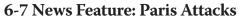


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21 Features: Top 10 Places to Study



Standing united: Demonstrators at Cambridgeshire Left's 'Silence the Violence' solidarity event on Wednesday night. Full coverage: pages 6-7

Breakfast at Trinity'

Confusion at Trinity as male students are initially told they are banned from collegefunded anniversary breakfast celebrating 40 years since women were first admitted

Peter Lloyd-Williams Associate News Editor

Confusion and debate has erupted at Trinity after the announcement of a planned breakfast event which initially seemed to forbid men from attending.

The event is scheduled to take place during normal breakfast hours on Monday 23rd November in the college's Great Hall, and is intended to celebrate 40 years of women being admitted to study at the college

Before breakfast, a photo will be taken of women and non-binary students in front of the portrait of Elizabeth I, which hangs above Trinity's dais while the famous painting of Henry VIII is on loan to the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Controversy began on Wednesday when the Facebook event created to advertise the event, entitled 'WOMEN-ONLY HALL FOR BREAKFAST, stated: "This means no men in hall on Monday for breakfast."

This triggered an angry response from some students, one of whom wrote on the event's page, in a post since deleted, denouncing the alleged exclusion of men as "illogical" and an instance of "actively discriminating

against the opposite sex".

Others took to social media, with one poster on Yik Yak advocating specific support meetings for particular issues

Later, Beth Cloughton, Women's Officer at Trinity College Stuidents' Union (TCSU), sent an email to Trinity students headed 'WOMEN'S ONLÝ BREAKFAST MONDAY 23RD NOVEMBER IN HALL, but did not include the line stating that men were

not permitted to attend the breakfast.

The Facebook event no longer includes the line excluding men, and TCSU President, Cornelius Roemer, later sent an email confirming the college never intended to exclude men.

The exclusion of men from said event has been a misunderstanding. College does not intend to exclude men from having breakfast during said time and date. College authorities want to celebrate 40 years of women at Trinity by offering a free breakfast to women and non-binary individuals...

Continued on page 4

CUSU Mature Rep elected in 1-vote landslide

Louis Ashworth

News Correspondent

Nancy Chu was elected CUSU Mature Students' Rep in a landslide victory last Friday, with two votes for her, and one vote in favour of re-opening nominations.

The election of the Mature Students' Rep, in which only mature students (defined by CUSU those "matriculated as an undergraduate at age 21 or more, or a postgraduate at age 25 or more") were asked to vote, saw 3 votes cast in total. The most recent publicly available statistics show that there are in the region of 5,700 mature students at the university.

On these numbers, the election would constitute a turnout of 0.05 per cent of eligible voters.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Chu said: "I ran for Mature Students' Rep because of an interest in bringing energy to what I think of as an often-neglected student group in the university. Knowing the poor voter turnout doesn't make me question my mandate as Rep but I would like to see the CUSU elections be better structured to invite greater student participation.

"It might make me question my 'representative-ness' as Rep, however

Chu's email address was not among those listed as having voted – she told *Varsity* that she did not participate. The Returning Officer confirmed that "candidates did have the opportunity to vote for themselves".

"It's true that I did not vote," said Chu "I'm not sure I have a clear reason. Why vote for yourself? I felt like my part was to run, and I expected that the election would be decided by other voters."

One of the three voters, speaking to Varsity, said that they "searched around on CUSU website and found voting open" after they had "glanced through [the] manifestos quickly".

Continued on page 4

The politics of solidarity

On Wednesday evening, hundreds of Cambridge students and residents stood in solidarity with the victims of attacks in Baghdad, Beirut and Paris to condemn terrorism. In so doing, they expressed a universal right: a right to political self-expression, a physical, collective embodiment of so many debates in this university about the right to free speech.

That right has also manifested itself more subtly over the past week in the many discussions about an alleged media bias against victims of attacks that do not happen in wealthy, normally peaceful Western cities. It is not even that such attacks are more common in Beirut, the criticism goes, because the attack there was the most deadly since the end of the civil war in 1990. Some, as Lola Olufemi does in this newspaper, see racism at the root of the discrepancy – quite simply, that white lives matter more. Such

arguments have drawn criticism of their own for being disrespectful to the dead in both attacks, and for making political points out of tragedy.

This charge misses the point. To expect anger and grief at a series of tragedies around the world to manifest themselves in the same form of 'respect' does a disservice to the right of political expression articulated at Wednesday's rally. For those whose anger at events also touches on their anger at ingrained media biases and cultural stereotypes, we cannot call their anger disrespectful, as that is tantamount to denying the validity of their frustration more broadly.

But such an attitude also demands that those who choose to articulate their feelings and solidarity with the people of Paris by changing their Facebook profile picture be afforded the same courtesy. Nobody who makes that choice does so under the illusion that it makes a material contribution to the situation. But it does make an emotional one – both to those who choose to articulate their personal frustration, anger and grief in this way, and with those people in France who take comfort in seeing a wave of support across the globe.

This is not to say that criticism of Facebook is unwarranted for a political decision – the lack of a similar option for those affected by the tragedy in Lebanon arguably adds insult to significant injury. Facebook's decision was a political one – a decision to make a broad statement about the significance of one event over countless others.

But we must also attempt to understand the many, complex reasons why some people might feel a greater emotional response for what happened in Paris compared to other events. Lebanon, for good or ill, is a far less significant presence on the media landscape in this country than Paris. Some of that is doubtless because of a homogenising, racialising coverage of a patchwork region of the world that emerges in the medium of "neutral" news reporting. But it is also to do with physical and cultural proximities and centuries of shared history; consumers of news are far more able to fill in the contextual gaps left by news reports because they have a greater awareness of what an attack in Paris means than an equivalent attack in Beirut. Of course, this is not necessarily a conscious decision.

Last Friday's events are particularly clear in illustrating these discrepancies, and have forced us to interrogate our media's practices at presenting news. It would be a great shame indeed if we did not use this opportunity for profound self-reflection.

Starkey video pulled in racism row

Louis Ashworth

News Correspondent

A promotional video for the 'Dear World...Yours, Cambridge' fundraising campaign has been taken down from the university's YouTube channel, after protests and petitions from staff and students.

The controversial video, which features a number of Cambridge alumni, was launched in conjunction with a large fundraising campaign, and highlights both the past successes of Cambridge and its alumni, and the importance of funding for the future. It became unavailable to view on Wednesday afternoon.

Since then, a new video, entitled 'What Does Cambridge Mean To You?', has been put up, featuring Clare Balding and Stephen Fry as well as other alumni and academics.

The ongoing debate between the university and the CUSU BME Campaign over the inclusion of David Starkey in the video had grown this week, with the the launch of a petition saying that the historian "should not represent Cambridge" and requesting that the video be withdrawn. The petition was backed by CUSU's Access Officer Helena Blair, who also features prominently in the video.

The petition centred on an open letter published by Dr Malachi McIntosh, a Director of Studies in English at King's. The letter describes Starkey as someone who has "repeatedly made

racist statements". McIntosh denounced Starkey's inclusion in a video which focuses upon access, saying that "any institution making this choice of representative would seem to care very little about its appearance in the eyes of Black and Minority Ethnic students and staff, current and future". He highlighted current disparities between admissions figures based on ethnicity and gender.

The letter said that "Starkey's presence both undermines and taints our daily efforts to function as a united community" and demanded that the university "withdraw the video from public view, immediately suspend its use in development activities and apologise for the choice of its main figure, David Starkey".

Starkey has been criticised in the past for remarks he has made regarding race, most notably in 2011 during a televised debate about the London riots, in which he said "the problem is that the whites have become black". He was also accused by journalist Laurie Penny of "playing xenophobia and national prejudice for laughs" in 2012, after he claimed in a debate at the Sunday Times Festival of Education that the Asian men convicted of grooming under-age white girls for sex in Rochdale had values "entrenched in the foothills of the Punjab or wherever it is".

Speaking to *The Independent*, Starkey said: "I did not put myself forward. I was asked to contribute by the university, which I love, and to which I owe a profound debt."

"In due course, the university will decide what is right, proper and expedient," he added. "I shall be happy to accept that decision. Of course, if it raises any question about the nature of academic enquiry and academic freedom, I shall reserve the right to comment freely but without recrimination."

The CUSU BME Campaign denounced the video last month, describing Starkey, a historian and former Fitzwilliam student, as not being a "suitable representative" for the university. They criticised Starkey, who narrates parts of the video and appears in several scenes, for having made what they described as "explicitly racist remarks" in the past.

On Wednesday, CUSU Access Officer Helena Blair said in a statement that she regretted that the video had "effectively platformed someone who students deem to be aggressively racist." Blair claimed that she was not aware of Starkey's "racist views" at the time of filming, and said that the video now brings her "feelings of extreme discomfort and anger". She said "I welcome this campaign calling for the withdrawal of the video." The statement was supported by several other CUSU Sabbatical Officers.

A spokesman for Cambridge University Development and Alumni Relations said: "This was the first in a series of films and was intended for use at the launch event."

They confirmed that the decision to take down the video on Wednesday

was in reaction to the protests, saying: "It was always our intention that the video would be replaced with a new video, however it was taken down early as a number of people who took part expressed their concerns."

"David Starkey is a prominent historian who studied at Cambridge," they said. "He was one of a number of alumni who wished to participate in the film to demonstrate their gratitude and commitment to Cambridge. We appreciate that he is an academic who has made controversial statements in the past. However, in the video, he was representing his affection for the university and its values."

Speaking to *Varsity*, a representative of the CUSU BME Campaign emphasised the nature of Starkey's remarks, adding that "the statement the university has issued doesn't seem to take into account that Starkey's previous comments are not simply 'controversial.' These comments don't express a harmless opinion: they are racist, reinforce the idea of whiteness to be supreme, and are not casual in doing this.

"Repeatedly, Starkey states whiteness to be intelligence, 'black culture' as destructive, at the root of rioting behaviour, and that a successful black man's success is the result of his sounding or appearing 'white."

The CUSU BME Campaign said that, as well as those of the university, "Starkey also represents his own values" and said that it raises question of the "values of a university if it can excuse the racism of an alumnus". They stressed the negative effect that Starkey's inclusion may have on current and prospective BME students, and upon the reputation of the university. They described Starkey as "someone who is counterproductive to the move toward inclusion and representation"



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"Why can't women be allowed a breakfast to celebrate being allowed into the college?"

Continued from front page.

"...the expenses of which are paid by College."

Non-binary students are invited by the email, the Facebook event, and the new entry on the Trinity website.

Roemer also confirmed that the event had been planned by the Dean and Senior Tutor of Trinity College, and that the Women's Officer was consulted and had only been involved in advertising the event. TCSU at large was not involved. The Senior Tutor, Professor Catherine Barnard, sent an email to students on Thursday afternoon clarifying arrangements:

"Women and non-binary students, in their gowns, are invited to attend for the photo at 8 am," she said.
"After the photo shoot, from ap-

"After the photo shoot, from approximately 8.30-9.30 am, free coffee and croissants will be available for all students in the hall. A cooked breakfast, charged at the usual rate, will be available from the servery and can be eaten in the Old Kitchens."

eaten in the Old Kitchens."

She later told *Varsity*: "The move to Hall of Elizabeth I, a rare portrait not often seen, offers a unique chance to stage an exciting event that symbolises the College's commitment to equality of opportunity between the sexes.

"The photograph will be used to reinforce the message – on our website, in social media and our publications – that women can and do flourish at Trinity."

The confusion stems from the differences between the original email sent by Cloughton and the initial Facebook



event description.

Roemer told *Varsity* he believed the Women's Officer had "misrepresented" the college's intentions with her original post, which stated that no men were to be allowed in hall on Monday for breakfast.

Passions have flared over the issue. One anonymous commenter, identifying themselves to *Varsity* as "Pidge number 323 @ the lesbo college up the hill", commented: "I'm so glad I'm not at Trinity. Why can't women have a breakfast to celebrate being allowed into the fucking college without wanker meninists complaining?"

Roemer later noted: "An intense discussion has been sparked by the email about the, now hypothetical, question of whether it is helpful to celebrate gender equality with an event that explicitly excludes men."

In a statement to *Varsity*, a spokeswoman for the college confirmed: "While women are the key participants, men are not 'barred' from Hall

that morning; indeed the photographer is male and the catering staff will be both male and female. A free continental breakfast will be available for all students that morning."

Cloughton complained to *Varsity* of harassment over the issue, adding "I am confused and saddened at the aggressive responses, but ultimately it is breakfast, for an hour, once. People need to get over whatever they think the event is and see it for what it really is: celebrating the relatively short inclusion of women in Trinity."

