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New Addie's chief exec appointed

Tom Freeman
News Correspondent

The new Chief Executive of Addenbrooke's Hospital was appointed yesterday following the resignation of his predecessor just before the hospital was put into special measures.

Roland Sinker, who previously served at King's College Hospital in London, will take up the post next month, replacing Dr Keith McNeil, who quit a week before a Care Quality Commission report rated the hospital "inadequate".

Sinker has worked in senior operational roles in the NHS for ten years, most recently working to turn around King's College Hospital.

He joins Addenbrooke's alongside Sir Ron Kerr, previously Chief Executive of Guy's and St Thomas' NHS Foundation Trust, who joins part time alongside his current duties as Executive Vice Chairman of Guy's and St Thomas'.

Jane Ramsey, chair of Cambridge University Hospital NHS Foundation Trust, said she was "delighted" to welcome Sinker and Kerr on board.

Labour MP for Cambridge, Daniel Zeichner, welcomed the news, commenting: "It is good for patients and staff that Addenbrooke's now has a new Chief Executive, who we all hope will provide the stability and leadership to guide the hospital through what is likely to be a challenging winter."

McNeil recently warned of a "significant nursing vacancy" at the hospital, though he said it was "nowhere as bad as during winter last year".

Zeichner continued, however, by criticising the government for "not grasp[ing] the scale of the financial challenge" the NHS faced.

"I am sure that staff will pull behind the new Chief Exec... but they also need a Government and Health Secretary that will work with them, not undermine them," he said.

Rolling out the red carpet

Exclusive interviews and analysis as the divided left descends on Cambridge

Tom Wilson
Senior News Editor

Public figures from across British left-wing politics came to Cambridge this week after a summer which has seen deep-running divisions and antagonism boil over.

Tristram Hunt, ex-Shadow Education Secretary, member of Labour's moderate and Blairite wing, and historian, give one talk on Monday to Cambridge Universities Labour Club about May's election defeat and

the challenges ahead, and then another to St John's History Society about Marxism. Following Corbyn's leadership win, he formed a Parliamentary group dubbed "the Resistance" to challenge significant aspects of Corbyn's left wing platform.

Yanis Varoufakis, the former Greek Finance Minister who rebelled against the August bailout package and then became one of around 40 Syriza "traitors" to be "kicked out" by the party, and who describes himself as a "libertarian Marxist", made an appearance at the Union on the same day.

Harry Leslie Smith, the World

War II veteran and NHS campaigner, spoke at Fitzwilliam College Debating Society on Tuesday evening in support of the motion "This House welcomes the return of Old Labour." Despite supporting Ed Miliband in the run-up to May's General Election, he has since become an even more vocal supporter of Jeremy Corbyn's leadership bid.

George Galloway completed the week's left-wing quartet, also appearing at the Union on Monday. The former MP and current London Mayoral candidate, who defeated Labour in a shock win in Bradford West in 2012, is known for his firebrand socialist

politics, and has previously sparked criticism and controversy over his views, including his links to Saddam Hussein and his praise of the Soviet Union.

All offered different takes on the future of the left, from Hunt's call for Labour to put the public's concerns first, to Varoufakis's battle with the European Union, and from Leslie Smith's adamant support for the new leadership, to Galloway's crusade against western intervention and Blair's influence over the party.

For interviews and analysis, see pages 4 and 5.

INSIDE:

FOSSIL FUELS, COUNTY COUNCIL CUTS, STREETLIGHTS, MENTAL HEALTH

The student politics conundrum

For good or for ill, politics dominates Cambridge. Not simply in the sense that the recently unseated Liberal Democrat Julian Huppert has taken up a position at POLIS, but rather in its broadest sense, from the smallest discussions to the biggest protests. The no-platforming controversies at other universities take on a particular vehemence here, leading to an unprecedented referendum at the debating society over issues felt so strongly that its Women's Officer felt compelled to resign. The multiplicity of campaigns, organisations and pressure groups working on an staggeringly wide range of issues – from animal testing to fossil fuel divestment, access initiatives to mental health provision and Marxist discussion to feminist campaigning – make the task of drawing the university's political map difficult, to say the least.

Yet for all this activity, it is deeply regrettable that this does not extend to an institutional level.

Monday's latest in the fortnightly CUSU Council meetings was only attended by one student who was not already on the CUSU Executive or a voting JCR representative, and that was a *Varsity* reporter. But decisions are taken in that body on our behalf that can affect students' daily experiences of Cambridge. Recently the Woman's Officer of Trinity College Students' Union launched a petition about the Council's decision to turn off streetlights between midnight and 6am, aiming to keep them turned on. On Monday, CUSU decided to start its own petition in response to criticism from the representative at Fitzwilliam that the paths and roads originally noted in the first petition would not take into account students at Fitzwilliam, who would be left in the dark.

For a university full of students seemingly determined to put the world to rights, this reticence is perhaps curious. Given frequent criticisms of its domination by a white masculine, politically

assertive mode of thinking, as Lola Olufemi put it in last week's issue, you might have thought every politically minded student would attend meetings for the opportunity to present motions and debate with the elected officers of their students' union. Indeed, we sometimes see this at a college level. Corpus in particular has high turnouts in its JCR elections. Open meetings are very well attended, and are almost never inquorate.

Perhaps this is part of the problem – debates about street lighting are hardly as glamorous as a sit-in outside the Senate House as part of the #endweek5blues campaign. But that does not make them any less important, certainly for issues that regard student welfare. When CUSU uses its mandate to act on behalf of and represent all students across the university, yet no lay students attend its Council meetings, there is an issue. But involvement, like charity, needs to start at home.

SCIENCE

Techwatch: Swapping Bodies

Technology columnist *Charlotte Gifford* explores the body swapping possibilities of virtual reality (page 11)



INTERVIEW

Venus Envy

This week's *Varsity* Introducing discusses music-making with the band of Selwynites and Cantab grads (page 12)



COMMENT

Lola Olufemi

The *Varsity* columnist blasts the University's use of David Starkey in its ongoing fundraising efforts (page 15)



CULTURE

Haul of Horrors

Mariam Ansar counts down the top five horror films in *Vulture's* Halloween special edition (page 18)



FASHION

Hallowe'en Couture

Take a walk on the dark side through the arches of St. John's in the first *Varsity* fashion shoot of term (page 24)



THEATRE

Théâtre du Grand-Guignol

Let *Laura Robinson* guide you through the gruesome history of Paris' infamous theatre (page 26)



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 to find out more.

Letters to the Editor editor@varsity.co.uk

Sir,

Congratulations to Vidya Ramesh for an excellent article on the perils of white feminism. I was, though, perplexed by her description of the UK as a "multiracial society where the Anglo-Celtic ethnic group was historically the dominant one". If you're looking for one large group in the UK that's been the victim of historical oppression, you'd be hard-pressed to find a better example than the Irish Celts. For centuries, Irish Celts were seen as racially inferior to Anglo-Saxons - barred from jobs, banned from practising their popish religion and demonised as racially inferior to Anglo-Saxons. Catholics were only admitted to Cambridge in 1871. This discrimination continued well into the 20th century - particularly in Northern Ireland - and even today in Scotland Irish Catholics are several times more likely to be the victim of sectarian attacks than Protestants. Celts have hardly been a "dominant" group - even if today they largely fly under the radar.

Xavier Bisits

Trinity College

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CUSU votes to fight light switch-off

Louis Ashworth

Senior News Correspondent

Cambridge University Student Union's decision-making Council voted on Monday to "actively campaign" to stop the Cambridgeshire County Council switching off the streetlights on Garret Hostel Lane, Grange Road and Trinity Lane.

The Council decided to back an existing petition to stop the streetlights, located in an area densely populated with students, from being turned off – due to take place from 1st April next year. They also voted to create their own petition, which would cover a wider selection of roads.

The original Change.org petition, created by Trinity College's Women's Officer Beth Cloughton, has already attracted 2,168 supporters at the time of writing. The petition, which asks the County Council, City Council and Colleges to "work together to prevent lights from going off and outing citizens in danger", emphasises the importance of a "perception of safety".

The petition highlights a study by the Suzy Lamplugh Trust, which revealed 83 per cent of women feel unsafe in unlit areas.

The motion to support the effort to stop the lights being switched off was proposed by Cornelius Roemer, President of the Trinity College Students' Union. Speaking to *Varsity*, Roemer emphasised that it is "crucial to ensure that the lights remain on without gaps".

Cloughton told *Varsity* that lighting is a town-wide concern, and not exclusively an issue for the student



CUSU has decided to campaign against cuts to street lighting

population.

The decision was taken to launch a second petition after Fitzwilliam College JCR's Vice-President Damiano Sogaro pointed out that Cloughton's original petition does not cover all those student-frequented areas which are currently set to lose their lights.

Roemer said the decision was taken to launch a petition independently, as CUSU is "slow on the move".

The County Council spends £270,000 each year on lighting in Cambridge, from a total of £1.1 million towards street lighting across the county. It emphasised the savings that can be made from the plan, which involves turning off the lights from

12am–6am in many residential areas. Several councillors have raised concerns with the plan.

"This proposal to dim or switch off lights has already been implemented throughout our neighbouring authorities in Essex, Hertfordshire, Suffolk and Norfolk," said a County Council spokesperson.

"There has been no evidence of any increases in either crime or traffic related accidents in these areas".

Roemer criticised the "ludicrous" decision made by the County Council, saying that "street lights contribute strongly to a perception of safety". He said that TCSU will continue to appeal to the County Council, but if that fails,

they will go to the City Council, which is more "student friendly".

He described the County Council as "constituted largely of old men", and said that it "just doesn't see students as a priority group".

The CUSU Council also discussed the scrapping of student maintenance grants, and voted on three other ordinary motions.

They moved to support the National Demo for Free Education, after a few amendments which included removing "tax the rich" from the slogan. A vote to support the Cambridge University Calais Refugee Action Group failed by four votes to three, with the majority of participants abstaining, after questions were raised about the amount of funding required, and the precedent that would be set.

The Council also voted on a second motion proposed by Roemer, which criticised the current running of CUSU. The proposal stated that attendance at CUSU Council is "undesirably low", and that the "reputation of CUSU is low, especially compared to other JCRs and University Student Unions". The motion sought to force CUSU Officers to bring forward their policy ideas to the Council on a "continuous basis".

The Council passed an altered version of the motion, maintaining only a set of resolutions that involved keeping the Council's list of active resolutions up-to-date.

Under current rules, any motion passed by CUSU expires after three years, unless refreshed. It was suggested that the Council should discuss the questions raised by Roemer's motion at a later date.

NEWS IN

BRIEF



Police planning to Skype victims

Cambridgeshire Constabulary are trialling a scheme where victims of crime speak to a police officer via Skype. In response to large budget cuts in police provision, the police force is offering victims of crime the opportunity to speak to an officer over the Internet rather than going down to the station.



University saves "degenerate" archive

The university has secured the remaining archive of the work of Arthur Schnitzler, who was branded a "degenerate" by Hitler. Smuggled out of Nazi-occupied Austria, more than 40,000 pages of the Jewish author's work will be preserved for posterity at the UL.

MP criticises "cruel and colossal" £120m cuts to County Council

Cuts under fire but Conservatives say that the books must be balanced

Jack Higgins

Deputy News Editor

Cambridgeshire County Council has announced cuts of £120m to public services over the next five years.

Whilst plans are not finalised, likely targets for savings will be ending the mobile library service and removing funding for school crossing patrols.

It is anticipated that the biggest cut, of approximately £10m, will be to the council's care budget.



DANIEL ZEICHNER

took the opportunity to criticise areas where government spending was increasing, claiming that he had witnessed Tories looking "embarrassed" and not looking Labour MPs "in the eye" during committee meetings on inheritance tax changes.

Mr Zeichner did not respond to *Varsity*'s request for details about any alternative economic policy concerning the council cuts he or Labour were proposing.

Cambridge Universities Labour Club echoed Zeichner's concern, telling *Varsity* that "it will be many of those who rely most upon council funding and support who'll be most adversely affected".

Conservative leader at the County Council, Steve Count, said the cuts are "starting to hit at the front and that must inevitably include vulnerable people", but said people are not "directly at risk".

However, the Cambridge University Conservative Association told *Varsity* that the cuts "demonstrate how difficult the task of getting our books balanced for the benefit of the next generation is".

Their spokesman also added that the council has recently spent £90m delivering a "package of developments to roads, libraries and other public services".

Representatives of the Labour and Liberal Democrat groups at the County Council are yet to respond to *Varsity*'s request for comment.

Speaking directly to *Varsity*, he added that the Tories "know that while they're stuffing wads of cash into their own pockets, local services are crumbling".

"I hope every student reading this will make sure they are registered to vote – because that's the next Tory trick: keep people off the register, so the rich and powerful can keep running the system to their own advantage."

Further to this, the Cambridge MP

“

“(CUTS) MUST INEVITABLY INCLUDE VULNERABLE PEOPLE”

Responding to the proposals, Daniel Zeichner, Labour MP for Cambridge, stated that "these are colossal and cruel Conservative cuts that will devastate the lives of many people in Cambridge."



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THINKER

Hunt: Corbyn “is the leader until he is not”

Tom Wilson
Senior News Editor

“If we’re not clear about what happened and why, we’re going to be in trouble.”

The Bowett Room at Queens’ was overflowing on Monday as students and members of the Cambridge Universities Labour Club, some with anticipation and others scepticism, waited for Tristram Hunt to give a talk entitled ‘Principles, Politics and Pathway to Power’.

The former Shadow Education Secretary, one of many ex-shadow cabinet ministers to resign their post upon the election of Jeremy Corbyn as Labour leader, had been invited to give a talk on the topic of Labour’s election loss.

Adapted from reports by Jon Cruddas MP, the discussion sought to dissect why Labour lost the election and what obstacles it would need to surmount if it is to win power again.

Cruddas’s figures made for bleak reading, as one may imagine following an election defeat on a scale that no one appeared to see coming in May. While the

Labour supporters polled in advance of the election held strong views on redistribution and the delivery of public services, the general public cared far less about these issues, instead being more concerned with deficit reduction and what they saw as a welfare system too generous to “people who aren’t prepared to work hard”.

Hunt also highlighted the gulf between public views on the two party leaders, showing that although Corbyn was believed to be more sincere and principled, Cameron was overwhelmingly preferred as a strong, competent and patriotic leader.

When asked about Corbyn’s leadership, Hunt replied that “60 per cent of members voted for Corbyn” and that he “is the leader until he is not”.

However, Hunt was keen to emphasise that all is not lost.

As well as highlighting a “strong record in government”, including reductions in child and pension poverty as well as a 75 per cent drop in youth unemployment, he also claimed that despite the election loss, there was no love for the current government.

“People are going to be smashed by the government’s policies, and we can only help them in government.”

“There is no desire out there for David Cameron,” he added.

Rejecting the idea that division was a bad thing, Hunt responded to one audience member who wanted to know how to criticise the leadership without being too negative.

“The way you serve the Corbyn leadership is to be as dissenting and creative as possible,” he argued, calling for a “period of intellectual renewal”.

“My fear is algorithmic politics [where because] everyone shares the same views as you on social media and in your social circles... you become a sect rather than a party.”

Ending with a call to arms, Tristram managed to close the event without the tensions or antagonism that has characterised the post-Miliband Labour party.

“You are the top one per cent. The Labour Party is in the shit. It is your job and your responsibility to take leadership going forward.”



SOLDIER

and the Great Depression”, meaning that when he went to war in 1941 he believed that “we would not come back to those living standards and that those standards were not worth fighting for”.

The NHS is a particular passion for Leslie Smith. Last Wednesday he spoke at a rally in Leeds for junior doctors, fearing that sly privatisation will leave the NHS “sold off in parts to the highest bidder”.

“

I AM HISTORY

Speaking about life before the NHS, he says “before 1948 I had never seen a doctor. Hospitals were private, we couldn’t afford to go,” adding that when Labour won the election in 1945 he felt “immensely lucky”.

“We came home to the promise of the NHS and in two years, like a miracle, it was built.”

Leslie Smith remembers the triumph of the welfare state after years of suffering and poverty, acutely fearing not only a reversion to an age of austerity but also that “if we are not careful there will be another war, things have become so extreme.”

His ire is not reserved for the Conservatives. Commenting on Tony

Blair’s recent statement advocating the deployment of British troops in Syria, Leslie Smith says “he gets us into war in Iraq and now he wants us to go into Syria. Hasn’t he done enough?”

Leslie Smith recently received press attention for defending Jeremy Corbyn’s decision not to sing the national anthem at a Battle of Britain memorial service, but considers the rest of the political class – who wear poppies but deal in arms – as hypocritical. With sharp wit, he suggests that Britain is mad to supply arms to corrupt regimes: “we send over our men to get killed by weapons we sold their opponents.”

Despite his age, Leslie Smith’s determination to make a difference is not waning. He is currently in talks about writing another book to coincide with the EU referendum, and has an active presence on Twitter.

History, from Leslie Smith’s perspective, is repeating itself. As the NHS is dismantled, he remembers the time without it, and as child poverty increases, he remembers what it was like to grow up in such conditions. Leslie Smith, his memories, and his passion for the welfare state are warnings that we should heed the lessons of the 20th century.

As he himself observes, “I am not a historian but I am history. And I fear its repetition.” Perhaps we should listen more carefully.

With additional reporting from Sebastian Fuller St Arrowman.

ANALYSIS: THE LEFT IN CRISIS?

Tom Wilson
Senior News Editor

Firstly, it’s important that we look at the political range of the speakers who visited Cambridge this week, from just one half of the spectrum, in the context of the turbulent landscape of the left since the General Election.

May’s shock result, in which the Conservatives achieved a majority and Cambridge kicked out the popular incumbent MP Julian Huppert, marked a sea-change in British politics. David Cameron secured a win which even most of his top supporters had not been expecting, forming the first Conservative majority in 23 years and being the first sitting Prime Minister to increase their vote share since 1900. Meanwhile, Cambridge elected its first Labour MP in a decade. These events mark just how dramatically politics is changing.

Locally, and elsewhere, left wing students punished the Liberal Democrats, instead putting their trust in the hands of Labour or the Greens. Nationally, however, Labour frequently went backwards against the Tories, and were nearly wiped out by the SNP north of the border.

If some commentators had viewed this as evidence of a new period of polarisation and division, virtually none anticipated the rise of Jeremy Corbyn, the unassuming veteran left winger who had run for leadership simply to “broaden the debate”.

In Europe, increasing polarisation towards the eurosceptic left and right seems to continue unabated, with the Polish far right winning a majority, and with Syriza and the EU having spent the summer at loggerheads. In both cases, the centre-left parties that used to dominate have vanished.

It is in this context of right wing consolidation and left wing division that Cambridge hosted four figures from across generations in the British and European left: ex-Shadow Education Secretary Tristram Hunt MP, representing the flailing Labour right that dominated British politics in the nineties and noughties; the shrewd and divisive campaigner George Galloway, a vocal opponent of interventionist foreign policy; the World War II veteran and staunch “Old Labour” man Harry Leslie Smith, whose personal story from before the welfare state left the Labour Conference in tears; and the Greek Marxist and academic Yanis Varoufakis, who found himself on the front line of a war against the European economic consensus.

The left still appears to be overwhelmingly male-dominated, but beyond this, the extent to which these divisions, generations, and backgrounds are overshadowed by a common place and purpose is striking.

They may have presented relatively different levels of comfort and confidence in the face of the future, but talking here in Cambridge they were all aware of their movement’s place in history and the heavy burden they carry as bearers of its legacy.

Tristram Hunt, perhaps the most uneasy of the quartet, was keen to drive home upon his sympathetic audience just how much was at stake in politics, inviting the Labour Club to consider their party’s successes

Leslie Smith: “Cameron’s Britain would not have been worth fighting for!”

