber, described Deaton as "a brilliant

economist whose pioneering research attacks big questions with rigor, imagination and daring." The dean of the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs has said that "Angus is a tremendous teacher, mentor and colleague," and one of Deaton's former students, now chairwoman of the economics department at Princeton, has described him as "enormously funny and witty and well read, frighteningly erudite and very good company."

Modest in his acceptance of the prize, Deaton claimed that "if you're my age and you've been working for a long time you know this is a possibility. But you also know there are a huge number of people out there who deserve this. That lightning would strike me seemed like a very small probability event." His name has in fact been suggested for many years as a worthy candidate, and despite his lack of particular namesake theory, he has finally been rewarded for his career-defining research into economic development. The prize itself is worth around £637,000, and was created in 1969 by the Swedish Central Bank in memory of Alfred Nobel, who founded the five other prizes in 1895.

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# Biophysics: breaking boundaries

## What's biophysics? And why should I care?

**Sarah Foster**

Science Correspondent

The 17<sup>th</sup> September issue of *Nature* focused on interdisciplinary research, and featured both an impassioned defence of research that breaches the disciplinary boundaries which have traditionally provided the structure for most academic institutions, and a plea for the necessity of interdisciplinary studies to address science's, and the world's, most pressing problems. One such interdisciplinary field is biophysics. But what biophysics is, and exactly why it is critical to the advancement of science is not immediately obvious. Why should combining physics and biology be so profoundly useful when the subject matters traditionally explored by physicists and biologists seem to be quite different?

One clue perhaps lies in the idea that imposing disciplinary divisions onto nature is an organisational structure that is needed to help us understand the immense complexity of the world – it is not any reflection on the fundamental characteristics of nature. If this is true, perhaps the fusion of these disciplines is inevitable and welcome. But the division between physics and biology is not just material: physicists and biologists tend to view the world with different intellectual philosophies. In particular, physics tends to concentrate on fundamental universal laws and adhere to the proposition that mathematical formulations (preferably simple and eloquent ones) can explain nearly everything. Werner Heisenberg, a pioneer of quantum mechanics, noted that “What we observe is not nature itself, but nature exposed to our method of questioning.” Another advantage of biophysics

is thus that introducing physical and mathematical ideas brings a new ‘method of questioning’ to biological problems, which exposes novel and fascinating aspects of biology.

Biophysics therefore encompasses the application of techniques and ideas from the reductionist and mathematical physical sciences to complex biological phenomena. The field is concerned with questions at all levels of biology, from the electrical potentials within cells to population migration patterns. Biophysics attempts to study biology with physical principles in mind, with the aim of arriving at mathematical models that can describe biological systems more precisely than current qualitative descriptions.



### CUTTING-EDGE BIOPHYSICAL RESEARCH IS ADDRESSING CRITICAL PROBLEMS

Cambridge's rich scientific history includes many pioneering biophysical discoveries. In the early 1950s, for example, Cambridge physiologists Alan Lloyd Hodgkin and Andrew Huxley published a series of elegant experiments on how neurons – the cells which carry information throughout the nervous system – transmit electrical signals through the body. Their studies culminated in a mathematical model explaining their observations and supplying future neuroscientists with an elegant predictive and quantitative paradigm of neuron function. In 1963 Hodgkin and Huxley were awarded the Nobel Prize in Physiology (also shared with Australian neurophysiologist Sir John Eccles) for their groundbreaking work. And barely a year after Hodgkin and Huxley published their results, two scientists at the Cavendish Laboratory – Francis Crick, a physicist by training, and molecular biologist James Watson – published research outlining the double-helical structure of DNA, the molecule which encodes

genetic information.

This rich tradition of collaboration and innovation continues at Cambridge today. Across the science faculties, cutting-edge biophysical research is addressing critical and fascinating problems drawn from some of the most fundamental preoccupations of biology: how are substances transported across biological membranes? How did multicellular organisms develop? And how do neurons know where to grow in the brain?

Initiatives like Cambridge's Theory of Living Matter group strive to connect biologists working on complex problems, with physicists and mathematicians well versed in mathematical and computational modelling. The recently founded Cambridge/Crick/UCL Physical Biology Network promotes collaborations and knowledge-sharing among biophysicists at Cambridge, and University College London and the Francis Crick Institute in London. For ten years Cambridge has hosted the Physics of Living Matter Symposium, a conference which brings together leading researchers from across all areas of biophysics. The vibrant and active community of biophysics researchers at Cambridge makes our university an exciting place to be part of this burgeoning field.

## Interview: Dr Kristian Franze

**Joy Thompson**

Science Correspondent

There is a bulldog skeleton hanging in Kristian Franze's office at the Department of Physiology, Development and Neuroscience. Its name is Bruno. “The lab loves him,” says Dr. Franze, as Bruno greets us with a toothy grin.

As well as being the beloved lab pet, Bruno is also a demonstration model when he teaches veterinary anatomy at the department. This harks back to Dr. Franze's first degree in veterinary

science, which reflects his long-standing interest in both biology and physics; it was only through flipping a coin that he chose veterinary science over undergraduate physics. After that, though, a research career was more appealing, and instead of continuing in veterinary practice he began a PhD in neuroscience. “Also,” he says, “I realised that pets have owners – and vets have to deal with the owners too!”

Why neuroscience? “The brain is the most complex and least well-understood organ system – my project was about the mechanics of the retina, and nothing was known about this.” In fact, his PhD started to drift from ‘pure’ neuroscience to physics when his supervisor sent him to Texas to learn biophysical techniques, such as atomic force microscopy (now a key technique in his own research group). The drift towards biophysics continued on his return, until he ended up graduating with a PhD in Physics instead “while maintaining the connection with neuroscience.”

After his PhD, Dr. Franze came directly to Cambridge to study as a postdoc in physics. “I moved with a friend who got a lectureship here,” he says, “and he made an offer I couldn't refuse!” Soon afterwards, he began to drift from physics back to neuroscience. The award of a Humboldt Fellowship, sponsored by Professor Christine Holt in the department of Physiology, Development and Neuroscience, led to affiliations with both Neuroscience and Physics. The drift towards

neuroscience culminated in a move to Physiology in 2011, where he started his own research group.

Today, Franze's lab works on neuro-mechanics. “We look at how cellular forces and mechanical interactions between cells and their environment impact nervous system development and regeneration,” he explains. He's enthusiastic about taking a biophysical approach to neuroscience. “Biology often focuses on how molecular signalling controls biological processes, but we can't get a holistic understanding of how biological systems work by looking at individual proteins only. It's like taking out all the screws from an aeroplane and examining individual screws to find out how it flies. Cells live in the physical world and obey physical laws, so including physics in biology will close important gaps in our understanding of how life works.”

It's an exciting time to be applying biophysics to neuroscience; there's no shortage of open questions to answer, and experiments to design in order to answer them. It's still not known why nerve cells don't regenerate after spinal cord injury, for example, and we still don't completely understand how they develop in the first place. “The most exciting experiment I've done myself was building an optical trap that let us use

light to grab retinal cells, stretch them out, and observe how light travels through them,” says Dr. Franze. (This work was published in the journal *PNAS* in 2007.) So is he a neurobiologist, a physicist, or a biophysicist? Dr. Franze shrugs. “I'm a scientist.”



## The smart mirror that will get under your skin



### TECHWATCH WITH CHARLOTTE GIFFORD

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

Panasonic's augmented reality mirror can't tell you that – but what it can tell you is whether you're suffering

from any skin conditions like eczema or acne. It's less sexy, but way more useful.

The smart mirror, once commercially available, could be a commonplace item in the smart home, that is, a house in which everything from chairs to kettles are connected to the internet. In the smart home, many items will be self-automated, and many will be able to perform a multitude of clever new functions to make your life easier. That means that there's an entirely new breed of laziness on the horizon. Household chores will be a thing of the past. Goodbye lawn-mowing; hello checking on your phone to see if anyone's currently sat in that comfy chair downstairs. We'd all find a place for these gadgets in our dream sci-fi home.

Perhaps one of the most common sights in any sci-fi film, from *Minority Report* to *Avatar*, is the gleaming holographic screen which the user can flick effortlessly through – and the smart mirror resembles

this more closely than any technology I've seen that isn't virtual reality. Complete with an embedded camera and face-tracking software, the mirror conducts a live video analysis of your face and then presents you with a run-down of its findings.

Pointing out your skin conditions may sound like a bit of a dick move on the smart mirror's part. But it means well, as it then offers treatments to help restore a glowing complexion. It can even suggest a change in your diet based on the contents in your fridge. It's slightly unnerving, but the omniscience of technology is the kind of thing that will probably become routine in the smart home.

The mirror also has some fantastic procrastination opportunities to offer. Once it's registered your face, it can then apply digital makeup and recommend hairstyles for you to sample. This enables you to try out a look without making any drastic alterations and finding out halfway through that your eyebrows were actually fine before and you loathe every aspect of

what you've just done. There's also a setting for trying on beards. I could write my essay, or I could see how I'd look with a handlebar moustache.

Harmless fun, or kind of unsettling? Soon, even our own mirrors could be putting us under harsh scrutiny. Waking up and looking into something that immediately registers the minute physical flaws that no else cares about might improve your skin regime, but it might also start to wear you down after a while. A few too many comments about the dark circles under your eyes and you may be tempted to smash the mirror in (don't, though, they're really expensive.)

But the smart mirror's uses aren't purely skin-deep. By analysing your skin, the mirrors could prove useful in detecting early signs of disease. The condition of your skin is a useful indicator of your cholesterol level and the blood oxygenation, and as a result some of the mirrors currently being developed by scientists could help diagnose heart disease or diabetes.

A smart mirror could one day save

your life. In fact, lots of household items are becoming smart. Burglar alarms can now send you a text in the event of a break-in at home.

Weirdly, it seems many are finding it easy to get overly sentimental towards their smart tech. A story recently emerged of people taking their automated vacuum cleaners with them on holiday, not for the purpose of cleaning up, but simply out of fondness for the helpful little critters. It does make you wonder if we're emotionally mature enough to handle these new gadgets.





# VARSITY INTRODUCING

# Flora de Falbe

The second-year English student at Clare College is a published poet who has won the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award two years in a row. She has performed her work at the Ledbury and Wenlock poetry festivals.

## What makes you sit down and write a poem?

My impulse to write usually comes from a thought that's been knocking around in my head for a while and then from the desire to get it down in a way that feels true to the original feeling. At the same time I am also trying to turn it into something new, complete and aesthetically pleasing.

## When did you write your first poem?

Like most people, my first poems were written at school and featured rhyming couplets and farm animals. But the first time I felt really invested in a poem was aged 11 when we were asked to write about the Holocaust. I was a bit traumatised by what we'd learned and felt a responsibility to take it seriously, so I wrote a poem about the piles of victims' shoes outside the camps. It's not a topic I'd be brave enough to tackle these days.

## Who are the main influences on your poetry?

My inspiration comes from so many weird and wonderful places that I feel like a bit of a magpie. I want a bit of Sara Peters' surrealism, Frances Leviston's economy of language, Sam Riviere's lurid treatment of popular culture, and John Berryman's ability to flip between humour and pathos in the space of a single line. Reading poetry helps with the technical side because I find myself unconsciously picking up rhythms and patterns of thought from much more talented people.

## What makes someone a poet? Is it a different way of seeing the world, a different way of using language?

In my experience it's the ability to turn up 20 minutes late to anything! But I'd also say that it's being able to look at things from unexpected angles. The reason clichés are ineffective is that you've seen them too often to be really thinking about what they

mean; the best poetry surprises you, through form, syntax or imagery, into seeing things from a new perspective. To do that you need to understand how flexible language is and to be able to turn it to your own purposes.

## You won the Foyle Young Poets Award in 2011 and 2012. How has

## winning the award helped you?

If I hadn't won, I don't think it would ever have occurred to me that I could seriously 'do poetry'. It's an award which, with 15 overall winners and 85 runners-up a year, is much more focused on nurturing creativity than competitiveness, which is unusual and so vital in any creative discipline.

## How do you feel about performing your poetry? Would you rather be read or heard as a poet?

I enjoy performing, but would describe myself as a page poet because performance poetry is a very different genre: a sort of shared cousin of page poetry and rap. The visual element is important to me, but a good performance can give shape to a piece just as much as being able to see the line breaks. And I like the snippets of context that sometimes come with a reading. Often to get to grips with a poem properly you have to experience it both ways.

## Have you found that being in Cambridge has helped or hindered your creativity?

Perhaps surprisingly, I've found Cambridge incredibly beneficial for my writing. I think being surrounded by literature, ideas and people who are crazy about their subjects means I've had to find a way to filter all that information. There's also a lot more work to procrastinate over! I sometimes go to the Pembroke Poetry Society and the Baudelaire Society, and I've been in Notes, but Cambridge actually has a real deficiency in centralised creative writing opportunities.

## Can you see yourself as a poet post-university, earning a living from writing?

Absolutely! But that would have to be a perfect world in which there was also eternal peace and a system that provided me with chocolate cake in my room by magic. In reality, though, even the most successful poets generally have day jobs. I have no idea what the future holds but I'm pretty certain it will include a lot of poetry.