"This is a celebration, not a fight, and people need to get perspective on this event and their life."

Meanwhile, a student-run solidarity breakfast is being organised in Murray Edwards at the same time on Monday.

Though the event had not been confirmed at the time of going to press, senior college figures, including the Senior Tutor, are said to be in favour of the move.

f in

Comment: page 13

CUSU elections see tiny turnout

Continued from front page.

Asked whether they were disappointed with the number of people who voted, they said "democracy will die if people don't participate".

The simultaneous election from the

The simultaneous election from the Part-Time Executive (PTE) saw a total of 221 votes cast, out of a total of 23,371 student voters on the electoral roll – a turnout of 0.95 per cent. This year is the first time that elections for the PTE were opened to all students – previously it has been voted on by CUSU Council. The highest turnout was in the vote for Union Development Team, with a total of 154 votes cast.

The election saw victories for Cornelius Roemer and Umang Khandelwal for the Union Development Team, Danniella Whyte Oshodi and Mrittunjoy Guha Majumdar for the Welfare and Rights Team, Eireann Attridge and Rachel Mander for the Access and Funding Team and Marie Nedgine Ducrépin for the Ethical Affairs Team. Only one candidate was not successful in being elected to a position.

Roemer, who promised in his manifesto a "Review of CUSU's governance, focus and services", attributed the low turnout to a lack of communication by CUSU, and told *Varsity*: "The election was only mentioned in one sentence at the bottom of the weekly newsletter... there was no separate email informing students that voting was open and giving a direct link."

This came among broader criticism of how CUSU is run, with Roemer adding that "it often appears to outsiders that CUSU is inefficient, disorganised

and doesn't get things done" and suggested that "some of the students who knew about the election might also not have voted because they don't see the point of CUSU apart from causing controversies".

Friday 20th November 2015

Asked about the turnout figures, Jemma Stewart – Returning Officer for the elections, and CUSU Coordinator – told *Varsity* "this was the first year that we opened elections for the CUSU Part-Time Executive to all members of CUSU with a completely new structure, whereas in the past we have held elections voted on by CUSU Council".

She said that CUSU "will continue to review and improve the process of publicity both around nominations and voting periods. In particular, the low election turnout of the Mature Students' Representative highlights how we need to improve relationships with and support for mature students – which started last year through the prioritisation of the three representative roles (mature, part time and student parent) with votes on CUSU Council to represent constituents' views."

Students were given a notification about the election the day before voting opened, as part of CUSU's weekly round-up email. The email mentioned the vote, which took place from the 10th-13th November, and provided a link to a page with the candidates' manifestos. This page did not contain a link to the vote itself. A Facebook event for the Part-Time Executive elections was created by CUSU, with 108 people invited to it, 20 of whom registered themselves as 'interested' or 'going'. CUSU's main Facebook page itself has 10,275 likes.

*Singapore Sports Hub is a mixed-use development project centred around a 55,000 seat stadium



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Good Night Out campaign acts on harassment in bars and clubs

Anna Menin

News Correspondent

Cambridge Universities Labour Club (CULC) has started a petition on change.org calling for Cambridge's clubs to sign the Good Night Out Campaign pledge, ahead of a meeting between these venues and CUSU Women's Officer Charlotte Chorley.

The petition, which was launched on 12th November, has so far gathered nearly 300 supporters, and calls for Ballare, Kuda, Fez, Lola Lo's, The Regal Wetherspoons, and Revolution Cambridge to publicly support the pledge, which is part of a national campaign by Hollaback London to end harassment on nights out. The pledge is designed to ensure that staff in these venues are trained to support victims of harassment.

CULC Publicity Officer, Imogen Shaw, who started the petition on behalf of the Club, told *Varsity* that the petition allows Chorley to "demonstrate the large amount of support" the Campaign has going into her meeting with the venues concerned. She also praised the Good Night Out Campaign as "practical" and "easy to implement", adding that it "will help people feel safer in our city's nighttime venues".

The petition states that it is



unacceptable that individuals should feel "harassed, vulnerable or unsafe on a night out in Cambridge", and calls for a "stronger, more united message from the institutions themselves".

The issue of harassment has recently come under the spotlight, with the 2014 report "Cambridge Speaks Out" noting that 77 per cent of its 2,130 respondents had experienced sexual harassment, and 28.5 per cent had been victims of sexual assault.

"Promoting a zero tolerance policy to sexual harassment" was also one of Cambridge MP Daniel Zeichner's "5 Pledges for Students" during his election campaign in May.

In September 2015, Kuda and Ballare introduced a customer campaign entitled "We Care", which provides free phone charging stations in cloakrooms and a taxi escort service to vulnerable clients. The scheme also involves the training of female "Customer Care Ambassadors".

However, despite being largely well received in the student press, concerns have since been raised about the efficacy of the scheme, with CUSU's Women's Campaign stating that they have received reports of "several" instances of sexual harassment which were allegedly dealt with poorly by door staff at Kuda.

Chorley, who can deliver Good Night Out training, has stated that she is "open to the possibility of training bar and door staff within the venues of Cambridge".

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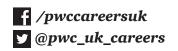
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TEARS WERE SHED AS FREELY

Cambridge stands united for victims of terror

Tom Wilson

Senior News Editor

Cambridge students, university staff and residents took to the streets on Wednesday in a candlelit vigil to "stand in solidarity with the victims and survivors" of the terror attacks in Paris, Beirut, Sinai and Baghdad, and against the "scapegoating" of migrants and refugees since the attacks.

The 'Silence the Violence' vigil saw roughly 250 people march from Magdalene Bridge to Great St Mary's Church in Market Square, holding candles, lanterns and tributes to the victims of Friday's Paris attacks, in which 129 people were killed in attacks at six locations, including the Stade de France, the Bataclan concert hall, and multiple bars and restaurants across the city.

The march saw a wide range of attendees, from students and French nationals to figures from Cambridgeshire Left, who hosted the rally.

Many marchers held candles and lanterns, as well as placards showing "Pray for Paris" and the Eiffel Tower peace symbol that was popularised after the attacks.

One attendee said that despite not having lost anyone, she had a friend living in the block outside the Bataclan, visible in some of the videos of concert goers fleeing from the armed shooters.

One student from New York said they "remember 9/11 vividly", emphasising passionately that refugees should not be treated with suspicion following the attacks, stating that of the Syrian refugees who travelled to America after 2001, "not one has been arrested on terrorism charges" (although the truth of this claim has been disputed).

Others also used the vigil as an opportunity to push political messages. A French speaker, addressing the crowd outside Great St Mary's Church, said: "I was in Paris on Friday. A life is a life. We won't solve this by redoing what we did in 2001.

"What Western governments have done in response to terrorism is terrorism."

Many other speakers from Stop the War and Cambridgeshire Left spoke similarly, with speakers attacking Western leaders, multinational corporations and international capitalism.

One speaker read poetry to the crowd, in which he accused figures such as Obama, Cameron, Reagan and Thatcher of being the cause of Islamic terrorism against the West. The speakers were met with muted applause.

One of the organisers, Karin Bashir, struck a broader tone.

Speaking to Varsity, she said: "We wanted to do the vigil as

it was horrible what happened in Paris, but also in Beirut and Baghdad.

'[The victims'] cries have not fallen on deaf ears. We wanted to show people that we care. It is important that cities like Cambridge come together to send a message of solidarity and in defence of

peace.
"It is great to see hundreds of people from all walks of life come together. It is really beautiful and important."

The attacks sent shockwaves across the world, with cities lighting up landmarks in the French Tricolour, holding minutes of silence, and world leaders prom-ising to stand in solidarity with France in its efforts to bring the attackers to justice.

At a friendly match at Wembley between France and England, attended by Prime Minister David Cameron and Labour Party leader Jeremy Corbyn, English football fans joined with their French counterparts to sing La Marseillaise, the French national anthem, in solidarity with the victims of the attacks.

Following the attacks, President François Hollande declared that "France is at war", sanctioning strengthened bombing raids on ISIS targets, and announcing his intention to invoke Article V of NATO's Washington Treaty and Article 42.7 of the Treaty on

European Union, both of which would require NATO and EU countries to come to France's aid as the "victim of armed" aggression".

Hollande also declared an official state of emergency, requesting the French Parliament to extend this to a period of three months. This would give authorities a string of exceptional powers, including the ability to set curfews, forbid mass gatherings, limit the movement of people, close public spaces, and establish zones where people can be monitored. Public demonstrations have already been

banned until 22nd November. French and Belgian security forces have carried out hundreds of raids since Friday, including one against the man who is believed to have been the "mastermind" of the attacks, Abdelhamid Abaaoud. More than 5,000 rounds of ammunition were fired by police in that raid. Abaaoud's body was formally identified on Thursday

Another rally is planned for 20th November by the French community in Cambridge, to stand in solidarity with the victims, their families and the people of Paris, and will be attended by Cambridge MP Daniel Zeichner and Labour MEP for the East of England Region Richard Howitt.

It is due to take place at 2pm outside Great St Mary's Church.





Years Abroad – is uni policy up to scratch?

Tom Wilson

Senior News Editor

In response to the attacks in Paris, the university's Year Abroad (YA) policies have come under the spotlight. At the time of the attacks there were 41 Cambridge MML students living in or close to Paris, all of whom were confirmed to be safe within 24 hours.

France, the UK, Belgium and Spain all have a 4 rating for terror risk, indicating the "high" likelihood of an attack, alongside Libya, Somalia, Pakistan and Iraq. The United States is given a 3 rating, Ireland 2, and countries such as Japan, Switzerland and both North and South Korea are given 1. Speaking in October this year, the Director General of MI5, Andrew Parker, claimed that the terror threat was the "highest [he had] ever seen".

It is not the first time that Cambridge students abroad have been caught up in international incidents, with the previous cohort of students in Paris making

contact with the university after the Charlie Hebdo shootings in January. A group of students near Santiago, Chile, were affected by the 2010 earthquake. International terrorism, natural disasters, illness or any difficulty that may arise to impede the com-pletion of a year abroad are all dealt with through the same university procedure, which includes help to relocate students if they ask for it, and the offer of assistance when any student has concerns or is distressed.

Speaking to Varsity, a university spokesman on behalf of MML explained that the standard procedure for any such incident was followed in response to the attacks in Paris: "On hearing the news of the terrorist attacks the Year Office contacted them by e-mail; within 24 hours we were able to confirm that all were safe.

"If we had not heard from any students we would then have started trying to contact them on their mobile phones; we keep a list of their numbers for this purpose. All students were given the mobile

telephone number and home telephone number of the Director of Year Abroad Studies and advised that they might ring him at any time over the weekend if they had any concerns or simply wished to talk. [...] A follow-up email was sent to all students on Monday encouraging them to be in touch at any time if they wished."

In response to questions about whether the university would review procedures in light of the attacks, the spokesman said: "The procedure that was followed has been employed before. We see no reason to change it at present. We do, of course, keep our procedures and our safety advice under constant review.

"The threat of terrorism is currently high throughout Europe, including the UK. Like all members of the public, students should remain alert and heed the advice given by the relevant local or national authorities.

"Above all, in the event of an incident, they should, if possible, make contact with their families and with the MML Year Abroad Office. Making contact with other Cambridge students they know to be in the vicinity is also a good idea; many students do this anyway and we know that happened in Paris on Friday night and Saturday. The Faculty's prime concern regarding its Year Abroad students is, of course, their safety and welfare at all times.

As part of a YA application, students must submit a "Self Risk Assessment Form", in which Crime, Terrorism, Civil Unrest, Health, Accommodation, Travel, and Environmental Risks are all considered. However, Professor Joachim Whaley, Director of YA Studies, explains that "The completion of a risk assessment form is not normally required for those intending to spend a Year Abroad in the EU. The absence of a risk assessment does not in any way affect our ability to contact

"Terrorism is now a pretty well ubiquitous threat in the EU, including the UK. There is therefore no need for the Faculty to revise its policies in this respect."



What struck me yesterday was the poignant silence. Even the media were standing by, some with their heads bowed and eyes closed

AS BLOOD AT ANOTHER TIME'

- Charles Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities



Two current Year Abroad students caught up in the attacks in Paris reflect on their experiences

We must be compassionate in the face of terror attacks

Following the events of Friday 13th November in Paris, the streets were quiet. The terraces of the bars and restaurants, which form a crucial part of the social and cultural life of this city, were not as crowded as usual. A few defiant and tentative Parisians continued to drink coffee, eat food and chat on terraces like those targeted on Friday night. Public buildings and parks closed. Sirens were heard with unnerving frequency, an aural reminder of the tension. The city of lights was darkened, frightened and reeling after the worst terrorist attackS experienced in Western Europe in over a decade.