Sarah Collins
News Correspondent

At 91 years of age, Harry Leslie Smith is certainly still standing. The author of *Harry’s Last Stand* – shortlisted for ‘Polemic of the Year’ – is angry and despairing of Conservative Britain, fearing that Osborne’s austerity will send Britain back in time.

Speaking from beneath the rim of a fedora after a Fitzwilliam College Debating Society event discussing the motion ‘This House Welcomes the

Return of Old Labour’ on Tuesday, Leslie Smith’s voice is quiet but determined as he condemns Cameron’s government. He describes to me how he was left “gob smacked” by the outcome of May’s General Election. “I thought: there’s something crooked going on here.”

Born into poverty in Yorkshire in 1923, Leslie Smith has unique insight, his experience of life before the NHS in the interwar years informing his writing and politics.

Leslie Smith says that his generation “suffered so dreadfully under austerity

and imagine the prospect of a future without it. It was not a eulogy but an appeal to history and to the future, one that could only be given by a man very aware of both its constants and capacity to deliver sea-changes.

Harry Leslie Smith, the self-described “man of history”, instead exuded a kind of hope that only someone who has spent a lifetime waiting for it could lay claim to. Despite the event in which he took part seeing Labour supporters fiercely debate the virtues and even existence of his beloved “Old Labour”, Harry carried the same optimism as the young left, but paired it with an appreciation that that sense of hope may not last, as forces within Labour begin to organise against them.

The insecurity of their two positions stood in marked contrast to George Galloway’s ebullient address to the Union, which perhaps surprisingly passed without controversy. Despite also celebrating Corbyn’s win, he is a man defined by his grievances, about the party he loved and against those who kicked him out of it. Due to stand against Labour’s London Mayoral candidate Sadiq Khan, and still having not been readmitted despite his demands, Galloway remains a figure apart from the mainstream, and yet oddly symbolic of it, his previous victories being testament and perhaps an early signal of the shifting political landscape.

If these three figures represent the deep-seated divisions and bubbling grievances on the British left, then Yanis Varoufakis represents the political repercussions when these battles are fought both domestically and on the wider world stage. Though in Britain, this is being fought on firmly Labour ground, in Greece it was fought between parties, with Syriza supplanting all others in response to the Greek economic crisis, apparently leaving the centre-left PASOK for dead.

Ultimately failing to see his economic vision fully realised in Greece after clashing with the EU, Varoufakis perhaps completed the cycle that the other three find themselves caught up in, resigning at the moment that his party split in two in reaction to the bailout deal.

It is as yet unclear whether Syriza will become the new PASOK, or whether a Corbyn-led Labour Party can defy history and unseat the Conservatives on a strongly leftist platform, or rather wilt and be replaced by a renewed Labour right. But whatever happens, it is very firmly with history and legacy in mind that today’s politics is being fought.

But however grandiose this context makes contemporary left-wing politics seem, it would be wrong to allow this to mask everyday realities, and the people for whom these arguments are held. However dramatic politics seems, it is remarkably consistent.

Few get involved in politics with malice in mind, and divisions seem to be often stronger between those who actually aspire towards the same goals. At its most basic level, all politics is about is people, their principles, their ambitions, their disagreements, and their history.

Cambridge has been a brief host to the turbulent and seemingly distant world of modern politics, but it is likely that it will be those of us at Cambridge now who will be among the leaders of tomorrow. It will be our generation, not those of Hunt’s, Varoufakis’s, Leslie Smith’s, or Galloway’s, who will resolve today’s challenges and carry on a cause... or be the ones left to pick up the pieces.

TRAITOR



Joe Robinson

Deputy News Editor

Yanis Varoufakis is a man who has been both within and without electoral politics. An academic economist specialising in game theory, his career took him from Athens and Sydney to Texas and, yes, to Cambridge in 1988.

In January 2015, however, he was thrust into the spotlight when he was made Finance Minister in Alexis Tsipras’s Syriza government, a far-left administration that swept to power harnessing popular discontent, armed with a mandate to “end austerity”.

After voting against the European bailout terms supported by his own government in August, he was ‘kicked out’ of Syriza along with other MPs, dubbed “traitors”. Unlike many of these MPs, he did not however join the new Popular Unity party.

In an event jointly hosted by the Cambridge Union and the Marshall Society on Monday, he defended his actions in government. Despite his reputation as an intractable negotiator, he claimed that he wears the ire of Greece’s creditors “with pride”.

He claimed that he has “no regrets” about his seven-month stint in Greece’s

Varoufakis: “Europe is a cartel”

Ministry of Finance which saw him forced to resign after his opinion differed from that of the Greek people over whether Greece could sustain withdrawal from the euro.

The talk, which lay somewhere between a speech and a lecture on history, politics, economics and international relations, gave Varoufakis an opportunity to lavish praise on Cambridge’s Keynesian school of economics, which, for him, is in short supply in the corridors of Brussels.

Unsurprisingly for a self-described “erratic Marxist”, the theme of historical inevitability suffused his presentation, drawing heavily on the contemporary relevance of Keynes’ work.

His analogies between Keynes’s warning against the post-World War I gold standard and his own protestations about the pitfalls of European Monetary Union (EMU) made clear that he, like Keynes, was a lone voice of sanity in a wilderness dominated by the desolate austerity offered by neo-classical economics.

Varoufakis’s critique of the European project has two main threads. The first was the economic illiteracy of the single currency, which he contended had “failed spectacularly”.

In prophetic fashion, he intoned

that “history of economics ... is going to report that EMU was designed to fail” and his presentation focused at length on the follies of a single currency without the requisite “investment pillar” to balance weaker areas.

His second line of attack was his contention that the creation of the European Union was not the triumph of the free-market nirvana of popular parody. Instead, Varoufakis argued “we are experiencing ... the failure of a cartelised Europe that is also democracy-free” and has “no recourse to the popular will”.

Despite his unrelenting attack on the failure of the European project, Varoufakis argued that, for Britain, his experience was “not a reason to get out of it”. Interestingly, he thought that the organisation which had instituted a bailout plan intended to “crush” Greece was actually capable of democratic reform.

While he held out little hope for the success of David Cameron’s negotiations on the terms of Britain’s membership of the EU, Varoufakis placed some faith in the powers of a “pan-European movement” that could act as a driver of change, placing pressure on the continent’s supranational institutions.

The Agitator: George Galloway’s comeback politics

Louis Ashworth

Senior News Correspondent

George Galloway is a man used to scrapping. Cutting a sombre but distinct figure in a black suit and his signature black trilby, he spoke to the press in the Mountbatten Room at the Cambridge Union. Beside him sits his wife, Putri Gayatri Pertiwi, who nods as he answers questions and occasionally reinforces what he says.

Having lost his Commons seat in a landslide defeat in May, he told the media he wasn’t “in his grave” just yet and a month later, the controversial former MP – expelled from the Labour party in 2003 – announced his intention to run for Mayor of London.

Speaking about the upcoming election, he dismisses his rival Sadiq Khan – perceived to be his clear rival on the left and who is leading in early opinion polls by a substantial margin – as a “very boring man” who “supports

Corbyn as the rope supports the hanging man”, describing himself as “doing quite well”.

Having on several occasions criticised him publicly on Twitter, he sees Khan as no threat. “My experience to date,” he says, “is that the vast majority of Muslims in London will be voting for me”.

During the Labour leadership campaign, Galloway stated that he would be interested in re-joining Labour if Jeremy Corbyn won. Now, he is “demanding” they “rescind his expulsion”; if they were to do so, he would automatically be reinstated into the Labour Party.

Met with applause and a simmering of boos as he takes sit seat in the Chamber, there is a clear tension in the air as people wait for him to say something controversial.

His interviewer, Sachin Parathalingam, began by asking about Corbyn. Galloway, who spent nearly 30 years as an MP in four different constituencies, emphasises his closeness to the new Labour Leader by saying: “Jeremy Corbyn has my absolute loyalty and support and love”.

He goes on to emphasise his faith in the British people to elect Corbyn in 2020, rather than his probable opponent, George Osborne, whom Galloway dismisses as a “pasty-faced product of the English ruling elite”.

When speaking earlier to the press, Galloway had conceded that Corbyn faces problems, “the principal difficulty being that, though elected by a landslide majority of the members, the great majority of Members of Parliament are not with him.” But he is not pessimistic about the Labour leader’s future.

“I think he’s going to continue as the leader. I don’t think they’re going to be able to push him out, which is what they constantly threaten and talk about,” he said.

Parathalingam continued by

asking Galloway about his opinions on Union’s recent Julian Assange referendum, given that in 2012 the former MP described Assange – wanted on suspicion of rape – as guilty of “bad sexual etiquette”, claiming that he had been the victim of a “set-up”.

After briefly contesting Parathalingam’s definition of rape – his reprieve to the former president of both King’s College’s and the university-wide Law societies that “you’re obviously not a law student” drew a lot of laughter – Galloway began to address what he perceives as a “fix” by the United States in order to extradite Assange, subject him to a secret trial and imprison him.

“Julian Assange should receive the Nobel Peace Prize,” he proclaims, a murmur of laughter spreading across the chamber.

Galloway is certainly confident in his delivery: his oratorical style, which won him the Spectator’s ‘Debater of the Year’ award in 2001, is clear and compelling. At times, however, he let the mask of confidence slip.

“I’ve given my enemies opportunities to attack me,” he says. This is no surprise given that he seems a man who considers himself an outsider in a battle against mainstream politics.

And it doesn’t take long for his other controversies to catch up with him. Soon, the obligatory questions about Israel, of which he is a vocal critic, Hezbollah, and Iran were raised—he is certainly not short of a history when it comes to ruffling feathers.

“This feels like a trial,” he responded at one point.

Perhaps he’s not far wrong, given that the first question from the floor comes from a Christ’s student, who, among other parts of a confused and angry speech, says the former MP reminds him of the WH Auden line: “The Ogre stalks with hands on hips / While drivels gushes from his lips.”

Galloway’s dismissal of this as “just

SLY

a stream of ad hominem abuse” and “not worthy” of response elicits a firm round of applause. This doesn’t stop the questions, however – the former MP is quizzed again on his involvement with Iranian Press TV and his refusal to participate in a debate against an Israeli student at Oxford last year.

After the event, I speak further with Galloway on the phone and ask what he plans to do if he does not succeed in becoming Mayor. Sidestepping the question, he responds by saying “I don’t regard my political life as a career”.

He’s been embroiled in a lot of controversial topics over the years, but Galloway remains infamous for his appearance on Celebrity Big Brother in which he impersonated a cat, a subject I dare to broach with him – does he think it damaged his political reputation?

Unsurprisingly, he responds in an exasperated tone, denying that people even remember it. I point out that this cannot be true given that David Dimbleby mentioned it during the BBC coverage of him losing his Bradford seat. “More fool him, but it’s not something that troubles the average voter,” he replies.

He stands at the foot of the greatest political mound he has ever tried to climb, but George Galloway is a man used to making comebacks. For now, he still has a fight left in him, and, tempting though it may be, he can’t quite be written off.



Startups and applicants: Oxbridging the gap



Oxford overtakes Cambridge for startup investment

Louis Ashworth

Senior News Correspondent

The University of Oxford has overtaken Cambridge in raising funds for start-ups so far this year.

As part of its ambition to become a global technological hot-spot, Oxford-based start-ups raised £110.7 million in venture capital in the months leading up to October, according to Dow Jones VentureSource. In contrast, those start-ups based in Cambridge raised £102.6 million – the only other time that Cambridge raised less funding than Oxford in a year was 2012.

Oxford has lagged behind Cambridge for some time in venture funding and the creation of tech-related companies. Attempting to redress that balance, Oxford has begun a project of investment in building facilities for technology- and science-related companies, including a new 17,000-square-foot research centre focusing on biotechnology.

Located opposite Oxford's Medical School, this centre will host Oxford's "Bio Escalator", designed to accelerate biotech start-ups.

"There's no question that Cambridge got out there with the tech thing way ahead of us," said John Bell, Oxford's

Regius Professor of Medicine. "But we're reeling it in."

Bell is a non-executive director at Isis Innovation Ltd., a University of Oxford company licensing intellectual property from Oxford researchers and develops start-ups in the city.

The University of Cambridge has been a hub for top research companies since the founding of Cambridge Science Park, funded by Trinity College, in 1970. Buoyed further by the creation of the St John's Innovation Centre in 1987, a University-driven system of local investment emerged, both developing start-ups from University projects, and also attracting companies to base themselves near the town. The high-tech business cluster around Cambridge has been dubbed "Silicon Fen".

In August, *The Economist* dubbed Cambridge "the most exciting technology cluster in Europe".

The area around Cambridge already plays host to the headquarters of computer chip-design company ARM Holdings, and the pharmaceuticals giant AstraZeneca PLC is in the process of moving its research and development headquarters to the Cambridge Biomedical Campus, near Homerton. Microsoft has a research centre on Station Road, and Apple is reported to be developing its UK R&D Headquarters in the town.

Corpus Christi and Trinity Hall Fellow Professor Andy Hopper, who helped build Acorn Computers and is Head of the Computer Laboratory, was ebullient about Cambridge's future.

He praised the University for

often allowing faculties to hold copyright over their research, saying that "Cambridge employees have much more freedom".

The University typically demands a lower equity stake in spin-off companies than rival institutions.

Despite the success, both universities remain relatively small in terms of global venture capital funding for start-ups. In the third quarter of this year alone, companies in the San Francisco Bay Area, home to California's Silicon Valley, raised £6.41 billion in investment, dwarfing Oxford's £109.2 million, and Cambridge's £52.5 million. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, home to MIT and Harvard, £374.9 million was raised in the third quarter, far exceeding Oxford and Cambridge's efforts

“

"THERE'S NO QUESTION THAT CAMBRIDGE GOT THE TECH THING WAY AHEAD OF US"

Among Cambridge's greatest start-up successes is artificial intelligence company DeepMind Technologies, bought by Alphabet Inc., owner of Google, for a rumoured \$400 million last year. Cambridgeshire is also home to the Raspberry Pi Foundation, created by Cambridge researchers, which promotes computer science and develops the Raspberry Pi computer.

EU demand fuels rise in Oxbridge applications

Harry Curtis

Senior News Correspondent

Applications to both Cambridge and Oxford have increased from last year, with the latter facing record competition for places, according to spokespeople at the respective universities.

While Cambridge reported an increase of 1.5 per cent, taking the total number of applicants to around 16,400 potential students, Oxford reported that applications had soared.

By the UCAS deadline of 15th October, Oxford had received 19,500 applications, representing an increase of around 6.6 per cent.

The increase means that the number of students vying for places at Oxford has reached record levels for the second year in a row.

Meanwhile, despite the total number of applicants falling last year following the introduction of more stringent entry requirements, Cambridge is seeing demand creep back up in the current application cycle.

The rise in Oxbridge applications comes as data released by UCAS reveals significant changes in where applications for early deadline courses are coming from.

The data encompass many medical, veterinary and dentistry courses as well as all Oxbridge undergraduate courses, which have earlier deadlines in the UCAS application system than courses at other higher education institutions.

According to UCAS, the number of UK-domiciled students applying for early deadline courses before 15th October has dropped by 1 per cent to 38,330, meaning the rate at which applications from within the UK is decreasing has slowed after it dropped by nearly 5 per cent last year.

However, this fall in the number of UK-based applicants has been fuelled significantly by a drastic fall in the number of UK-domiciled students reapplying for early deadline and Oxbridge courses.

Though the majority of those



reapplying are doing so for medicine courses, 620 fewer students had re-applied by the deadline compared to last year – a decrease of about 11.8 per cent and a far steeper decline than among international students.

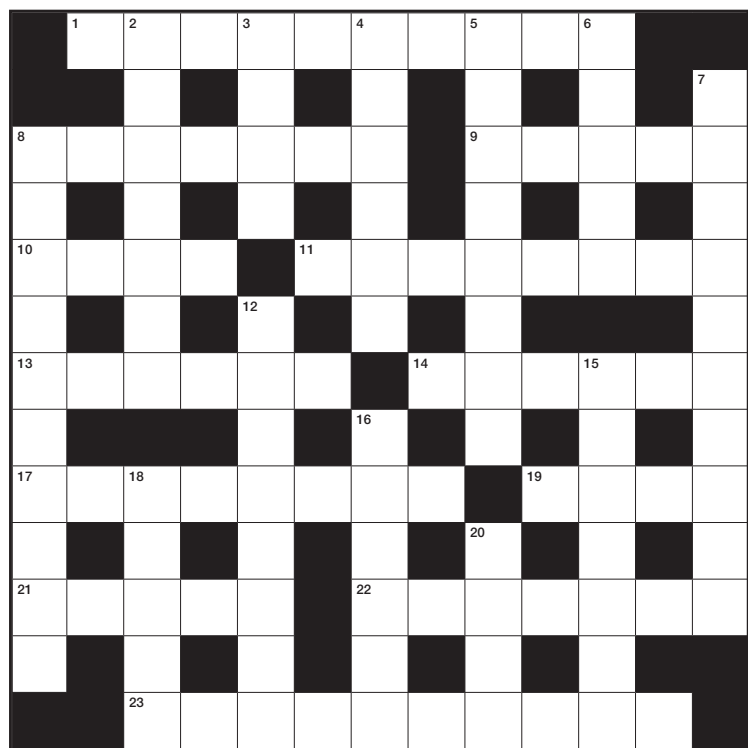
In fact, the number of EU-based students who are reapplying actually increased, with a surge in applications from European Union countries lying behind the modest increase in the overall number of applications to Oxbridge and other courses which have early deadlines.

6860

NUMBER OF APPLICATIONS RECEIVED FROM EUROPEAN UNION COUNTRIES THIS YEAR, AN INCREASE OF 8.2% ON LAST YEAR

Of the total 56,630 applications received, 6,860 were applications from the EU – an increase of around 8.2 per cent on last year as the trend of ever-more applications from EU countries continues.

Since 2012, the number of applications from the EU for courses with a 15th October deadline has risen year on year, though never by as much as in the current cycle, which far outstrips the 4.4 per cent rise in EU-applicants seen two years ago.



THE VARSITY CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

Set by Glueball

Across

- Cuts of pig, game? (10)
- Chocolate fanatic may be a bit shy? (7)
- Feel strange essence after leaving church (5)
- Once arson regularly carried out by Emperor (4)
- Lying down after partially removed organ (8)
- Hound criminal bosses (6)
- Figured ship was in legal trouble (6)
- Scorn to follow for teetotaler's drink (8)
- Go east or west, bread is the same (4)
- Unwilling, feeling low (3,2)
- One had seven wives but several voiced worries (7)
- Theatrical type weaves shirt worn by Bond (10)

Down

- Gives up cooler trousers (7)
- Of gentle nature (4)
- Vessel for blood contained in part erythrocytes (6)
- Prehistoric reptile reportedly spotted with stupid large birds (8)
- Assassin is new in Japanese area (5)
- Charges fellow to protect piece of jewellery (10)
- Criminal developing, adjusting (10)
- Massive differences between a timeless risotto and pesto (8)
- His wail frightened African people (7)
- Wounded king is angling for it (6)
- Ignite a romantic prospect (5)
- Confused horse falls into river (4)

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Churchill to vote on CUSU disaffiliation

Auriane Terki-Mignot
News Correspondent

Churchill JCR hosted a debate on their CUSU affiliation on Monday night ahead of a referendum on the issue for members, due to close on Friday 30th October at 1am.

The debate, held on Monday, saw discussion between a group of Churchill students supporting disaffiliation, and CUSU President Priscilla Mensah making the case for the university wide students' union.

Polling for the referendum was scheduled to close on Friday 30th October at 1am, with results due a few hours afterwards.

Around 40 JCR members, out of a total of 485 undergraduates, attended the meeting with the debate being led by JCR committee members.

The referendum follows votes at both Gonville & Caius and Corpus Christi that saw their JCR's break off from CUSU.