*Flora was speaking to Eddy Wax.*

# Gerry Gilmore: "It's clearly a question of universal significance"

The Cambridge astronomer talks to Naomi Obeng about the star surveyor that's revolutionising our understanding of existence

When was the last time you checked up on the state of the galaxy we live in? I'm thinking about how out-dated my charity shop-bought copy of Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* is and how our earth is practically in mint condition compared to the stars on the edges of galaxy by the time their light has got to us. "When we look at the most distant bits of the Milky Way, we see them as they were 100,000 years ago," Professor Gerry Gilmore tells me over the phone. "Exactly as they were. So we're not like people studying fossils, we're not looking at the consequences or the debris, the ashes from the past, we're actually looking at the past."

Gilmore is a Fellow of the Royal Society, professor of Experimental Philosophy (a title which we'll come to later), a researcher at the university's Institute of Astronomy and chief UK Investigator for the European Space Agency's international space mission Gaia, a satellite on which he has worked since the 1990s. It's essentially a giant camera; several metres across, it recently celebrated its first year in orbit and is set to define this era of astronomy.

"It is an absolute revolution. It's the biggest precision camera ever built and by far bigger than anything put into orbit before. The accuracy and quality of the images from Gaia are such that we can very accurately measure the positions and brightnesses of every star that Gaia sees – which is about one and a half billion stars and galaxies that are repeatedly

observed as Gaia scans the sky."

The mechanism of measurement uses a parallax angle from two different points in the satellite's orbit to calculate the apparent change of position of each galactic object, indicating their distance from earth (the smaller the apparent change, the further it is from earth), adding this to measurements of speed in order to create a comprehensive 3D map of our Milky Way. "Gaia does this to ridiculous precision. The accuracy of each measurement is the same as determining the distance between the left side and the right side of a human hair seen from a thousand kilometres away."

“

**DARK MATTER HAS CREATED EVERY STRUCTURE THAT WE SEE IN THE UNIVERSE, AND WE'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT THE STUFF IS**

Indeed, it would be difficult to overstate the scale, accuracy and universal importance of the data Gaia will be sending to the 400-odd data scientists around Europe over the next four years. Cambridge's Institute of Astronomy is one of the centres – and it's far from backyard

telescope business. "Here you have the computers, you have the people and you have the ideas. It's exactly the same as any other research department in any other subject: it's just that we don't have machines in the basement generating the data, we have machines in the sky."

I can't help but mention how cool that sounds. "It is pretty cool, actually," he admits. The amount of data from the unprecedentedly accurate billion pixel camera surveying over a billion bright objects, will add up to over a petabyte – that's a thousand terabytes – by the mission's end. Gilmore is naturally grateful for his lengthy involvement in such a massive overturn in astronomy.

From what he tells me, there seems to be no end to the number of fundamental findings this immense amount of precise data may bring to our understanding of – well – probably everything, if we give it enough time. First, there's the actual knowledge of where our closest stars are and how fast they're moving. Then there's identifying the clusters that are joining our galaxy falling in on it "a bit like a comet tail without the comet", something we haven't been able to distinguish before now. There's also knowledge of the stars' chemical composition that will tell us how old they are and help understand how our galaxy formed. "In a very technical sense it's actually 12 dimensions that we're working in," he explains.

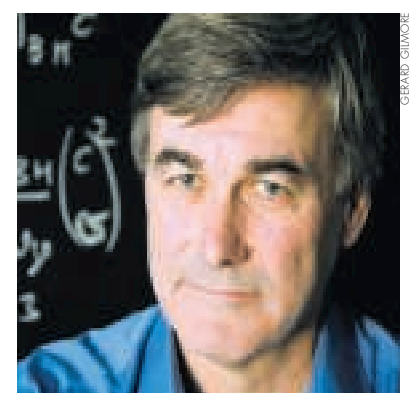
"In practice, this explosion in

volume and quality of data that we're getting out of Gaia is something that's completely unprecedented, and so one of our biggest challenges is to learn how to visualise it and how to think about it in 12 dimensions. There are a lot of people working on it and it's going to be one of the big interfaces between big data and everyday computing."

Gaia's data is also set to elucidate one of my favourite fundamental physical questions: What is dark matter? "The famous, mysterious stuff," he says. "Gaia will give the first reliable 3D map of how dark matter is distributed. This is totally fundamental because dark matter has created every structure that we see in the universe, and we've got no idea what the stuff is."

Hoping to allay some of my wild speculations as to its nature, I had to ask what he thinks dark matter is, and what we will discover. "It's quite likely dark matter is particles that are associated with the answer to some really fundamental questions. Questions like: 'Why does the universe exist? Why is the universe made of matter and not-matter? Why does time go only in one direction?'"

"The fact that there is so much dark matter out there is a suggestion based on history that those questions have answers. So if we can learn something about dark matter, then we can actually learn something about the answer – and then hopefully work out which question it is the answer to."



When working in this field, it's difficult to escape the big questions and this explains Gilmore's capacity as Professor of Experimental Philosophy. "Astronomy is uniquely the science that does ask really fundamental things like 'Where do we come from? Where do I fit in? Am I important, yes or no?' Part of it is just thinking about it for yourself. [...] Every culture has created some sort of a story to explain the sky. So it's clearly a question of universal significance." It really is amazing stuff, and he is contributing to a large step in humanity's empirical explanation of the sky.

"Gaia is creating knowledge for the first time, so it's well named. In classical mythology, Gaia brought the ability to understand and also brought the earth and the sky into existence. Our Gaia is bringing understanding of that same earth and sky." See, science can do poetry, too.



# Comment

## “I want to help people” means nothing now



Charlie Bell

*Charlie Bell, writing in a personal capacity, is Co-Chair of the UK Medical Students Committee of the British Medical Association*

This weekend, thousands of medical students and junior doctors from across the country will be protesting in London; one of a series of protests that have punctuated the past few weeks. The Department of Health, in the guise of Jeremy Hunt, have decided that the best way to improve rock bottom morale in the NHS, rather than to properly fund it and attempt to address the structural problems that the disastrous Health and Social Care Bill have compounded, is to impose a new contract on juniors that nobody wants, has no basis in improving patient care, and must surely be driven entirely by yet more arbitrary cost saving measures which threaten the safety of those who rely on our world-leading service.

One of the most extraordinary things that has permeated the entire debate from the start is how much public, and indeed media, support there is for juniors seeking fairness and clarity. The public get it, even if government don't. Junior doctors spend far longer than their contracted and paid hours, far beyond even the most dedicated minister, day by day to ensure that their patients get decent care, 24/7. How many times have we, as medical students, watched junior doctor colleagues being forced to miss family weddings, funerals or just a night with the family because the job comes first? It always has, and it always will; medicine is a career of public service, and when we enter medical school with the words ‘I want to

help people’, we really mean it. When the government say that they want to help patients and doctors, and then spread misinformation about juniors, GPs and consultants, using misleading statistics about weekend death rates and seven-day services, then perhaps we might be forgiven in not quite believing them.

Because there has been rather a lot of misinformation thrown about during this campaign. Firstly, those seeking to impose the contract and further demotivate junior doctors have worked very hard to smear those doctors working on the front line day by day. Juniors are any doctors not at consultant level – doctors whose starting salary is considerably lower than most graduate jobs, at around £20k. Increments above that are paid for unsocial hours – which the government is now attempting to slash. According to them, 10pm on a Saturday is a perfectly social hour to work, for less pay. This from a group of people who are increasing the salaries of MPs while ensuring they gold-plate their own unsocial hours provision. It would be a sick joke if it weren't so unfair.

Add to that the pernicious nonsense about seven-day services. Firstly, this has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with junior doctors – but it is worth addressing here because of the deliberate conflation that government have attempted in the past few weeks. There are not days of the week that juniors do not work – that is simply not true. But nor are there weekends

that are consultant-free. What consultants do not always offer at weekends is elective work – that is, non-emergency services. If Jeremy Hunt would like to see more consultants in at weekends, then firstly he needs to recruit more to fill the weekday elective spots, and he needs to ensure that all the other services that we need to diagnose are there too. There is absolutely no commitment to that whatsoever; it is all words and doctor-bashing.

And it is despicable and dangerous misrepresentation of weekend death figures that is being used to justify this. It is certainly true that, according to several studies, coming into hospital at a weekend carries a higher risk of death than during the week. But to link that to staffing at weekend, which the government doesn't seem to even understand in the first place, is disgracefully poor use of statistics that even fresher medical students can understand. Completely ignoring confounding factors is not evidence-based medicine – it is political spin at its worst. Patients are believing this false causation and not coming into hospital at weekends – and it is making them sicker, or at worse, killing them. This cannot be allowed to continue.

But then those devising these contracts aren't interested in the facts. The contracts will also increase the gender pay gap by punishing women who take maternity leave, but the government has deliberately and willfully ignored this. The BMA has asked for

several assurances before re-entering negotiations on these contracts, and they are being completely ignored by George Osborne, who talks in general concepts and riddles but never in plain English.

The root problem with these new contracts is that they threaten patient safety. The government wants to remove the financial punishment that employers get for overworking their staff and overusing antisocial hours (which will no longer even be classed as such). This will result in an even more exhausted workforce. As the spectre of leaving the EU looms overhead, it might well be farewell to the European Working Time directive, too. The reason that the pay changes are unfair is very simple – they create a system that disadvantages patients.

Until the government seriously returns to negotiations, the possibility of industrial action by juniors, supported by students, very much remains. This is almost unprecedented and as the society of the future, students here have the moral duty to support their medical student colleagues. Because in doing so, they are supporting future patients and the health of the nation. We are told doctors should never strike – that it is immoral. Patient safety will never be put at risk by doctors – the only people putting it at risk are the government riding roughshod over the concerns of those who are experts in making people better again. Please support us, and tell this government that enough is enough.

## Egg freezing just puts more pressure on women



Charlotte Taylor

*Paying women to freeze their eggs is another way to control their sexual health.*

When it comes to fertility there is one certain enemy: time. As women age, the quality of their eggs deteriorates and the quantity decreases as eggs are released every menstrual cycle. Eggs are also vulnerable to attacks on the body, which is why health practitioners have been offering egg freezing to women undergoing chemotherapy for many years. But it is only recently with the development of new quick freezing methods that women have been voluntarily opting for egg freezing in a major way.

Although figures about egg freezing are hard to come by, some sources suggest that demand for the procedure has increased by 400% in private clinics in the UK, and the age of women enquiring about the procedure appears to be falling. The procedure is now also being endorsed by Silicon Valley companies, with both Facebook and Apple announcing last year that they would pay for any employees wishing to freeze their eggs in a move to ‘empower women’.

It is easy to see the appeal of the procedure. Egg freezing is pitched as the ultimate ‘insurance policy’ for women. Women are getting married and having children later than previous generations, but our bodies

haven't changed. At first glance, egg freezing would seem to offer women the ultimate freedom from the constraint this change in lifestyle may create; Women can have their eggs frozen, halting the biological clock in its tracks, get their education and careers on track, and wait for the right time and person to come along before having a baby. It sounds so simple – too good to be true. So, obviously, it is.

For an ‘insurance policy’ for women there is currently very little data about what the chances of actually having a baby are. The Human Fertilisation and Embryology website shows that up to December 2012 around 18,000 eggs have been stored in the UK, but only around 20 live births have been reported. Similarly, the American Society for Reproductive Medicine reported in 2013 that the chance of getting pregnant from a single thawed egg ranged from four to 12.5 per cent and was consistent with standard IVF rates.

This makes the assurance of actually having a child seem dubious. The idea that egg freezing pauses the biological clock is a myth, and that could be one reason for the lack of success. The freezing process preserves the IVF success rate at the age

at which you freeze your eggs, meaning eggs frozen in your twenties are more likely to be fertilised than those frozen in your thirties and forties. Yet how many women in their twenties are likely to want to pay about £3,000 for an invasive 6-week long procedure, and around £300 a year for the storage of frozen eggs which they may never need? Fertility is also not just a matter of eggs. It could still

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**THERE IS NOW AN EXPLICIT NOTION THAT DELAYED MOTHERHOOD IS THE BEST MOTHERHOOD**

be difficult for a woman in her late thirties or her forties to become, and remain, pregnant using an egg frozen in her twenties or thirties, because older mothers have a higher rate of pregnancy complications.

These figures hardly make it surprising that both the British Fertility Society and the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists

solely endorse the procedure for medical reasons, and not as a lifestyle choice. But these technologies are not just dubious for their promises to women of having a baby; they are doubly dubious for their claims that egg freezing provides women with a ‘choice’ over when they can start a family.

The expansion of egg freezing as a lifestyle choice to some extent removes the decision about whether women want to have children altogether. With its rhetoric of insurance and freedom, egg freezing is made to seem like the sensible option for all women: You may not want children now, but at least if you freeze your eggs you will always have the option. But the decision about when to conceive should be solely the domain of the woman, and it is disturbing that with companies now backing egg freezing – with the expressed intention of letting women delay having babies – there is now an explicit notion that delayed motherhood is the best motherhood. Apple and Facebook may preach the rhetoric of freedom and individual choice, but in reality the process of egg freezing presents women with a whole new social pressure, which is not to have babies – yet.