Like many residents of Paris, I was in close proximity to the attacks. I spent my Friday night in an apartment located just 100 metres from both Casa Nostra and Le Petit Cambodge, two of the restaurants targeted. I was with two others. We had decided to stay in, but we deliberated aimlessly between cooking and going out to a pizzeria incidentally located right opposite Le Petit Cambodge. When we realised the carnage which was unfolding across Paris, we locked ourselves in, nervously barricaded the door and waited, obsessively following the news and checking in with our friends across the city.

Although I've only lived here for a few months, the 10th and 11th arrrondissements have been an important area for me. The area around the Canal St Martin is a busy and lively neighbourhood which has been gentrified in recent years, and is now frequented primarily by young people from a range of different backgrounds. The area is historically working class and is populated with Arab butchers and North-African kebab shops. Here people come together to eat, drink, socialise and enjoy their lives. The area is just five minute walk from the iconic and politically important Place de la République.

On Saturday, less than 24 hours after the attacks, I looked out of the window of the apartment and caught sight of the street-cleaners who had come to clear the bloodstained terraces on the Rue de la Fontaine au Roi. I went down to visit this road and the Rue Alibert, joining the crowd of mourners who had gathered to lay flowers and pay their respects. The crowd was sombre, shocked, tense and grieving. Grieving for those in the

restaurants, the football stadium and the Bataclan concert hall, who were living their lives just like any Parisian when they were massacred.

The attacks, co-ordinated to create widespread havoc across the city, had no particular tar-get. Unlike the Charlie Hebdo and Hyper Casher incidents in January, the victims of the latest attacks were not singled out for any discernible reason, whether religious or vocational. They were simply typical bystanders, enjoying themselves on a Friday night. These attacks have had such a profound effect for this reason: ordinary young people were injured, terrorised and murdered in areas which are local, well-priced and ordinary. In January, freedom of expression was threatened and attacked in the capital, along with its Jewish residents. Last weekend, all Parisians were targeted.

While the city and its residents continue to grieve, come together, mourn and consider how to progress with everyday life, the external world is engaged in debate. Many people across the world have expressed solidarity with Paris and its residents, but my Facebook

newsfeed has been saturated with questions about why this attack has gained more coverage than similar incidents in Lebanon or elsewhere. For those of us in Paris, this is not a question we need to ask at the moment. If we are to learn anything from this, it should be compassion for those across the world who are the victims of terror on a regular basis.

The atmosphere in the city remains tense but defiant. My Parisian friends express fear but also determination to carry on life as normal. Who knows how the next few weeks will unfold. As France stands united in grief and defiance, military retalia-tion is already underway against ISIS. The French are determined to defend their Republic and uphold its beloved values of liberté, égalité and fraternité. While social media is rife with catchy hashtags of defiance, there is great uncertainty and nervousness in the city. People here are simply concerned with how to carry on. We can all say that we'll carry on as normal, but in reality everything is different. The city has suffered a horror and will take time to heal.

James Swaden



Even when nobody was

between these strangers, united in shock and sorrow

22

talking, there was a real

sense of community

'There are gunshots outside the building. Be careful.'

This year, I'm living on Rue de la Fontaine au Roi. The terrace of the Casa Nostra pizzeria on this street was targeted during the Paris terrorist attacks on Friday night, where five of the current death toll of 129 died. It's eerily silent and empty; people are still going out and doing their shopping, but they daren't stay out long.

I am unharmed, and so this ac-

I am unharmed, and so this account in no way at all compares to those of people affected. Everyone's thoughts are with the victims and their friends and families. My supervisor emailed from Cambridge to encourage his students to share their experiences, because it's important that people know about these stories and what happens when terror strikes, so they can better prepare themselves.

When you arrive at the destination where you will be spending your year abroad, the Year Abroad Office asks you to fill in a risk assessment form. Naïvely, I didn't bother filling mine in. A terrorist attack isn't really something you think will actually happen.

Before the terror began, my night started out as a romantic

date. It all changed when I got a text from my neighbour. "There are gunshots outside the building," she said. "Some people have died. Be careful if you're coming back home soon."

My boyfriend thought it best to stay in the restaurant to wait and see how the situation developed, but I was feeling too anxious to sit there constantly refreshing Twitter, so we decided to leave and make our way home.

We considered the metro but it seemed too dangerous, so we decided to take a taxi. However, they all seemed to be taken. Rather than hang about on the streets, we found another restaurant, avoiding the ones full of people since these had been the targets earlier on.

By this time, the metro had been evacuated. Around midnight, the restaurant owner gently asked us to leave, so a friend from just outside Paris tried to drive in to pick us up, but traffic into the city had been stopped. I posted a status on Facebook asking if anyone could take us in and my college mum contacted her friends who live five minutes away near Notre Dame.

We were planning to stay the night as we had heard that my street had been sealed off after the shootings and we couldn't go back yet.

The walk to their apartment wasn't pleasant, but I'm glad that I was with a Parisian who knows the streets well, as I'm terrible at directions at the best of times, and my phone had died. Initially we thought sticking to main open boulevards would be sensible, but then considered that the shootings had been in streets filled with passers-by. We took to the secluded and shadowed riverside, usually my favourite thing to do in Paris.

But stopped cars with blaring headlights and people lurking in the shadows left us profoundly uneasy. We turned back to the main streets. I was in heels but preferred to run, though made a point of staying calm. We only ran when no cars went past in case the drivers were involved and had guns, as we were worried running might show panic and make us targets.

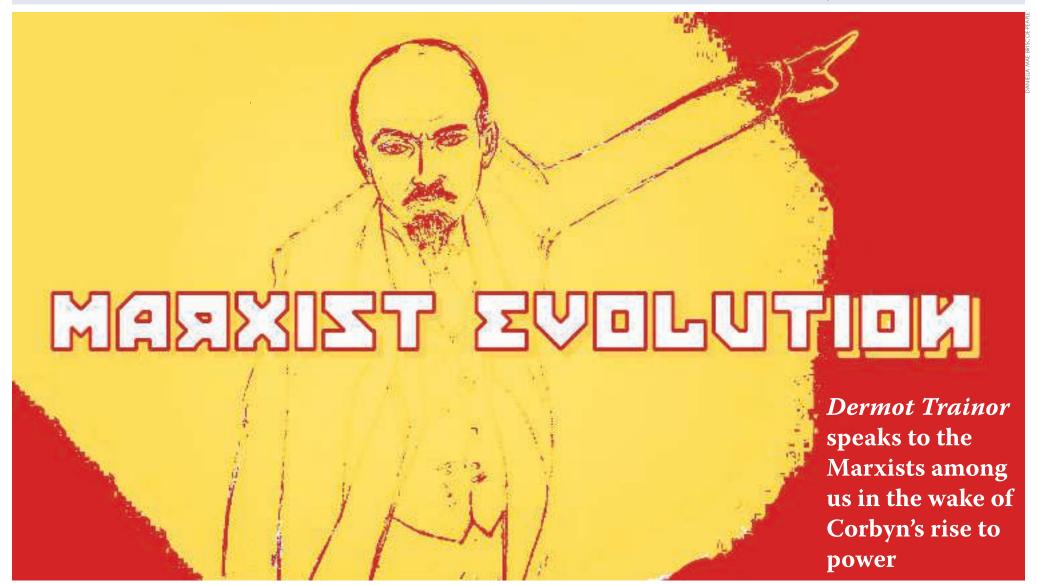
Everyone was driving erratically, either in fright or, more likely, flight; we knew that not all the suspects had been caught. Some cars

would drive really fast and then suddenly stop in strange places. We trusted no one, and even the slightest noise from people taking the bins out made us jump. We stayed with my college mum's friends until 3am, then took a taxi home.

It was only in the taxi that we realised how frighteningly close the attacks had been to where I live. We drove past two sites with red tape and saw forensics teams in white suits. ISIS has said it's not over, so obviously we're scared to leave. The element of chance is awful, knowing that it could happen to anyone, and anywhere. We had tried to book a restaurant at 17 Avenue Parmentiers for 9pm, for instance, twenty minutes before the shootings on the next street, Boulevard Voltaire. However, the reservation was declined as they were already full. From there we would have heard the gunshots.

My thoughts are with the victims involved, their families and friends during this sad time, and victims of terrorism not only in France, but everywhere.

Jade Cuttle



do think it is a broad church," said the Chair of Cambridge's Marxist Society hesitantly, to all-round amusement.

The speaker continued by assuring those present, not without a hint of irony, that "not just die-hard Marxist Leninists are welcome". Far from watering down the far-left's communion wine, these words of welcome will be a source of comfort for the faithful, as it appears that Cambridge has ever fewer 'churches' for the Marxist creed.

er 'churches' for the Marxist creed.

Mingling among copies of Das
Kapital and The Communist Manifesto, these few disciples of Cambridge's Marxist Society ruefully inform me about their slow decline. First I hear "that there used to be a student organisation of the Communist Party, but it was only one or two members strong". Nodding along, another informs me that "the only one of them I know has graduated and they didn't have a Freshers' Fair stall this year." Needless to say, this dismal image is replicated elsewhere. An alternative socialist student outlet, Left-Wing Unity, is "effectively collapsing post-Corbyn", and other options, like Cambridgeshire Left, are also fading away under the Corbyn banner. The current Labour leader, whose greater radicalism acts as a catch-all bandwagon, has united all but the hard left.

And seemingly unbeknownst to these Marxists I spoke with, this is a trend which extends far beyond student and activist groups. Earlier this month, in a very public spat, Cambridge's branch secretary of the Communist Party, Martin O'Donnell, used the party's Facebook page to announce: "I have resigned from the CP and joined the Labour Party". O'Donnell explained that "Labour has clearly become a genuinely working class, progressive mass movement, as evidenced by the election of Jeremy Corbyn. The same cannot be said of the CP. For a long time I've been in denial that the CP remains a Stalinist organisation." Indeed, O'Donnell described how "the Stalinist elements, that have a nostalgic and passionate view of all things Soviet, seem to still dominate the party" and added that 'the very fact that there have now been four attempts to remove this post speaks volumes about the assumptions of powers and control that such elements have." He concluded by alluding to the allure of Corbyn, stating that despite his own attempts "to contribute to the growth of the CP" and "make it relevant", he felt that "Labour is going to be a considerably more effective vehicle" for "achieving progressive change and enhancing the lives of working people".

That post was followed by an exchange between O'Donnell and other party members. Amidst accusations and recriminations, O'Donnell claimed that members had previously been warned that his resignation "would lead to the collapse of the branch" - a branch which formally confers only once a month. With members expressing concern that O'Donnell was "abusing the Facebook mechanisms", the party branch eventually abandoned their Facebook page and set up a new account, 'Communist Party of Britain – Cambridge Branch'. O'Donnell himself signed off: "I've given my honest assessment of the CPB and the Stalinists who still dominate it." Comrades all round. Conscious of the Corbyn-induced

communist schism in Cambridge, I attended the Marxist Society's recent discussion in partnership with the Cambridge Universities Labour Club, entitled: "Where next for Corbyn's Labour?" The meeting, chaired in jest by a self-appointed 'General Secretary,' drew approximately 30 people. Those in attendance listened first to an impressioned Maryiet im first to an impassioned Marxist import from London, who railed against all things anti-Corbyn. Referring to a Labour "civil war" and "grand conspiracy" in the party "to be rid of Corbyn", the speaker launched a full-scale onslaught against Labour's "Blairite wing" which "has nothing to offer, will wreck the party" and is "Tory-lite". The subsequent speaker for the club, analysing and critiquing Corbyn's shortcomings, was relatively moderate by comparison. He faced sustained scrutiny from those more strident Marxists present, who questioned the very premise of Labour policy. One Marxist Society member put it to the Labour speaker that society needed to "break with capitalism" and to take "the uninvested wealth of the rich in one fell swoop – expropriation". In this college room, fervent debate

remained limited to a vocal minority, while the greater part of the audience present (myself included) remained

silent as the talk dragged on over 90 minutes. More than a few left early. Such an atmosphere proved reminiscent of yet another Marxist Society event I attended a few weeks earlier. Then also, an inflammatory firebrand up from London launched rhetorical warfare against the "Western imperialism", which has "created Islamic fundamentalism" and "made Iraq a mass grave". The speaker's emotional diatribe on the West – which could, in their (relatively unsurprising) opinion, be salvaged by Communism - was met with a wall of silence and apathy, prompting a few belated questions before the breakup of the 18 assembled on that occasion.