Last year Fitzwilliam JCR also considered disaffiliation, but the student body voted not to have a referendum on membership.

The head of the "leave" campaign opened the main proceedings before Mensah arrived, joking: "Not only does Churchill not need CUSU, but CUSU, as shown by its President being late to the debate, clearly does not need Churchill."

Mensah justified her lateness explaining she had just left a meeting

from a platform produced for BME women in Cambridge University in partnership with CUSU.

Speakers arguing for disaffiliation focused on the financial aspect of their membership. The first speaker referred to recent student press reports, claiming that CUSU suffered from "endemic financial mismanagement" – with Mensah retorting that this had been misreported in the student press in a way that was "verging on libellous" and "based on a poor reading of minutes".

The Junior Treasurer at Caius at the time of the college's disaffiliation in 2013, invited as a guest speaker, continued the debate, arguing that CUSU "does not give you value for money".

“

"CUSU'S COMMUNICATION HAS BEEN POOR IN THE PAST"

He stated that college JCRs would be better off "taking responsibility for their colleges" by seeking to convince their college councils to grant them the money used for affiliation for spending on college welfare, sports and music committees; or to out-source to charities other than CUSU for officer training.

Speakers arguing against disaffiliation pointed out the centrality of

CUSU networks for individual college's JCR officers including welfare officers and access officers.

Current Churchill Access Officer Natasha Michael stated that organising the college's Shadowing Scheme would have been impossible without the training and support she received from CUSU. Refusing to "make an argument about value for money", Mensah underlined the centrality of college affiliations to CUSU's power to effect change within the University.

"If you disaffiliate, the message you give is that a central students' union is not necessary. I would be happy if you could extend an alternative... but there are hundreds of meetings where decisions are taken in this university that are sometimes very problematic for students, and I don't know what would happen if CUSU wasn't part of these meetings."

When asked to provide evidence that CUSU was the best organisation to promote and enforce changes within the University, Mensah cited actions taken recently by the CUSU team – including training for sexual consent workshops, providing support to organise Shadowing Schemes in different colleges, and giving out sanitary products to protest against the tampon tax. Churchill JCR committee members added to this CUSU's role in preventing cuts to allowances for disabled students.

Mensah went on to declare that many of the services provided by CUSU "are not about numbers but



Churchill's vote follows disaffiliations by Caius and Corpus

about lived experience."

She responded to criticisms of some autonomous campaigns, notably CUSU LGBT+ and the Women's Campaigns for so-called "no-platforming" controversies, by stating that she "would not apologise for the fact that we fund these campaigns."

Mensah conceded to a student accusing CUSU of low engagement with the wider student body that "CUSU's communication has been poor in the past" and outlined several steps the current committee was taking to remedy this situation.

Of those, a redesign of the CUSU bulletin to allow students to click through and immediately see how they can get involved with campaigns; weekly communications reviews; plans to increase opportunities for consultation by encouraging JCR and MCR committees to report CUSU's work to students and ask for their opinion; and direct involvement by CUSU committee members in the student press, were all mentioned. Mensah underlined this change by stating that she was "the first president in the last five years getting involved with *The Tab*."

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Universities criticised for breach in consumer law

Keir Baker

News Correspondent

A probe into university websites, conducted by consumer-watchdog Which?, has found that some universities have failed to ensure their websites contain up-to-date information.

Analysing the information imparted by the websites of 50 UK universities in reference to a psychology undergraduate course starting in 2016/2017, the watchdog found that nearly two in three of universities had breached consumer law by failing to provide information with sufficient accuracy.

Vital information unavailable to prospective students included the number of contact hours, expected workload and even the latest information on fees. Indeed, tuition fees aside, four in five of the probed university websites failed to have any information concerning further fees that many students may not take into account when budgeting for their course, included for the paying of field trips and other essentials that are required for graduation.

Furthermore, Which? found 47 out of 50 universities failed to provide information to help students decide on the course quality, such as contact hours,



staff qualifications and exams.

Which? did outline certain universities whom they felt had provided necessary information with a high degree of clarity in many of the inspected categories: clear entry requirements; detailed course descriptions; contact hours; expected workload; quality of lectures; fees and extra costs.

Indeed, the University of Cambridge was recognised for the precision with which it provided details of expected workload on the course page including what a typical day will look like for a student on the course.

That came as little consolation to a 2nd year HSPS Selwynite, who pointed out that, as far as describing the expected workload of their students, 'it isn't hard for the

Cambridge'.

He continued, saying that the website should merely state: 'cancel your Netflix, learn to like coffee and don't even think about a social life'.

Cambridge's workload has been subject to scrutiny over recent months, with a high-profile campaign called #endweekfiveblues gaining notoriety on campus in its call for the addition of a reading week to help alleviate the pressure on students snowed under with work.

This is not the first time that universities have been criticised for fully failing to disclose certain crucial pieces of information. Earlier this year, Varsity reported how some UK universities had drawn fire for refusing to divulge how they spent their income from tuition fees.

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Uni's £26m fossil fuel investments trigger backlash

Tom Freeman

News Correspondent

Figures released by Greenpeace show that the University of Cambridge has accepted £26 million in research funding and donations from mining and fossil fuel companies.

The data, obtained by the organisation in a series of Freedom of Information requests, shows that Cambridge received £15.5 million in donations and £10.2 million in research funding from energy companies over the last five years.

39 universities who responded to Greenpeace's requests received £134 million, the organisation found. Cambridge's figure is second only to the University of Manchester, which took £27.7 million.

The University of Oxford declared



A Shell liquefied natural gas plant on the Qatar coast

only £11.3m in received funding. However, the true total could be far higher, as the university included only estimates of donation income and provided no figure for its partnership with Shell under corporate confidentiality.

Environmental groups fear that accepting the funding is unethical and hampers efforts to combat climate

change.

They are also concerned that the independence of the research produced from such funding could be in question.

"Such large funding can and will influence research agendas, steering [universities] towards fossil-fuel-related R&D rather than urgently needed alternatives," said Dr Stuart Parkinson, Executive Director of pressure group Scientists for Global Responsibility. "This is very likely to undermine progress in tackling climate change."

BP, one of the companies revealed in Greenpeace's findings to have invested significant sums in Cambridge and other institutions, has a longstanding association with the university.

In 2000, the company donated £22m to establish the BP Institute for Multiphase Flow "to understand how gases and fluids move".

A 2009 university press release into the centre states: "Multiphase flow is an area of great interest to BP as it underpins all parts of its business: from enhancing oil recovery to delivering it

to customers, and from refining hydrocarbons to investing in a low-carbon future."

BP, Shell and EDF also sponsor the university Engineering Society. BP has an Executive Sponsor for Cambridge, David Eyton, currently BP Group's Head of Research and Technology, first joining the company in 1982 after graduating from Cambridge with a degree in engineering. Student divestment groups were dismayed at the news.

Angus Satow, Campaigns Officer at the Zero Carbon Society, which campaigns to make the university free from fossil fuels, said: "The fossil fuels industry has its tentacles wrapped around our university."

"With £25 million of dirty fossil fuel money pouring into Cambridge University's coffers, how can it possibly foster an independent research environment? If our University is serious about its commitment to the future it needs to reclaim its independence and kick these polluters out."

A spokesperson for the Zero Carbon Society also said: "There can be no role for fossil fuel companies in a sustainable future."

"Last week the university issued a fundraising plea entitled 'Dear World', positioning itself as the driver of a better future. If it wants anyone to respect that, it needs to ditch the fossil fuel links and get dirty money out of Cambridge."

Student-run ethical investment campaigns have been growing in size in recent years, with the CUSU Ethical Affairs team and Positive Investment Cambridge also pressuring the

university to divest from fossil fuels.

A CUSU motion was passed on 11 November 2013 calling on the university to "explicitly commit to pursuing low-carbon assets and withdraw their investments from companies whose main business is the extraction or production of fossil fuels".

In May 2015, the University Council voted to support an investigation into making the university's endowment more "environmentally and socially responsible".

Ellen Quigley, CUSU's Socially Responsible Investment Officer and spokeswoman for Positive Investment Cambridge, hailed the "courageous step, unique among institutions wrestling with this issue".

"The university has shown us great respect and is working with us to develop a clear-eyed, evidence-based and morally sound investment policy that will serve the needs of future generations and guide future decision-making," she said.

The renewed calls for the university to divest from fossil fuel investments follow last week's decision by Cambridge City Council to pass a motion resolving to end investment in fossil fuels and carbon-heavy buildings.

It makes the council one of only several in the country, including Bristol City Council, to make such a pledge.

The motion also calls on the County Council to similarly "consider an ethical investment policy and disinvestment from fossil fuels" and to consult local groups and businesses to "explore the potential for supporting the move to a fossil-free future".

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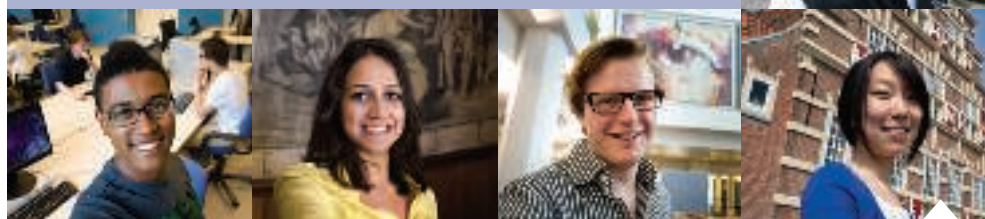
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Mental health: more than Week 5 Blues

Schizophrenia: not just hearing voices

Laura Nunez-Mulder
Science Correspondent

As you read the word 'schizophrenia', what do you imagine? Perhaps you think straight away of Split Personality Disorder. Perhaps you jump to the far-fetched idea of dancing pink elephants and a mysterious voice commanding a crazy person to rule the world. Or perhaps the only thing you could say about schizophrenia is: "That's the one where they hear voices, right?"

The reality is that most people know very little about this mental illness. Here in Cambridge, there is huge awareness of illnesses like depression and anxiety – a blessing to those who can access support systems without fear of stigma. But illnesses that are rarer, such as schizophrenia, remain outside of common knowledge.

In 10,000 people, 72 will have a diagnosis of schizophrenia. It develops most commonly between the ages of 15 and 25, and, for reasons unknown, often presents more severe symptoms in men than in women.

Auditory hallucinations are perhaps schizophrenia's best known feature. The hallucinations are usually a voice, or many voices, but the nature of them varies hugely. Some people with schizophrenia hear echoes of their thoughts, and others hear a third-person narration of all their actions. Often, people with schizophrenia describe the voices they hear as angry, hateful and deriding. Janet, writing online about her own experiences, describes one particular voice that she called the Controller:

"The Controller started demanding all my time and energy. He would punish me if I did something he didn't like. He spent a lot of time yelling at me and making me feel wicked. I didn't know how to stop him from screaming at me and ruling my existence. It got to the point where I couldn't decipher reality from what the Controller was screaming. So I withdrew [...] I really

thought that other "normal" people had Controllers too."

Another defining symptom of schizophrenia is delusional perception – perceiving abnormally significant meaning from an insignificant event. One person learned about fractals and suddenly thought he was a genius and could solve the universe with maths. Another person saw a coin on the ground and believed they were destined to be the next President.

Other symptoms of schizophrenia involve thoughts; perhaps the belief that one's thoughts are controlled by an external force, or that they are broadcast so that everyone around can hear. This belief grows out of paranoia. Matt's delusions about his thoughts arose because he felt he was always being watched by what he calls 'THEM'. This suspicion deepened until he saw every event in his life as something caused by THEM, and he could not separate any part of reality from THEM. At this point, it seemed THEY were controlling his thoughts – and hearing them, too.

This sense of being under control by an external force can apply to the emotions, senses, and even actions of someone with schizophrenia. With this in combination with paranoia, the world becomes a dangerous and unfamiliar place. Lily's son would stare for hours at his hands, not recognising them. Mark's family appeared to be unrealistically short, and he concluded that they had been replaced. The world of a schizophrenic is difficult to imagine; it seems to be as chaotic and uncontrollable as the world we all experience in dreams.

Yet people with schizophrenia can reconnect with the reality that the majority of us experience and continue with relationships, studies, and careers. The treatment is by no means ideal; many antipsychotic drugs dampen dopamine activity, the main neurotransmitter associated with pleasure and reward, and therefore have side effects such as depression and anxiety, which can dull the personality.

Understandably, these side effects lead people with schizophrenia to stop taking their medication, and can even contribute to their paranoia, for

example, 'the doctors are trying to silence me'. The worst-case scenario is the 'revolving door' patient, who is hospitalised, treated, discharged, and then stops taking medication due to the side effects. The schizophrenia often then returns.

A person with schizophrenia can try dozens of different drugs before they achieve stability in the long-term. Although new drugs are continually being developed, it is extremely difficult to improve treatments when so little is known about the causes of schizophrenia. It runs in families, so it is likely to be partly genetic. But it is also more common in people who have migrated, and in people who have smoked cannabis – so there are clearly environmental factors too.

As of yet, schizophrenia has no clear-cut molecular or cellular pointers. Depression, on the other hand, has a strong association with neurotransmitters such as serotonin. With so little known about it in the medical sphere, it is not so surprising after all that the typical layperson has only an impression of what schizophrenia is. A list of causes, symptoms and

treatments can only do so much when someone is experiencing a reality far different to the one that the majority experience – and experiences it alone.



PANDIS: NATALIE GLASBERG

Interview: Dr Bianca Jupp

Joy Thompson
Science Correspondent

I'm sitting in the lab where Bianca Jupp works, surrounded by glass beakers and microscope slides, and we've been talking about coffee for over five minutes. This is a bit ironic, considering that I'm here to interview her about her research into addiction – but we still agree that Hot Numbers makes some of the best coffee in Cambridge.

"My work aims to understand the neural basis of impulsivity and addictive behaviours," Jupp explains. "Many of us might go to the pub – or have that cup of coffee! – but only a small proportion of the population will be predisposed to addiction. We want to know why the brain is more vulnerable to addiction in these people, and whether there are pre-existing differences there." Knowing the basic biology behind addiction is an important step towards better treatment, especially as "the translation of positive results from experimental models hasn't always worked as well", says Jupp.

This is partly because psychological disorders like addiction have previously been approached in terms of symptoms instead of underlying causes, or, as Jupp puts it, "symptomology not physiology [...] A 'disorder' is defined by a disparate collection of symptoms – so, for example, 'impulsivity' is actually a collection of neural properties manifesting as one behaviour. Neuroscience, on the other hand, really wants to drag psychology and psychiatry kicking and screaming into the 21st century!"

Jupp started her neuroscience career back in Australia, where she studied epilepsy for her PhD at the University of Melbourne. "I fell into neuroscience," she says, "although I

did flirt with becoming a physiotherapist!" The deciding factor, though, was a love of science and a lifelong fascination of the human brain. The sense of wonder at "how that pound of mush creates who we are" continues to inform both her research and teaching in the Psychology Department today.

Her PhD was the first neural imaging study to track disease development in an animal model. This meant imaging the brains of individuals before they developed epilepsy symptoms, then repeating the scans over time as the disease progressed. This allowed researchers to distinguish between seizure control – the focus of most other epilepsy research – and the underlying brain differences generating vulnerability to seizures in the first place. After her PhD, Jupp moved into neuropsychiatry to study addiction, an area with even more unanswered questions. "It was another chance to use imaging techniques," she says, "and animal models of addiction were also often lacking". Her first postdoc, in the Howard Florey Institute, was the basis to apply for a fellowship in Cambridge, where she has been for the past 4 years. She's now working towards a permanent, independent research position.

Her current research uses similar approaches to her epilepsy work. "Neural imaging is key," she says, explaining how imaging the brain in animal models of addiction allows us to see it in a 'pre-morbid' state, and thus tease apart the underlying biology from confounding effects. "Too often, research doesn't look at the underlying disease. You can look at the immediate effects of a drug and the reward mechanisms that light up when taking the drug, or the actual disease process of addiction." But why animal models? "They're very powerful. You can do the same behavioural studies in people and get the same result. But with people, we can't study the brain before addictive behaviour manifests – we'd have to scan the brains of all the humans in the world to do that!"

So what is a typical day in the lab like? "There isn't one! The great thing about science is that I can use my analytical brain but also indulge my creative side. And there always has to be time for coffee – it's a wonderful cognitive enhancer."

Virtual reality: body swapping experiments



TECHWATCH
WITH
CHARLOTTE GIFFORD

So you're trying out virtual reality for the first time. The headset's on, and you feel faintly ridiculous. Then

you open your eyes to find yourself looking not at a computer-generated world, but at what appears to be the same room as the one you're currently sat in. You stand up, and look down to see that the only thing that's changed is your own body. You're now a member of the opposite sex.

The Be Another Lab is using virtual reality to help people see what life is like through someone else's eyes. It does this by equipping Oculus Rift headsets with first-person cameras and then feeding the live footage from one headset to another. As a result, the wearers see everything from each other's perspective. One of the experiments conducted by the Lab is the gender-swapping experiment, in which a boy and a girl in separate, identical rooms strip to their underwear and have a good look at each other's bodies.

Nothing to worry about, then.

So far it may just sound like the

perfect chance to creep on someone in the name of science. But there's more to it than that. It's thought that the experiment could actually help to make people more empathetic. Once the participants have synchronised their movements, they begin to feel as if they're inhabiting the other's body. The Be Another Lab is also a firm believer in the power of combining body-swapping with storytelling, and conducts similar experiments where one participant narrates their experience of the world to the other. The user will see what the story-teller is seeing whilst interacting with objects meaningful to them and listening to a pre-recorded narrative of their life story. Afterwards there is a chance for the two participants to meet in person and discuss the experience. It's no secret that to bring two people from very different backgrounds together, you should get them talking, get them sharing

experiences. But using this technology is a way of really making an impact and unlocking a genuine emotional engagement with someone else; a way to literally see the world from their point of view.

Because of this, the technology could make us more understanding and tolerant of other people. Studies conducted by the University of Barcelona and Royal Holloway University have found that it may actually decrease implicit racism. Volunteers who occupied the virtual body of someone with a different skin colour were shown to have a reduced racial bias after the experiment. Whether this experiment could increase empathy in the long-term is uncertain. But the experiment is clearly an eye-opener, and several medical uses for the technology have been suggested, such as using it to help those suffering from anorexia.

It's reassuring to see that virtual

reality has some altruistic uses, at a time when many people are raising concerns about the technology. There's a general fear that virtual reality is about to enslave young people with an entertainment system more immersive than any before. The Be Another experiment is evidence that, in fact, virtual reality has some really fascinating experiences to offer us.

Keep in mind, though, that one thing virtual reality is still trying to overcome is the barfogenic zone. That's geek for motion sickness. Use it to your heart's delight. As it turns out, opening your eyes and suddenly finding yourself in an entirely unfamiliar world can be a bit disorientating. Your brain can struggle to catch up with the images bombarding you, and react to it by having you perform an exorcism of the stomach. So if you're prone to motion sickness, virtual reality might not be for you. Or at least have a bucket nearby.

VARSITY INTRODUCING

venus envy

Guitarist Jackson Caines and drummer Theo Vincent Wells, both from Selwyn, are two members of the five-strong indie-rock band.

Obviously the band name is a pun but what's the story behind it?

Jackson: The band name came about because our first gig as a five-piece band was a student night inspired by riot grrrl, the feminist punk scene from the 1990s. We're not a punk band per se, but we would all call ourselves feminists and as a band which includes two women we were asked to play. As a phrase, it's not as original as we might have initially assumed. You'll know we've hit the big time when we beat Venus Envy the transsexual comic strip to the top of the Google search results.

Theo: We didn't intend for the name to be permanent. I also remember 'Poon-Tang Clan' being suggested but the event organiser was not happy with it. We've had a couple of name crises, but it has held strong thus far.

How would you describe your music?