## Proud to be a prude

R. Choudhury

I don't drink. Well, actually I do. But I've learned that if you drink here, you are expected to get shit faced, disgraced and dragged off like a hunted stag, as I recently witnessed at the first MCR dinner.

So, I've decided it's easier to say I don't drink. Being Indian, I often notice a slight pause in people's reactions as I can see them concluding I must be religious (or possibly a recovering alcoholic – but whatever works!)

I was served port in formal hall. A fellow diner who just wants to fit in and is clearly sloshed plops a penny into my little glass. "Pennies!" She cheers. I look at her, bemused. "You don't know pennies? When someone drops a penny into your drink you have to down it." "No" I respond. The game stops, with the abruptness of a record player screeching to a halt in 80s teen flicks when the authority figure arrives.

I was having a lovely chat with a fellow post-grad; "You really should come to more MCR events, there's a lot happening in the first two weeks" he says. I ask if any events do not involve drinking. "Err..." There is a long pause "...Most of them are drink-related."

As someone who has been in the 'real world' for a while, working for disability charities and motivated to return to college for a PhD in something I'm passionate about, I know who I am (at least for now). I don't feel compelled to conform. For the first two days I watched and listened with amusement as the fresh-faced freshers dealt with their hopes, fears and freedoms by raising a glass or two, or three (bottles).

By day three I bought earplugs. By day five, I began to notice groups of students on the periphery, looking awkward and uncomfortable while the majority of their peers slur, sway and spit as they talk before launching into dad dancing to anything bordering on music – such as the chime of a clock. I tried to remember what it was like to be 18, wanting to be yourself but hedging your bets to avoid social exclusion by clinging to that single cider for dear life, shuffling from left to right at the never-ending bop.

My advice to you few kindred spirits out there is this: you are not so few. Your memories will be more valuable if you can actually remember them! When you look back, you'll treasure the genuine, authentic experiences that will determine what you do next and who you become. So be proud to be a prude. In the words of that great thinker Jennifer Aniston – because you're worth it!



# There's no conclusive answer on swaps – just decide for yourself



Sophie Penney

*They can be revolting, but they can also be fun. Make up your own mind.*

This Sunday, freshers all over Cambridge will have experienced their first ever swap, and for others the first one is just around the corner. These occasions present an opportunity to see the wild side of Cambridge students: the epitome of 'work hard, play hard'. But before I begin to explain what they are, I must warn you that swaps vary a lot. Some are actually very tame, and it all depends on who you're swapping with. I am here to tell you what can happen, not necessarily what will happen every time.

So what are swaps? The basic principle is that 15 girls from one college and 15 guys from another college (or more: we've had over 70 before) go and have dinner at a restaurant in Cambridge. Sound okay so far? Now add a bottle of wine or two per person, or three strawpedoes in an hour if you're one guy I know. Add in fines (tales of your friends' sexual debauchery), add in challenges, add in a naked person (there's always one!), and with that you have the carnage that is a swap. There have been naked sit-up competitions, blow-up sex dolls and dead fish. I know one person who woke up the morning after in a greenhouse on the edge of Cambridge with just his pants on. As for challenges, I have seen people doing stripteases, licking whipped cream off someone's bum, and acting out sex positions with someone they met minutes ago. Now you see why these swaps would be the ultimate

jackpot for the Daily Mail. I can just see it: 'The brains of the future or philandering hooligans? What Cambridge students get up to when nobody is looking'.

And then there are the 'fines'. What stories could possibly be shared amongst a group of people who have only just met? I have heard of people having sex in a cemetery and at a

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WITH SWAPS I THINK YOU EITHER LOVE THEM OR YOU HATE THEM - OR YOU GROW OUT OF THEM

bus stop. People have been fined for being fingered in the back of a taxi and having slept with a porn star. It turns out nothing is impossible for a Cambridge student. It is one thing that these things have actually happened, but something else entirely that they are shared so openly.

With swaps I think you either love them or you hate them – or you grow out of them. The novelty does wear off after a while and you can definitely see why people wouldn't like them. Firstly, they are very forced, which is epitomized by the alternate guy-girl seating arrangement. Between all the

fines and the challenges you really have no hope of actually getting to know the person next to you. Swaps really only give you a friend who you say hi to when drunk at Cindies, or a one-night stand. They also put people in a situation filled with peer pressure and excessive amounts of alcohol where they are encouraged to do things they wouldn't normally do and drink more than they usually would. Moreover, there have been instances of misogyny and swaps present the opportunity for a sexual consent catastrophe. And of course, some swaps just aren't that fun; some are very boring really.

Then again, an event with that many extreme things happening can be incredibly entertaining. Most people are just doing these stupid things to let off a bit of steam and have a laugh, and to be honest, it is very funny. You must remember that you don't have to take part in the challenges and no one forces you to eat food off people's torsos or drink till you drop, at the end of the day you still have a choice. Besides, they're not all as extreme as the stories I have mentioned. I spoke earlier about it being impossible to actually meet people properly on swaps, well this isn't technically true. I actually went out with someone I met on a swap for six months, so you know, it can happen. And after all, who ever objected to having more friends to say hi to when drunk?



# Instead of debating the oppression of others, listen

Lola  
Olufemi



When you engage in debate, you are participating in structural oppressions - so be careful

There is a pervasive idea in academia and everyday life that the way to solve problems is through aggressively masculine debate in which we pick ideas to shreds. Much of Cambridge is structured around this notion: how far can you take one idea and stretch it? How strong is the argument you form after reading primary and secondary material and can you defend it? From this it is easy to fall into a model of thinking that places everything up for debate. Online and in comment sections there seems to be a pervasive idea that if an individual refuses to engage in debate their argument is weak and they have therefore lost. But what we see as up for debate is crucial and is influenced, of course, by structural privilege. If you feel like you can debate every single topic calmly and rationally without stress or anxiety, well done. You're one of the lucky ones.

When we think about what it means to platform and privilege problematic voices, inevitably power dynamics exist. What is up for debate for one person is off limits for another, not because one values intellectual rigour more than another, but because the implication that the idea in question is even up for debate harms them and people like them. For example, as a black woman, debating whether racism still exists in the 21st century is dangerous because it suggests that we have moved to a stage

in which myself and my blackness are considered safe enough that they can be spoken of as abstract ideas. That is not my reality. From police brutality to toxic beauty standards, there are still very specific cases of exclusion for black people, and black women especially, in society.

What we choose to put up for debate is important because when we debate something, the assumption is that all the speakers begin on a level playing field. In debates about racism or sexism, if I argue with a white cis man, we begin at a point in which he enters the debate from structural privilege which means his ideas are more likely to be viewed as legitimate and accepted uncritically. I am not afforded this same reception and therefore the emotional cost to me as a speaker is far worse. When I engage in debates about those things, I contribute to my own dehumanization by suggesting that asking such questions is helpful to the liberation of the groups involved. It is odd to argue about "if" race and gender still affect our lives when every single day we are dealing with the repercussions of what it means to be a person of colour or a woman or both. What we defend is important. It is easy to debate ideas because we cannot grasp them; this means we can poke at them, twist them around, play devil's advocate, imagine a number of situations in which X-Y-Z could occur and

how does this change the argument and so on. Marginalised groups cannot do the same thing with their lives.

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EMPATHY IS MORE RADICAL THAN INTELLECTUAL RIGOUR

It is important to recognize that we live in a hierarchal society where all kinds of discourse – social, political, and economic – privilege the voices of particular people. How then, can we ever conceive of debate on equal terms? Maybe it's scary to admit that debate is not everything. Winning an argument in the bar with your friend is only a victory on a microscopic level; it changes nothing in the long term. Often it comes down to one's ability to frame an argument, rather the truth and validity of experiences. There also seems to be an edge in perpetuating violence by allowing 'controversial' figures to speak, asking questions like "was slavery good economically?" or "are black people genetically inferior to white people?" without properly examining what this means for the groups involved. What is wit and style to one person undermines the existence of another. This may be

difficult to realize if it is never your humanity that has been put up for debate. It is this same thinking that often leads people to ask marginalised groups to remain calm and rational when their existence comes under scrutiny. This reliance on rationality does not take into account the fact that when we ask these reductive questions we enforce the idea that it is possible to separate experiences from ideology.

When you come from backgrounds that have told you that winning the debate is the only measure of academic success, it becomes difficult to think of other methods of acquiring knowledge as valuable. Listening, for example. We cannot think of debate as something that everyone enters into with the same ability to detach themselves from the topics that are discussed. Understand that when people from marginalised groups take the time out to explain a particular idea to you, they are expending a great deal of emotional energy. Recognise what a privilege it is to have someone view you as worthy enough, valuable enough, to take the time out to explain the facets of their life and how oppression affects them. Empathy is more radical than intellectual rigour. Remember that often, refusing to engage in debate is not a sign of intellectual weakness, but an act of survival.

# Cambridge slang fuels stereotypes

*This week, Lana claims Cambridge jargon only bolsters stereotypes and Rosie argues it's simply way more efficient*

Rosie Best

Lana Crowe

"Hey, shall we meet at the plodge after my DOS meeting, then we can head to Hall before the slack and Life?" "Sure!" Easy-to-understand, elegant and useful; Cambridge jargon peppers our everyday language, adding style and speed to ordinary conversations with fellow students and creating a dialect which binds our student community together.

The use of such jargon is key to functioning in Cambridge. Trying to live and work here without acquiring a knowledge of this language is not only impossible, but also tedious.

Imagine having to say, possibly three or four times a day, that you will meet a friend at the "porter's lodge" as opposed to the "plodge" or discuss an email from your "Director of Studies" rather than your "DOS" – the employment of these two abbreviations alone could save you a valuable 5 seconds a day, time you might use to finish that article you were reading or to send that email saved in your drafts. No one has time to speak properly all the

time in Cambridge, and our carefully crafted jargon relieves us of the pressure to do so.

Using Cambridge jargon is like wearing a college scarf in public during the vacation; a way to outwardly communicate to fellow Cantabrigians that we are of the same ilk and to others that we are proud of our place at this institution.

Who doesn't relish a friend from 'back home' asking, confusedly, what a "slack" is? And who doesn't love correcting their parents when they ask how you managed to spend £150 on Kentucky Fried Chicken?

Language is key in communicating our identity, and the gap between ourselves and the Average Joe which we create by using Cambridge jargon, is not a sign of pretentiousness but merely a way to distinguish our identity from his.

Cambridge students are not alone in their development of a jargon. Many universities across the country have developed their own words and abbreviations which slip, like ours, seamlessly into everyday speech. Whilst they may not be able to claim the development of such sophisticated terms as CompSci (comp-ski) or PhysNatSci (fizz-nat-ski), we all share a common goal – the desire to say as little as possible as quickly as possible. Some call this laziness, I call it efficiency.

"Life is really simple, but we insist on making it complicated". Never have I felt more confident in applying a glibly inspirational quote to my university experience – that is, assuming Confucius is referring to the mystery of existence, and not the grotty club under Waterstones. Joining Cambridge is like falling down the rabbit hole: you tumble in, full of hope, yet soon realise that everything around you is nonsensical.

Subjecting yourself to a Cartesian-style doubt sesh is an essential part of acclimatising yourself to 'the bubble'. Make no assumptions: a 'bedder' does not make beds. 'May Week' is not in May. A 'squash' does not involve a racket, Sedgwick is totally different to Sidgwick and there is no relation between 'Fitz' and 'the Fitz'. It is no wonder that existential crises are ten-a-penny here. It takes no solipsistic mind games to make someone doubt that Monday is the first day of the working week: everyone knows that a week, of course, begins on a Thursday.

Our enigmatic jargon bolsters the stereotype of Cambridge as an exclusive club. The outdated terminology does more to cultivate an inferiority complex than a jokey glossary in a freshers pack might suggest. My college has a 'Master', a gendered title that I will never be able to hold. The saddest excuses for kitchens are called 'gyp rooms', an uncomfortable reminder that Cambridge has always been for

the family upstairs. Had I been born fifty years earlier, I would have only come to Cambridge to serve, not to study.

I sometimes wonder whether the primary function of Cambridge slang is to cause embarrassment. I die a little inside whenever I hear that someone's going to a 'bop' – get a grip, daddy-o, this is the 21st century. Wrongly applied and mispronounced words result in sniggers; how could a fresher know that Caius is said 'keys', or Magdalene 'maudlin' if it has never been explained? Imagine a world where there is no need to tell confused friends why 'dos' has nothing to do with slacking off. Where you never have to sheepishly admit to having no idea of the difference between 'term' and 'full term'. A world without the private shame of searching for 'Cindies' in Maps and not understanding why the only result is a florist in Whittlesford.



ROSIE + LANA



# The IB taught me to welcome A-level reforms



Tabby Adams

*Doing the IB had its challenges, but it shows that we shouldn't be scared of the government's plans for A-level reform*

The government is planning, once again, to reform AS and A levels as of September 2015. There will be less coursework and more focus on exams: AS and A2 results will be 'decoupled' (AS results no longer counting towards an A level) and the courses will not be divided into modules, with no exams in January. On account of these reforms, particularly the fact that AS results will no longer contribute towards overall A-level grades, Cambridge may reintroduce a compulsory entrance exam for the first time in 29 years. Admissions tutors say they will no longer be able to judge from UMS points which students should be invited to interview.