"LABOUR IS GOING TO BE A CONSIDERABLY MORE EFFECTIVE VEHICLE"

In the aftermath of the Corbyn debate, I discussed the workings of the society with those who run it. The Cambridge Marxist Society is only the surface. The Society is in fact only one part of the much-larger Marxist Student Federation, a nationwide web of over 30 university society branches, all co-ordinated by a larger, nonuniversity network: the International Marxist Tendency, or IMT. A Marxist present told me that the Cambridge branch currently has "14 members". Admitting that such numbers were "miniscule", the member added that the Cambridge Marxist Society essentially serves as an advertising and recruiting mechanism for IMT. In the words of one, the "Cambridge Marxist Society is like a branch in the tree of the International Marxist Tendency".

I was then informed that the Cambridge Marxist Society was indeed fulfilling its role as an advertisement for the IMT. A member of both groups told me that IMT numbers "had doubled since the start of term". Like the Marxist Society, IMT also meets once a week and its activism at present remains essentially academic. The aim is to "first lay the educational ground basis in Marxism," according to one member. However, with so few members, both organisations are left with little power or influence.

Nevertheless, this doesn't necessarily mean the dissolution of dogma. Appearing keen, I spoke to members who described IMT as "a Bolshevik, revolutionary outfit" with ambitions to "control the leadership of trade unions and the Labour Party". Picking up on "Bolshevik", I expressed curiosity that the Marxists studiously avoided any association with the word 'Communist' or any mention of the 'Soviet Union'.

Making clear that the 'Communist' label itself was evidently toxic, one participant still affirmed "that Communism was the ultimate output of Marxism" and in reference to past attempts, simply added that Communism "had made some mistakes". Looking around, I thought perhaps in this context I'd hold my tongue on the entire twentieth century. I was told that "there were several forms of revolution, not just BANG, BANG", but they nonetheless didn't "rule out violent revolution".

Finally slipping away, I couldn't help but ponder how far such revolutionary aspirations were from the academic reality I'd just witnessed. Earlier that evening, the Labour Club speaker had described how "last December, when Jeremy Corbyn was asked to Oxford Labour, seven people attended. And suddenly it's a mass movement of tens of thousands. A political revolution." IMT's numbers have likewise expanded. In October they too were seven. At present, they number 14.

Modern Marxism may well have evolved from its revolutionary past after all.

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after 'devastating' road accident

Sarah McCullagh

News Correspondent

A Times journalist and former Varsity editor who was struck down by a distracted lorry driver while cycling to work has received a seven-figure settlement to fund the lifelong care she now requires.

Mary Bowers, 31, was cycling to work in November 2011 when she was crushed at a set of East London traffic lights by Petre Beiu, a tipper truck driver who failed to notice her waiting in the cycle box in front of his vehicle.

He struck Bowers as he turned to the left across her path, got out of his truck once he realised what had happened, but forgot to apply the hand-brake, leaving the lorry to run her over

a second time.
At his 2012 trial, Beiu was cleared of dangerous driving but found guilty of the lesser charge of careless driving, after the court heard that he was making a hands-free phone call, which he initially denied, at the time of the accident, even though she was directly in his line of sight. He was also banned from driving for eight months and fined £2,700, an amount deplored as a "complete insult" by Bowers' father, according to the Evening Standard.

Soon after the initial impact, Bowers fell into a coma due to the significant brain injury, severely broken legs, severed artery, punctured lung, broken arm and broken pelvis she sustained.

Robert Glancy QC, who represented

Bowers at Monday's short hearing to agree on the settlement, told the court that she is now "completely unable to move and cannot speak", and will spend the rest of her life in a care

As the insurers for Lynch Haulage. the firm for whom Beiu drove, Allianz are to award Bowers a seven-figure settlement to fund her care.

Bowers studied History at Queens' between 2004 and 2007. During her time at Cambridge, she also served as the editor of Varsity. She then studied journalism at Columbia University in New York, before beginning a career in freelance journalism, writing for The Guardian, The Observer and various other publications.

At the time of the accident, Bowers had just graduated from The Times two-year training scheme and had been taken on as a full-time news reporter. During her traineeship, she is said to have shown a particular passion for social affairs investigations

After the hearing on Monday, Bowers' father told her former newspaper: "The impact of [my daughter]'s injuries has been devastating. Her career was flourishing and she had her whole life ahead of her. I can take consolation from the fact that this award will cover her care needs for the rest of her life [...] Safety on the UK's roads

needs to be made a priority."

The Times initiated a Cities Fit for Cycling campaign in the wake of Bowers' accident, aimed at making city roads safer for cyclists.

Payout for former Varsity editor | Disaffiliated college JCRs' welfare teams in firing line as CUSU cuts provisions access

Jack Higgins

Deputy News Editor

CUSU has defended its decision to block disaffiliated colleges from accessing mental health training, telling Varsity: "Disaffiliated bodies should not be entitled to our services."

The defense comes after allegations that the student union had a 'vendetta' against the JCRs which have withdrawn from CUSU, Corpus Christi and Gonville and Caius.

The Tab reported that an "informed source" believed CUSU had a vendetta against disaffiliated colleges.

Colleges were previously able to access provisions from CUSU, regardless of whether or not they are officially affiliated. One of Corpus' Male Welfare Officers, James Palmer, said that last year welfare officers could "show up and get training" but "going forwards, no disaffiliated colleges will get access to training".

Although CUSU is partially funded by tuition fees paid by students, they also receive funding from college JCRs. JCRs can withdraw from CUSU and therefore stop contributing to their funds.

The Tab also reported that Corpus Christi and Gonville and Caius are no longer allowed to access CUSU's online voting platform, which is used by most JCRs to conduct elections. CUSU had reportedly said this was to be available to all "university-based groups", whether affiliated or not.



Speaking to *Varsity*, a spokesperson for CUSU stated that "to suggest that CUSU is 'preventing' access is unhelpful, with little recognition of the wider context in which training and services are delivered.

They added that "continuing to provide services to institutions" that have disaffiliated "undermines the relationships" they have with paying colleges.

The idea of disaffiliated colleges accessing services "is simply not fair", they added. "Affiliated colleges actively support the work that we do, and receive services in return. This is not, I don't think, a particularly radical notion." This statement comes after CUSU President Priscilla Mensah said that "this is not a vendetta", and that it was time to "draw a line" under previous practices.

Speaking to *Varsity*, another Corpus welfare officer said that CUSU had the "right" to withdraw such services, and added that The Tab's coverage and accusations of a 'vendetta' were

"sensationalism".

"It would be unfair to get a service for free that other colleges monetarily contribute to. We have internal alternative welfare training which we deem more than sufficient.

He acknowledged that there was an "unclear grey area" concerning provision in regards to sexual health.

"The sexual health supply budget comes from the Welfare And Finance committee that Corpus pays into," he said, which makes it unclear whether that "includes paying staff hours or solely for the condoms. I would argue we are entitled to this."

He went on to add his comments did not mean "we wouldn't also benefit from CUSU welfare training", and that he respected "Priscilla's integrity".

CUSU stressed to Varsity that it is currently campaigning against affiliation fees and that individual students could access sexual health supplies and support from them, irrespective of ICR decisions.

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Proposed university FoI changes under fire

Universities to be excluded from Freedom of Information requests under planned changes

Kenza Bryan News Correspondent

Universities in the UK may be excluded from the obligation of responding to Freedom of Information Requests for the first time since the Freedom 2000, in proposed changes.

A government paper on reforms to Higher Education explain: "The cost to providers [of higher education] being within the scope of the Freedom of Information Act is estimated at around £10m per year."

The proposal, 'Teaching Excellence, Social Mobility, and Student Choice', published on 6th November, aims to

It comes as Jo Johnson's first official statement on higher education policy since being named Minister for Universities and Science after the General Election.

Universities in the United Kingdom are currently subject to the Freedom of Information Act 2000, which safeguards the right of any member of the requested can range from sound recordings to emails or computer files.

Freedom of Information requests are frequently used by both student newspapers and the national press. In 2014, for example, Varsity used records released under a Freedom of Information request to expose the scale of employment below the living wage in the university, finding that 1,113 college and university staff were

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Earlier this year, Freedom of Information requests by the University and College Union (UCU) were used to outline how much Vice-Chancellors were paid. The UCU found that Professor Leszek Borysiewicz was the nineteenth highest-earning Vice-Chancellor in the country.

141 institutions out of the 155 targeted by UCU responded to questions under their obligations under the Freedom of Information Act. This allowed for the gathering of a range of data on the pay of senior university members and expenses claimed on flights or hotels by vice-chancellors at universities across the country.



THE THREAT TO EXCLUDE UNIVERSITIES FROM FREEDOM OF INFORMATION IS ABSOLUTELY THE WRONG WAY TO BE GOING

Daniel Zeichner, Labour MP for Cambridge, told *Varsity* that "the threat to exclude universities from Freedom of Information is absolutely the wrong way to be going – if Labour had won the election, we would have extended the right to Freedom of Information to all public service providers...

"If the government is concerned about the imbalance between private and public sectors, the move should be to more openness, not more secrecy."

The proposal is as yet a 'green paper', meaning it will be subject to a lengthy legislative process before becoming an Act of Parliament. It includes a number of other proposals for university reforms, including the increase of tuition fees in line with inflation and the changes making it easier for private companies to become universities.

The paper's approach has been met with concern from student groups, concerned with the perceived monetisation of higher education, with Megan Dunn, President of the National Union of Students, commenting: "Students should not be treated like consumers."

The University of Cambridge's communications department declined to comment as they consider the matter to be "sector-wide".





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Daniel Gayne

Science Correspondent

Across the world's green movement, creeping continental drift is occurring. What was once a shibboleth for environmentalists, the very foundation of green politics itself, seems now to be a divisive taboo to be brushed under the carpet in the pursuit of greater goals. From renegade ex-Greenpeace activists to po-faced NASA geeks, the movement against climate change has put the nuclear baby in the corner. The Green Party seem increasingly divided over the matter and even Friends of the Earth recently reviewed their policy, moving to an opposition "in practice" rather than "in principle". Is all well in the greenie world, and has the nuclear bug reached Cambridge yet?

Rupert Read – the most recent Green Party PPC for Cambridge – was keen to correct me on this, telling me that "the issue is simply not very contentious within the Green Party and insisted that the "small minority" who wished to revisit the matter were "comprehensively defeated" at the last conference. Indeed, Read seemed quite in tune with the old-school of thinking on nuclear, emphasising the high costs, the long development time, and the burden of waste which it leaves to our children. As he put it: "do we really want to bequeath an open-ended toxic legacy to our grandchildren?'

More modest on the matter was co-chair of Cambridge Young Greens, John Bachelor, While for him "there are a lot of unresolved issues" relating to nuclear energy, "there is an open debate in the Cambridge Young Greens". One Green Party activist I spoke to, Max Fries, was clear on where he stood. For him it seemed a matter of green values, of standing up for long-term sustainability and a respect for human and environmental rights. "Nuclear is very much a social justice issue for me," he told me, citing the destruction

caused by the uranium ore mines of Australia and Nigeria. In contrast, his argument for renewables is centred on a vision of devolved community power; a supply of energy which "breaks the power of the energy companies".

He gave Germany as a prime example of this, where 50 per cent of renewables are owned by community enterprise groups and citizens. But the issue did not come down just to morals, and the received wisdom about the scientific argument for nuclear power was clearly an annoyance to him: "When you campaign in Cambridge, you have a lot of conversations with academics," he said, with the suggestion that a bias existed on the issue. Fries believes that some people have been misled, as nu-

clear facilities take over 17 years to set

up, and, as Rupert Read also noted, ac-

tually have a hefty carbon footprint. It seems that this could be a difficult topic for groups like Zero Carbon who hope that divestment from fossilfuels will eventually lead to investment in green renewables. Their spokesman told me that "for a sustainable future we need to transition from fossil fuels, and this is the main target of the Zero Carbon campaign". Nobody I spoke to seemed to disagree that even if nuclear emissions are singeing the planet, it doesn't hold a candle to oil. Despite an apparently shifting consensus more broadly, in Cambridge there doesn't seem to be much hostility over the issue.

Even in terms of job creation, local activists are sceptical of the benefits which nuclear might bring. Tabitha Spence, a green jobs activist, told me that while there would certainly be new jobs in "transportation and construction" at first, "nuclear plants are highly mechanised" and so "don't of-

fer massive amounts of jobs once operational". Perhaps it is the sheer scale of the challenge faced by the anti-nuclear campaign which holds it together in spite of fissures which would tear a

lesser movement apart. No doubt, the Holy Grail in all of this is fusion, but Max Fries seemed to sum up the consensus on this when he told me, exasperated, "we don't have to wait for fusion to have an energy revolution!'