Jackson: I'm reluctant to describe

our sound because I think that's best left to other people. A theme that seems to emerge in feedback is that we're channelling '90s bands. I'm not sure exactly what that means, but I think most 'alternative' bands today are heavily indebted to that decade.

Let's talk about the way you play as a band. Theo, how would you describe your style on the drums and what is your intention when you play?

Theo: When I play drums I am very happy, it is very important to me. When I play drums for a band I am playing for the song; the worst drummers play for themselves. I like to play interesting, intricate beats with flourishes and shuffles, but I have an inclination towards heavy, powerful hitting when a song is driving that I have to watch out for. Try not to be too loud, try not to be too showy. The best drummers are noticed by no-one in the crowd, only by all the other drummers watching.



JIM TURNBULL/WALTER

Who writes the lyrics?

Jackson: We all get very nervous when we have to talk about lyrics. It's a very personal thing, and when you submit them to band critique people can get hurt. I had a whole set of lyrics for one song replaced by better ones. I was upset at the time but now I can see it was for the best. Our

song 'Improvise' is about someone losing confidence in their ability to make good romantic judgements. 'You Don't Know Me' is about an obsessive relationship driven by competition.

What's the band dynamic like, how do you come up with a finished song?

Jackson: There's no ringleader; our creative process is very collaborative. Some songs will be more or less written entirely by one member and presented to the band to be arranged. But others will emerge from a collective jam, often starting with a bass line written by Ellie. Anything can happen.

How do your musical backgrounds and inspirations come into the mix?

Jackson: Theo played in a punk band as a teen and that shows in his muscular drumming style. Franklin is a big fan of shoegaze bands like My Bloody Valentine and that shows

in his extensive use of pedal effects. I flirted with a few different guitar styles when I was learning in my teens, including jazz and classical, so I tend to play intricate, finger-picking lines rather than, say, power chords.

How has being at Cambridge affected your creativity?

Theo: I would have to first acknowledge that we have been using their facilities the whole time for practising and that has been key. Being able to play here for free with reasonably decent equipment is appreciated. That being said, the student music scene is dire, but who was ever under any illusions before coming here?

Now that three of you have graduated, what does the future look like for Venus Envy?

Jackson: It's make or break time for us. It will take more effort and commitment to keep rehearsing, writing new songs and playing gigs but I think we all want to make it work. After we've recorded some more songs, we'll have to be more strategic about getting our music out there.

Venus Envy spoke to Eddy Wax

Lib Dems were “grossly and unfairly treated”

Julian Huppert talks to Jack Higgins about returning to academia and his party's fate following the general election

“I really could have won.” Normally such a phrase uttered by a defeated politician is hardly astonishing, a form of coping with defeat perhaps. But in the case of Cambridge's former MP Julian Huppert, this seems far from the truth. “Over one hundred people have told me they'd have voted for me had they not assumed I was going to win,” he claims, with a smile and an accepting tone.

How did it feel when he lost then? “It was a very tough night across the country for the Lib Dems,” he says affably, adding that he believed his party was “grossly, unfairly treated.”

“The question at the election became – are you scared of Labour and the SNP, or are you scared of the Tories? Lib Dem isn't the answer to that question,” he responds. “We were seen to be the average of the other two. Nobody votes for the average.”

Chatting in Cambridge's Politics department, where he is teaching for the next year, Huppert is certain that, in his case, fees were not to blame for a defeat, citing his endorsement by the National Union of Students. He does think that his party “messed up” on tuition fees, but doesn't regret that the party went into government.

“Overall, we were a massive force for the good,” he says, referring to free school meals, same-sex marriage and, with a surge of enthusiasm, lifting people out of income tax.

The former MP thinks that to an extent his party was trapped in a corner in 2010, claiming that during that year's negotiations one of Labour's

conditions was that the Lib Dems back all future tuition fee increases. Regardless, for Huppert the Coalition was better than “letting the Tories do what they want.”

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“I REALLY HAVEN'T DECIDED YET”

It must hurt, then, to feel that the Tories have essentially been able to take credit for the progressive policies they actually fought the Lib Dems on. “The Tories outgunned us at the last election,” he tells me, agreeing that Cameron's party took credit for all the good policies. “It was Lib Dem pressure on the Tories that caused inequality to fall during our time in government,” he asserts with conviction.

Throughout the interview it's clear that Huppert is deeply passionate about helping people and his party, at one point reciting verbatim the start of the Liberal Democrat constitution. Clegg, for him, had consistently failed to extol the positive virtues of the Liberal Democrats and the importance of removing obstacles such as poverty from people's lives.

As we're shifting to the topic, I ask him what he thinks of the Tories so-called ‘assault on poverty’. “I'd happily support the Tories if that's what they were doing. But they are just not removing poverty,” he replies, before

lamenting the Conservatives' “absurd priorities”. No doubt the government's recent policy on tax credits would receive his ire.

With a majority Tory government and a great deal of fear across society, Huppert believes that liberals are facing difficult times. He's undeniably concerned about the Conservatives being in power, but lacks the concern some have about the Labour leader's ability to hold them to account. Speaking about Corbyn, Huppert tells me he “gets on very well with him, more so than many other Labour MPs”, before praising the Islington MP's consistency in his principles.

Huppert is also supportive of Corbyn's attempts to change Prime Minister's Questions – although he has his doubts. “Parliament is unfortunately far, far too childish, there are plenty of people who are just pathetic,” he explains, adding that many young female MPs shy away from PMQs simply because of the hostile atmosphere. He recalls a “completely unacceptable” instance when a male MP shouted “phwoar, what a woman!” while gesticulating – Huppert leaves me almost speechless when he provides a re-enactment – to show that she had large breasts.

On top of this, he recounts MPs pulling faces to mock another member with cerebral palsy. It's no wonder then that he considers the Commons a place of “brutal tribalism” that pollutes the entire political system. If this is the case, will he be shying away from politics come 2020? “I really haven't decided yet” he says sincerely, adding

with a smile that he's rediscovered “weekends” and “evenings” and will be taking time to “reconnect”. This doesn't mean he'll be politically inactive in the meantime, far from it. While he refuses to badmouth his competitors and is not a “surrogate MP”, he says that desperate constituents still contact him regularly because they aren't getting the help they need in time.

It is apparent during our conversation that he is frustrated at his limited political power, telling me that he sees

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“PARLIAMENT IS, UNFORTUNATELY, FAR, FAR TOO CHILDISH”

a lot of things he cares about that aren't receiving enough attention, such as LGBT+ issues, education and mental health. The latter is of particular interest for Huppert, who last year called for the government to invest an extra £500 million a year in mental health, stating at the time it had “been neglected by consecutive governments.” He also tells me that he was involved with a survey evaluating mental health in Cambridge University, campaigning for a better student environment.

“We do pile too much stress on,” he says in regards to the university, adding that mental health provision here “used to be a very good service” when



RICHARD NICHOLL

he was an undergraduate. He finds people stake more on exams than they ever used to – perhaps due to the cost of higher education – and that many are afraid to discuss mental health because it can wrongly be seen as a weakness in such a competitive academic environment.

He also thinks that Cambridge students frequently suffer from ‘imposter syndrome’, where students “feel they don't deserve to be here”. Does he, a graduate of Trinity College with a PhD in biological chemistry, class himself a sufferer?

“Yes,” he replies, “of course.”

Soon our time is up as he has to dash off to a council meeting that he's been invited to. Somehow I feel politics hasn't seen the last of Julian Huppert.

Comment



This is why we should be boycotting BDS



Jonny Shamir

It's an unprecedented and irresponsible attack on a nation, and it's not going to solve anything.

The Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement operates under a thin guise of “freedom, justice and equality”. The movement does not support a two-state solution to the Israel-Palestine conflict – the only just and practical solution to realise both parties’ legitimate national ambitions and the framework upon which all past negotiations have been based. It also fails to acknowledge several binding international resolutions and bodies which recognise the legitimacy of Jewish aspirations in Mandate Palestine. Omar Barghouti, the founder of the movement, has said that his organisation’s work will continue beyond the end of the occupation. So what are the aims of the BDS movement?

The BDS outlines three goals: “Ending the occupation and colonization of all Arab lands occupied in June 1967 and dismantling the Wall; Recognizing the fundamental rights of Arab-Palestinian citizens of Israel to full equality; and Respecting, protecting and promoting the rights of Palestinian refugees to return to their homes and properties.” The desire to end the occupation is shared by over 65 per cent of Israelis, but this must occur through negotiations ensuring Israel’s safety: immediate unilateral withdrawal would be irresponsible and would amount to bloodshed. The ‘wall’ the group identifies (over 90 per cent of it is a fence) was erected to protect Israel from terrorist attacks, and does so successfully. The Palestinians also have the right to appeal to the Supreme Court if they feel the wall’s route is problematic; in over 100 cases these appeals have been successful, though there are problems with access to lawyers for many Palestinians and thus not all grievances are expressed.

The second aim is indicative of the intellectual dishonesty which underpins the movement. Within the Green Line, Israel is a multi-ethnic democracy in which every citizen is guaranteed equal rights under the

law (enshrined in the declaration of independence): there are active Israeli-Arabs in Parliament and in many leading walks of life. The discrimination they face is akin to the discrimination any minorities in the world face, and while discrepancies exist between Jews and Arabs, the government itself, triggered by the Or Commission in 2000, has taken and is taking dramatic steps to reduce inequality. In fact, Barghouti himself studied at Tel-Aviv University, with the university resisting widespread calls for his expulsion. In the occupied territories, in the words of Professor Alan Johnson: “Israel’s security policies are best understood as the tragic and temporary response to the failure of repeated peace negotiations and the terrible reality of terrorism, and not as an Israeli intent to rule over the Palestinians as superiors holding down inferior helots, apartheid style.” This is not difficult to substantiate considering how many times Israel

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ECONOMIC STRANGULATION
HURTS THE PALESTINIANS TOO

has extended its arm for peace, something the BDS conveniently ignores.

Its position on the right of return is not only fantastical, but if it were to materialise, would also see the end of Israel as a Jewish state, thus ignoring any rights or aspirations of the Jewish people to self-determination. If such a ‘right of return’ was applied with consistency across the world in regards to displaced people in the twentieth century alone, the resulting tumult would make the current world unrecognisable. Even the PA tacitly acknowledges that this demand has to be abandoned, and only calls for the boycott of settlement products; its

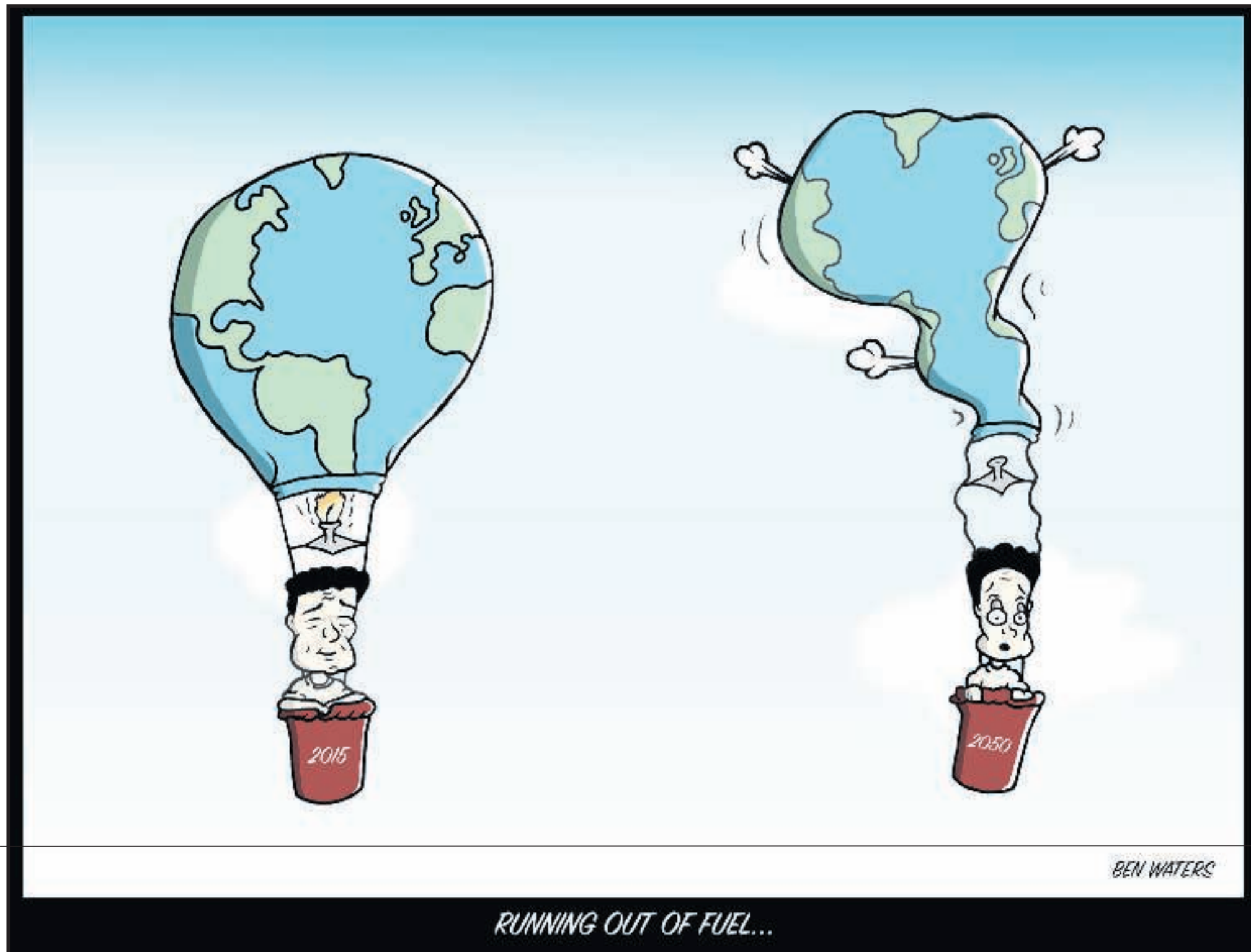
position therefore polarises the debate further. On its website, the BDS states that Israel’s “population transfer, apartheid and colonialism are prohibited and constitute internationally wrongful acts which render unlawful Israel’s entire legal and political regime.” Even if these allegations were true, it is a unique phenomenon to render a state illegitimate on the basis of its action: it didn’t even occur with Nazi Germany; yet, for some reason, it occurs with Israel.

Its website states: “The apartheid-character of Israel’s rule in the OPT is amplified by the fact that Israeli civil law is applied to the (*de facto*) annexed Jewish settler and colonies, whereas martial law is applied to the occupied Palestinian population.” This discrepancy is painted as a parallel to apartheid Bantustan, but this is far from the truth. The BDS fails to mention the Oslo II Accords, an interim measure carving the West Bank into three administrative divisions until a permanent solution is reached. Per contra, if “Israeli civil law” applied to the Palestinian population in the areas allocated to the Palestinian Authority, that would be imperialism because it would mean applying Israeli law to land under Palestinian administration; the differences in law merely reflect the international agreements which outline who governs which parts of the West Bank. Moreover, this would go against what the majority of Palestinians, Israelis and the international community desire.

The titular methods it promotes are also counter-productive in the extreme. At present, more than one quarter of all wage income in the West Bank comes from Palestinians working in Israel; economic strangulation hurts the Palestinians too. Netanyahu played on a culture of fear to win the most recent election, and the besiegement of boycotts on Israel, singling them out as a pariah state warranting boycott, only empowers the Israeli Right by convincing the majority of Israelis that the world is

indeed against them. Boycotts also assume a monolithic ideology runs throughout the country, and therefore constitute collective punishment. It becomes irrelevant what you believe, even if you are Muslim, Christian or Jewish: if you have an Israeli citizenship, you will be indiscriminately punished. Rather than promote debate, they want suppress the opposition narrative. This is why their calls for an academic boycott do not surprise me. The movement singles out Israel as being culpable in this century-long conflict, and thus absolves the Palestinians of any of the necessary commitments or sacrifices that will be required for peace in the future. This is a dangerous culture to promote.

I understand people’s frustration at the stagnancy of this intractable peace process. If we do have the same goal – a two-state solution with safe and secure borders for both peoples – then there is no reason we cannot work together. The impetus is already moving in the direction of organisations (One Voice, for example) that recognise the responsibility and rights of both the Israelis and the Palestinians, and fosters the conditions for peace to come about. There are signs of progress as we speak: Israeli industrialists are involved in the building of the new Palestinian city of Rawabi, Israeli café owners are offering half-price discounts for Arabs and Israelis who converse together when they eat, and one of my heroes, Mohammed Dajani, was leading Palestinian students to Auschwitz in order for them to understand the mental trauma and narrative of their counterparts. The firebombs and death-threats which he faced following this brave endeavour are a symptom of the BDS mentality: there is one correct narrative, and any attempts to build bridges are denounced as ‘normalisation’. Attempting to remove nuances, reducing this multi-faceted conflict to simplistic binaries, is not only dishonest, but is ineffective too.



BEN WATERS

RUNNING OUT OF FUEL...

College fines: hardly a draconian punishment



Peter Lloyd-Williams

People complain about college fines, but as the saying goes: rules are there for a reason

A fine is what happens when you decide to break college rules but aren't smart enough to avoid getting caught. Most of us will have broken a college rule at some point. After all, we live in a place where walking on the grass is heresy and unauthorised gatherings are liable to be dispersed by former soldiers who, at Trinity, wear bowler hats. These rules are all pretty petty, and so are the punishments. We can survive a stern word from a porter or matronly despair from a bedder.

Sometimes, of course, things go a little further, like when your night goes extremely well and your mate stains the stonework in Queens' with his bile, or you pinch one of Trinity's expensive custom-made candlesticks from formal. These are the things a great night is made of.

However, you'd be getting ahead of yourself if you thought your college would agree. Colleges are big, complicated organisations. They have lots of valuable property and complex legal obligations. It doesn't matter whether they really care how you act. Order must be maintained. Property must be protected. Charitable status must be ensured.

Fines are a middle ground. A stern telling off works for some, but others will shrug it off. Yet sending a student down for possessing contraband (i.e. a rice cooker or similar) verges on overkill. A compromise must be reached. A modest but meaningful financial penalty will teach the wrongdoer right from wrong. Put the fear of college into them.

"But what about those who can't afford to pay?" you cry. I, for one, would be surprised and disappointed if a college imposed a fine which would cause financial hardship. The huge sums which the University puts into bursaries and hardship funds suggests that the University does care about its students' financial well being. Cash talks. For the rest, fines are meant to be difficult. That's the point.

"Okay", you say, "but they fine you for such little things." This one may actually be true. Pembroke will fine you £25 for disturbance if you violate noise and music curfews. This sounds trivial, but remember that sleep deprivation through music is the respectable Westerner's torture. As ever, if you got caught, you were probably annoying in the first place.

Most fines are for things you really

shouldn't be doing. Harassing porters is demeaning and unacceptable. Damaging college property causes the college expense and ruins the experience for everyone else.

A lot of these things seem minor and amusing when you watch someone else do it in a drunken haze. But colleges are not only the places where we live. Academics have to do brain-

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IN MANY WAYS, WE ALL
LIVE IN A FANCY BOARDING
SCHOOL.

bending work in among us. Grads try to hang onto the last threads of youth. Porters and bedders keep us safe and comfortable. Colleges don't make rules because they want to return to a mid-Victorian paradise. They have to accommodate lots of different types of people. Prohibiting public delinquency is one way of doing this. Furthermore, there are surely some

live-in academics who would like to enforce a 9pm bedtime.

College life is always going to be a strange mix. In many ways, we all live in a fancy boarding school. At the same time, everyone is an adult and knows how to act like an adult. You would be unsurprised, having smashed up a bunch of Cindies' property, if Cindies decided more was needed than a fifty pound fine and stern word. Cindies would probably charge you the full value of the items destroyed (and sue if you didn't pay) and maybe even call the police. This would probably stop you getting a job at One Canada Square, which has always been the dream.