To many this may seem unfair: one blunder on the day of the exam and your chances of getting into Cambridge could be over. There is also some concern that privately educated students may have more access to specialist help and preparation for the exam than state school students. However I studied the IB, and think that the planned reforms to A levels and the university wide entrance exam could in fact help make the entrance requirements more equal. With the IB you take all the exams at the end of the second year, so I did not have any UMS scores, only predicted grades. My offer was 7, 7, 6 in my Higher Level subjects, essentially the equivalent of A\*A\*A, which,

most would agree, is a tough ask for a humanities subject. As part of my offer I also had to obtain 40 points in total: six subjects out of seven points in each subject, plus three bonus points for Theory of Knowledge and an Extended Essay.



THE EXAM COULD MAKE THE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS MORE EQUAL

You may think this sounds hard, and it was; I have genuinely never felt as under pressure or overworked as I did in my final year of the IB, and doubt I ever will again (14 exams over 12 days I kid you not). Despite the high offer and all the hard work, in many ways I am starting to fully appreciate the worth of the IB the more distant a perspective I get of it. However, there were some negative aspects to my experience of the IB which could highlight some reasons that A-levels could be a more suited qualification for university, particularly when studying in an environment such as Cambridge.

Once during Lower Sixth I went on holiday with a friend and had an

argument with him over which was harder: IB or A levels. The argument was admittedly somewhat induced by alcohol, but nonetheless raised some salient points. The most obvious was that the IB gives you breadth, while A-levels give you depth. The IB certainly makes you more of an all-rounder, providing you with knowledge in many different subjects you might never have considered (I still enjoy confusing NatScis by chipping in on a conversation about optical isomers or DNA transcription).

On the other hand, A-levels allow you to fully immerse yourself in a subject: to study three subjects in any combination of your choice, allowing each subject to enhance your knowledge and understanding of the others. As an English student, I sometimes feel left behind in my prior knowledge of authors and eras, as A-level students have had time to cover topics in much greater depth. Furthermore, these students have had the time to pursue their interests and read further material in their time away from school, which for me was spent trying to balance the workload of six subjects.

Despite the fact that the IB left me little personal time to pursue my own academic interests or simply to relax (which I think is important, and is something I did miss out on), there were many aspects of the qualification that I felt were beneficial to my

learning and to my future. I enjoyed the fact that the IB was international, partly because it attracted fascinating people from all over the world to my school, and partly because the internationally conscious syllabus demonstrated to me that restricting our learning and opinions to our country alone is very limiting. I found studying Chekhov, Bassani and Kleist as part of our international module in English both enjoyable and enlightening.



THE IB LEFT ME LITTLE PERSONAL TIME

Theory of Knowledge was also a blessing, although the classes were frustrating - in the first lesson we were taught that we can never know anything. It trained me to think critically, and to always consider other angles to arguments - particularly useful in my interviews. Finally, one of the biggest lessons the IB taught me, and probably the most useful for success in life, is the meaning of hard work. Whenever I feel a task is insurmountable, I think back to the seemingly impossible challenge of the IB and faith in my ability is restored.

# The Secret Diary of Katrina Kettlewell

Columnist **Ellie Coote** recently uncovered a diary buried beneath the floorboards of an undisclosed room in an undisclosed college. In this remarkable extract, we are given an exclusive insight into the world of Chelsea socialite Katrina Kettlewell, who seems unaware of her diary's discovery and shows every intention to continue writing. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

**8th October Dawn** Literally just awoke to the smell of buttery croissants wafting under the old oak door. I roll over and there's like actually no one beside me, I'm like OMG where's MY BOYFRIEND Hugo?! and then I inhale a croissant flake that's made it's way under the door... #Bae breaking my fast! G2G now, work awaits #ArtsStudent #Economistress.

**Midday** OMFG, like, worst day ever!!! Litro like waltzed into my first lecture like a whole six and a half minutes late. Ms Lecturer was all "Nice of you to join us Miss Kettlewell," and I was all flustered like,

"Litro SO SOZ Prof I just got held up by the Boyf... Shit did I just say that? SHIT, did I just say SHIT?!" SO #Cringe, like, FFS word vom or what?! In the library now, only have three more days to finish this essay and I've litro got like 50 words and a diagram of Hugo's left hand: he's got three freckles and a callous on one thumb alone! #Complicated.

So like Hugo calls and is litro like, "Hey, I heard about your little moment in lecture room 6 today..." I'm like an actual beetroot and he's all "Haha ROFL" I'm like "Yeah, ROFL, #BNOC." #GoodChats. So Hugo's taking me to Formal to cheer me up, he's like, arranged a car and everything #RollUpInDaFormal.

**Eventide** So like we're at Formal and I realise I've litro forgotten all of my penny tokens #WhatAmILike. Fresher Benjy's like "What's a penny?" I'm like, "Oh it's litro just some token you put in wine glasses at Formal so the respective owner of the glass has to #DownIt. Sometimes you find them on the side of the road, like, idk, but they're endorsed by the Queen." "WOW HRH is dedicated to the #Lash!" chortles Benjy, "So what's a five penny then?" I'm like ROFL "It's litro actual money you actual toff!" and he's all "You're pulling my Armani, right?!" I'm like, "No I litro gave a server at Wasabi twenty

pounds the other day and they gave me like a five penny back, I was like 'I don't need a souvenir!'"

So Hugo's like litro belting out the Grace like the love child of Mariah Carey and David Attenborough and when he reaches "... likum litro #DominumNostrum" everyone totes collectively orgasms like 'Ah-my-fucking-God-men.' It's litro like watching a home vid of Miss Magdalene and Christ Our Lord #ReligioPorn. So then the Master stands up and is all like "Remember, don't walk on the grass" and I litro choke on my beetroot and quinoa like, such a ridick applicable joke, I'm like, actually PMIFL (Pissing Myself In Formal Laughing).

So we're having a totes deep convo about current affairs over the salmon and walnut crème brûlée and Hugo's all "I swear we've litro come SO FAR in terms of like multiculturalism like who would ever have thought Nadiya would have won GBBO this time last year. Like, litro when her nuns collapsed I swear everyone in Leeds like actually stopped breathing like, there were actual casualties." I'm like, "So true, baking is totes the way forward like, do they have ovens in Inverness 'cause I swear puff pastry could litro unite the UK for like evs." So then Fresher Benjy chimes in like "I'm totes happy for Leeds like con-

grats but I've litro heard that international students are like undercutting local students' offers with baked goods now. Like, no joke, I have a friend from Liverpool who litro applied to Cambridge with an omelette and they were like "Egg-ceptional work, like, have a porsche and a degree!" It's litro so sad, like, we work so

hard to be super inclusive and we're like totes punished for it 'cause we can't bake, it's an actual travesty." I'm like "Benjy, omelettes are litro fried not baked, this is like two totes different issues #Parred."

OMG so, like, litro just wait for more shenanigans #NextWeek...



#Hugo #bae #formal #OMFG GUYZ





# Vulture

CULTURE ■ FEATURES ■ FASHION ■ THEATRE ■ REVIEWS

Celebrating 500 years of  
King's College Chapel,  
see page 23



**PETAR ON FILM**

Petar Lekarski  
unpicks the latest  
releases

**THE (RATING) SYSTEM IS BROKEN**

This week, dear reader, I'm going to tear the British Board of Film Classification (BBFC) apart. They are idiots and their very existence fills me with a righteous contempt so fiery I'm struggling to articulate it. I know what you're thinking. Directing ire about the arbitrary and pernicious nature of age ratings towards the BBFC is like scolding a hotel receptionist about the TV in your room showing violent programmes. Misguided, naive, and not likely to achieve anything (certainly not a complete refund for your entire stay, I'm sorry to say, Mrs Robinson). But unlike our hapless receptionist, the BBFC are not blameless. They are slavishly devoted to vague and contradictory guidelines. They fail to give appropriate weight to the context in which films are released and seen, despite this being a fundamental part of their job description. They are, in short, intolerable. Look no further than their recent decision to give *The Diary of a Teenage Girl* an '18' rating.

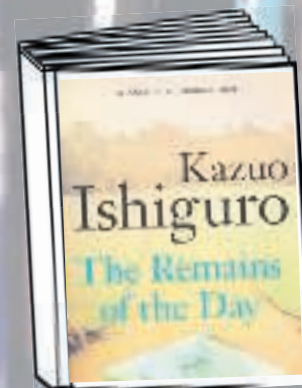
First, a few words about the film classification system in Britain. The most important thing you need to know is that 'classification' is a misnomer. The BBFC was established in 1912 as the British Board of Film Censors, and its function remains censorship despite the cute rebranding exercise. This is because, unlike the ratings of the MPAA in the US, the BBFC's ratings are underpinned by law. It is illegal to show a film not rated by the BBFC, and it is illegal to supply a film rated 15 or 18 to a person under that age. But what does this mean in practice? A comparison with the age of consent for sex is useful. Broadly speaking, in Britain a person over the age of 18 commits a criminal offence if they engage in sexual activity with a person under the age of 16. Like any other arbitrary age limit, this creates the somewhat absurd situation whereby having sex with someone on the night before their 16th birthday is a criminal act but doing exactly the same thing once the clock strikes midnight is perfectly legal. When it comes to sex, the law has a very simple pragmatic solution to this: the Crown Prosecution Service can look at the facts and circumstances, including any potential absurdity, and decide not to prosecute. There is no such relief mechanism with film classification. If the BBFC hands down an 18 rating, that film becomes completely inaccessible to anyone below that age. Cinemas do not operate policies of exceptions because they risk having their licences revoked; what the BBFC really do when they rate a film is decide who will and will not get to see it.

So it seems they ought to make decisions with a serious appreciation of this context, right? After all, their own guidelines state that "context is central". But they don't. They slapped an 18 rating on *The Diary of a Teenage Girl*, seemingly completely oblivious to its context. Like the ubiquity of internet porn. The continuing taboo around positively expressed female sexuality. The paucity of films written and directed for and by women. The BBFC refused to even acknowledge any of this. Instead, when challenged, they retreated pathetically behind the guidelines, offering incomplete and inconsistent rationalisations of their decision. First, the problem was that the "sex scenes and references [were] too numerous" for a 15 rating. Then, when pushed further, the problem suddenly was the film's "glamorisation" of drug use. Their half-baked excuses speak for themselves.

The net result of all of this is that 16- and 17-year-olds are allowed to have sex—and access vast quantities of explicit depictions of it on the internet—but not to watch a film sensitively exploring its implications. Worse still, discussion was diverted away from the film itself. Had it passed with a 15 rating this very column would be dramatically different. Look, *The Diary of a Teenage Girl* is a funny, thoughtful, and starkly beautiful film which was badly hobbled by its classification. So I implore you, dear reader, to go see it for yourself, and while you're at it tell the BBFC to take that moronic rating and stick it up its arse.



# A BRIEF BOOKER HISTORY



This year's Man Booker Prize winner was announced on Tuesday, in the most cheering award win since Alice Munro won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2013. The 2015 winner, Marlon James's *The Brief History of Seven Killings*, whirls the reader through a thundering narrative of Jamaican socio-political events in the years after an attempted assassination of Bob Marley, combined with a spellbindingly avant-garde use of form and structure. Yet headlines over the shortlist announced in September – like the *Guardian*'s 'Man Booker 2015: shortlisted novels full of 'terrible stuff', admits judge' – remind us that the prize often provokes controversy. In such cases, the media is broadcasting scandal over the ultimate literary critical question about the winner or shortlisted books: are they any good?

Perhaps the most significant instance of this controversy was in 1994, when James Kelman won for *How Late It Was, How Late*. I believe this is the greatest novel ever to win the prize, typical of Kelman's distinctive approach. It is a raging, bewildered and bewildering stream-of-consciousness monologue in expletive-strewn Glaswegian dialect, from the perspective of Sammy, a petty thief and ex-convict. As in all his writing, Kelman shows himself to be the heir to Samuel Beckett (*Waiting for Godot*, *Endgame*), with a narrative that eviscerates cosy sensibilities as it rams the terrifying meaninglessness of life right into the reader's face.

*How Late It Was, How Late* won the prize thanks to 1994's good judging panel. But because Kelman's writing shows as little interest in the niceties of 'standard English' as it does in jaded conventions, his victory precipitated a maelstrom of controversy. Julia Neuberger resigned from the judging panel in fury when the others voted in Kelman's win, while Simon Jenkins declared that it was "literary vandalism" to award the prize to Kelman, "an illiterate savage". And – in what must have been a sublime occasion to witness – Kelman gave an acceptance speech asserting that "my language and my culture have the right to exist, and no one has the authority to dismiss that", before raising his fist in a power salute.