The fuss about fission Tsien: Advice from a Nobel winner

Madeline Kavanagh

Science Correspondent

Professor Roger Tsien is probably best known for his Nobel Prize-winning work on developing the application of green fluorescent protein (GFP) as an imaging agent for biomedical research. As the name suggests, GFP has the unusual characteristic of producing a magnificent green glow when irradiated with UV light. For example, GFP has been used as a marker to track gene expression, determine the subcellular location of proteins, observe molecular interactions in realtime and, most importantly, to make animals glow in the dark! Tsien and other researchers have been able to generate an entire rainbow of mutant proteins which fluoresce at different wavelengths of light. However, this colourful discovery barely scratches the surface of the contributions that Tsien's research has made to understanding the fundamental processes of cell-signalling, tumour biology and neurophysiology.



TRY TO FIND PROJECTS THAT GIVE YOU SENSUAL PLEASURE"

Tsien's original PhD research, conducted at the University of Cambridge under the supervision of Dr Richard H. Adrian, focused on developing imaging agents to monitor the intracellular concentration of calcium ions. Calcium ions are essential signalling molecules that are involved in a broad range of processes from neuron signalling to cell division, fertilisation, muscle contraction and enzyme regulation. Tsien subsequently entered the field of optogenetics; studying methods of genetically modifying cells to express a specific type of light-sensitive calcium ion channel in their outer membrane. Irradiation with light enables researchers to literally turn neurons on and off in real-time with the flick of a switch!

Tsien has been recognised with numerous awards for his contributions to science and is an author of more



than 300 research papers. Yet, as an individual, I found him incredibly humble and dismissive of his achievements, as I guess only a Nobel Prize winner can be. After commenting that he was the "same scientist, or even smarter" before he won the Nobel Prize, Tsien admitted that winning the idolised Nobel has only made it more difficult to secure research funding and have publications accepted. After briefly discussing his current research aims, as well as his involvement with various science outreach programmes and the "vastly important" role of engaging children in science, I was keen to get to my main question: what was Tsien's secret to being a successful scientist? And, what advice could be give to all of the PhD students and budding Nobel laureates in Cambridge about how to keep their eyes on the prize?

Obviously familiar with this sort of question, Tsien succinctly summarised his six key points of advice for me. The first was to "try to find projects that give you sensual pleasure", like turning biological systems into a beautiful rainbow of colours. As Tsien explained: "You don't know what is going to work, so you might as well pick something that is fun", as this will at least make "getting up that little bit easier", something I am sure all university students struggle with at some point in their degree. His second point was that students need to recognise "that your batting average will be low". During the lecture following our interview, Tsien reminded the audience that there is a "genuine likelihood of failure" in research. He further warned ambitious students that "your

most fashionable journals" and that this is not necessarily a reflection on the quality of the research. Thirdly, and something that is a general lesson for life, Tsien urged that students "learn to make lemonade from lemons". This is particularly good advice when considering the serendipitous nature of some of the most important scientific discoveries throughout history.

Finding "the right collaborators" was Tsien's next pointer. In the increasingly interconnected world of science, where large, multidisciplinary research teams often work together to address global challenges, Tsien stressed that scientists who are successful learn to exploit their collaborators "kindly, and for mutual benefit". Finally, Tsien suggests students put their "neuroses to constructive use", and utilise their individuality as a positive force in their research.

Wise words indeed.



Thync carefully: mood-altering tech is coming



TECHWATCH WITH CHARLOTTE GIFFORD

Cambridge can be stressful. What do you do when you want a little something to take the edge off, but the camomile tea's just not strong enough? Or when you've been trying to churn out an essay since eight in the morning, boosting yourself with caffeine to the extent that you're now scribbling hieroglyphs instead of words and twitching so much you can barely hold a pen (worst case scenario) – but still, you crave something a little bit stronger?

With a new technology called Thync, you can now change how you're feeling at the touch of a but-ton. You can do this by simply sticking the small Thync device to your temple, and using your smartphone to send low-level electrical impulses that stimulate specific nerves and alter your emotional state. There are two settings, calm or energised, and you can choose how long you want the effects to last for.

I know. I want one too. Just imagine the possibilities. You could give yourself a quick energy boost before lectures, or reduce your stress levels.

Understandably, you may be feeling a little wary at the prospect of anything altering your brain, but the Thync device is harmless. It uses neurosignaling to activate specific cranial and peripheral nerves. The only circumstance in which you may have to contact a doctor before using it is if you are susceptible to Reflex Syncope (fainting). That said, I worry that giving yourself a high dose of 'calm" when you're out and about might put you at risk of wandering aimlessly into the path of an oncoming bus. But other than that, we're told it's perfectly

Thync is just one of many new

technologies that are geared towards recognising – and, indeed, changing - our moods. If these devices became more popular, would we grow so dependent on them that constantly regulating one's emotions becomes an ordinary part of day-to-day life? If we could select our moods, presumably most of us would choose to be 'happy' most of the time. But would really want that? Sure, it sounds good, but the reality of it would be a world perpetually filled with cheerful grinning goons who'd experience only a very limited emotional palette.

The other question regarding Thync is whether it will revolutionise the way people get high. Earlier this year the government cracked down on legal highs. But with devices like Thync, a legal high might now be available in the form of a low-risk, man-made device. This is certainly a

new definition of 'high-tech'.

Thync is now available for retail. It is, as you'd expect, a bit pricey. So for now, we may have to take the more affordable path and rely purely on boring coffee and our feeble brains when producing our essays.

Never mind.



rabriella

Gabriella Morris is a photographer, artist and graphic designer at King's College. She is in her second year, studying Music.

How would you describe your style?

Tactile is probably the best way to describe it. I love getting messy. I love layers, textures, bodies and faces, landscapes and objects, capturing light and undulating form. I am as happy as a bumblebee in a meadow if I have huge canvases, paint, beeswax, hay, mud, hessian sacks and lots of PVA glue. But I also love doing rigorous studies with a piece of chalk or a pencil.

What motivated you to pursue art?

Play-doh, coloured pencils and paints were my favourite things as a child. I have endless images in my head that I want to get onto canvas, but luckily for me I am approached for commissions and design jobs and that motivates me too.

What is the art scene like in Cambridge?

Sadly, the art scene in Cambridge is a lot harder to find, and once found, it is relatively small compared to somewhere like Edinburgh. Cambridge just doesn't generate or seem to attract fine artists or designers. Practical art or design is not part of the university's psyche as it's not one of its courses. I would love this to change and for an associated Art School in Cambridge to be established.



Has being in Cambridge changed your approach to drawing or

Yes, because of time constraints. There is constant demand for posters and photography, advertising and promoting bands and events, but time is limited, so sadly my production of works is as well. I have to be faster at everything.

Are you more productive outside term time?

The vacations are like eating a massive gâteau that has been tantalising passers-by from the window of a pâtisserie. I can finally seize my brushes and cherish the hours and hours I spend sitting, painting, pondering and experimenting which is the only way to improve.

Can you explain what art means to

If I'm grumpy, my level of grumpiness is directly proportional to how well or badly my art is going. It truly is my passion. I care to the nth degree about the art I do for myself and for others.

Where do you find inspiration?

Dr. Watson, mv A-level teacher, taught me to see. Once you learn not just to look, but to see, you can find inspiration absolutely anywhere. My favourite artist is Frank Auerbach because of his harrowing charcoal portraits and current Scottish artist Allan McGowan's life paintings give me

You study music and practice art; what is the difference between these two pursuits?

Art is usually an extremely introverted, solitary experience; I am naturally gregarious, meaning that I sometimes find making art quite a stifling experience though it is what I love. By contrast, I feel music is more about sharing. Yes, it's about creating largely alone but also involves playing and singing together. Studying music is ultimately about human expression and exploring the history and contemporary manifestations of human interaction.

Can anyone draw? Is it an acquired skill or an inherent ability?

Anvone can draw. Not anvone can draw well because there has to be a

raw inclination and facility but there is a large technical and imitative basis which anyone can work at. That said, everyone should draw. Art is for yourself. No one has to see what you do, and even if they do, whose value judgments matter if you have gained satisfaction from the act of doing it? Just be warned that this attitude might not provide you with a stable career!

Is art to be shared or is it private?

It depends purely on the desires of the maker. As for art in art galleries, I fully believe in art being accessible to everyone. Everyone should have access to private collections, the stories in the plethora of stories in art history, of its production and reception and ongoing creation.

What are your thoughts on the professional art world?



purposes to art but, having had a glimpse of it, I have to say that I am utterly disenchanted with it. I have finally reconciled myself to the fact that the professional world is often driven by ego and commercial demand: but that does not mean I'm going to stop, quite the contrary. I have an insatiable need to create what I think people might find new and beautiful, intriguing or moving. And if no one sees it or likes it, my mum might keep it under the stairs for a few years in sympathy.

Gabriella was speaking to Tess Davidson

If you are a student artist, band, musician, poet or any other type of Cambridge creative who would like to be featured in this series, please email interviews@varsity.co.uk



Shami Chakrabarti: "We have to save the Human Rights Act"

In the wake of the Paris attacks, Theo Demolder speaks to the Director of Liberty about national security in Britain

have lived through previous terrorist attacks, in London, L in New York, in Brighton. I saw people blown up on London buses; it's horrible and it's designed to terrorise. But do you hand your freedoms away as a result? I suggest that's not a good idea."

Four days after the horrific events in Paris, as concern about national security in Britain rises, it is timely that one of the greatest opponents of incursions on civil liberties is bringing this warning to the Union.

Shami Čhakrabarti, the Director of the civil liberties campaign group Liberty and "the most dangerous woman in Britain" according to one Sun columnist, warned Cambridge students of the dangers of an authoritarian state.

She was eager to speak about the upcoming Investigatory Powers Bill, which would allow the mass collection of users' internet records.

Sometimes blanket surveillance isn't just bad for privacy and liberty, it can be bad for security too. If you're



looking for a needle, don't build a bigger and bigger haystack."

For Chakrabarti, the bill "would actually undermine internet security in the name of counter terror", and she has concerns over the ability of police and security services to hack websites and thus leave those sites vulnerable.

"We need the Investigatory Powers Bill, we just need it to be radically tightened up. We need a much more clever, rational, nuanced, proportionate approach, because sometimes privacy is security."

Chakrabarti wants to speak about these issues in clear terms and she is keen to garner support by making people aware of what this would mean

for their own personal privacy.

"It's all very well to say 'nothing to hide, nothing to fear' but would you live with digital cameras and recording devices in your bedroom or in your living room? Most people would say no. We live very, very intimately online and so the same safeguards

We then turned to the journeys

into activism Cambridge students might take. At first she quipped that students should simply "join Liberty, immediately".



'WOULD YOU LIVE WITH RECORDING DEVICES IN YOUR BEDROOM?"

She went on to argue that "it's not enough just to like something or follow something, it's important to join things. We can use the traditional tools of campaigning alongside new tools like social media to bring people together."

In a more upbeat tone, she added: Earlier, we talked about the internet in a slightly spooky way, but it's also a wonderful, empowering, democratising device?

But her biggest fight is yet to come. When I asked her about her ambitions for the future she replied decisively: We have to save the Human Rights

Challenging the government's intention to repeal the fifteen-year-old legislation, she warned that "there are some breathtaking attacks on personal privacy and everything that flows from that in that bill. It would leave every man, woman and child in this country incredibly vulnerable to abuses of power... it would deprive us of the opportunity even to challenge bad legislation."
And it is the opportunity to chal-

lenge which has proven so crucial to Liberty under Chakrabarti's leadership during clashes over the anti-terror measures implemented after 9/11 in various countries

When the profile pictures change back, and public opinion comes to settle after the shock of Friday 13th, she hopes that her distinctly liberal pragmatism will win out over calls for security at any cost.

Comment

In defence of our right to a good night out



Beth Jamal

The CULC Women's Officer explains why the Good Night Out Campaign is needed in our pubs and clubs

ambridge nightlife has a serious sexual harassment problem, and forcing the clubs, pubs and venues to sign up to the Good Night Out Pledge is our best bet to make a difference.

On a night out in Cambridge a few months ago, I walked into a pub and a man grabbed me from behind, iso-lated me from my friends and tried to pull up my skirt as I walked past. I challenged him, and he replied saying: "Sorry, I couldn't resist." He could 'resist'. He just chose not to, and more importantly, he knew he would get away with it. I was left feeling vulnerable, isolated, and the worst thing was that nobody else around me challenged him or offered me any help. In his eyes, his behaviour was acceptable, a bit of 'banter' and a completely appropriate way to interact with a woman. This example is sadly and worryingly not an anomaly, or something that happens only rarely. Sexual harassment of a verbal or physical nature is so common and widespread that it has become an aspect of every night out. I, alongside my friends, experience behaviour like this frequently. It's not a question of if, but when, and how many times.