Maybe we should be glad that most colleges go no further than fining. All of us will want to commit indiscretions at some point. Fastidious adherence to every rule is unhealthy, and will really hinder you when you try to show some *esprit de corps* at your corporate mixer.

So let's be pragmatic. Fines are great. They help manage college without things getting too draconian. If your college really wanted to throw the book at you, they could do far worse than a hundred pound fine.

The David Starkey problem with our publicity

Lola Olufemi



A man with David Starkey's views should not be the face of university publicity material.

The 'Dear World... Yours Cambridge' campaign recently released a video aimed at alumni and donors, in an attempt to raise two billion pounds to fund the university and its various projects. The video is part of a long list of similar attempts at publicity that Cambridge, like any institution, must use in order to keep itself afloat.

The problem many had with the video was the use of David Starkey as one of its key figures; he opens and closes it, and has a substantial speaking role. Anyone with a long memory probably winced, like I did, when they watched it. Here is a university supposedly committed to ensuring the best working environments for all, using the face of a man who has expressed a particular disdain for anything non-white existing in a British context. His comments on multiculturalism and treatment of other non-white staff members have led to direct clashes with members of his own faculty (Richard Evans and Joya Chatterji). This alone should have been enough to send alarm bells ringing for anyone who wanted to portray Cambridge in a positive light to the international community.

Using David Starkey in that video demonstrates a blatant disregard for the welfare of BME students. So many of the comments he has made in public demonstrate a deep-rooted racism. When he declared that the reason behind the London Riots of 2011 was that "the whites [have] become black", what he suggested was there

is something inherently animalistic, savage and nihilistic about blackness and black culture. This is an idea that legitimises the use of excessive force against black bodies; it is this kind of thinking that means that we are always viewed as a threat. It is why many cross the road when they see black men approaching them.

Personally, I find it difficult to understand how such a respected historian could not see that he had borrowed his language from centuries of the same racist ideologies that worked to secure the subjection of black bodies. What is particularly harrowing about Starkey is the confidence with which he was able to air such opinions. This is what makes them so malicious: there is no ignorance here. He was fully aware of what his intentions were when he spoke. Perhaps this confidence came from his understanding that no matter what he said, his position and reputation, as well as his links to this university, would remain secure. Such is the confidence of white men who are allowed to be nuanced; while he faced just criticism for his remarks, Starkey's defenders came out to argue that his language had been 'taken out of context' or 'overblown'; repeating the idea that he couldn't possibly be racist; he couldn't perpetuate violent ideas because they knew him; they could vouch for him; he is a 'good' person.

Using him in the video solidifies the silence and invisibility of non-white students. This university's continued

links with him demonstrate the lack of any critical thinking about how they market themselves. If the aim is to present Cambridge as a world-class institution that produces "future leaders," surely Starkey is a deterrent.

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USING DAVID STARKEY IN THAT VIDEO DEMONSTRATES A BLATANT DISREGARD FOR THE WELFARE OF BME STUDENTS.

How must his face look to prospective BME students who are already woefully underrepresented? How must it look for Cambridge to cuddle up to a man that seems quite proud of his bigotry; in what way does that communicate to them that this might be a place worth studying at? How must it look to BME alumni who are in a position to give back? The message it conveys is that they were not even considered because our idea of the ideal Cambridge student, the ideal donor, is still one who shares Starkey's characteristics. To ignore the violence of his comments, to brush them under the rug because of his well respected status as an academic is tantamount to this university admitting that they care more about money than maintaining structures that continually

disadvantage BME applicants. This is more than just a matter of disagreement. Being able to work alongside people with different opinions is important, of course; but not when that opinion fundamentally undermines somebody's right to exist and perpetuates their dehumanisation.

The intellectual and emotional labour that BME students at this university expend is infinitely greater than their white peers, but often it feels as if attacks on our humanity are relentless; if not from white curricula and everyday microaggressions, then it is from the continued institutional approval of 'academics' who express their acceptance of Enoch Powell's "them and us" rhetoric under the guise of "just speaking plainly". This critique is not aimed at the participants in the video: who knows if they knew they were working alongside Starkey? Each of them probably had complex reasoning. It is a call for a greater understanding of how Starkey's presence in this video as part of a billion pound campaign legitimises his ideas and opinions. It is a call for recognition that it further alienates current students from any sense of belonging.

One thing that the video suggests is that our ethos is one of pride; pride at each college's unique history, pride at the achievements of our alumni, pride at being at the forefront of cutting research, and so on and so forth. But how are BME students supposed to engage with that feeling when we are continually disregarded?

Modern-day formals are just dire

This week, Rosie argues formals are no fun at all, while Lana says we just need a while to get used to them

Rosie Best

Lana Crowe

A generously sized starter of pretentiousness, followed by a steaming plate of rowdiness and, finally, a dessert of disappointment and regret. Any coffee with that? Formals have become synonymous with Cambridge life but they are not all they seem – behind the classic Harry Potter image of beautiful ceilings, candles lining the tables and gourmet food is the reality of bizarre traditions and customs which should, more accurately, be likened to the mad hatter's tea party.

From the seating arrangements to the crockery; formal is an undeniably pretentious experience. The Latin blessing – did he just say nostril? – is surely understood by less than 10% of the student population and does anyone actually know which side the wine glasses are on, or which bread roll is theirs? The fact that students must stand upon the late entrance and early exit of high table is nonsensical and the serving of the Master and Fellows at least 15 minutes before everyone else is an unnecessary display of an outdated college hierarchy although, admittedly, I

make full use of this time in trying to remember which spoon I am supposed to use first.

Arguably the biggest downfall of formal is the food. At our matriculation formal last year the main course was guinea fowl and, call me uncultured, but I didn't even know what guinea fowl was, never mind whether or not I was going to like it. Not wanting to finish your meal at formal leads to awkward glances from peers or even to waiting staff leaving your plate in front of you, assuming that you simply haven't finished your stuffed crow. Dietary requirements also force one to endure a painfully uninviting formal menu; it must be hard to watch your friends devour a plate of ice cream and chocolate tart while you are presented with a bowl of fruit salad – apparently the only dairy-free dessert available in Cambridge.

Pennying has also become a dangerous, cut-throat sport designed to get friends as drunk as possible, as quickly as possible. The actual use of pennies is unhygienic; while it is true that, by the time the penny is finished with, the layers of dirt accumulated on the penny's surface are removed and dissolved into your wine. Next time you're downing your glass of wine, egged on by the chanting of friends, remember that a percentage of that could be... well, I'll leave it to your imagination.

Formal Hall: the University of Cambridge's answer to Nandos. When looking for somewhere to chill with the squad, it is the first place you turn to. It has a cult status in Cambridge life as the home of classic banter. Yet rather than being provided with Portuguese mood music and chicken motifs, we get crests, gowns and Latin graces. Formals are the one aspect of the romanticised Cambridge image that is not crushed by reality, but lives up to expectation. If this is as close as it gets to Nandos... we are not in Kansas anymore.

The antiquated beauty of most college halls is breath-taking. It would be hard for even the most anti-establishment among us not to admire the beautiful panelled walls, the meticulously detailed ceiling, the portraits of masters gone by. To look down a long table of be-gowned scholars glowing in warm candlelight is to be transported back in time.

Attending formal hall is a nice excuse for a little occasion: it gives you the opportunity to take a break from working, get dressed up and relax with your friends. It can be surprisingly informal for something called a 'formal'; by the end of the meal, voices are louder, manners are forgotten and gowns are undoubtedly a little jaunty (as, of course, nothing screams mad 1 with the ladz like a jaunty gown).

Yes, the prospect of a formal can be intimidating at first; however, it's a testimony to how

I've adapted and settled in to Cambridge that I'm now totally comfortable with it. It's a good opportunity to talk to new people: nothing cements a budding friendship like a bit of cheeky penning. You are provided with a three-course meal for a delectable price: a restaurant could charge double, or even triple, for food of the same quality.

In a lot of ways, going to formal hall epitomises the experience of the modern Cambridge student. It's steeped in tradition, full of grandeur, intimidatingly decadent; yet we roll up donning Primark suits and carrying the finest Sainsbury's vintage that can be acquired for £4.50.



ROSIE + LANA

CULC's Halloween Social should give any self-respecting Labour supporter the chills



Theo Demolder

CULC isn't doing itself any favours with polarising jibes at the Tories

How do you “dress as a Tory”? Do you get a discount at the fancy dress shop if you rent the full costume? Does black tie count? Or do you then risk being mistaken for a Champagne Socialist? And how do you avoid looking pretty much the same as everyone else who's dressed as a Tory? Profound questions such as this, will, I'm sure, be racing through the minds of members of the Cambridge Universities' Labour Club as they prepare for their 'Dress as a Tory' Halloween social tonight – unenvied by the likes of us for whom a 'dress as your subject' bop poses enough of a creative challenge as it is. But, in truth, it is for more than practical reasons that I am glad not to be going. Although I would not categorise myself as a Tory, and have friends attending, whom I both like and respect greatly, to me – however light hearted this event may be intended to be – it smacks of the insular self-satisfaction into which the Labour Party seems to be retreating.

Imagine the Cambridge Conservatives publicly advertising a 'dress as a Labour supporter' night – turning up, for a laugh, one would presume, in shabby Corbyn-esque attire, or the uniform of a blue collar

worker – mocking political opponents as an 'evil' horror worthy of Halloween. In most people's eyes, the joke would be on them; so why is it any different when the political shoe is on the other foot?

“

IT SMACKS OF AN INSULAR SELF-SATISFACTION

Putting aside how little attention supporters of the party led by Corbyn seem to be paying here to his desire for a 'kinder politics', the whole concept of being able to 'dress as a Tory' betrays the crudeness of the class war caricature which exists in the minds of many Corbynites. For them, the idea that political rivals might have honourable intentions is as strange as a 'Tory' looking pretty much like they do. And do not think that this is just a case of one questionably-themed social event being taken too seriously – it is becoming increasingly clear that Labour's idea of a joke will leave

the Conservatives laughing all the way to the next election. Be it Andy Burnham wearing a 'Never Kissed a Tory' T-shirt to this year's Pride, or new Shadow Chancellor John McDonnell having said that he would like to go back in time and assassinate Margaret Thatcher – so often members are sending the message to voters that the party is more concerned with feeling good about itself than policy and winning elections.

Were it run by any other student society, this fancy dress social wouldn't really matter. If we still live in a world and attend a university where a second-year drinking society can invite fresher girls to an event dressed as 'crack whores' and it not hit the headlines, Cambridge's Tories might just have to take this one on the chin. But this isn't just any society; this is the youth wing of the country's Official Opposition, at the university from which some of the party's greatest figures started. Without doubt, members of all parties do and say things which make them look more concerned with their Manichean political bubble than the lives of the 98 per cent of the electorate who don't belong to any political party. But if Labour wants voters to like what they

see when they get round to taking a fresh look at the party, it needs to do a better job of keeping all that behind closed doors. If it doesn't, it's not just bad for Labour – the lack of an opposition which could conceivably be elected will leave both our government and democracy poorer.

And even if, as they so often say, it's not winning elections which is important to the new generation of Labour supporters – if it's exclusively their principles – they would perhaps do well to reconsider more fully exactly what those principles are. However wide the gulf in opinion may be, a rush towards the kind of polarised smears, name-calling, and making enemies of opponents which has come to characterise the American system (as a glance at Wednesday night's Republican debate would have told you) will do no one any good. It is bad, lazy politics. So although I wish friends and readers attending an enjoyable evening, if the CULC and its members are truly serious about spreading Labour values and making this country a better place to live in, they need to recognise that this sort of self-indulgence will do them no more good than those Bullingdon Club dinners did George, Boris and Dave.

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.

Previously on #TSDOKK: So like Hugo and I are like litro just snacking on some actual free-range nibbles in a candlelit archway at the edge of the Bop when a guy litro drenched in honey and covered in oats runs into us and like totes knocks a scotch egg like actually out of my hand. Litro before we can even say #ToffOff the stone archway like totes starts revolving and Hugo, the sticky man and me are like litro plunged into like actual darkness...

29th October Dawn Litro just awoke to the smell of like actual honey suffusing my bedsheets... I roll over and litro land straight in the sticky

patch. OMG Hugo has litro got his honey everywhere!!! Like, did he even put a lid on it?! #AreYouHoneyBeeingSerious. So like yesterday was Hugo's initiation into Sereal Soc which now means he's like a litro fully fledged Wheato! #A-Maize-Balls. Litro ever since we bumped into the sticky man (who we now know is like totes far more Teff than Toff) it's been an actual Rolled-Oats-A-Coaster...

22nd October "Like, what is this actual place?" I shout into the tates pitch black void. A litro solitary voice responds: "Where do you think all of those like actual whole grain snacks come from, Miss Kettlewell?" "Waitrose?" I ask tentatively. "In 1478, the college Master like totes lost control of the lawns of the college through a gambling match with my great-great-great grandfather, Miller Rice. In an attempt to restore order to the grass he like offered Miller a deal he could totes not refuse... So now we litro continue his legacy selling whole grain snacks to the college at extortionate rates." I'm like actually stunned, like, my #Digestion is litro corrupt! I'm litro secreting the Mafia (I think inside my brain)! He's all "Like you can totes trust me, it's like fo sho above board." So I'm like "But like why keep it a secret?" "Why put honey and oats together?" he responds. "Because it

tastes nice" I answer. "Exactly."

So like now that Hugo has been totes fully initiated into #WholeGrain life, I've been invited on like the actual Oatie Bar Crawl (which is litro exactly like the Boatie Bar Crawl but with like a hamper of actual whole grain snacks!!! #Random). Litro so #Quinoa for all the #CrayCray events! We're like so totally Nutri-Grain to this whole thing! G2G now, #SS awaits!

Midday So like we get to the archway and Hugo smears manuka honey across the stonework, which totes promptly starts revolving. An actual like staircase is revealed and we like totes majestically descend into the Grain Emporium for like the second time this week. Litro as soon as we arrive we're like totes jumped on by like two burley Barleys. "Like what on Oat is she doing here?" demands one of them to Hugo. "Yeah, like no Wheatessess allowed!" growls the other. Hugo's like "Back off men, I've got like an actual permit!" He litro flashes them his #Honies permit, and they like totes back off. "OMG Hugo you're like so #Refined" I gush. "They don't call me Endosperm for nothing" he chuckles.

So like we're litro just taking in our surroundings and everyone's just like chillin' out, maxin', relaxin' all cool. I

mean it's litro SUCH a chill room. Seriously, it's like actually chilled to like keep all the actual fruits and whole grains like super fresh #FreshQuince. So like as we scan the room for like future memoir quotes it like totes dawns on us that there's like actually not a farmyard fellatio act in sight. Hugo's like, "Where's the PAR-D @?! #Rye-otClub!!!" but like everyone just

litro continues with the Telegraph cryptic. I'm like #Rude. Talk about a Crossword, like, this is like one #SeriouslyPissedOffWord. Hugo's like "So I was litro under the impression that this was like the Buller of the actual snacks world?" #LetDown.

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

ELLIE COOTE



#AreYouHoneyBeeingSerious #Yummy #Honey #Hunny #Hugo

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HAUL OF HORRORS

Treat yourself with Mariam Ansar's picks of the best horror flicks

What makes the horror genre so brilliant is that it doesn't care about the sensibilities of its audience. Well, actually, it does. It just doesn't care about preserving them. To be sat in the cinema about to watch something scary is to be sat in preparation for the confronting of any demons and any paranoid fears. For a few hours, a gruesome retelling of an urban legend or spiritual myth is made real and lingers in one's subconscious. But that fear was already present, what horror writers and directors do is simply coax out the anxieties of a collective consciousness and make them 'real'. They add a little weight to those fears. There's a genius in that. The goosebumps, the hands covering the eyes, those are all reactions to the nuance of the horror genre, built up of leading camera shots, unassuming protagonists, and a queasy unsettlement that lies like a thick, dense fog inside the room. The following films are testament to that.

5. *The Hills Have Eyes*, (2006), dir. Alexandre Aja

A remake of horror royalty Wes Craven's 1977 original, *The Hills Have Eyes* takes the conventional bus-breaking-down-in-the-middle-of-nowhere trope to new extremes. As a family are terrorised by a group of mutants, the horrifying effect of this terrorisation lies in the means by which it is employed. Brute force and being burned alive are only a couple of the methods the group uses. While watching people being hunted, we realise the dangers of something as common and everyday as surveillance. The hills have eyes, and those eyes aren't passive. Craven

and Aja build on the fear of the 'other' by having their antagonists removed from humanity, and yet, not wholly removed from being human. It's enough to make anyone's skin crawl.

4. *Ringu* (*The Ring*), (1998), dir. Hideo Nakata

Before the 2002 American version of *The Ring* reached us and became an instant classic, the original Japanese version existed and still reigns supreme. Nakata's directing style is simple and full of leading camera shots, while the depiction of the dark-haired girl crawling through the TV is used without the escaping effect of background music. It focuses on the relationship between the viewer and the film: we become concerned about our activity of watching TV because it is integral to the narrative. The girl crawls towards the protagonist and we remain rooted to the spot, watching, half-expecting the phone to ring, half-expecting the girl to appear before us too.

3. *The Exorcism of Emily Rose*, (2005), dir. Scott Derrickson

Based on a true story, *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* takes the fear of the spirit world and places it into the life of a student. Whether the real life Emily Rose, Anneliese Michel, suffered from spirits or simply required medical assistance as a sufferer of epilepsy, the film's use of disembodied voices, religious symbolism and the combination of slowly tilting one's head while smiling means it still seeps into nightmares today. With a combination of sweeping out-of-body shots, and the camera

panning to alarm clocks showing the terrifying 2am witching hour, Emily Rose's 'possession' is depicted alongside a court case attempting to figure out the details. Derrickson trusts the knowledge of the viewer, playing the rational against the supposable in a very clever, very scary few hours.

2. *The Evil Dead*, (1981), dir. Sam Raimi

Five college students decide to go on holiday in an isolated cabin in the woods. Unleashing demons and spirits after finding an audiotape, *The Evil Dead* is a gory low-budget horror which gained rave reviews from Stephen King. It's an instant classic, playing up to every stereotype of the horror film: bloody, charged with adolescent hormones, and featuring disembodied voices humming and laughing to truly unsettle the viewer. Raimi's cast is compelling and suited to the genre, a mixture of naïve and American. While the narrative may be predictable, it doesn't seem to matter. Predictions may be correct but the film, regardless, is deserving of its cult status, scary in aiming to be nothing but scary, and made even more so with low-budget cosmetics, a good cast, and a demon-filled plot.

1. *Is* (*Them*), (2006) dir. David Moreau and Xavier Palud

A French-Romanian horror said to be based on true events, the terrifying power of *Is* is that, unlike the other films on this list, the antagonist is not a spirit, a mutant, or a video-tape. A young teacher moves to Romania with her lover and discovers the idyllic nature of the countryside is not all that it seems. Psychologically driven, the pair are terrorised for just over an hour. Escalating from the throwing of mud at a car to intrusions inside a house to brute force, Moreau and Palud build up a string of events to a truly unpredictable ending. The film concludes but leaves behind a tangible unsettling atmosphere, one that persists for days.



THE MUSIC OF NIGHTMARES

Everyone watches films at Halloween. OK, that's a generalisation, but it's a fairly accurate one: people watch stories made of images and sounds smashed together when they want to scare themselves.

It might be a little basic, but that combination is important. Some of the most visually adventurous and fundamental films in horror are the silent German expressionist works, such as *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* and *Nosferatu*. As striking as their design is, watching them today is an uncanny experience. So comprehensively conditioned are we to expect a hefty chunk of the narrative delivered through sound, hearing just an orchestral score leaves a modern audience bereft. One of the legs supporting that particular emotional giraffe seems to have been amputated clean off. Poor giraffe.