Some outstanding novels won the Booker Prize both before and after Kelman's 1994

victory, such as *Midnight's Children* in 1981, J.M. Coetzee's *Disgrace* in 1999 and Alan Hollinghurst's *The Line of Beauty* in 2004. Yet, all too often, this preeminent literary prize rewards the staid, the stuffy and the sedate. One of the most prominent Booker winners, *The Remains of the Day* by Kazuo Ishiguro (1989), epitomises this. Reading this novel is like having afternoon tea in the John Lewis café: it is a mildly pleasant way of passing the time, but the experience is hardly Kafka's "axe to break the seas frozen inside our souls". Ishiguro's prize-winner is the tale of a socially awkward butler who could marry the housekeeper but doesn't. Its most famous and supposedly interesting aspect is the fact that the butler is an unreliable narrator: it is only implicitly revealed that he is – as Salman Rushdie has described him – "a man destroyed by the ideas upon which he has built his life". But by 1989, it was far from a radical move to build a narrative around the conceit of the unreliable narrator. It is just a bog-standard old device that has been used ever since Aristophanes first tried it out in *The Frogs* in the 5th century BC. It has even been used by Agatha fucking Christie.

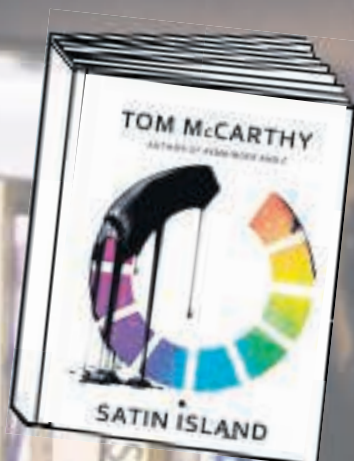
This penchant for the traditional and cosy amongst Booker Prize juries reached its apogee in 2011. This year's panel under Stella Rimington – former spy and author of populist thrillers – caused a stir by placing importance on the "readability" of novels and their ability to "zip along". With those criteria, one wonders why Lee Child's blockbuster that year, *The Affair*, didn't win: like all of Jack Reacher's adventures, what it lacks in verisimilitude and thoughtfulness it amply makes up for with eminent readability, zipping along faster than Concorde. In the end, though, the 2011 prize went to Julian Barnes for *The Sense of an Ending*, which critics regarded as a positively surprisingly literary victor. But like *The Remains of the Day*, this 2011 prize-winner is driven by the tired old unreliable narrator conceit.

2011 was the emblematic year of Booker judges rewarding the unoriginal, but too many other recent winners also champion the derivative and the conventional. Hilary Mantel won in 2009 and 2012, for *Wolf Hall* and *Bring Up the Bodies* – both good novels, both deftly

portraying the close coexistence of Thomas Cromwell the ruthless Machiavel and Thomas Cromwell the good family man. But they are not great novels. They are square, commercial retellings of England's favourite soap opera – the reign of Henry VIII. The difference between good and great is the difference between these two works and two far more radical novels that made the 2009 and 2012 shortlists: *Summertime* by J.M. Coetzee (a cold postmodernist examination of the self) and *Narcopolis* by Jeet Thayil (a searing portrayal of the underworld of 1970s Mumbai). 2015 is an opportunity for judges to answer the question "what makes the best novel in the English language this year?" with a much better answer than "it zips along". It is disappointing that *Lila* by Marilynne Robinson wasn't shortlisted: Robinson's ability to use an unadorned prose style to make the mundane and virtuous as scintillating as the fantastical and salacious is the closest thing contemporary writing has to Sylvia Plath's phenomenal ability to make the ugly beautiful and the unpoetic poetic. But overall the shortlist was promisingly bold, and two works particularly stood out: *Satin Island* by Tom McCarthy and the victor Marlon James' *The Brief History of Seven Killings*.

As an uncomprehending *Guardian* reviewer complained of *Satin Island*, "there's not much plot" – that is to say, the novel has moved on from a particular form of realist narrative that worked wonderfully in the nineteenth century but has become timeworn after being used ad nauseam by writers like Hilary Mantel. *Satin Island* is about a corporate anthropologist – known only as "U" – whose role is to "unpick the fibre of culture (ours)" – and rips straight through to the heart of late capitalism. And, even better, reading *The Brief History of Seven Killings* is like looking into a kaleidoscope of revolutionary literary techniques. The 2015 judges have broken the old mould of the typical Booker Prize winner by awarding the prize to this groundbreaking masterpiece. And rightly so: prizes like these should be awarded to writing capable of blowing down the whole house of postmodern post-everything society, and the Anglophone literary establishment with it.

Tom Wheeldon





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# VARDAGS



# Memoirs of Ex-Freshers

## 22 YEARS AGO



LIZ FRASER

The freshers reading this weren't born when I had my Freshers' Week. The less we mention this from now on, the better I will feel about myself. Thank you.

I came up to Cambridge on the 2nd October 1993. To give you some cultural references from that time (I use the word 'cultural' loosely here...) Take That's 'Relight My Fire' was at number one, *Jurassic Park* and *The Fugitive* had just come out, and *Pulp Fiction* was yet to make us aware of the existence of chaaaarming motherfuckin' pigs. John Major was Prime Minister, and *Friends* had not started yet. Yes, you heard correctly: *Friends* had not started yet.

Much was the same for a fresher then, as it is now. Pigeon holes, handwritten names above doors, queues for the showers, toast-related gyp room fire alarms, occasional vomiting in the Scholar's Garden, pub crawls, and total confusion about how to cross from Pembroke St into Mill Lane without getting killed by a cheese delivery lorry.

Nightlife was largely limited to table football tournaments and

drinking games in the College Bar; a pint of lager was £1.20 in my day. Then again, a 3-bed house near Jesus Green was £3.75, so in relative terms it wasn't all that fantastic. For those who liked to extend their sweating and drinking into the small hours, we had two night clubs to choose from: Chicago's, which was somewhere near Waterstone's, and Cindies.

Yes, dear young reader, Cindies is older than *Friends*. Remember that next time you are grinding against a Modern Languages student, and give a nod to those who have ground [grinded? Discuss...] there before. For the stagger home, the Death Van was there 22 years ago, as was Gardies. I'm pretty sure there are still drunk photos of me aged 19 stuck to the wall in there somewhere.

Much of student life is exactly the same. But SO much has changed. On that October day in 1993, I lugged my trunk up the steps of Memorial Court, to the bottom of S staircase. I had an attic room. This meant 25 trips up and down four flights of



stairs, carrying all my Stuff.

In 1993, 'Stuff' meant the worst jeans ever known to fashion, giant plaid shirts, T-shirts so baggy you could fit most of your new friends into them, body suits with poppers at the crotch, a kettle, four mugs, a jar of Nescafé, a packet of Digestives, postcards of *The Joshua Tree*, an assortment of CDs and... a hi-fi system.

For those unfamiliar with the latter, a hi-fi system was like an iPhone, but slightly less portable. It came in seven handy parts: a CD player, a radio, a record player, a tape deck, an amplifier, and two speakers. Each section was the size of a small house, and weighed 700kgs.

This is how we listened to music. If we wanted to go crazy and listen to any new music, we had to go and find a human in possession of a hi-fi system, and ask them if we could please borrow one of their shiny round things, called CDs. Then we'd spend an hour recording from the CD onto a cassette, thus being able to listen to all our favourite music as if it was being performed in a sand storm, in a cave, underwater. With screech owls.

1993 was a time when communicating with people required a lot of effort. This was the pre-mobile phones era. It was also pre-Tinder, pre-email, pre-Whatsapp, pre-Skype, pre-social media, pre-Netflix, pre-laptops, pre-flipping INTERNET era. Yes yes, the internet existed, but

notice board outside their door, and hope that they got it. If they didn't, you didn't see them. End of story.

To write an essay, you had to cycle to the Department, join a queue in the library to get the journals containing the articles you needed for said essay, then discover they were all already in use by some bastard efficient anorak from Homerton, wait (without being able to fill the time with BuzzFeed articles; you actually had to talk to people, or think), finally get the journals, queue for the photocopier, get to the front just in time for it to run out of ink and toner, ask the librarian for more ink and toner, be told the library is closing now, abandon the essay, cycle home in the rain, go to the bar, get drunk and spend all evening trying to find one person who actually knows what the hell toner is for.

Now, almost all the articles and papers are available online. All the time. And there is NO INK OR TONER ONLINE. I actually hate you all a little bit for this.

In 1993, studying occurred in one of two places: your room, or a library. Not over a cappuccino in town. Café culture was confined to the basement of Woolworths, or Paris. Flat whites were items of underwear you'd accidentally left under a pile of heavy books. There was one café in town, and it served two types of coffee: black, or white. And we could afford neither. This is where the kettle came in. Inviting someone for a cup of Nescafé and a custard cream was 1993's Netflix and Chill.

But what we lacked in instant communication, 24/7 entertainment and latte art, we made up for in other things. Like... job prospects. And peace. It was fairly unquestioned that after graduation we would all get a job, maybe not well-paid, but a job nonetheless. Most assumed that we would probably own a house within a few years as well – and many did. Almost nobody graduated in debt.

Were we happier, with the

simplicity life afforded us then? I do not know. I do know that I feel more stressed now than ever, with a constantly bleeping and buzzing phone, work that never switches off, and the pressures of modern life.



And now, as I watch my eldest daughter applying to (sssshhhhh...) Oxford, I wonder just how different, and perhaps more difficult, her time at University will be than mine was.

No, she won't have to queue for the photocopier. She can email her supervisor if she needs to. She carries all the music she could ever listen to in her pocket. She won't have vodka blotches in her yearbook photos. But she, like you, is living in uncertain times, with no guarantee that her degree will be of any use at all, or that she'll ever repay her student debts.

One thing is the same now though, as back when I was a Fresher:

These years are to be enjoyed. Taken for everything they are, experienced, felt, devoured, lived. So get out there and live them. Take everything this place has to offer you. Take it, and enjoy it. You'll be missing those gyp room fire alarms and essay deadlines before you know it.

Liz Fraser is a best-selling author and broadcaster, columnist and stand-up. [www.liz-fraser.com](http://www.liz-fraser.com)

## 3 YEARS AGO



JONNY DILLON

This has been my fourth Cambridge Freshers' Week. My arrival onto Cambridge's hallowed cobbles is but a distant memory of a naïve and nervous teenage me; yet to have experienced his first all-night library session, Wednesday Cindies or the crushing disappointment of having his first essay returned with the single annotation: "This is not a sentence." But in the three years between then and now, I've garnered some pearls of worldly wisdom that I'm feeling generous enough to impart upon you, little fresher, in a short collection of things I wish I'd known when I stood in your quivering shoes.

You don't have to become best friends with the first person you

met. Nor do you have to be bosom buddies with your next door neighbour, the girl who slurped her soup next to you at freshers' formal or your college brother who has an avid passion for larping. After all, this is Cambridge; you will undoubtedly meet some people you find rather odd, but I can equally promise you will meet some great ones who will become some of the best friends you will ever have. This doesn't, however, mean you can be a dick to people you don't get on with immediately. You never know when you'll need the help of your supervision partner, who, when you first met insisted on telling you in detail about each of the 14 ponies she's ever owned.

There will be times when you are sat in your room, on your own, not knowing what to do; but everyone else will experience this too. Go and knock on someone's door and see if they want to go to a freshers' squash. Text that guy saved to your phone as 'Blonde Geographer' and see whether he wants to grab lunch. Chances are the person you reach out to will have also been moping about in their room and bite your arm off at the offer of company that isn't Netflix. And if they are already

doing something, ask to join them: the worst they can say is no.

No one is having as great a time as their Facebook profile suggests. One of the worst things about Cambridge Freshers', excluding the crap and overcrowded clubnights, is that almost all of your friends will have had their Freshers' weeks last month. September's social media will have been nothing but a torrent of drunken selfies of school friends at Manchester or Leeds, daubed in UV paint and fancy dress having the "BEST NIGHT EVERRRR". These people are liars. The 'best night ever' does not involve UV paint, in any capacity. I doubt they even remember the name of the girl whose neck they're hanging around like an intoxicated orangutan. So when you wake up after a distinctly average night in Lola's, which involved getting obscenely drunk to combat the pain of an accidental stiletto to the foot in the hour long queue, there is no need to fear; this is the quintessential freshers' experience; you're missing out on nothing.

There will be that one person doing your subject who on the first night loudly declares that they couldn't possibly go out because

they already have too much work to do. They are wrong. Do not let them make you feel bad. For the entirety of the next three years, there will always be work you could be doing instead of going out. You will never again be able to wake up at midday and not feel guilty. Before mid-term deadlines hit, seize the opportunity to go to the pub. This is the first term of your first year at university, make the most of it.

Cambridge societies are all-encompassing and all-consuming. If you have an interest in something, you can bet your entire student loan that there is a society for it. Societies and sports teams are a great way to meet new people and make friends outside of college who share your passion for belly dancing or your love of korfbal. However, be warned: as much as you may think you're Buffy the Vampire Slayer's number one fan, however badly you want the Kitesurfing Society stash, and even, if for some bizarre reason, you might think it useful to learn Esperanto, signing your CRSid on



that dotted line is volunteering yourself for a three-year-long barrage of near-daily emails from societies that you may never bother to turn up to. Hi, Blind Wine Tasting Society.