Almost everyone has a story or knows somebody who has experienced inappropriate behaviour. It has become normalised. Women and members of the LGBT+ community are forced to tolerate advances and brush off comments or coercion. Sexual harassment is rife across the country and these patterns of behaviour are evident in nights out in Cambridge. At the moment, the clubs, pubs and bars are doing little to nothing to tackle it.

The Good Night Out Campaign was launched in London in 2014. It is a nationwide movement and global network that strives to end sexual harassment on nights out. The campaign works through a coalition of regional organisers, women's groups, charities and other organisations that sign clubs, pubs and venues up to the pledge and to receive Good Night Out training. The pledge reads: "We want you to have a good night out. If something or someone makes you feel uncomfortable, no matter how minor it may seem, you can report it to any member of staff and they will work with you to make sure it doesn't have to ruin your night."

When this is placed in a visible spot at a club, pub or venue, it sends a strong message to punters: firstly, that they are in an environment where harassment won't be tolerated, and secondly that they have the staff behind them, ready to deal with any

complaints. Although this may seem minor, it is a powerful message for the venue itself to take an open, explicit stand against sexual harassment, and for that matter, any other kind of abuse that people could face in their establishment. Alongside this, the campaign offers specific and detailed training to all members of staff at the premises as part of the pledge. They are trained in the step-by-step process for dealing with reports of sexual harassment, and taught how to respond to a situation in which somebody needs help. It can often feel as if reports of sexual harassment or abuse will be laughed off or ignored by staff, and their presence is not felt except when letting people in, serving drinks and managing the cloakroom.

None of what the pledge entails is taxing or problematic for the venues. They are there to give students and residents a good and relaxed night out, and all they are being asked to do is provide an explicit commitment to tackling sexual harassment and putting their clients' welfare first. It is a surprise then that not a single club, pub or venue in Cambridge has yet signed up to the Good Night Out pledge. Although one or two clubs have customer care programmes, this is not a clear and explicit commitment to ending sexual harassment.

CUSU Women's Officer Charlotte Chorley will be meeting with all of the licensed premises on Wednesday 25th November to ask them to sign up to the pledge. She, alongside the Cambridge Universities Labour Club and Daniel Zeichner MP, are campaigning for this to become a universal policy commitment; a petition has been launched in the run-up to the meeting, encouraging the venues to commit to the pledge. The only way that premises will respond is if they feel it is a campaign that their clientele are united behind. They don't want to appear unresponsive, so it is up to the student body to take a stand

student body to take a stand.

The Good Night Out Campaign is the best option to push zero-tolerance to sexual harassment and abuse to the forefront. It has the dual power of a public declaration against this behaviour alongside practical training. I urge you to sign the petition and change Cambridge nightlife for the better. You can find it on the CULC Facebook page, the CUSU Women's Campaign discussion group and the Tell Cambridge Venues to Take Action on Harassment page. Every time a student embarks on a night out, whether for a 3am rendition of the Lion King or a pint at the pub, they should do so knowing they are in an environment that is on their side.

One breakfast: the real matriarchal conspiracy



Emily Bailey-Page

The Trinity Women's Breakfast was supposed to be all about female students. So why has the backlash been all about men?

Confusion abounds over the breakfast organised at Trinity this Monday to celebrate 40 years of admittance of female undergraduates to the college. It was originally thought that breakfast in the college's hall would be free and reserved for female and non-binary students only, although it then emerged that this was part of a confused series of communications and the breakfast is open to all. However, the fact that the idea of an

However, the fact that the idea of an event from which men were excluded provoked such an intense backlash, in which the college's Women's Officer was compared to a leader of ISIS no less, highlights profound misunderstandings and misinterpretations. I am not at Trinity, but as female friends of mine at the college were intimidated into not speaking out for fear of similar recriminations, I feel inclined to step in on their behalf and articulate the thoughts they are afraid to express openly.

to express openly.

How many breakfasts do you think were served exclusively to male students in the 432 years during which women were barred from the college? To be honest, if Trinity really wanted to be regressive, they could go ahead and ban men from breakfast for the next 432 years. The idea of a breakfast reserved only for female and non-binary students would be for and about those students. Yet even an event designed to honour the presence and existence of female and non-binary students has turned into a conversation

about men

A broader struggle for gender equality which is inclusive of men can and should involve instances where space and time is reserved exclusively for women to discuss their experiences and find solidarity without the burden of explaining and justifying the reality of those experiences to men who have never encountered them. Female students of Trinity today eat their breakfast in a hall where they still make up only 30 per cent of the college's population, surrounded by portraits of the men who make up the only group to which the college has traditionally ascribed intellectual value. Many of them will go on to tackle reading lists dominated by similar men.

dominated by similar men.
Elizabeth I's portrait is in the hall, yes, and the female and non-binary students will have their picture taken with it on Monday. But remember she hangs over the college hall's dais only because the portrait of Henry VIII is on loan to the Fitzwilliam Museum. As Dr Myra Pollack Sadker, who pioneered research into educational gender bias in the States, wrote in 1994: "Each time a girl opens a book and reads a womanless history, she learns she is worthless." The history of Trinity College does not teach today's female students their worth. In a broader context, all members of the college, male students included, could and indeed should celebrate women's admittance. General celebration is one thing, however. Community and

solidarity is another.

The idea that on one morning on one day of the year the college might express to female and non-binary students exclusively that their presence in the college is valued, even celebrated, does not strike me as 'regressive'. It appears that the initiative for this event, whatever its original premise was in the confused web of misinterpretations and administrative backpeddling we are now faced with, came from Trinity College itself, from the Dean and Senior Tutor. If only the



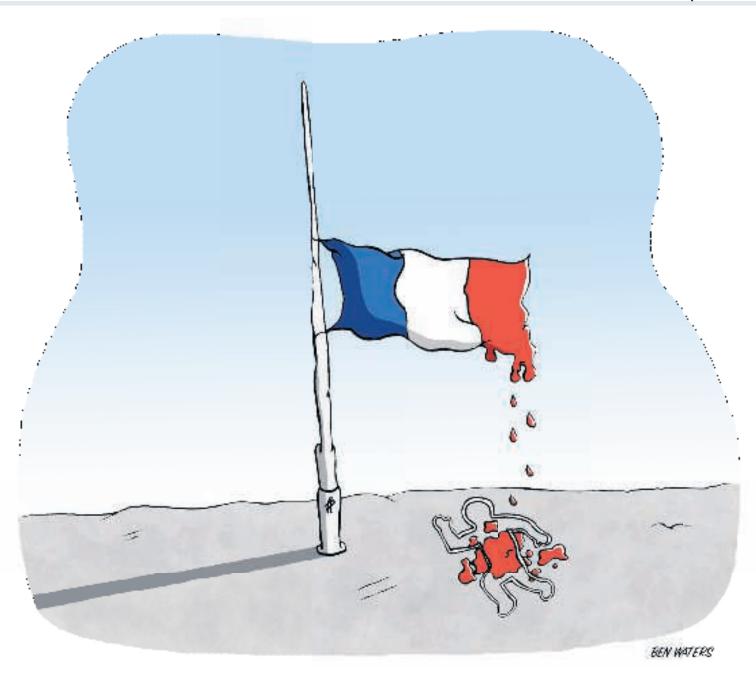
TO HONOUR WOMEN AND NON-BINARY STUDENTS SEPARATELY DEMONSTRATES THAT THEY HAVE WORTH AND VALUE REGARDLESS OF THEIR LINK TO MEN

University as a whole had expressed a similarly positive valuation of its BME students before placing David Starkey at the helm of its 'Dear World...Yours, Cambridge' fundraising campaign then we could truly feel optimistic about the University administration's attitude towards traditionally

marginalised groups in Cambridge.

A women-only event is not about banning men, devaluing them or making them "pay for past mistakes", as one commenter on the event's Facebook page protests, who goes on to say: "We don't still hold the Germans accountable for what the Nazis did and it would be unacceptable to do so." This is a fundamental confusion between unique individual responsibility and the society as a whole in which these individuals play a part. No one is holding today's undergraduates personally responsible for the centuries in which women were excluded. But just as Germany has in fact made great efforts to shoulder the burden of its past, to preserve and interrogate records of its troubled history in museums and monuments, so too is it important for institutions like Trinity College to make the effort to celebrate the education of female students in a world which so long devalued their ability.

So yes, perhaps it is a nice idea that all members of the college, males too, would celebrate women's place in the university. But to honour women and non-binary students separately demonstrates that they have worth and value regardless of their link to men. In a world in which female and non-binary identity has for so long been a source of denigration and shame, celebration and affirmation must fill that void of esteem. Neutrality is the goal, but its time has not yet come.



Why are some societies inaccessible to freshers?



Sam Harrison

The Union, among other societies, is making it hard for new students to get involved

▼ or the last few weeks, a large part of my life has consisted of gingerly fishing out of my inbox e-mails reminding me that I promised to make myself the subject of some psychiatric tests or to teach some unfortunate children Maths, a subject that I myself have not been taught since GCSE. Still, this is evidence of the wide range of activities available at university, and many of these have comprehensively and energetically provided opportunities for freshers to

The Labour Club, asking for a fee of just four pounds (which will buy you a somewhat spuriously-titled 'life membership' - perhaps the Corbyn victory has not completely eradicated spin), has advertised its events well and encouraged participation by all its members. The mood of those on the other side of the partisan divide seems equally satisfied, though one might not consider this a positive. The Cambridge Society for Economic Pluralism has, I am told, organised some fascinating lectures, and a friend of mine recently (and somewhat ironically) was given the opportunity to share some of Madsen Pirie's wine. Many societies have excelled at actively including new members.

The rosy picture is not, however, universal. One among a horde of freshers, this year I joined the Cambridge Union. We did so in the hope that we would be able to participate in a debating society whose history is illustrious and whose atmosphere would

be stimulating. But I am not the only one of that fresh-faced multitude who has found the real experience of the Union, consisting of passive absorption of others' rhetoric, a disappointing consummation. There is almost no way in which those wishing to engage in debate may do so.

Of course the principal debates are the reserve of speakers of distinction, and to be fair the Union does use students as reserve speakers, though it does not seem outlandish to suggest time could be made for some less formal debates outside the late hours within which the society chooses to operate. Within the confines of the established system, there exist two fora in which Union members can debate: so-called emergency debates, and competitions. The problem is that these are far from universally accessible, especially for a fresher without a history in debating.

Why is this? Although the Union's website declares itself to be "democratically run among its members", it does not elaborate on which members it means. Members are largely excluded from the processes through which reserve speakers, speakers in the emergency debates and indeed the debates themselves are selected. Nonetheless, it is possible to observe certain patterns in these selections. The reserve debaters usually have a history in the schools' debating circuits, which coincidentally means that they hail persistently from private schools or the more venerable

grammars. The shadowy selection process excludes those who do not have a history in debating: the reserve speaker in the recent debate on pornography informed the audience that the Union's request that he make a speech had come by phone an hour before. There was no open contest, no accountability in the selection process, no opportunity for anyone unknown to get involved and make a name for themselves.

The emergency debates also favour those who are established within its structures through defective procedures. For a start, the debates themselves are meant to be comical, instantly excluding those whose style or temperament do not conform. It is not easy to sign up for them. It would be disingenuous of me to claim that these debates are entirely barred to anyone new to the Union, because in fact I did recently find out how one applies to speak in them: there is a closed Facebook group, about which nobody was told anything at any point, of a few hundred members in which someone posts the forthcoming motion at relatively short notice and people ask to speak on it in the comments. This is the Union's most inclusive form of public speaking, and it is organised clandestinely by a cabal of unidentified officials. Unsurprisingly, the friend who added me is someone who has competed consistently in the schools' debating circuit. Is it any wonder, given this total lack of transparency, that prominent among the

speakers in emergency debates this term have been a number of Union officials, including its Treasurer, its Treasurer-Elect, and its usual interviewer for visiting speakers? The debates are dominated by those who already have a foothold in the society; the system serves them well. For others, it has been demoralising. There is no opportunity for new debaters to hone their skills because they are consistently shut out of Union events.