What has emerged since this unification has obviously been a changeable thing. The most iconic sonic moment in horror is the shrill string stabs of *Psycho*, but for many years, in its 90's torpor, the best anyone could come up with was the twee, sub-gothic shlock accompanying every single Tim Burton film. And indeed, for our own era, a new vocabulary has emerged.

You've probably heard it. It probably scared the shit out of you. It's really, really simple. It goes like this: quietquietquiet-BANG. QuietquietquietquietquietBANG.

With the advent of superpowered surround sound multiplex screens, the sheer visceral impact of blasting the audience has proved to be the most effective way to provide consumers what they seem to want – lots of jumpscare – and because it's so easy, it has provided a cop out for directors. They don't need to motivate action, they don't need to make you care about the characters, they don't even need to show you what you're meant to be frightened of. It has reduced horror to formulaically whacking the FX on.

This has shortchanged the genre. Horror is capable of exploring and expressing complex ideas, and sound plays a huge



role in informing them. While the young Linda Blair gave an astonishing physical performance in *The Exorcist*, a huge part of the film's power resides in her overdubbed voice spitting sexual obscenity and giving form to the test of dignity and faith presented by the invading demon.

Soundtracks can also recontextualise a film's content – the most brilliant example being Sam Cooke's doughy version of 'Blue Moon' playing through the extraordinary, seminal transformation sequence in *An American Werewolf in London*. It gives the scene a bizarre, pathetic tone, more nuanced than simply assaulting the audience with nightmarish plastic wizardry.

It need not be to lighten the mood though. Howard Shore has won Oscars for his work on *The Lord of the Rings*, but he learned his craft scoring David Cronenberg films. While his early body-horror work, such as *Videodrome* and *Dead Ringers*, displays real mastery of genre filmmaking, Cronenberg's outstanding work is 1996's *Crash*, a crushingly apathetic retelling of JG Ballard's similarly titled novel about a group of people with an obsessional, paraphilic relationship with car crashes. Shore's soundtrack is a sharp, icy thing, sliding sleekly over the film's surfaces, all flat guitar and twisting arpeggios. It is one of the few elements of the film that pierces its numbly detached existence. It reminds you that these people do not deserve empathy, nor should they be considered 'real'. They are, instead, a vile projection; repressed violence made flesh. The movie only becomes a horror film in reflection, and the score exists to point the way.

Once that leap is made, once sound becomes a component of the film's expression, once the audiovisual giraffe has been reassembled, a vast swathe of new possibilities is unlocked. We can only imagine how the creators of the future will chill us, creep us out, and frighten us like little children. Or they could go BANG really loudly again. They could always do that.

Michael Davin

Ghosts from the past: Marginalia



Leanne Walstow is haunted by a long-forgotten poem penned in the cover of a book

One thing I simply cannot bring myself to do is write in books that I love. It just feels like graffiti – how can my banal scribbles sit comfortably next to the immortal words of Shakespeare? However, it's quite a different story when I'm shopping for second hand books: I actively seek out old tomes containing notes, dedications, declarations. Perhaps it's the anonymity that makes these marginalia so fascinating to me – who were these people, what were their lives like and what did this book mean to them?

My absolute favourite second hand bookshop is Barter Books in Alnwick, Northumberland. Situated inside an old train station, it's an enormous treasure trove of ancient pre-owned books stacked in giant shelves linked by a toy train set that whizzes above the heads of shoppers. Basically it's a book-lover's nirvana.

Wandering between the shelves a few years ago, a blue cloth-bound edition of Oscar Wilde's stories caught my eye, and like

many of the books there it contained a block of barely legible calligraphy. It wasn't until I got home that I realised the writing was in German. German writing dated two years before the start of World War Two, in an English book that had somehow found its way to an obscure bookshop in Northumberland – one thing was for sure, I had to have this translated. This turned out to be more difficult than expected. The poem had been transcribed in a dialect that was no longer used in modern Germany and thus the text had to be sent to the translator's (a middle-aged man himself) grandmother back in Germany. Finally I received the following lines:

*And as long as you have not attained
This; Die and become!,
You will only be a gloomy guest
On the dark earth.*

This is the final stanza of a poem entitled 'Blessed Yearning' by Wolfgang von Goethe written in 1814. Various other

translations exist, but all are essentially just as grim. The quoted stanza implies that until you have died and somehow been reborn ('become'), you're going to have a bloody miserable time on this gloomy rock – uplifting stuff. The more superstitious may have seen this as a sign to get rid of the book – yes, it's definitely creepy, but from a historical perspective it's absolutely fascinating. On the cusp of the most concentrated period of loss of human life the world has ever seen, someone scrawled a few lines on an inside cover about how death is necessary for rebirth. World War Two marked the death of a conscience that existed previously; humanity altered beyond recognition in those six years and at the end was reborn from the ashes of the death they had wrought.

It may only be coincidence that someone decided to note down these lines of German poetry in an English book in 1937, but nevertheless the words ring with an almost prophetic foreboding of the horrors that were to come in the following years.

Leanne Walstow

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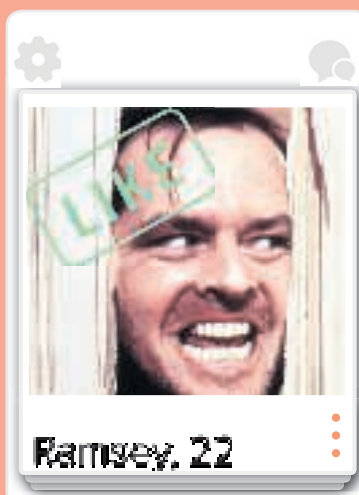
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tinder horror stories



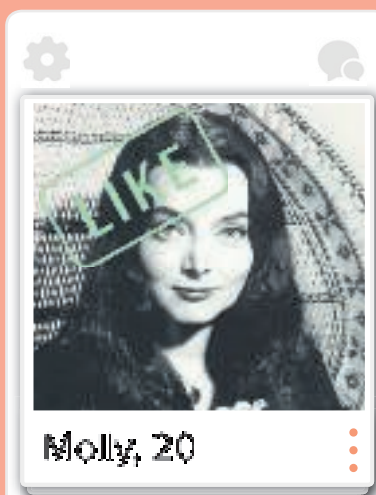
Edgar, 21

I was in Germany and thought it'd be fun to go on a date with a local. I was chatting to someone on Tinder and had Monday free – why not? He seemed keen but said he couldn't make it, he had to be with his family. Not impressed, I kept trying to persuade him: "abandon your family, I'll be loads more fun, show me round Munich." He said he wanted to but couldn't. I kept saying "forget about them!", but eventually he stopped replying. It was only as I was about to get on the plane home that I got this text: "Sorry, I'd loved to but I've got to stay by my grandma's side before she passes."



Ramsey, 22

I liked a guy from Tinder: attractive, similar interests, all was going well. On our second date we went for a meal, then back to mine. After we'd had some fun, he fell asleep quickly. Oh. That would have been fine, except he kept whispering "I love you" in his dream. No, not to me. Did I forget to mention? He'd been in love with another guy for four years. I waited half an hour for the mutterings of sweet nothings to end. They didn't. Eventually I drifted off to sleep with the guy I liked unconsciously declaring his undying love to someone else. It didn't work out.



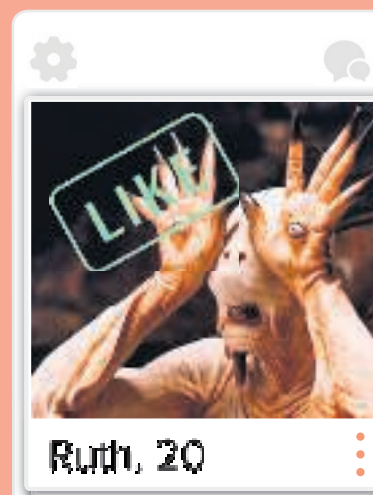
Molly, 20

My friends finally managed to convince me to go on the date with X Tinder Man. We agreed to meet at a pub next to the River Cam. Sitting at the bar waiting for Mystery Man to appear is no one's idea of fun. No one ever talks about how nerve-racking it is to wait for a blind date; every swing of the door makes you sit up in anticipation. After 30 minutes he finally strolled in, casual. We got chatting and things went from bad to worse. Turns out he was a lawyer, and I should have left at that point. Conversation began with a discussion of the safety of Cambridge tapwater (he only drank San Pellegrino). As more pints were drunk, conversation descended into heated debates over the "real definition of consent". Just as I set myself up to leave he excused himself to go to the bathroom. 5, 10, 15 minutes passed. After 20 minutes I received a text saying "sorry I had to run!". Turns out you can be stood-up mid-date. The evening ended with the bartender catching up to me with the tab. £20, an empty chair and an empty heart, the perfect end to my Tinder career.



Sara, 23

He looked like the poor man's version of the least flattering picture on his profile. Greasy hair, stained shirts and broken Converse have never been my favourite look. I started to question my decision to come to the Vaults. Conversation began with him asking me about "how I Tinder" – I still don't know what that even means. He went on to tell me his strategy is to say yes to every girl, pulling them in with a "good one-liner" that normally draws them all in. That felt nice. Conversation moved onto drinking habits: "Yeah, sometimes I think I should stop, too." When I ask why, he tells me about the time he woke up in an unfamiliar place with blood all over his hands. What do you even do with that? Throughout this I was very aware of his fixated stare, almost like he wanted to lick my face. The date ended with a climatic "you know what? For a Tinder date, you're alright". Once home, I crawled into the foetal position and checked Tinder. A new message from another guy popped up asking if he could 'sit on my face'. I've decided this app isn't for me.



Ruth, 20

Picture this: an upcoming Tinder date with a worldie. A current RAG Blind Date with a lovely but very average Trinity Mathmo. So Upcoming Tinder Date sits down opposite me in the Vaults with his own RAG Blind Date. I recognise him immediately. I say 'hey' in a cute way, he ignores me. I continue to try and make eye contact, despite being on a date with Lovely But Average Trinity Mathmo, who, it transpires, is in a threeway open relationship with his college wife and son. I can't take my eyes off Upcoming Tinder Date and eventually I make the move; I lean over and whisper "It's me, Tinder Ruth" in his ear. He looks startled. He leaves the Vaults with his RAG Blind Date almost immediately. Half an hour later I receive the message: "Sorry, I can't make Thursday, I didn't realise but I have other plans". I see him in Cindies the following evening, getting with a new girl. He continues to ignore me. But I don't blame Tinder. I just need to stop going for twats. The Tinder search for the Third Year Boyfriend continues.



From left to right: MGM TELEVISION, WARNER BROS., HAWK FILMS, RED BANK FILMS, UNIVERSAL PICTURES, TELECINCO CINEMA

Past the Pumpkin

Lucy Morgan on growing out of Hallowe'en

Ghost stories, grotesque pumpkins, extravagant costumes, and exorbitant quantities of sweets: that's right, it's Hallowe'en again. Nowadays this time of year arrives too quickly. But if I stop and think about it, my mind is flooded by the different friends with whom I've celebrated, and childhood memories of prancing around in the most decadent outfit I could find.

Pre-packaged outfits have lined the shelves of stores since mid-September, but as a kid it was always more fun to dig through the dressing up bin, or scramble together pieces from all over the house to make some fantastical disguise. Deciding what to wear happened months in advance. For years the schools costume parade consisted of full

blown witches, superheroes, and a few complex outfits that had entire backstories.

Picking out the perfect gourd to modify was a task as endless as picking out a Christmas tree. Choosing and carving the right face became as much of a family affair as decorating said tree would be a month later. I remember scooping out gooey pumpkin innards, and designing gruesome albeit very simple images that often invoked smiles rather than shock from passers by, but it was still worth it.

Early in the evening of the 31st, us neighbourhood kids would go running around to different houses, half-full bag of candy in hand and parents traipsing along in tow. Maybe you were one of the kids who

ate all the sweets as soon as you got it, as a snack between houses. Or maybe you were like me and laid each piece out, admiring your stash before beginning to devour it. Hallowe'en was the one time a year when even adults deemed it fully socially acceptable for kids to dress up, scare each other, and eat more junk than any doctor in their right mind would recommend. And we revelled in it.

For a while. Flash forward to the end of middle school. The friends were still there, and free sweets were great, but was it still worth the strange looks, freezing cold, and effort of coming up with a great costume? It was during those years that I learned the joys of horror movies. Nothing is quite as bonding as everyone shrieking when your friend's cat jumps on you just as Freddie Krueger's nails pierce unexpectedly through a mirror. I still have a small scar from where my friend scratched me in the middle of *Insidious 2*. To this day that's the closest I've ever come to getting a tattoo of someone's name. Definitely

bonding. And with that new kind of ritual we managed to preserve some of the magic of Hallowe'en.

But even that began to fade. For those who weren't scared by the horror flicks, high school parties followed shortly. Costumes were mandatory of course, but over time many of them became more and more last minute. We were already pretending to be full on grown ups; there wasn't much need to put on another mask.

By the time my first year of university rolled around, amid essay deadlines, fresher's flu, and a million new faces I still couldn't match with names, I didn't even realize it was Hallowe'en until barely two days in advance. The result was a hastily thrown together pillowcase and fake blood style outfit. The college bar was filled with many similar concoctions: zombies were people who had ripped their shirt, and vampires were dressed in all black. A few diehards persisted with full outfits, props, and facepaint that likely took hours, but they were a rare breed

last Hallowe'en. For those who chose to celebrate the night ended in Spoons, and dressing up was a game of meeting the bare minimum.

"Don't let down the kid inside" a friend once said to me. While it might not be the most elegant quote, it certainly is poignant, and unfortunately I think Hallowe'en is one of those times when we, or at least I, have failed. Make no mistake, Hallowe'en is still an enjoyable way to spend time with friends, but it's no longer special. The mystery and magic that used to swirl amongst the falling leaves has faded. Somewhere along the way we became too busy and grown up to dedicate an evening to pumpkin carving, screeching shamelessly during horror films, and getting drunk off sweets.

This year I challenge you to change that. Grab some of your friends, take a few hours out of your busy university schedule, and relive some of those childhood rituals – or more satanic, spiritual ones if you want to be historically accurate. Come on, it'll be fun, I promise!

THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED

ALASTAIR BENN

ON LIFE AS A POSTGRAD

I can't recall Cambridge clearly. After the unremitting boredom of exam term, the weeks which followed are bathed in a heightened reality. Those two weeks have put all three years into the shade. Those last two weeks are all I remember now. In my mind's eye, the light still flickers behind the trees, and on the backs it is always sunny. Nothing else remains in the poetic memory and I don't think that image will ever fade.

I'm now a postgraduate in a course whose name itself I hardly understand at King's College London. I study a 'Conflict, Security and Development' masters. The cohort is very international. Everyone thinks of themselves as so 'nice', so 'friendly' and I just can't

stand it. I've even started being deliberately antagonistic in seminars just to try and create a sense of conflict. I find solace in an extreme opinion, the gasp of fright that follows and then the amazement at the self-righteous Cambridge graduate, a type so hackneyed but so persistent.

Many of my fellow postgrads had already met over Facebook, which I must say, threw me. One even expressed regrets that another postgrad had failed to get his visa on time. Where had they met, I thought? Were they old friends? Colleagues? In fact, they'd met on Facebook through a page for incoming freshers, added each other and exchanged messages. And, of course, alienation only breeds helplessness which must be expressed in anger. Old identity markers will soon cease to matter. Country, religion, family, class, all these things are redundant now. And maybe

that's a good thing. But what shall come instead? Will it be Facebook, Snapchat, Twitter, or even Tinder? Will we become Facebookers, Twitterers? It's a world I don't want to know.

I sometimes use my Classics knowledge to give the impression that my mind is elsewhere, far away on higher things beyond the narrow and puny confines of 'Conflict', 'Security' and 'Development'. I interject in seminars with half formed references to Virgil or Homer or some obscure poet I did an essay on in Week 2 of Lent Term in 2013. Everyone gazes at me as if I'm an old man with only half a brain. Often the chatter of the international students turns to the repulsiveness of British university culture. Everyone comments sincerely that they've never seen drinking on such a scale. And it falls to me as the sole product of our backward and moribund culture to defend my patch. My conversational tropes are reduced

to the hollow narration of old times with mates that I once had.

One complication, however. To produce a sense of extreme detachment and irony, I both include and distance myself from Cambridge. I have to put in the odd comment about how I found it all really lame. That one time in Life when we got in the hot tub, yeah it was wicked! We have these things called formals and penning as well but that was fun in 2012, not so much 2015. Swaps were fun at first but are actually really lame, and that wasn't my thing in my final year because I was over that. These stories are greeted by shock or boredom, depending on how much I've exaggerated my exploits.

On the whole I'm glad that Cambridge is over. I'm glad I'm out of it. I'm glad I'm far away. And yet I can't stop looking over my shoulder.

Commercial Feature

The North Pole Cambridge Christmas Festival: fun festive entertainment for everyone



The North Pole Cambridge Christmas Festival is back and back in style, giving you the opportunity to get into the spirit of Christmas throughout the festive season. Featuring an icy extravaganza in the heart of the city centre, this annual festival is centred around a stunning 600m open-air ice rink, great for a fun filled day out with family & friends. Experience interactive side stalls and let us bring out the big kid in you with our traditional fair. Equipped with gifts, children will get their chance to meet Santa and one of his Elves in Santa's Throne Room. The festival is made for all to enjoy so no matter what, there is something for everyone.

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A traditional market featuring craft gifts, including locally sourced jewellery, novelty toys, home-made arts & crafts, candles and handmade

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UNDERCOVER ALPINE CABIN BAR:

Keep cosy in the Alpine Cabin Bar open daily, serving mulled wine & festive cocktails. At the weekend the bar will be home to live music and an



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HALLOWE'EN COUTURE

Taking inspiration from the likes of Darren Aronofsky's cinematic masterpiece *Black Swan* and shot in the neo-gothic New Court of St John's College, *Varsity* presents you its homage to Hallowe'en's compelling and fascinating contribution to the world of fashion and aesthetics.



Photographs by Johannes Hjorth, Make-up, styling and direction: Hannah Parlett & Meg Honigmann. Models: Alice Blow & Grace Ding
 Alice wears: This page: red dress (editor's own), fur stole and fur gilet (Topshop), Next page: black velvet dress (American Apparel). Grace wears: lace dress (Topshop), fringed waistcoat (H&M), black masque (vintage).



THE HOUSE OF HORRORS

LAURA ROBINSON EXPLORES THE GORY HISTORY OF PARIS' THÉÂTRE DU GRAND-GUIGNOL

1897, Paris. Oscar Méténier, a *chien de commissaire* – one who accompanies prisoners to their deaths – and a writer, buys a chapel in the 9th arrondissement and turns it into a theatre, its purpose being to provide a space for his naturalistic plays. Despite being the smallest arts venue in Paris at the time, it was named 'le Théâtre du Grand-Guignol', translated as 'the Big Puppet Show', Guignol being the French puppet equivalent to Britain's Punch. Situated in the rue Chaptal in Montmartre, a street brimming with prostitutes and bohemian artists, Méténier constructed a unique space from the reverted chapel: a shady, dark street leading into a small, highly intimate Gothic-style chapel, with two large, carved angels hanging over the small stage. Here he would stage his naturalistic plays, the characters of which were largely drawn from the criminal underbelly of Parisian life. Méténier's productions, including 'Lui!', a short tale of a prostitute's entrapment by a serial killer in her bedroom, were successful although prone to demands for censorship. However, it would only be after the conclusion of his directorial role that the Grand-Guignol would become synonymous with graphic, heart-pounding horror.