Disregarding these Freshers' Fair impulses, I urge you to throw yourself into life outside academia. Join interesting societies, play a sport, go to a range of events and accept exciting invitations and suggestions. At times, you may not feel like being friendly, you might miss home or be overwhelmed by this bizarre place, where people seem to speak a different language of swaps and supervisions, bops and Blues. But this is your home for at least the next three years. Embrace it. Cambridge is weird, but it's wonderful.





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**POLICE NOW**

I graduated from Gonville and Caius with a first in Natural Sciences in 2007. I joined the Metropolitan Police straight after and spent 2 years responding to 999 calls in Hackney. I then trained to be a detective and was promoted to being a Detective Sergeant in Lambeth, before working on the Trident Gangs Command. In 2013 became a Detective Inspector - working for a year as a Neighbourhood inspector in Leyton and then leading a team of 40 detectives in Waltham Forest. I was promoted to Detective Chief Inspector and was lucky enough to be awarded a Fulbright Scholarship to go to the US for 5 months to conduct research into police training and unconscious bias. I returned this summer to lead the first 6 week Police Now Summer Academy. Being a police officer is a privilege, we are given significant responsibility from day 1 and it has been both rewarding and challenging - ethically, mentally, intellectually, emotionally. I have been lucky enough to be able to help people in some of the toughest moments of their lives and have learnt a lot from some extraordinary and compassionate colleagues.

There is huge opportunity within policing to innovate and improve - I set up the Commissioner's 100 - a group of frontline officers keen to change the met- and we persuaded the Met to launch Police Now in 2014-15.

This year seven forces from around the UK are participating in the Police Now 2 year graduate leadership programme. We will be recruiting only the best graduates onto the policing frontline where they will be measured on their ability to boost confidence and reduce crime in a specific geographical patch. This year most of the Police Now cohort wouldn't have considered joining the police if it weren't for Police Now yet 98% of them would recommend the programme to a friend. On the Police Now programme you will have a unique opportunity to make a difference & develop critical transferable skills and after 2 years we'll support them to pursue a career outside, or inside, the police. Policing, and more importantly communities, will get a further injection of tenacious, committed, innovative individuals to add to ranks of committed and capable officers who are trying to make a difference in communities through delivering quality policing.

**You can meet Police Now at the Cambridge Graduate Fair on the 21st October 2015.**

**You can also join DCI Tor Garnett and colleagues for a presentation on the Police Now programme at a presentation at Newnham College Atrium at 1630hrs on the 26th October 2015.**

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# Autumn street style

Varsity's pick of the best autumn street style, spotted at Sidgwick and around town:



▼ **Tom, ASNAC fresher**  
"My coat was from Oxfam back in Bath"

▼ **Hannah, English second year**  
"My favourite place to shop in Cambridge would probably be Zara"

▲ **Lara MML finalist**

▲ **Conrad, History finalist**  
"My coat was £3 from a charity shop on Mill Lane"

▲ **Meredith, MML fresher**  
"This jacket was from a vintage shop in Sheffield"

◀ **Gareth, Phd Sociology**





# Nine of the worst-dressed characters in literature

The fashion of fiction is not without sin. Here are nine characters from literature who missed the cut for the literary runway.

**Dobby, the *Harry Potter* series**  
For a character defined by his obsessive longing for clothes there is nothing but disappointment to be found when he finally gains new-found freedom in fashion. Taking the concept of what one may call “hobo chic” all too literally, Rowling certainly wasn’t appealing to our sympathy when she dresses this lil’ house-elf; buying him a christmas present, our beloved trio “had fun selecting the most lurid socks they could find, including a pair patterned with flashing gold and silver stars, and another that screamed loudly when they became too smelly.” I yield that their is probably a poignant point to be made here concerning fashion, fresh-starts, and freedom of expression, but for now: ew.

**Mr Darcy, *Pride and Prejudice***  
To those of the masses who find Mr Darcy to be their literary heart throb - shame on you and your cliché fantasy. Mr Darcy’s outfits are as wet as his character. Like clothes like character, Darcy’s choices are safe and only just about

noticeable. Either be brooding and dark like a Dorian Gray or Mr Rochester, or if you’re to be eccentrically trimmed at least be as peacockish as Flyte. No more Austen-esque frilly-bland-middle-ground for me.

**Wally, *Where’s Wally?* series**  
Resembling a terribly bland hybrid between a circus prison convict and the supermarket clothes your mum used to buy you as a child, this is a look that should be lost forever. Let us pray Wally is never again found in the pages which bear his name.

**Christian Grey, *Fifty Shades of Grey***  
Egocentric enough to define his wardrobe by his own name, Grey warrants only a shade to be thrown on him as drab as the novels in which he was written.

**The Green Knight, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight***  
I’m all for minimalism and clear-cut-chic, but like Grey,

this supernatural enigma goes too far with his unicolor aesthetic: ‘and all arrayed in green, that man and his clothes.’ Stand him in front of a green-screen and he can disappear with Wally.

**Miss Havisham, *Great Expectations***  
Though a poignant indication of character, Miss Havisham’s clothes are as secluded from decent fashion as she is from society. Her faded and ghostly wedding attire is a saddening reminder of transience and decay: “I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow.” Havisham won’t be walking down any aisle, least of all our runway.

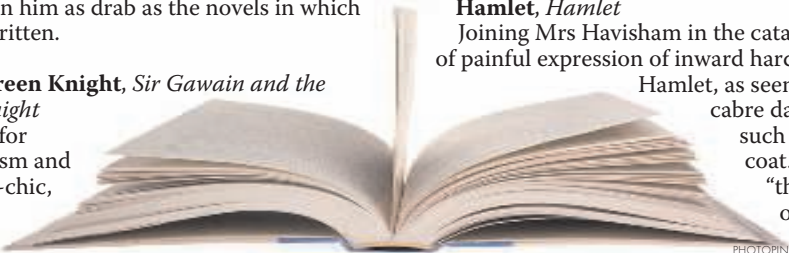
**Hamlet, *Hamlet***  
Joining Mrs Havisham in the catalogue of painful expression of inward hardships is Hamlet, as seen in his macabre dark clothing such as his “inky coat.” Indeed, “the apparel oft claims a man.”

**Mr Tumnus, *The Lion, the Witch and The Wardrobe***

Where Little Red Riding Hood fails to understand camouflage for walking in dangerous woods, Mr Tumnus fails to gauge weather (or common sense for that matter). Now this is not to say we shouldn’t follow Miranda Priestley’s scorning of those who’s fashion is strictly defined by season (lest we forget: “florals, in Spring? Ground breaking”), but Tumnus’ solo-statement-scarf number is ridiculous. Silly Mr Numbness and his ill-dress deserves the hypothermia which awaits him.

**Stephen’s Mother, *Ulysses***  
This look is as niche as the reference, taking the cliché fashion remarks “I’m dead” or “that look kills me” to the next (and literal) level. Stephen’s mother’s look is as dead as she is: “In a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes.”

Oliver Yeates



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# The Chapel of Kings

Laura Robinson investigates the events being held to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the completion of King's College Chapel

On the 21st and 22nd of October, *These Walls* is being staged inside the chapel to mark the 500th anniversary of the completion of its stonework, and promises "light, sound, music, voice and movement, contrasting the 500 year old building with contemporary theatre practice." Some think of the chapel as a heartless monument, an archaic construction that is either met with unconcerned shrugs or starry eyed stares, a part of Cambridge that has been seized by the tourist industry. Yet it breathes the past; a timeline of 500 years alive within its walls and bearing, a living statue that celebrates the colourful history of a town and university, of which we now form the present. It is an education in Gothic English architecture, stained glasswork, and the intelligence and intricacy of its design lies in its fan vault, the largest in the world.

Our tale begins in the early 15th century, when Henry VI was caught with the desire to build a university counterpart to Eton, which he founded in 1440. While the first stone of the college was laid in 1441, the first foundation stone for the chapel was placed by the king five years later, on the 25th of July 1446. Henry drew up organised plans for both Eton and King's College, though his attention mainly focused on constructing chapels for both institutions, in particular the chapel at King's, which became the womb of his aspirations. A plan by Reginald Ely, Henry VI's master mason, was used as the model for the chapel, and while the king laid out instructions for the construction of both the college and the chapel in his will of 1448, only the chapel was ever completed.

The delayed and unfinished building works – including Eton College's chapel, similar in style yet never completed – were a result of the War of the Roses. While construction continued after Henry VI's right to the throne was challenged by Richard, Duke of York, in 1455 (patronage by the Duchy of Lancaster, although irregular, continued), it ceased altogether when he was deposed in 1461 by the victory at Towton of Edward of York. Whilst Henry continued to battle for his throne – he was crowned for six months in 1470 – the battle of Tewksbury sealed his fate: he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and is thought to have been murdered.

During Edward IV's reign the Chapel was touched very little – the foundation stones had been laid, but the walls were still seedlings – and until his death in 1483, it remained a cemetery of stone, a memorial to Henry IV's ambitions. The crowning of Richard III sang life back into Henry's forgotten opus; he pressed on with the building in haste, and ordered the imprisonment of any individual who delayed it. By the end of his reign, the timber roof had been constructed, and the first five bays were in use.

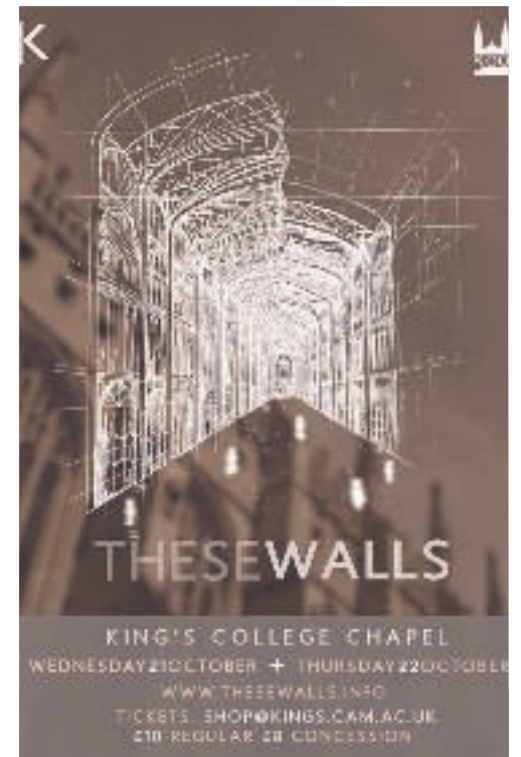
Yet the glory of the chapel was not to be realised until the Tudor dynasty. After his victory over Richard III at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, Henry VII cared little for the construction (his attention and treasury diverted to other more consuming matters of importance) and for the first two years of his reign it became a ghost once more. The college solicited the king for mercy upon its chapel, lamenting that "the structure magnificently begun by royal

munificence now stands shamefully abandoned to the sight". Henry VII's mother, Lady Margaret Beaufort, was dedicated to continuing the legacy of Henry VI, now paraded as a Yorkist saint, and her influence extended to her son. In 1508, the chapel was a beehive of activity, and although Henry VII died a year later, he set aside a part of his wealth in his will to ensure that his son would be able to continue with the edifice.

By 1515, during the reign of Henry VIII, the main structure of the chapel was complete, and finishing details were added until his death. These included the rood screen separating the choir from the antechapel, erected in celebration of his marriage to Anne Boleyn. The chapel stood in its finished glory, a living relic of just over 100 years of history. It would escape harm while serving as a training ground for Oliver Cromwell's troops during the Civil War (graffiti from Parliament soldiers on the walls near the altar still being visible today), and survive the blitz of World War II, during which most of the stained glass was removed for safety.

Beloved and abandoned during its birth, the chapel is experiencing a similar kind of emotional duality today: tourists stop and stare in awe, while students cycle past without so much of a glance: a literal 'been there, done that, got the postcard'. It is easy to forget the chapel's historical magnificence and just see a grainy image cheaply printed on a white t-shirt. Yet to celebrate the chapel, the anniversary of its birth, is to celebrate a part of Cambridge, and thus a part of what we now belong to.

Laura Robinson



*Hannah Calascione, the producer of 'These Walls', playing in the chapel from the 21st - 22nd October, gives an insight into the celebration*

"The college decided to celebrate the 500th by enlisting students to put on events, which is a rare opportunity! It's not often that we are trusted to use college's buildings as a venue for site-specific theatre. I was really excited to be able to create an event that is using the chapel in (quite) an unencumbered way, although it's my job to deal with where those limits actually are. It's also fun to negotiate with the college too. So far we think we have created a show that is quite unique to the building, which is specifically exciting because the purpose of the event is to celebrate the building. The audience should hopefully get to experience the chapel in new ways and yet also see in the performance many familiar ways it is used every day by those who visit it now, and those who have inhabited it through history."

## DON'T MISS!

*Samuel Beckett in dialogue with King's College Chapel*

Photographs from John Haynes embedded in an audio-visual extravaganza, some of which includes the voice of Beckett and extracts of his works.

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ALEX SHUTTEWORTH



**Film: The Martian**

In recent years, Ridley Scott films have been quite dour and dull affairs. On the surface, it may seem that *The Martian* would be just as lifeless as some of his more recent efforts. The film begins with a terrifying storm that leaves astronaut and botanist Mark Watney (Matt Damon) stuck on Mars and presumed dead by his earthbound crew. However, when NASA discovers that he is still alive, a mission begins to bring him home before he dies on the red planet.