None of this is unique to the Union. The experience of those trying to enter the world of drama for the first time at university has been like something out of *The Trial*. They want to join one of the drama societies in order to develop their acting skills, but find themselves excluded from these societies by the requirement of auditions which ensure that all places fall to those already trained in drama. Thus in order to join the societies and learn some acting skills, they must first learn the acting skills necessary to qualify to join the societies and learn some acting skills. Apparently no one has questioned this state of

Clearly, these are issues affecting only a minority of clubs. But if we value the notion that an individual should not suffer for lack of prior opportunity, we need to address the issues lurking within the procedures of some of the university's most distinguished organisations that prevent people from freely pursuing the activities in which they want to take part.

This is what is problematic with selective grief

Lola Olufemi



The reaction to Friday's terrorist attacks proves the West has a long way to go in tackling white prejudice

our first response is al-ways: "What can we do Being compelled to act is to help?" the 'human' thing. We fervently ask ourselves: "How can we show support?" – we'll give love, money, anything to make things better. There is something of a unified response to tragedy; we temporarily forget our differences and band together to help one another. This is what I saw when my news feed was flooded with tributes, thoughts and kind messages to those suffering in Paris. This is what I saw in the countless people who temporarily changed their Facebook profile pictures in solidarity. Those small gestures were the ways people said: "I'm thinking about victims." Superficially, it made me want to lean on this idea that this was an inherently 'human' reponse.
Judith Butler puts it well when she

says: "The question that preoccupies me in the light of recent global violence is, who counts as human? Whose lives count as lives? And, finally, what makes for a grievable life?" What struck me about the response to the attacks was how willing people were to share their condolences, their thoughts, anger and messages of hope for people who looked like them. The response taught me that in the face of global violence, lives are not viewed in the same way. If we consider the amount of news coverage given to this event versus attacks

that happened in Lebanon just a day before, we are confronted with the idea that it is easier to 'grieve' for Westerners because their lives are maintained by a power structure that makes them real to us. They are nu-anced multifaceted human beings with families and histories. Nonwhite, non-Western bodies are just collateral damage. I have no doubts that if many people investigated why they were deeply saddened by the Paris attacks and not by the constant, never-ending deaths of non-white bodies on a daily basis, the ultimate

NON-WHITE, NON-WESTERN BODIES ARE JUST **COLLATERAL DAMAGE**

response would be: "Well it is easier to express sorrow for someone who looks like me." It is this kind of selec $tive \, and \, performative \, grief \, that \, meant \,$ that I couldn't properly engage with social media after the attacks because more than a show of solidarity, every change of a profile picture, every tweet, every controversial status felt like a constant reminder that in the face of horrible events, we forget to think critically. When we forget to think critically, we reaffirm the idea that some lives are more important than others

It is possible to express sorrow and condolences while also remembering that France is one of the largest exporters of Islamophobic propaganda and violence that is fuelled purposefully by attacks like this. I had friends whose first reactions were to check that their visibly Muslim friends and family in France were safe, because when Hollande states that France's response will be "ruthless", it is clear that he is not thinking about the non-white bodies that will be discarded in his country's retaliation in the same way he is thinking about white French victims. I see this same idea echoed in the strange demands for Muslims to "condemn" the attacks. I want to be very clear about this; Muslims around the world owe us nothing. Not their apologies, not the signs that they will hold up to tell us these attacks were 'not in their name.' It is truly a sign that we treat Muslim people as a homogenous mass and disallow them agency when we ask them to comment on attacks that are as alien to them as to non-Muslims. If we are working on that basis, the West should 'apologise' from now to the end of time. I wonder what it must be like to switch on the television and have your community scorned, homogenised, to be constantly subjected to violent generalisations. Our insistence on finding someone to blame

to grief. It demonstrates that 'shared humanness' is false because the second the West becomes the victim of violence, it repels non-white bodies and sends them into exile. They are forced to apologise, to console and with every demand we make of them in the face of terror, we rob them of their humanity and their possibility

for a nuanced response.

It hurts to think that people we share space with, friends who we like and admire, unknowingly value Western bodies more than those in the global South. It is sad that they will take their grief as a given and never fully investigate why they can cry for Paris but not for Beirut, or what it means to turn grief into a spectacle. Everywhere is in chaos, but the bubble that we exist in, one that is exaggerated even more by how insular Cambridge is, only ever bursts when white bodies become the victims of violence. It is then that we raise our heads, that the Senior Tutors send around emails, that we observe minutes of silence because we have learnt how to grieve for white people. We have yet to understand what it means to look outside of the West, outside of whiteness and extend that same compassion to the global South. Until we do, the same cycle continues – terror, grief, solidarity. Somehow non-white students find themselves constantly on the outside looking in.

Is Bridgemas good festive fun or not?

This week, Rosie argues in favour of Bridgemas spirit while Lana is a little tired of having too much of a good thing

Rosie Best

e've officially hit the penultimate week of term and it's beginning to look a lot like Bridgemas. I'm currently in three secret Santa groups, my room is draped in tinsel, my Amazon basket is brimming with presents for Cantab friends and it's not even December yet. But what others deem

a premature celebration, I call a healthy dose of the Bridgemas spirit. Forget the scrooges and have yourself a merry little Bridgemas this November.

Bridgemas time, formals and wine. Christmas formals are an undeniable perk of celebrating the Cambridge version of Christmas. While the usual formal entails weird food and impractical gowns, the Bridgemas version is a fest of ugly Christmas jumpers, turkey hats, mulled wine and classic Christmas food that no-one could dislike.

Bridgemas is an opportunity to celebrate Christmas with the

friends we might not see over the holiday sorry, I mean vacation. Bridgemas might be a whole month before the real thing but the early appearance of tinsel in our accommodation or cards in our pigeon holes should not be seen as a cause for irritation, but as the manifestation of the infectious Bridgemas spirit which, like a benevolent cold, is quick to pass from person

to person.

On the first day of Bridgemas my supervisor sent to me...an essay. And on the second, and the third day. By the time we reach the eighth week of term the relentless cycle of work and supervisions has taken its toll and we're all looking for the fairy lights at the end of the tunnel. Bridgemas marks an important milestone: the point at which we can begin to gleefully toboggan downhill towards the end of term. Without Bridgemas to look forward to we would surely emerge from Cambridge after Michaelmas withered and drooping, resembling a parched and neglected Christmas tree.

A Christmas tree without fairy lights, a Christmas dinner without sprouts; a term without Christmas would be both unnatural and miserable. This November I implore you not to be ashamed of your Bridgemas enthusiasm and, as even Scrooge eventually does, to embrace it.

nd so this is Bridgemas. And what have

you done? (Not enough work). Another year over (I'm not a teenager anymore... but in my twenties?!). And a new one just begun (OMG, I'm one year closer to graduating; I need to find out what a CV is and get a job and learn some real life skills). Reaching November 25th is but a reminder that the productive, active, healthy term you insisted you were going to have is a ghost of Michaelmas past.

I'm not against celebrating Christmas in college, but just suggesting - exactly like the queasy realisation after going one green triangle too far into the Quality Street tin – that you can have too much of a good thing. Once December has finally come upon us, and Advent is in full swing, crank up the Mariah Carey and bop to your festive heart's content (though the desire to experience a sweaty bar packed with people in penguin jumpers is another issue altogether).

I'm no Grinch, but the whole commercialisation of Christmas is becoming too militant. We do not need to encourage it. 'Baby, It's Cold Outside'? Erh, no, it's mild. It's November. That's not to say all Christmas songs are inappropriate for Bridgemas. It will be lonely this Bridgemas... in the library. To quote the dulcet

tones of The Pogues, you may well find yourself in the drunk-tank on Bridgemas eve. Before, of course, heading back to the grotto to work your

Lana Crowe

Christmas-motif socks off, my little elves. Let's take a moment for a little reverie. It's Bridgemas morning. You crawl out of bed, switch on your computer and peer coyly into your email inbox. Just as you expected, there's a







Cambridge has given up on the HSPS Tripos



Amiya Nagpal

Instead of splitting the HSPS Tripos, why aren't we improving the course as it stands?

academic pandemonium.

I'll admit that much of it was self-made, but the lack of direction from the Faculty of HSPS certainly contributed to the chaos. The combination of three departments – Archaeology and Anthropology, Politics and International Studies, and Sociology - means there is little centralisation.

Supervisions are arranged on an ad hoc basis among supervisors who don't communicate with one another. Four sets of supervisions on four papers all occur at the same time, adding up to between twenty-four and thirtytwo essays a year. In other arts courses, students have one essay a week, giving them the time to read, plan and write. First year HSPS was quite the opposite. Most writing was done in a sugar-induced delirium. Reading was minimal. Marx was Sparknotes.

HSPS attempts to draw together multiple departments without fully integrating them, often giving the impression that each department operates as an autonomous entity, and is affiliated with HSPS in name only. The argument for separating Archaeology arises as an issue of visibility, and is one that I do not dispute. However, it is worth taking note of the fact that the old Politics, Psychology and Sociology Tripos was always oversubscribed compared to Archaeology and Anthropology. In its final year, 2012, the Archaeology and Anthropology Tripos received 140 applications to PPS's 669. They made 78 and 134 offers respectively.

Separating out Archaeology to help create a "focused core" for the paper, as stated in a previous Varsity article, makes even less sense. Studying both Social and Biological Anthropology, it seems clear to me that Archaeology massively overlaps with these streams. Considering that the old Archaeology and Anthropology Tripos was only retired at the grand old age of 100, it seems clear that the university once agreed, too. This is why the dis-tinction seems arbitrary; why does Archaeology get to detach itself from HSPS, and should other papers, such as Sociology (arguably the most heavily oversubscribed) get their own tri-

A quick UCAS search shows that only 12 universities offer joint honours social science courses in three or more subjects. In this way, especially considering its status, Cambridge is a pioneer of a more flexible model of higher education. HSPS stands at a midpoint between the American Liberal Arts curricula and otherwise more restrictive single-track courses. It allows

thankfully no maths requirement, but I can still combine Assyriology with International Relations, if I so wish. It is the jackpot for the indecisive. It is multidisciplinary; as your understanding grows, ideas and concepts become transferable from one area to another.

But ultimately, it seems clear to me that an institution as rigid as Cambridge just isn't ready for such a flexible model. Application numbers show that the interest is there, but in its current form, HSPS is the wastebasket of the social sciences.



HSPS IS THE WASTEBASKET OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

Borrowing papers extends far and wide, from Education to Philosophy of Science. Theoretically, we can do and be anything. As a concept, that sounds great. But in practice, unmanageable workloads, lecture clashes and illegal combinations of modules show that the problems come from within.

The tripos desperately needs to work out exactly what it wants to be.

to other courses already on offer – the proposed History and Politics Tripos would be an important one to consider. The new Archaeology Tripos is a just one more symptom of the current lack of direction that is unfortuntely characterising the course.

Yet rather than giving up so soon into the course's conception, it may be worthwhile for the faculty to consider investing in centralising the course, by introducing one faculty building and designated coordinators. Instead of working to improve the existing HSPS model, it would seem that officials have simply taken the current teething problems for gospel, used the current intake of HSPS students as guinea-pigs, and effectively decided to give up and call it quits.

Single-track courses are not the answer. The answer lies in making a firm decision about what the course aims to be and implementing that. To work, this needs to be done in combination with an organisational overhaul, and better forums for communication between departments.

The course needs to fully embrace its boldness. The combination of human, social and political is not out of the question, but HSPS, please, define your terms, frame your argument, and be clear about where you stand.

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, seems unaware of her diary's discovery and shows every intention to continue writing. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Litro just awoke to the sound of a loud horn and the smell of burning wheat... Oh thank Instagram it's like totes just a dream; a dream of an event that like totes occurred last week #KKWeek-Seven. Litro ever since Hugo and the Oatie boys crashed the 100th anniversary of the abolition of the hereditary admissions test in protest it's been like actual mayhem in college. Hugo's litro spent like an actual stint in the "can" #PlebSlang. This is totes the kind of sordid vocab I'm gonna have to get used to now that he's like totes "banged up." Urgh FML it's like actually WTF have you done to good ol' English IMHO?! So like now that he's incarcerated and I'm like totes on the set of Prisoners' Wives I figured it's like defo time for me to start

my new life #NewlyImprisonedBoyfriendNewMe.