One year later, in 1898, Max Maurey undertook the role of the Grand-Guignol's director – the exacting reasoning behind Méténier's surrender of it still unclear – and until 1914 established it as a 'House of Horrors'. Whilst Méténier primarily wrote the productions himself during his tenure, Maurey's reign brought in André de Lorde, a playwright dubbed 'Prince de

la Terreur', or Prince of Fear, by his contemporaries. Working in collaboration with Alfred Binet, a psychologist, de Lorde would produce a number of unsettling plays that focused on insanity and the mentally deranged. Characters would include a necrophiliac in 'L'Homme de la Nuit', and a father committing infanticide against his daughter in the chilling 'La Dernière Torture'. Playing upon the public's fear of disease and its immutable spread, many productions during this era focused on characters infected with rabies and syphilis, tapping into a reality that was all too familiar with its audience. Maurey measured the success of his productions not by the income they generated, but by the number of spectators that fainted during each one. Whether to add to the general vibe and publicity of his theatre, or out of human compassion for the faint-hearted among his clientele, he hired a *médecin du service* for each run of productions, and introduced comedy into the program, creating *la douche ecossaise*, a 'hot and cold shower' of terrifying dramas and farcical comedies. Whilst some spectators fainted, others discovered a sexual energy in the scenes being relayed to them; the boxes underneath the balcony, originally used by nuns to watch church services, were discreet enough for sexual wantonness to occur. This was at times, however, to the disgruntlement of the actors, who would call for silence in the boxes, ensuring that the moans on the stage would not be mixed with those from other sources.

With the onset of the First World War in 1914, Camille Choisy was instated as director, and the Grand-Guignol reached the gory, blood-drenched summit that it is known for today. Placing emphasis upon the spectacle rather than the narrative, he bought an operating table as well as equipment for one production, and hired actress Paula Maxa, who would become the Grand-Guignol's resident Scream Queen. Over the course of the productions she acted in, she would be raped over 3000 times, disembowelled, guillotined

and poisoned by a scorpion, as well as meeting many more overtly sadistic fates. Overall, she was murdered more than 10,000 times using more than 60 different methods. Maxa, who enjoyed immense popularity during her time at the Grand-Guignol – 'the Sarah Bernhardt of the impasse Chaptal' – was incredibly aware of the attraction of the theatre as a space that met with reality: "In the cinema you have a series of images.

Everything happens very quickly. But to see people in the flesh suffering and dying at the slow pace required by live performance, that is much more effective. It's a different thing altogether."

After Choisy's business partner, Jack Jouvin, took the reins in 1930, the popularity of the theatre waned dramatically. A shift from blood splattering horror to a focus on psychological drama, as well as the removal of crowd favourite Maxa and a controlling, isolated managerial style, Jouvin was the death knell for the theatre. With the terror and aftermath of World War II lingering in the public consciousness, and low audience numbers, the theatre closed in 1962.

After entertaining the masses with morbidly honest 'slice of life' productions and outrageously sadistic, gory masterpieces, the theatre could not compete with the horrors that had grasped the world. As the theatre's final director, Charles Nonon, declared: "We could never compete with Buchenwald. Before the war, everyone believed that what happened on stage was purely imaginary; now we know that these things – and worse – are possible."



The Stage: Scarier than the Screen?

The horror film is a mainstay in modern culture, and has been since the 1940s and 50s, when 'The Thing from Another World' and 'Invasion of the Bodysnatchers' were inducing blood curdling screams in cinema audiences with little to no technical prowess. The immense marketability of the horror genre (2013's 'The Conjuring' produced \$137 million at the Box Office) is not a cinematic phenomenon, for its popularity extends into video game and literary territories as well, with the Gothic fiction produced in the 18th and 19th centuries catapulting the genre into mainstream consciousness. The one area, it seems, that the genre has not stained with its blood spattered fingers is the stage, a peculiar absence given the history of gory revenge tragedies that had marked the wooden boards with a reputation for the unbearable.

Of course, the stomach churning gore of 'Titus Andronicus' still finds an audience today, mainly because such visceral and unapologetic scenes of horror provoke the type of spectator response wanted through the straightforward use of artificial limbs, fake blood and wailing actors. Blood and guts. Whilst this category of horror has enjoyed Box Office success, and produced a number of clones, from the 'Saw' franchise to the 'Hostel' series, its production on the stage is limited to those Elizabethan and Jacobean revenge tragedies that terrified both the groundlings and the nobility in their boxes. It is the cultural shift of the theatre as a space of entertainment that has caused this absence: the cinema is for the everyman, the stage for the cultured echelons. Gore is too much of a cheap trick, too melodramatic and inextricably associated with the mass market horror film to warrant a place on the same stage on which Beckett and Ibsen are performed. Lavinia's mutilation and the cannibalistic climax

in 'Titus Andronicus' is permitted, of course: 'it's Shakespeare, darling'.

It would be disingenuous to categorise horror solely as a bloody spectacle of murder and innards. 'The Woman in Black', a ghost story set in Victorian England, and the second longest-running stage play in the West End, relies upon psychological horror, on the paranoia and uneasiness that this engenders, to install a sense of terror into its audience. Incredibly successful in its intentions, it is difficult to imagine how the production manages to frighten thousands of spectators within an auditorium – some peering around a pillar and others squinting in the upper circle. Its technical design is limited to that which a play can achieve, and it cannot boast the same tingling, weary breadth of scenery as James Watkins' film version can. The success of the play lies in its shared space that ties the stage and the audience together: the noises in the darkness are within the same room, rattling in your ears from a distance, and not from a sound system. The theatre is distinctive in that it can make even the largest spaces seem intimate, and therefore the vision before you entirely unescapable. It is quaint to note that 'the Woman in Black' was initially created to be low in production costs and quick to stage.

Horror can and does succeed on the stage: the theatre having been culturally and socially placed as the locale for the genteel, as well as the horror genre's intimidating prowess at the Box Office – the anxiety that it cannot be reproduced with a similar technical flexibility in the theatre – displace the theatre's legitimacy in being a producer of horror. The popularity of 2010's 'Ghost Stories' proves that there is an audience for the genre, that it can be successful, but the scream from the theatre can never be as loud as the scream from the Box Office.

- Jonah Hall





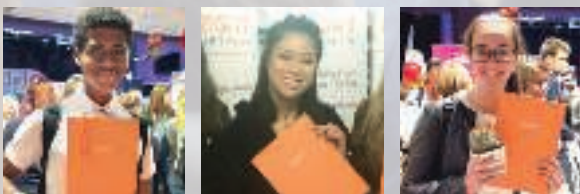
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Books: The Top 5 Novels for Autumn

The cold has settled in. The pumpkin spice is wafting into every crevice. The days are getting shorter. The clocks have been turned back. Hallowe'en, with its glitter and gloom, is upon us. It's time for a warm blanket and a good novel.

1. *The Girl Who Circumnavigated Fairyland in a Ship of Her Own Making* (From the *Fairyland* series), by Catherynne M. Valente

If hot chocolate had a literary counterpart, it would be this book. Striking an unsettling balance between the sweet and the dark, it is both hopeful and corrosive to the arteries. A young girl escapes World War Two Nebraska for a world of wyverns and libraries in a coming-of-age story written for adults. Those who enjoyed Guillermo del Toro's *Pan's Labyrinth* will find in *Fairyland* a similar, but gentler, sense of beautiful menace. In its shadows and blurred boundaries, the story seems set in a world of perpetual autumn. And guess what? The heroine is called 'September'. It can't get much more season-appropriate than that.

2. *The Graveyard Book*, by Neil Gaiman

Modeled after Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, this is a collection of short stories about a boy growing

up in a graveyard. The book follows Nobody's life as he grows from a toddler into a young man, joining him as he learns the rules of humans and how these will govern his experience of love. In a setting dominated by the dark nights and cold breezes of a ghostly homestead, the reader is brought into a world that is as earthly and substantial as his own. In a season where the boundaries between our world and others seem to thin and blur, this book could serve as a lantern of sorts: lighting our way to a deeper understanding of foreignness and the afterlife.

3. *Miss Peregrine's Home for Peculiar Children*, by Ransom Riggs

A combination of prose and old vernacular photographs, this novel is as much a visual as a literary pursuit. It is also a very strange book. Some of the pictures are deeply disquieting, and the tale itself verges on the border of reality and a shadowy afterlife. The young protagonist searches for his grandfather's past in an abandoned orphanage. He finds a set of children with abnormal abilities, whose lives seem to be suspended in an earlier age. The book is sinister enough for Hallowe'en, and pleasant enough for a cloudy afternoon spent curling up against the radiator. The photographs could provide an interesting source of costume inspiration.

4. *The Lady and the Unicorn*, by Tracy Chevalier

This novel is lit like a forest in October, in fading orange and gold. Chevalier, here, is soft and slow. She draws love stories as if they have already ended. She draws youth with the melancholy of old age. The book is compact: thick and rich. Its words are snugly placed, and its passions tightly wound. The story follows the imagined creator of a series of medieval tapestries in his romantic and sexual travels. It is a very sensual book, but a very lonely one. A bowl of soup at the end of a cold day; it leaves you feeling warm, but mellow, and numb at the edges of your fingers.

5. *Grief Is The Thing With Feathers*, by Max Porter

This is a book that is gently eerie, but warm and full of beauty. It tells the story of a family coping with the sudden loss of a mother and wife. In their London apartment, the two young boys and their father are visited by a crow. The three are in turn guided and antagonised by the visitor into an acceptance of love and loss, and begin to heal. In its bittersweet melting-together of humour and unbearable sadness, this book carries in it the melancholy and nostalgia of autumn.

Sophia Gatzionis

Film: Back to the Future

Twin Pines Mall, Hill Valley, USA, Saturday, October 26th, 1985 – an aged, reclusive inventor and his young high school assistant set in motion a generational story that defines the word 'seminal'. *Back to the Future* is a film Spielberg once called "the perfect movie", as foundational to cinematic storytelling as butter-popcorn.

It is difficult to encapsulate what *BTTF* means to its millions of fans (both casual and devotee) around the world as it turns 30 this autumn, or what treasures it might hold for new viewers, as few films of the past 30 years have inspired such love.

The film was originally released at the height of the Reagan era, when America was pulling itself out of recession and the Cold War through gargantuan spending fuelled, in part, by a boom in consumer goods.

Back to the Future is unique in its use of familiar brands as storytelling devices in and of themselves in a seamless blend of product placement which enhances the presentation and makes the fictional world appear more 'real' in every time period the trilogy covers (which is the whole point of good sponsorship). For decades, fans have obsessed over branded future goods from the

films such as Marty's self-lacing Nike Mags (which finally became a reality in 2015), or the Mattel hoverboard which has inspired numerous exciting prototypes today.

Back to the Future is an existentially self-aware film. It capitalises on the 1980s' preoccupation with the 1950s and inspired nostalgia for the 80s even before the decade was out. Marty McFly is an 80s kid. He listens to Van Halen, drinks Pepsi, skate boards to school, wears Calvin Klein, plays Nintendo and wants to buy a Toyota SUV to ride with his high-school sweetheart. When he finds himself displaced in time these same likes and desires are juxtaposed relative to the year he finds himself: a tool that helps the character and audience explore the meaning of time.

The 80s were the quintessential 'feelgood' decade, where a former movie star was president and a profound sense of adventure and optimism coloured much of the film, music and television of the time. *BTTF* combines the music of Chuck Berry, ZZ Top and Huey Lewis with a carefree reflection of how American society evolved in the years 1885 – 2015 by looking at the lives of the McFlies and their perennial competitors, the Tannens.

Back to the Future is an old fashioned film relying on actual stunts and special effects as opposed to computer graphics, and is blessed with the convergence of numerous career-making performances.

Crispin Glover as the wimpy George McFly and Thomas F. Wilson's comic strip bully Biff Tannen provide indelible performances that will continue to resonate with audiences. Lea Thompson still looks impossibly good today and Christopher Lloyd hasn't seemed to age at all. Michael J. Fox, chosen for his portrayal of enterprising teen go-getter Alex P. Keaton in hit sitcom *Family Ties*, is flawless. His physical comedy is sometimes out-and-out slapstick and renders Marty an incredibly loveable hero. Robert Zemeckis, once Spielberg's protégé, focuses on how individual choices create temporal divergences, and treating time as a spatial phenomena uses the sequels to journey back into the first film in ingenious double cut-scenes that create a whole new form of narrating cinematic time-travel.

Above all, *Back to the Future* is a story of a boy who wasn't in time for classes and wasn't in time for dinner, until one day, he wasn't in time at all.

Yaz Jung

**Film: SPECTRE**

The opening chase sequences for Bond films serve to kick-start our adrenaline: *SPECTRE* attempts to do so, but wobbles in its success. Though the continuous shot which follows Bond through the Mexican Day of the Dead festival is immersive, the opening chase sequence which follows has too few dynamics to be truly exciting: Bond chases the villain down the street and they fight in a helicopter, in which its ability to do flips in the sky, albeit spectacular, is used one too many times to the extent it becomes repetitive. Nor does it have the element of surprise, since nearly the entirety of the opening chase is revealed in the trailer. The main title sequence is strong, and as ever, the visual effects achieve an artistic micro-story of their own. Sam Smith's 'Writing's on the Wall' works well, striking a key of emotional depth and maturity which the rest of the film unfortunately falls

flat on.

Charming, sexy, sincere, and explosively adept in tackling the threats he faces, Daniel Craig strongly upholds his incumbency as Bond. The film's ensemble is equally another high-point of the movie. Ralph Fiennes is more than worthy of picking up the role of M which Judi Dench previously so wonderfully played. Naomie Harris's Moneypenny was playful, Rory Kinnear as Tanner was comforting, and Ben Whishaw's take on Q is excellently refreshing and fun. Monica Bellucci and Léa Seydoux's roles as the film's Bond girls are strong, striking a balance between determination and vulnerability. Dave Bautista's Mr Hinx delivers everything you could want from a Bond 'bad-guy-hitman'.

At the helm of *SPECTRE* itself is Christoph Waltz. He delivers another excellent portrayal of villainy (though one which is slightly too similar to his role in *Inglourious Basterds*), and yet what's frustrating is that the script doesn't facilitate for his character enough. His backstory is weakly put together and his sinister claim to be "the author of all [Bond's] pain" is very poorly substantiated in the plot: he



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asserts that he is the orchestrator of villains in the preceding trilogy and yet no effort is really made into showing how or why.

“ LAMENTABLY, SPECTRE ULTIMATELY DISAPPOINTS

The action of the film is to be commended. Mendes’ belief in real props, stunts and locations translates incredibly well onto the screen, a particular virtue considering cinema’s increasing tendency to use and abuse CGI. The car chase through Rome was marvellously choreographed and the hand-to-hand combat sequences had an impressive rawness to them. Accompanying the film’s on-screen action is Thomas Newman’s soundtrack. Just as in *Skyfall*, Newman unarguably succeeds in achieving a classically Bond sound infused with his own musical signatures.

SPECTRE has everything one

would expect from a classic Bond film: a multitude of exotic and impressive locations, chase sequences, Bond-girls, a stunning Aston Martin, and a villain with a cat and superfluous torture methods. But these elements never quite find their voice in coming together to work, and instead each aspect feels shallow and nearly always a cliché of itself. The intention of bringing a ‘classic’ style Bond into the contemporary age is certainly a good one, but never follows through. We instead have a story, yet again, when Bond is misunderstood, grounded by bureaucracy, gone rogue, and having to fight it alone against an ill-explained terrorist super-organisation. *SPECTRE*’s story lacked depth and felt tired in its delivery, especially the ending, which was rushed and disappointing in its overly happy tone.

The film falls flat on too many areas to impress. It hurriedly ticks all the boxes of what would typically substantiate a stereotypical Bond film, and as a result, *SPECTRE* ultimately disappoints, and lamentably, only just deserves a place in the Bond canon which precedes it.

Oliver Yeates

Event: Father John Misty



The beards of Cambridge were out in force on Tuesday night, as Father John Misty brought his sardonic but poignant act to the city. Father John Misty, (otherwise known as Josh Tillman) has arrived back in the UK, touring his latest accomplished album, *I Love You Honeybear*. It is an album about the erratic nature of being in love, with tales of both joy and tribulation, and Misty’s poignant work of romanticism and cynicism promises to enthuse the crowd in its live format.

Misty’s band fill the stage – they are all shrouded by a mass of beard and hair, fitting the Mumford-esque “folk-rock” stereotype that the self-deprecating Misty mocks in his own music. As the chords to his latest album’s title track begin, Father John Misty saunters out on stage, before running towards the microphone and throwing himself into the song. As a performer, he exudes energy, dropping to his knees in the throws of the song’s chorus. The members of the front row are immediately drawn close as he creates a deep level of intimacy with the audience, making you feel like he only has eyes for you. Father John Misty has reclaimed the dad-dance aesthetic and made it cool. Throughout his set he sashays across the stage, exuding an appeal that seemed to leave everyone at least a little confused about his or her sexuality.

Father John Misty’s material is often humorous, adopting a satirical interpretation of modern romance: the issues of the internet, long-distance relationships and (of course) capitalism. ‘Bored in the USA’ is accompanied by a laugh track, providing the ballad with an almost sadistic element that the audience relishes. At one point, Misty takes a phone from the hands of an audience member, taking the chance to introduce himself to the YouTube viewers who will inevitably watch the video. Father John Misty’s stage demeanour is often a little acerbic, but it all contributes to his power as an entertainer. You find yourself in awe of his effortless suavity, and even if the act can seem a little off-putting, he would definitely be good company on a night out.

Father John Misty’s 2012 debut album *Fear Fun* is filled with religious imagery, and his own stage name gently points towards the holy. It therefore seems fitting that, as Father John Misty performs, it is not unlike he is having some kind of religious experience. At moments it is as if he suffers through the passion of his own performance. As he performs the manic ‘The Ideal Husband’, he falls once again to his knees, screaming into the crowd. That said, his performance style adapts to his diverse repertoire. When he in turn performs the tender acoustic ballad ‘I Went To the Store One Day’, he sustains the same level of intensity, but this time through his sudden vulnerability.

Ending with ‘Everyman Needs A Companion’ (after truly ripping apart an unfortunate heckler who requested Johnny Cash), Misty seemed to create a real relationship with the audience, and they are all truly infatuated. He is a strikingly versatile and dynamic performer, and most impressively he is able to do both his brilliant albums justice. Father John Misty in concert is a spectacle, and he embraces the humour and passion of his music, creating an absolutely unmissable live performance.

Perdi Higgs

Music Picks of the Week, from Margot Speed

I start this week with a young American artist, BØRNS, who I first heard in conversation with Zane Lowe, but this week stumbled across again on Spotify (the ‘Browse’ tab is actually quite interesting once you scroll through all the Bieber promotion). You may be beginning to tell by now that this columnist is fairly partial to synthpop and alt-rock, and this may be because of the current apparent saturation of the industry with electronic music, and although BØRNS fits this genre, he is refreshingly different. The single ‘10,000 Emerald Pools’ first pulled me in, mixing my favourite things: a walking bass line, tripping beat and perfect vocal harmonies. But I kept listening because of the more eclectic sounds that built up over the album. In some places you can definitely hear the influences of Lana Del Rey’s favourite producer, Emile Haynie, who worked on the album, but in others the sound breaks out on its own. ‘Past Lives’ smashes 80s pop beats with futuristic synths, while ‘American Money’ takes bitter-Americana lyrics and powerfully underscores them with weighty bass lines and similarly hectic synths, but also a guitar riff that seems swamped in white noise. ‘Dopamine’ (the album title) has a lot going on, but BØRNS undoubtedly pulls it off.

Next up is the Canadian singer-songwriting legend of ‘Summer of ‘69’ fame, Bryan Adams. The album *Get Up!* is the first collection of new work since 2008, but in many of the tracks he has gone back to basics. Works such as ‘You Belong To Me’ (come on, Bryan, it’s 2015, I’m not an object) indulges his classic retro upbeat sound and euphoric lyricism, while ‘Don’t Even Try’ and others are slower and more indulgent. The formulation of his songs remains simple and focuses on the choruses, but this equation still

Music: John Grant – Grey Tickles, Black Pressure



Grey Tickles, Black Pressure – an amalgamation of Icelandic and Turkish describing a nightmarish mid-life crisis – is an apt title for John Grant’s newest work. At 47, and now in a stable relationship in Iceland, Grant’s focus shifts somewhat away from the painful self-deprecation listeners have been used to in his previous two albums. Grant’s midlife crisis seems to be a peak in which his problems are put in a new perspective; he realises in the title track that “there are children who have cancer... I can’t compete with that”. His dark, witty humour never ceases to elicit an uneasy smile.