While at times *The Martian* may be too fast paced to affect you emotionally, the film has an enthusiasm and energy that is ultimately infectious. Aside from the opening fifteen minutes, the rest of the film marks a tonal and thematic shift for Ridley Scott. With pop culture references, cheeky uses of ABBA and Bowie (though not the Bowie song you'd expect), and a generally light and fast-paced tone, the film frequently feels like the work of a younger director. The influence of *Cabin In The Woods* co-writer Drew Goddard is clearly felt. The script always keeps the story moving forward

and is full of witty jokes as well as scientific substance.

The cinematography is also aided by an all-round fantastic cast. This is one of Matt Damon's better performances and a great illustration of his talent, the sort of role where actors are able to display the full extent of their dramatic talent. Meanwhile, in supporting roles we have the likes of Kristen Wiig, Chiwetel Ejiofor, Kate Mara, Jeff Daniels and Jessica Chastain. There isn't a poor performance in the film, and the collection of top actors all clearly committed makes every element of the story compelling. For fans of the TV show *Community*, it's a joy to see Donald Glover of *Childish Gambino* fame appear in a small but key role. Furthermore, the presence of Sean Bean allows for what might well be one of the best *Lord of the Rings* reference in film history.

*The Martian* has inevitably been compared to recent space epics *Gravity* and *Interstellar*, both of which are evoked through the imagery and cast members (this is Damon's

first film since his small but critical role in the latter). While *The Martian* is never as thrilling as *Gravity* or as emotional as *Interstellar*, it is an altogether more fun and rewatchable package. The film is an easy crowdpleaser, which is quite an achievement considering its genre as a survival/apocalyptic film in which science experiments are enlisted to salvage the dire situation in which the characters find themselves trapped.

There's something charming about the film's can-do attitude and message, making *The Martian* a triumph of the human spirit story that doesn't seem mawkish but instead genuinely heart-warming.

Overall, *The Martian* is an intelligently made and fun film with its heart very much in the right place. A refreshing change of pace for Ridley Scott, a showcase for Matt Damon's talents, and a heartwarming ode to human determination. *The Martian* is a satisfying film that will leave you with a smile on your face and a spring in your step.

Michael Dalton

**TV: Doctor Who**

It's almost impossible to believe that *Doctor Who* has now been on our screens in its regenerated form for over ten and a half years. Last month, the show made a welcome return with one of the strongest series openers in recent memory: a two-parter, comprising 'The Magician's Apprentice' and 'The Witch's Familiar', both written by showrunner Steven Moffat. The ensuing episodes 'Under The Lake' and 'Before The Flood' also have not failed to disappoint.

These episodes are demonstrative of Moffat at his absolute best. He manages to do what many have tried to over the years, almost always unsuccessfully: to write a Dalek storyline which is devoid of cliché. With the presence of Davros, creator of the Daleks, as an innocent young boy, a clever call-back to the Tom Baker story 'Genesis of the Daleks' and a truly macabre twist on the Dalek mythos in the form of the sewer-graveyards, Moffat manages to create new angles whilst never straying from the established staples.

With the series' second two-parter, 'Under the Lake' and 'Before the Flood', writer Toby Whithouse plunges us into entirely different territory. Aliens which appear at first to be supernatural beings are not a new element in the *Doctor Who* universe;

but this story, in which the undersea threat initially seems to be a pair of ghosts, is anything but derivative.

Once again, Clara more than proves her mettle when forced to separate from the Doctor, and each of the supporting cast playing the crew inhabit their well-defined characters. Particularly impressive is Sophie Stone as Cass who, while becoming the first deaf actress to play a deaf character on *Doctor Who*, overshadows this aspect of the character with her passionate portrayal of a captain dedicated to her crew.

As for the two leading characters, the run so far is testament to the power of time as an improver. This series is actually Jenna Coleman's third (and, it was recently confirmed, last) in the role of Clara, making her the longest-running companion of the New *Who* era; and, appropriately, these opening episodes see her character at her most assured and confident to date. She effortlessly runs the show, even managing to smoothly command the first half of the first episode without the Doctor there to help her.

When he does eventually show up, however, Peter Capaldi is on stunning form as he commences his second series in one of the biggest roles on British television. His entrance, shredding on an electric guitar while astride a tank, is one of the most

joyous moments I can remember on the show: one can imagine Moffat giggling to himself as he pushes and pulls this iconic character in delightfully unprecedented directions. Even more rewarding for the viewer is the Doctor's increased ease with Clara: after a series in which their dynamic seemed to alternate between angry uncle/affection-starved niece and wilful schoolboy/exasperated teacher, it is reassuring to see them finally embrace each other as friends.

Of course, any reviewer of these opening episodes would be remiss not to mention the scene-stealing force of nature that is Michelle Gomez, returning to her incarnation of the Master with deranged glee after last series' blistering finale. Her wit is as razor-sharp as her cheekbones, and her total incapacity to do anything remotely in the way one might expect renders her performance compulsive viewing. With her lethal combination of hilarity and sociopathic violence, Gomez achieves the impossible; she makes the Master, the Doctor's ultimate nemesis, eminently likeable. With such a powerful start to the series, *Doctor Who* has set itself a high benchmark for the next few weeks; but, based on what we've seen so far, we have every reason to look forward to the next episode.

Luisa Callander

**Film: Suffragette**

Much like slavery in Steve McQueen's *12 Years a Slave*, it is shocking that it has taken until 2015 for cinema to finally address the suffrage movement. Despite being one of the most important political movements in recent history, besides an over the top, caricatured representation in *Mary Poppins*, the suffragettes have frankly been poorly served. What this has done, therefore, is pile huge amounts of pressure on director Sarah Gavron and her team to make the film that many have been waiting for. Luckily for us she more than pulls it off.

Despite writer Abi Morgan's original plan to make a biopic, *Suffragette* follows the story of a fictional, composite character Maud Watts (Carey Mulligan), a working-class mother who, despite not initially identifying

as a suffragette, is steadily seduced by the movement and its causes.

Yet Maud is by no means the focus of the film. Gavron shines light on all her cast and it's her handling of her characters that impresses most. Thanks to Morgan, the film provides interesting discussion about the class divide within the movement, with the film highlighting that middle class suffragettes had a financial safety net which working class women like Maud simply did not.

*Suffragette* also has a wonderful balance of characters in terms of gender. It would have been lazy to simply create a male versus female environment, yet the film stays well clear of this; both the male and female characters are diverse, flawed, and are challenged throughout, making *Suffragette* a mainstream film to be exemplified.

Yet throughout the film, you do get the sense that Gavron is afraid to linger. The film is fast paced and so quickly edited, with most scenes lasting no longer than one minute,





that you at times feel like the film is pushing you away and preventing you from really getting under the skin of its characters. This is made more frustrating by Gavron's interest in the mass, with the camera often focusing

“  
AN IMPORTANT STORY MADE  
BY WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN,  
BUT FOR A MASS AUDIENCE

on the chaos of the crowd rather than the chaos of the individual. It seems as if the film is attempting to portray a mass movement through the masses on screen, but a focus on a few individuals probably would have made for a more effective film.

Yet all this is counteracted by the film's main performances. Playing

Carey Mulligan's character in other hands could have been a thankless task, she, however, manages to steer the film from the mere generic to create a believable heroine at the centre of it. And despite Gavron's inclination to the crowd, her cast's commitment allows rather ideological concepts to be at the forefront of the film.

In the end, it's hard to describe *Suffragette* as anything other than conventional storytelling. Despite its radical subject matter, the film itself is far from it. Yet this isn't necessarily to be criticised. Yes, its form is traditional, but Gavron by no means takes off any hard edges, allowing her to tell the story effectively and accurately. And despite my reservations, *Suffragette* is ultimately a success; an important story made by women, about women, but for a mass audience.

And if that's not to be celebrated in our current cinematic climate, then I don't know what is.

Will Roberts

## Music: Visionist – Safe



Croydon's Louis Carnell, better known as grime producer Visionist, has released his debut album *Safe* on Berlin-based imprint PAN, which specialises in dance music that has more in common with Berghain's brutal mechanist-techno than with Wiley's eskibeat. This is a logical landing spot for this album, the latest in a series of releases in which Visionist has gradually pared down his sonic palette and consciously dissociated himself from a tag imposed upon him since early on in his career. “Grime,” he explains in a recent interview with the *Guardian*, is a word which “protects a lot of music that isn't very good.”

Despite this, he is clearly an ardent student of the genre – arriving in its ‘second coming’ alongside other predominantly instrumental acts such as Murlo and the Oil Gang labelm, Visionist's early tracks, notably 2013's ‘Snakes’, seem proud to bear grime's hallmarks – substituting claps for gunshots, its propulsive beat resembles Terror Danjah's ‘first generation’ classic ‘Cock Back’. Subsequent EPs *I'm Fine* and *I'm Fine II*, however, mark Visionist's progression towards a minimalist and altogether darker aesthetic.

*Safe* is an almost beatless album, a collage of cold synth stabs and pitched-up vocal samples implemented not to advance a groove, but as someone like Burial would; to construct atmosphere and space. The refrain “in my head”, repeated at varying pitches to close ‘Too Careful To Care’, induces a distinct sense of unease, something that Carnell has said he was consciously striving to achieve. The ‘safety’ of the title refers to his idea of achieving comfort regardless of external environment, learning to temper his internalised anxiety by presence of mind alone. This is expressed pervasively throughout the album – for each and every jarring song like ‘Too Careful To Care’, there's a song like ‘Sleep Luxury’, or ‘Sin-cere’, where similar vocal manipulation techniques create genuinely pretty and calming textures.

Even where drums are incorporated, they remain consistent with this theme. The skittering hi-hat patterns and booming 808 kicks of ‘Let Me In’ appropriate Atlanta trap, except where Luger's drums would energise a track, Visionist's enervate; they sustain tension rather than enable release. The percussion on standout track ‘1 Guarda’ seems to carry the vocals to similar effect, yet it gives way suddenly on a key change, allowing the vocals to stand alone as uncanny digital facsimile of Gregorian chanting.

No MCing, or any vocal sampling that might even vaguely resemble MCing, is present anywhere on the album. This isn't because MCs are incapable of catching flows over the sparse and ethereal rhythms (as proved by K9 in a Visionist co-produced and deeply emotional tribute to dead friends ‘Stress’), but because Carnell is actively attempting to move his work away from the grime template. He seems frustrated with the sense of nostalgia which pervades much of the genre, making the bold assertion that “people just want the past... but I don't want to sell you the past, I want to give you the future.” While grime has always had a preoccupation with futurism, this album's success is expressing these ideas through meditation rather than hypermasculine outward aggression. It isn't revolutionary, but if its audience can find it to be half as therapeutic as its creator seems to have done, it is still truly valuable.

John Kirk

## Music Picks of the Week, from Margot Speed

Apart from the odd Foalsgasm, I rarely go full fangirl over a band. In my school years, however, my love for Matt Healy and The 1975 was a completely different story. A boy band with an impeccable black and white aesthetic, lyrics that just seemed to truly “understand” my friends and I, and actually a fair amount of musical talent. Memories of my night with them (and 5,000 other people) at Brixton Academy will forever live on in my mind, unsulliable. About six months ago, the band turned in what I assume was meant to be a new and radical direction. Suddenly, they started posting PINK pictures on social media. A countdown started. Something was about to happen. Then last week on Radio 1, Annie Mac previewed their new song ‘Love Me’ before its release the next day. Don't get me wrong, ‘Love Me’ is a good track. It takes the trademark drums-and-some-bass sound of the band, throws some Bowie influences at it, and retains Healy's virtually unintelligible croon. It is far more poppy than their old work, but retains the guitar solos, mixing them with electronic jams. When heard alongside the rest of the new album, the track will probably provide some new direction for the band. At the moment, however, the sound is not different enough to justify the attempt at re-branding. The 1975 leave me feeling almost disappointed, and, somewhere, 16 year old Margot is heartbroken (I do still love you, Matty).

Meanwhile, proper synthpop duo Hurts are also back after two years with their new album *Surrender*. In a slightly less rabid way, I've always liked the duo: they met outside a club in Manchester when their friends started

## Event: Fever @ Kuda



Last Thursday marked the opening night of Turf's new series of events, promising eclectic disco, galactic funk and heavy techno in the forms of Horse Meat Disco, Space Dimension Controller and Tim Lawson, respectively. For those of you who don't know, Turf is one of the few nights in Cambridge dedicated solely to underground electronic music whereby one's night can end roughly around the same time as some very productive people start their day.

This particular event was taking place in Life (Kuda, for those looking in the phone directory). Upon entry to the club, top button undone, my ears were met with the pulsating sound of a guy called Mr Margaret Scratcher, a name I was sure I'd heard somewhere before. In this case, however, the only forms of unfettered deregulation appeared to reside in the psyche of a few gentlemen who I can only assume, judging by their enthusiasm, were close friends of his.

Eventually, they were joined by a much larger crowd in going crazy for Margaret's tunes prior to the arrival of the highly anticipated Horse Meat Disco. And so, armed with my gin and tonic shaped prop, I decided to undo that second button and join the fray.