Grant has built upon the electronic influences in *Pale Green Ghosts*, and his melodic and piercingly poignant lyricism is out in full force. A recitation from Corinthians, 13:4-7, introduces the album, framing it as a discussion on what love truly means. Perhaps he has started to believe the message that “love is kind”. A feeling of scepticism and irony is never far away though, of course. The seedy bassline of ‘Snug Slacks’ suits his low, smooth, salacious voice asking to “see what kind of punch your manhood packs”.

The introduction to ‘Disappointing’ appears to be similarly sleazy, but the song is in fact the most endearing on the album. Unlike previous bittersweet tales of a love lost, here Grant relishes the present, where “there is nothing more beautiful than your smile”. A “metaphor for fear”, ‘No More Tangles’ is a reminder that despite his new relationship, Grant suffers from previous encounters, and still feels far from invincible.

Fans of his debut *Queen of Denmark* need not worry, despite the albums strongly electronic feel. The warm and upbeat acoustic guitar on ‘Down Here’ is reminiscent of his former band The Czars’ ‘Paint the Moon’. Also ‘Global Warming’ is an example of what makes John Grant most immediately approachable. The beautiful mixing of retro synthesiser, violins, and undulating vocals make it a familiar, homely delight to listen to. Also familiar is the bassline of ‘You & Him’, taken directly from ‘Black Belt’, album track on *Pale Green Ghosts*. Grant has also created a leitmotif of his past lover ‘TC’ throughout his three albums. Any love left lingering in ‘Where Dreams Go to Die’ off *Queen of Denmark* seems a lifetime ago, compared with his advice on ‘You & Him’ that “you and Hitler oughta get together”. Declaring that “you seem like someone they should chemically castrate” is but one of many ruthless insults hailed against him in this final act of defiance. For once, Grant does not feel alone – an entire crowd of backing vocalists support him.

In ‘Geraldine’, the album’s penultimate track, Grant ends on a note of cinematic defiance. The outro repeats the Corinthians passage, and stridently continues with the air of confidence that pervades the last few tracks. The childish innocence seems to suggest that he is now finally able to discover the positive message he should have felt from a young age. Perhaps finally, in his midlife epiphany, John Grant can now truly feel (with due scepticism) that love always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails.

Charlie Thorpe



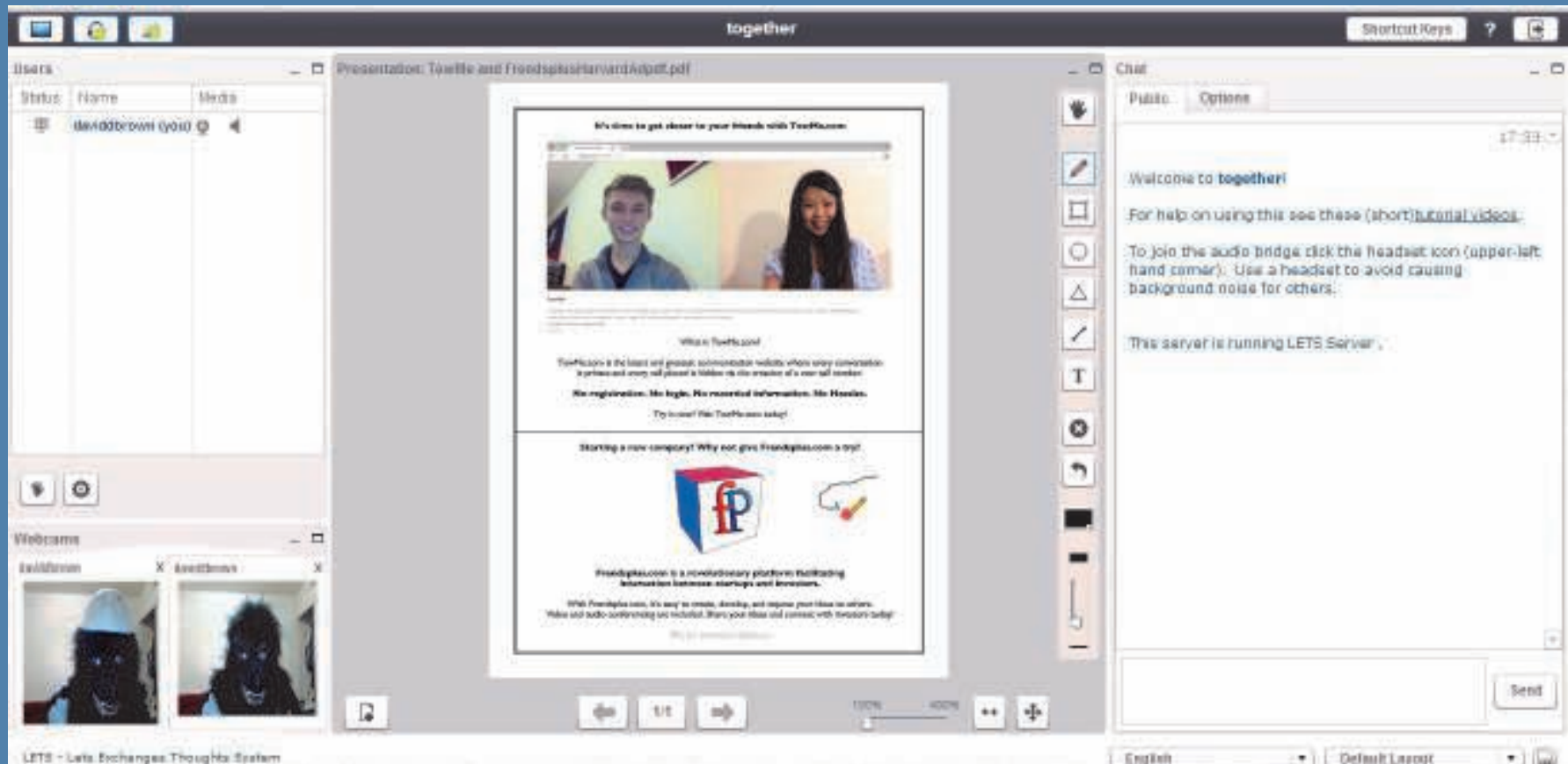
works, and is kept from getting dull by the perfect balance of retro rock-and-roll that flirts with country, together with a more modern electric sound. The inclusion of four of the tracks in acoustic session is also reassuring of his old husky sound, while simultaneously proving that Adams remains a very talented musician. If you’re looking for dozens of bold-new sounding tracks from the artist, it’s not the album for you, but if like me you’re happy to indulge the classic sound of a classic artist, *Get Up!* is not to be missed.

Finally, completing a week of solo artist discussion is Seinabo Sey. It is truly a travesty that I only know about the Swedish-Gambian singer because Kygo remixed her track ‘Younger’, as her new album *Pretend* shows that she deserves attention and laudation in her own right. Sey’s sound is so diverse that, even by my standards, to try and typify her would end up with a ridiculous number of pointless attempts at genre neologisms. Tracks such as ‘Still’ are simple, acoustic and beautifully performed, while others like ‘You’ and ‘Pretend’ flirt with Chicago house and electro. Tying the range of influences that the 16-track work throws around is the artist’s incredible voice. It does everything from bringing out the best of some moments of funk to creating a sense of chilling bittersweet in ‘Younger’, as the vocal track repeats “You ain’t getting any younger are you?” accompanied by a rolling drum beat and surprising string instrumental. All of her tracks could bare such a minute dissection of their production and layering, and this is a testament to the enduring diversity of her music. Whatever you do, don’t let your only experience of Seinabo Sey be via Kygo.

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Cambridge United wants U!

Peter Rutzler

Associate Sport Editor

Cambridge United are offering discounted tickets to students tonight for their fixture against Bristol Rovers, in a bid to entice more members of the university to make the trip to the R Costings Abbey Stadium.

Tickets, which are discounted to just £6, include £3 entry to Life afterwards, and are being sold through the TeamFirst app, allowing £1 of the proceeds to be reinvested back into a University club or society of the ticketholder's choice.

Cambridge United manager Richard Money, speaking at the pre-match press conference yesterday, spoke of the importance for the club that students make the trip to the Abbey.

"We want the people in the city to really support this football club; we want people to understand that this club is not just about the people within it; it's about representing the city of Cambridge, and that means everybody who works or comes here for any period of time."

Money believes that tonight is a chance for students to see what the club has to offer.

"If you come to university in Cambridge, you probably support something far bigger than Cambridge [United], but while they're here it would be really nice if they also understood that we've got a really good football club in the city."

Speaking ahead of the event, Danny Kerrigan, the Cambridge United Community Trust manager and former University Blue, also believes it is crucial for the Us to continue to attract students on a match day.

"We would like to see as many students at the Abbey as possible this evening, but more important to us is the hope that this promotion may attract some students to Cambridge United who have never been before."

"We hope that this initial nudge will help the student population to realise that our stadium really isn't that far away, and that it is just about possible to escape beyond a mile radius of Market Square in term-time!"

For those who do venture outside of the city centre, an opportunity awaits to see a Cambridge United side fresh from a 3-2 victory over Yeovil Town at Huish Park last weekend. Money's men, who sit fourteenth in League Two, have the opportunity to leapfrog a newly-promoted Bristol Rovers side sitting just one place above them.

Kerrigan believes that last season's high profile games in Cambridge, both against Manchester United in the FA Cup, as well as hosting the Varsity Match against Oxford, boosted the club's appeal and profile to students.

"Over recent years, Cambridge United's success on the field has given the Club the confidence to explore new opportunities. The FA Cup match against Manchester United meant that for two weeks, Cambridge United were as famous as Cambridge University,

and among a group of students, a ticket for the Abbey was as sought after as a ticket for John's May Ball.

"We also hosted the Varsity Football match in March last year, which saw a crowd of over 1300 descend down Newmarket Road to support the Light Blues. Evidently, games of this profile are the exception rather than the rule at the moment, but we would love to engage students on a more regular basis – and our evening games especially are great for club socials."

Richard Money echoed this.

"You could see from the cup tie last year how much interest was generated not just in the football club, but in the brand name of Cambridge which is so important for us, it's unique, and it gives us a real opportunity to do things like we've done [for tonight's game]."

"Hopefully we can keep those students coming for many more games afterwards for however long they are in the city."

Cambridge United are already involved with the University Men's football side, with Chief Executive and former U's manager Jez George forming part of the coaching set up alongside Kerrigan. But the club is eager for ties to continue to develop.

"We see our relationship with the University as very important, and it is something we are working to grow."

"The Director of the Judge Business School, Christoph Loch, is now a Trustee of our charity, Cambridge United Community Trust, and we are currently working on a business

Captains' interview

Continued from back page

"These are really exciting times for them [the Women's Blues] and it is a fantastic opportunity which should re-energise the Varsity Match." Both skippers are hoping the women will make it two victories over the Dark Blues on the trot, in a game played just before the men's fixture.

Turning to the men's game, there has, of course, been additional hype created by the availability of Wales International and British and Irish Lion Jamie Roberts, who has come to Cambridge for a part-time MPhil at Queens' College. While major media organisations will focus on the impact of the Wales centre, Stevens is keen to emphasise instead the value that his presence will bring to the team atmosphere: "He's one of the best centres in the world, but he's also a humble, down to earth individual, who can have a very psychological contribution to the squad both on and off the pitch." While the centre, capped 74 times by Wales, including in this month's defeat to his new captain's native South Africa at the Rugby World Cup, will bring quality to the pitch, he can also inspire his new teammates to be their best.

The message from both captains, a month before the latest Varsity encounter, is that confidence is high, team spirit and togetherness is strong. Most importantly, come 10th December, their squads will be raring to go, with the ultimate aim of bringing home the trophy for the Light Blues, in this most significant of years.



Richard Money at the press Conference on Thursday

project with a number of MBA students. As the Club continues to grow, there will be more and more overlaps with the University, and we hope to continue to build links with the students, colleges, faculties, and all other agents within the organisation."

Kick off is at 7.45pm, and halloween costume is actively encouraged. Students can purchase tickets via the TeamFirst App, which is available on iOS and Android smartphones.

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Money's no issue

Cambridge United are offering discounts in bid to attract more students – See page 31

Sport

Countdown to crunch day

Charles Martland chats to the Light Blues' rugby captains in the run up to the Varsity matches

Charles Martland

Sport Editor

By the time Oxford flanker Gus Jones crossed the Twickenham whitewash in December last year, completing a record 43-6 win for the Dark Blues in the process, confidence had long evaporated from Harry Peck's Cambridge side. Yet almost a year on, just a month before the home of English Rugby hosts the men's Varsity Match and, for the first time, the women's counterpart, there is cause for significant optimism for both Light Blues captains. For the men, 10th December will be all about redemption and the prevention of a record sixth consecutive defeat. For the women, this is a chance to repeat last year's success and mark their first visit to Twickenham, for this event, with a victory against the old enemy.

If there is one word which recurs in the conversation with Don Stevens, the twenty-eight year old Light Blues captain, it is "family", referring to this year's close-knit squad, all working together not only to beat Oxford when the big day arrives in December, but, crucially, to help each other progress. Stevens, who hails from the South African town of Bethlehem, cannot state enough how a newfound familial atmosphere has transformed the confidence of his squad: "When we go out on the pitch," he says, "there is no-one else I'd rather be there with...you are automatically in your comfort zone." Much of the relaxed atmosphere is down to the high-class coaching set-up, intense in its approach, yet also accommodating of the players' busy

schedules, something corroborated by Nikki Weckman, the women's skipper. Many of the players in the women's squad arrived at Cambridge without substantial rugby experience, yet the set-up here allows them not only to learn quickly, but also to integrate seamlessly into the Blues' squad.

"It creates an atmosphere of striving to be better all the time," claims Weckman, a PhD Engineering student at Trinity, who also points to the attendance of over 70 women at the pre-season trials as evidence of both a growing enthusiasm for the women's game and the positive competition for places within the squad.

Indeed, there is a genuine sense that both captains see this year's set-ups as crucial in approaching the game focussed and high in morale. Stevens believes his men's squad have undergone a "massive psychological change," and are playing for each other much more than last year as a result of a new philosophy implemented before the start of the campaign. "We decided as a team who we want to be on and off the field," says Stevens, who returns to scrum-half this season from the number ten jersey to forge a half-back partnership with Fraser Gillies, thus establishing a code of conduct to which the whole team can adhere. For Weckman, the high-class coaching, coupled with the opportunity to play BUCS Premier South rugby each week, after last year's straightforward promotion, can only make her side better prepared for the contest at rugby's HQ. "Last year we had a fantastic season," she reflects. "This year has been a big move for us and the score lines [0-83 against Cardiff Met and



Don Stevens, captain for the Men's Light Blues, in action

5-20 against Exeter] don't necessarily reflect what we're doing as a team."

If there is an underlying theme to what both captains say, it is one of progress as a team. Neither Stevens nor Weckman are keen to single out individuals, with the former even describing Man of the Match awards as "ridiculous" because "when one guy has success, it reflects the efforts of the whole squad." There is a genuine, refreshing humbleness to Stevens when he says December is about much more than righting personal wrongs from last time out, when his game ended on a stretcher with an injury. For him, it is about ending Oxford's record-equalling run of five

consecutive Varsity victories as a family unit, with himself happening to be at the helm. Weckman too is highly reluctant to single anyone out, preferring to focus on the exciting mix of experienced heads and new faces she has at her disposal. The Canadian, who ended a six-year break from the game upon her arrival at Cambridge, sees fresh players each year as "one of the things I love most about women's rugby," such is its potential to transform the squad.

This year's Varsity Match also takes on an added significance, with the women's match taking place on the Twickenham pitch for the first time, almost thirty years since the inaugural

clash between Cambridge and Oxford. It is a move which follows that of the Boat Race, bringing women's university sport to the biggest stage, in front of bigger crowds. Weckman, speaking in rugby terms at least, believes that this can only be beneficial: "It is a really good move and important for women's sport in general," putting the female game on the radar and, more importantly, showcasing the highest level of the women's game for potential young players watching in the stands or at home. The women's game is even more exciting than the men's, Weckman suggests. For Stevens, the move represents an overdue opportunity:

Continued on inside back page

They think it's all over: why watch the Rugby World Cup?

Edward Thicknesse

Sport Correspondent

So, after 44 days, 46 games, and 2,351 points, Australia and New Zealand will, on Saturday evening, compete to be crowned World Champions, in a turn of events that has come as a huge shock to ... absolutely no one.

New Zealand, the reigning champions, are looking to become the first team to retain the trophy; Australia, having reached a record-equalling fourth final, are seeking a repeat of their Rugby Championship-winning victory over the same opposition back in May. No one would question either team's right to be where they are: the Aussies are often anointed the "greatest sports team ever to play", while the All Blacks have continued their resurgence under Michael Cheika, and have

been arguably the tournament's 'form' side. In Dan Carter and Richie McCaw, New Zealand possess players poised to realise the ultimate sporting fairytale; for Australia, Saturday offers the opportunity to establish themselves at the top of the international tree.

There is a symmetry to all this. If this were, say, the US Open, the organisers would be vindicated by the presence of the world's best, Djokovic and Federer, in their final. But how many people, if we discount the nationals of each country, really care about the result? After the final whistle has gone, how many will remember anything other than that result? The most avid neutral can watch the game in total peace, free to enjoy the two best sides on the planet play with everything they have: I will be among them. But whatever the result and however good the game, the thrill will have gone, along with the last light of the autumn.

Though it may seem like it, I'm not sulking at the absence of one of the home nations from the final; I never expected one to get there in the first place. No, my problem is precisely that the tournament has panned out in the most predictable of ways, and this is not the reason we watch sport. Dominant excellence is of course gratifying in a way: it is logical, explicable, and essentially meritocratic. It never, however, leaves one with any sense of – for want of a better word – the romance that can be derived from the sheer, breathless insanity that occurs when these patterns are not just overturned, but completely ignored.

Which is the better spectacle: Sebastian Vettel, invincible in an indomitable car, winning seemingly every race for four years, or Jenson Button, journeyman driver in a new machine, gloriously, unexpectedly victorious for just one brief season before returning

to normality? Bayern Munich cantering away to another title, 20 points separating them from second place, or Atlético Madrid defying the Real-Barca hegemony and giving Spanish football a much-required shake up? Djokovic taking tennis to new heights of physicality, or a little-known Italian, Roberta Vinci, knocking out possibly the most dominant of them all, Serena Williams, in the US Open semi-final?

And it started so well: Japan's victory over the Springboks on the tournament's second day tops any of the above in terms of drama and surprise, and suddenly, a World Cup already sewn up in the minds of many collapsed into a mess of joyous predictions as to which of the giants would be next. Since then, however, it is nearly impossible to think of a result that stands out as a genuine shock: Argentina's victory over Ireland was a surprise in terms of the manner and the margin,

but came against a side shorn of the leaders who helped them romp home to victory. Had Scotland not thrown to the back of their line-out in the closing stages of their quarter-final, they might have added another scalp to our woefully short list. Instead, experience, logic and order won.

The four semi-finalists were the best four teams on the planet. The two finalists are the best two. There is very little between them, but New Zealand will probably win on Saturday, and thus will confirm what we already know. Everybody will say they were the best, that they deserved it, and that it was theirs for the taking. But perhaps it's time for the sporting gods to take a leaf out of the book of their Euripidean counterparts: sometimes, no matter how good you are, things just happen, and often when they do, the most compelling dramas are played out.