Still finding my feet both in a literal and metaphorical sense, I opted to keep it simple, starting off with a light fist-pump. Before I knew it, my prop disappearing like a glacier in one of those panicked global warming documentaries, I found myself finger wagging and imaginary ceiling painting to the beat of Tom Trago's ‘Shutters’ (I definitely didn't use Shazam). In other words; I was on one.

As anyone in attendance can confirm, the previous Turf event held in the same venue (featuring Jeremy Underground, Dan Shake and Floating Points) would be a tough act for anyone to follow. Fortunately, every track appeared to hit the spot and HMD's seamless mixing created one deep, evolving groove. One thing which really surprised me was just how nice people were compared to your standard night out – there must have been something in the water they all seemed to be drinking. For instance, there was this one guy who kept hugging and offering me drinks of said water despite being a complete stranger. Shout out to him.

At this stage of the game, Space Dimension Controller was ready to take control of the decks. Conveniently, I was ready to refuel on the G&T front, undo that third button and, to paraphrase Jez from Peep Show, enter full ‘Blair on holiday’ mode. On my return to the dancefloor I joined the many others losing their shit to N-joi's ‘Anthem’ followed by a nostalgia overload in the form of Womack and Womack's beautiful ‘Teardrops’, a personal highlight.

It wasn't long before 4am rocked up and Tim Lawson took centre stage. To describe this stuff as heavy duty really would be an understatement. The pulsating techno sound raised the intensity to a level previously unseen for anyone still present. I was running out of buttons to undo; forget Blair, this was Miliband in Ibiza. After about 20 minutes of this I decided my bed was calling me, and I made my way for the exit feeling extremely tired and slightly crusty, but all the better for it.

Aodhán Kelly

a fight, and, too drunk to join in, they decided to start a band instead. They retain the mellow and sometimes dark sound of their first two albums, kicking the album off with a gospel-inspired intro, but the record also has some pleasingly euphoric moments. ‘Nothing Will Be Bigger Than Us’ barrels straight into EDM territory, while ‘Perfect Timing’ is more chilled out, sampled saxophones mixing with gently fizzing synths. The beauty of the album lies in its diversity, which manages to hold onto all the elements that made the band successful initially, but also pulling them into a new domain.

Finally, some classical music. I won't apologise for this, because Yo-Yo Ma and Kathryn Stott have released a work of otherworldly perfection – *Songs from the Arc of Life* – that can be appreciated by anyone, even if you know nothing about the genre (“This is Cambridge,” the reader sighs and rolls their eyes, “Of course I know about classical music”). There are some orthodox selections of Bach, Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saëns performed, but also some tantalisingly obscure works from others. They show the rapport they have built over decades of playing together, complementing each other's styles from start to finish, charting the different stages of life from skittish childhood to the drawn out wavering line of loneliness in Sollima's ‘Il Bell'Antonio’, finishing with Schubert's ‘Ave Maria’. This last track, and the album in its entirety, give both performers a chance to show their unbelievable talent for evoking the depth of human emotion in their masterful playing. Compulsory listening for anyone hoping to complete Michaelmas with a level of calm.



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# Whatever happened to the Women's World Cup hype?

**Sophie Penney**

Sport Correspondent

This summer it was all looking very promising: there was a media storm when England won a bronze medal in the Women's Football World Cup, the Women's Boat Race was shown on live TV for the first time, and at Wimbledon all anyone could talk about was the Serena Slam. Fast-forward a few months and the reality of the gender imbalance in sports coverage is showing through once more. The media success of the Women's World Cup, which was for a while a source of hope for equality, petered out soon after it started. A quick check of the BBC Sport homepage shows that only two of the 44 articles currently featured are about women's sport, and on the ITV Sport homepage no women's sport is mentioned. This omission of a gender that represents 51 per cent of the world's population is frankly shocking. These women work themselves to the bone to achieve excellence in their sport and when they get there, they get no recognition for it.

The problem is not only in the inferior quantity of women's sports coverage, but also in the content. According to research, in sports journalism men tend to be referred to by their surname and women by their first name. Equally, in the names of sports teams alone, men are called men, but women, girls. This treatment presents men as more professional figures, worthy of respect, while the women are belittled and denigrated.

Behind the camera and the pen, the same issue remains. There is a major lack of female sports reporters. For example, at the BBC, for example, two-thirds of sports anchors are male. Even women who manage to break through are discriminated against: sports reporter Charlie Webster has described how she "would wager that almost every female broadcaster has received a 'get back in the kitchen' comment. [...] Such comments are all part of the job for women."

So how has the sports media industry got itself into such a gender-imbalanced mess? The major problem lies in the fact that men have a much longer history of participation in sport. People can't stop seeing women as newcomers, and therefore treat them as such; that is, with less respect. People are ignoring the sheer talent, dedication and success of women in sport – why shouldn't women receive the credit they deserve?

There is also a business side to the issue: demand increases supply and vice versa, creating a cycle for the snowballing of a sport's popularity, provided it gets that initial burst of coverage or demand from the public. The problem is that most women's sports have never had this initial burst, meaning that demand for it never really gets off the ground.

The lack of coverage has a devastating effect on the world of women's sports, which receive less money in sponsorship because the sponsors receive less visibility than with the same men's sport. And with less money to invest in their sports, their



achievement is limited. Jo Bostok, co-founder and trustee of the Women's Sport Trust, rightly highlights: "When women can't see other women actively participating in sport, getting funded to do so and receiving media coverage when they excel – that's a problem. [...] I am utterly convinced about the value and importance of visible, diverse role models." With less coverage of women's sport there is less inspiration for

young talent, depriving these potential sports stars of the stimulus for growth, and thus preventing the expansion of the sport as a whole.

However, to give credit where credit is due, coverage of women's sports is definitely improving. The BBC now has its first female Director of Sport in Barbara Slater. In 2014, Sky Sports showed women's sports programmes on 260 days of the year, up 30 per cent

on the previous year. It's not 50-50 yet, but it is certainly closer than before.

This programme of improvements will be a slow process; an industry with its foundations submerged in years of sexism is bound to take significant time to change. What we must try to do as individuals is to get behind women's sport as much as possible. We must create the demand so that we get the supply.

**Taylor Vinters\***

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## Have we forgotten women's sport?

Sophie Penney examines the state of gender equality in sports coverage. See page 27

# Sport

## Is Cambridge sport sexist?

Blues Hannah Clifford and Liz Mooney discuss their experiences as women athletes



Cambridge sport: where what matters most is your attitude, rather than your gender?

### Hannah Clifford

Sport Correspondent

My experience of sport in Cambridge started, as for many others, with my college boat club. I had never intended to take up rowing, but Girton College Boat Club quickly became a large part of my day-to-day life. With more enthusiasm than funding, we had a great time, and generally fielded several boats a term while providing fodder for the university crews. There was always a healthy rivalry between the men's and women's sides, but generally, if one was doing well, the other was heading down the rankings, and we all supported each other when it came to races. While our boatman strongly disapproved of mixed crews (much to the dismay of many Lower Boat Captains, with uneven numbers of new recruits), and each crew trained separately on the water, the ladies would often give the men a run for their money at the weekly club circuit sessions. In terms of funding, we were not a particularly well-off club, but all necessities were covered for whichever crew required them.

During my time with the boat club, several people went on to join the Cambridge University Women's Boat Club, including the lightweight crew as well as the Blue Boat and Blondie crews. One of the lightweights was a close friend and I got to hear a lot about her experiences, including the

5:55am trains to Ely paid for by her student loan while the heavyweight men got driven in their own minibuses. I got the impression that it was not really a gender inequality issue as the men's lightweights seemed to get a bit of a rough deal as well – the differences appeared to depend on the history of the crew. I think it is great that both the men's and the women's crews now race on the Tideway on the same day, and I hope changes will continue to be made so that all the crews have a fair deal on the training and facilities side of things.

In my third year, having spent the best part of two years in W1, I was ready for a change. Along with a friend, I decided to take up Modern Pentathlon. For those of you who first heard of it in the previous sentence, Modern Pentathlon is a multidisciplinary sport with running, riding, swimming, shooting and fencing. A combination of speed, skill, stamina and strength, and an all-round mental and physical challenge, it is great fun and very accessible. Having started with no experience of shooting or fencing and being at the 'able to stay alive in water' stage for swimming, my friend and I have now been involved in two Varsity matches and I have followed her to the position of Ladies' Captain.

The Modern Pentathlon Club is a very close-knit club, and virtually all training is done as a whole club rather than split into Men's and Ladies' sessions. There are women in the fastest swimming lane and running group,

and the whole club fences, shoots and rides together. If we divide into groups to optimise training, it is split by ability rather than gender, and more experienced members give their time to coach the less experienced. The Men's and Ladies' Varsity matches take place side by side, and equal attention is given to both – admittedly in 2014, when the Men's side broke Oxford's 17-year hold on the title, the focus was on them, but surely that was appropriate!

My personal experience of sport in Cambridge is that what matters most is your attitude, rather than your gender, and I think this is the best approach to take. The clubs I have been involved with at both college and university level have had at least one weekly whole-club training session, and for Modern Pentathlon the BUCS Teams are mixed, and men's and women's Varsity matches run side by side.

It's not perfect. In Cambridge, attention (and therefore funding) is often influenced by a sport's prestige, such as the fact that men's rowing and rugby get a lot of support at the expense of less well-known teams.

Even though we all joke that Cambridge never changes, there have been some significant positive changes recently in women's sport. Moving the Women's Boat Race to the Tideway and the Women's Rugby Varsity Match to Twickenham in 2015 are both key changes, and I hope that more changes to support all Cambridge sports teams, whether men's, ladies or mixed, are made over the coming years.

### Liz Mooney

Sport Correspondent

Gender equality is an issue that is close to my heart. While I feel that sometimes women are too quick to blame sexism for why things don't work out for them, sexism undoubtedly exists and the glass ceiling is a very real problem. This is the case in sport as well as in business or any other sector of work. Only 28 per cent of qualified coaches are women and almost half of all publicly funded national governing bodies relating to sport have less than a quarter of their board as women. The pay gap is obvious as well – in 30 per cent of sports, men get paid significantly more prize money than women, with football, cricket and squash as three of the main offenders. Improvements have been made over the years; the Australian Open in tennis began offering equal prize money in 2001, and athletics made similar moves in 1993, but the job is not complete.

However, this bleak picture of international sport is not necessarily reflected across the spectrum. My experience of sport and gender equality while at university has been almost entirely positive, and any move towards greater equality has had the full support of all members of the Cambridge University Hare and Hounds (CUHH) – the university's cross-country running club. In fact, the situation now resembles one where there is no discernible difference in the treatment of the men and the women.

It is true that there are more men in CUHH than there are women (there are 24 selected male runners for Varsity cross country and only 14 women) but this reflects a national trend rather than anything within the university. Roughly 1.9 million fewer women than men participate in sport every month, and over 2000 men compared to 865 women competed in the National Cross Country Championships last year. Indeed, CUHH has made improvement in this area, the tireless work of the last two ladies captains (Megan Wilson and Katy Hedgethorpe) bringing the quality of the ladies side up to the point where the number of selected women has increased from 12 to 14.

In all the ways it feasibly could have been, my experience as a female athlete in Cambridge has been one of fair and equal treatment. The men and women train together, have socials together and are in every way one club. It is undoubtedly easier for this to occur in cross country than sports such as hockey or football, given that our races tend to be on the same days and in

the same locations, but there is a team spirit in CUHH that pays no attention to gender. Indeed, the Ladies' Varsity Match has been held on the same day and in the same location as the men's since its conception in 1976. Our current junior committee had 8 women and 12 men, a balance accurately reflecting membership of the club.



**SUCH A BLATANT INEQUALITY AS RECENTLY AS 2013 WAS TRULY SHOCKING**

While I cannot pretend that CUHH's track record is one of gender equality throughout every stage of its history, I can say that every time an inequality is pointed out all members of the club have supported it being changed. This has been most noticeable in the criteria with which a Full Blue, Cambridge's highest sporting accolade, is awarded. When I arrived at the university two years ago it was significantly easier for men to gain a Full Blue than a woman. Every man who ran in the Blues Varsity match and beat a scoring Oxford runner was awarded a Full Blue, whether they won the match overall or not. However, for the women, only four of the six Varsity match contenders were eligible for their Full Blue, and even then only if the team won the match overall. I fell foul of this absurd rule in my first year, being awarded a Half Blue after Varsity despite beating five out of Oxford's six runners. Thankfully this system has now been changed so that the criteria for a female Full Blue are the same as the male criteria. I in no way wish to devalue the Full Blues awarded to the men before this change – it is the women's criteria that has been changed to match the men's after all – I merely wish to emphasise how shocking the existence of such a blatant inequality was, as recently as 2013.

Cross-country running is still not equal – the women's Blues match is disproportionately short compared to the men's. CUHH has been entirely behind me in my attempts to solve this by lengthening the course, but the move has been blocked by our Oxford counterparts. They wish to address the balance by shortening the men's race and a solution has yet to be reached.

I have nothing but praise for CUHH when it comes to gender equality and fair attitudes. It's just a pity my experience at university is not reflected nationwide.



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