MiddlySo like as I'm just like gliding to the buttery to start my life among the common populace, or as I should probs say now, "other people," I like totes full on collide with Teddy #MovieMoment. He's all: "Heeey like totes watch where you're go – ÓMG like gin and hold the tonic it's Katrina Kettlewell!" I'm like: "Hehe yeah, like, it totes is." FFS my bourgeois cover is like totes already blown #Busted. Litro, I swear my liquid gold veins must be glowing like jaundice #Impaired-WithImportance. Litro, ever since I spat some wisdom at the Union I've #BNOC. So like, Teddy's all: "Listen, Kitty Kat, you #Feline creative? 'Cause I've just started this new satire mag Keep Off My Arse for like the sexually insecure guardians of Cambridge lawn traditions and you've got like the exact aesthetic and tone of like a totes sick satire columnist." I'm like: "Ted, I'm like totes not so sure... Like, what is there that I can be satire about? There's like litro nothing I know anything about that could be twisted into a parody. Like, how can one utilise sarcasm when we exist in like a totes sincere and sober environment that deserves like the utmost reverence and respect?" Ted's like: "Yeah like I totes get you but like just smack some hyperbole on a benign statement and you're litro #Winning. Bonkers!!! Anyway, like, come to the meeting and you'll totes see what I mean."

Tea-time So like I get to the meeting and Teddy's like: "So guys like welcome to the comedy tent ahay-hay!!! So like the way to satire is to find something that's true, like 'Pennying' and then do like some crazy exaggeration to get 'Cambridge students have litro been drowning girls called Penny in vats of Merlot and then like totes drinking their actual blood.' Got it?"

So, like, we go around the circle and four dick jokes later #BlokeJoke it's my turn. I'm like: "So I was thinking like, 'cause Cambridge is really old, right? So, it could be like, 'BREAKING NEWS: Cambridge is LITRO the oldest University in the actual universe!' I mean, it's actually like the fourth oldest University in the world alone, behind Bologna, Oxford and Salamanca, but like the point still totes stands that it's like really really old. Like, 1209 was like a considerably long time ago." Oh no, what total fuckupery. There's like a collective silence while everyone notes the absence of genitals...
So like Teddy breaks the silence

and is all: "Litro Katrina, you've blown my arse off!" I'm like: "Hehe, Teddy, like what does that like even mean?" He's all: "It's like saying you've blown me away but like, with the word arse #CallThePolice #PottyMouth. But anyway, so like, I think the problem is like you need to be a bit more rude... I'm like, "Oh I totes get it. Like, don't you worry. I can totes be rude."

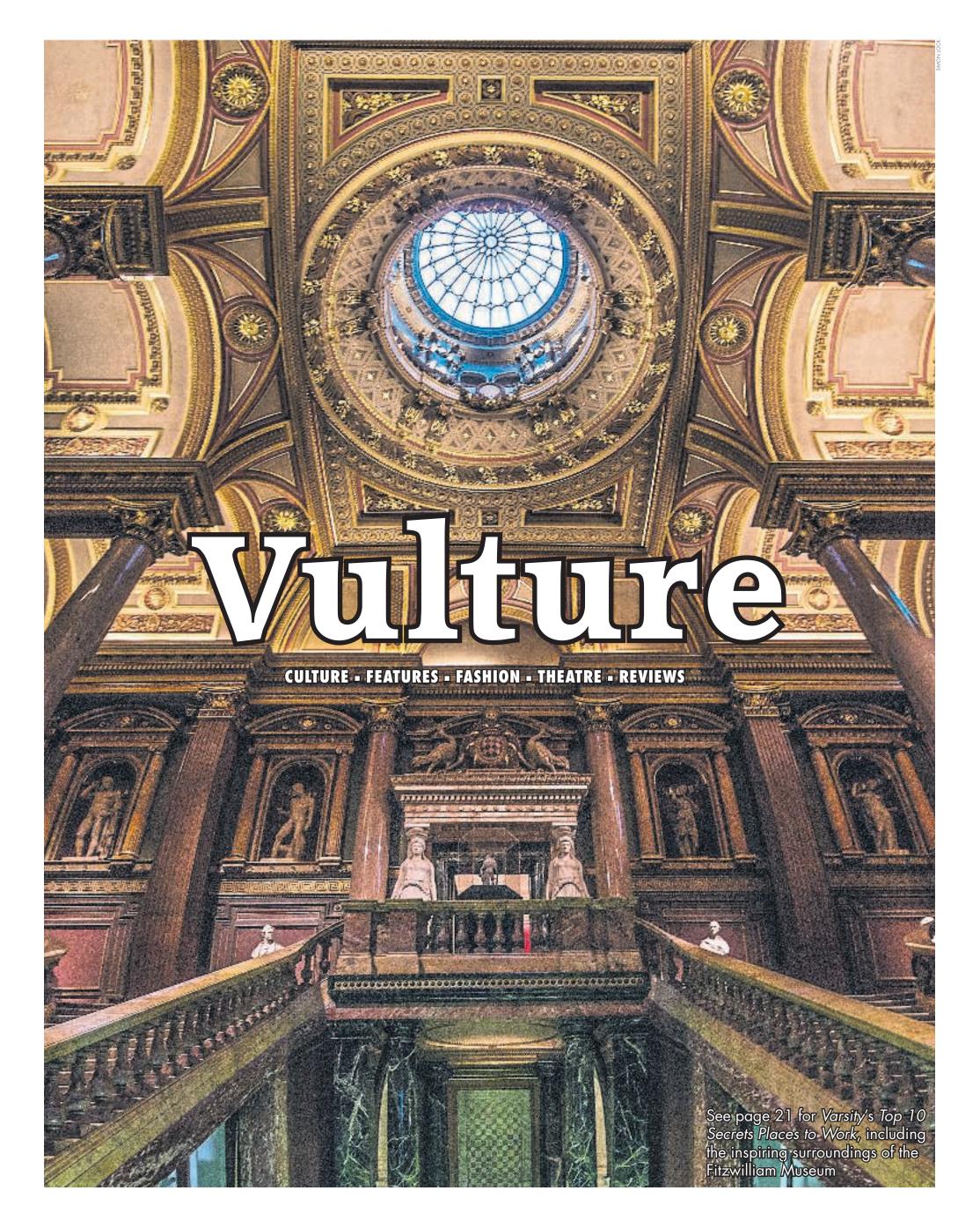
So like, here's my revised version: "BREAKING NEWS: Cambridge is LITRO the oldest University in the universe!

But like, not as old as your Mum.

Totes nailed it.

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





drop the mic

Varsity takes a closer look at the genre where words demand to be heard

From Button Poetry videos shared on Facebook feeds to nights around Cambridge like Hammer and Tongue, Speakeasy and The Verb, the profile of spoken word and slam poetry is rising. A wave of interest fuelled by the internet and the enthusiasm of young people may lead some to dismiss slam poetry as a fad, but oral traditions and spoken word are a form of communication and expression stretching back centuries. In its contemporary format, the first National Poetry Slam was held in 1990 in San Francisco with three teams competing. The competition has run every year since, and this year's competition in Oakland hosted 72 teams. But this phenomenon is not limited to the US. This week, Varsity speaks to spoken word artists and slam poets in Cambridge to find out how they got into spoken word, what this personal, vibrant and often political form of poetry means to them, and their thoughts on the Cambridge scene.

'popping rhymes like bubble gum'

Elizabeth Howcroft talks to first-year Magdalene Student Chay Graham about his spoken word background in his hometown of Brighton

Chay Graham, or MC Shakes as he's known on stage, is a first year NatSci at Magdalene and a spoken word artist of inimitable wit. He recently stormed a college concert with a mixture of raps, poems and songs about his friends and hometown with unforgettable lyrics such as "paper chains of favourite people I itch to intro-duce, I want to see them mix together like my favourite cocktail juice.

How did you first get involved with performance poetry?

I used to rhyme at school with my friends we've always loved rap culture. Now and then in the playground someone would bust a rhyme, and it would snowball into hilarity. I got involved with the youth version of a project called 'Poets versus MCs'. It started when some rappers were performing in a Brighton pub. Some local poets in the audience accused them of being rubbish, and started lyrically dissing them with a variety of poems that they penned on the spot. By this time the pub had packed out with everyone watching. The poets won the battle but agreed to a rematch. Next thing it had turned into an annual show. The performances are fierce.

The audience got quite involved in your performance – you had us doing a Mexican wave at one point. Is the audience an important part of your poetry?

Yes! Coming to it through a community project and being part of a rap collective, rather than a solo performer, made me a lot more aware of connection. Our poetry works best when it's spoken. Being a writer or a performer have different meanings to me.

What do you think is the difference between a writer and a performer?

You might not write something for it to be read; you might just write to clarify your thoughts, or to develop an idea in two-dimensional space. Performance, on the other hand, inherently starts at communication – it's not writing in the same way because, for me, the way I think about the audience affects the writing process. There's a symbiosis between them. I think: "What would someone think listening to this word choice?" rather than: "This word sounds better here to me." I think about what I am telling someone and what it would mean to them.

Who inspires you to write?

All the members of 'Poets vs. MCs'! The reactions of my friends, family, teachers and fans provide me with the fuel for writing. If you and your mates all write poetry and share it with each other then you can make it real, make it happen. Most poetry isn't published. It's shared between mates on a late night, on the beach, and in the kitchen at parties. It doesn't need to be a big thing with the stage and the bright lights. I'd be just as comfortable reading something to a friend as I would be playing to the world.

Have you heard much of the spoken word scene in Cambridge?

Hammer & Tongue looks pretty booming.

Do you think spoken word is a victim of prejudice?

Totally. I think spoken word is treated abysmally by the media. There's an over-emphasis on dead poets being the best poets. The best poets probably live on your street, but don't read their poetry aloud! I think it's something that you're taught to read about and consider

and every now and then a newspaper will claim that poetry is the new rock and roll and there'll be some figurehead who's managed to write some 'proper poetry and they'll pin all their hopes on them to bring it back and to make it contemporary but, in the process, that destroys whatever the person's trying to say. When I started sharing it, friends and family began coming up to me and confessing their own poetry! Before, if you mentioned 'poetry' in a conversation to someone, they'd think GCSE English. But then, wham, it wasn't GCSE English, it was all of us, as people – we were the poets. Living storytellers. We weren't dead poets being studied. We were alive, writing poetry and sharing it, and it was just wicked.

If I asked you to recommend me a poem... Anything by Salena Godden ('I'm Gonna Move Rosy Carrick ('Chokey' in Bangkok').

Finally, do you have any

'Serendipity' 'cracko' 'lenticular' 'boisterous' 'bun' 'loloolol' (said with an 'oo' in the middle) 'mate' 'whatever' 'minger' 'monger' 'skying a drink' 'bounce' 'buff' 'piff'

'bruv' 'ocular' 'stars' 'magic' 'neologism' and I love rhymes you can slam the rhyme hammer with! For example, 'cinematic' and 'systematic' or 'lightning' and 'frightening'. I could go on all day (and sometimes I hang out with other word-lovers and we do!). I love words that rhyme with themselves, like 'humdrum' and 'condom'. Also, science has some great words like 'thermoacidophile' and 'autolithochemotrophic.' I like the Spanish word '¿Que?' and the French word 'fromage' and the Italian word 'spaccare' and the Japanese word 'chokorēto' and I hope as long as I live I keep hearing new



What spoken word means to me

Varsity's culture editors speak to Cambridge spoken word poets

ISIA COWAN received four star reviews at this summer's Edinburgh Fringe Festival for her solo spoken word show Learning to Live. She is a second-year English undergraduate at Corpus Christi.

I first discovered spoken word through YouTube. I'm not quite sure how, but following suggested link after suggested link, I stumbled upon a video of Kate Tempest performing a poem of hers called 'Balance'. After that I watched loads of videos of her in performance. It's strange to think I've seen more performance poetry online, through a screen, than witnessing a real performance. To me, spoken word poetry always

seems that little bit more intimate [than written poetry]. You're not separated from your audience by a page. That's why, for me, it's always been about expressing myself and working through personal stuff – whether that be considering my own past experiences, such as mental health issues, or venting about something that angers or excites me. I like that I can take things I feel or think and put them into rhythm and rhyme, making them tangible in performance. To be honest, I've not really involved myself with the spoken word scene in Cambridge. I feel like I should go along to events such as *Speakeasy* at the ADC but I feel quite intimidated – but that's more a fault of mine than of those who are regulars to these sort of events. I did my own show in the Fringe which boosted my confidence and I would definitely think about performing in spoken word events in Cambridge: I suppose I was put off because a lot of what I have written in the last year has been about the novelty of Cambridge and adjusting to Cambridge life... which I'm not sure other people in Cambridge would be all that interested in! I think there should be more informal events for spoken word.

Charlotte Chorley is a recent Pembroke English graduate and is also this year's CUSU Women's Officer, alongisde being a spoken word per-

Spoken word is so much more than just the acoustics; it's not just speaking. It's a different way of communication, which relies on being hypersensitive to the semantics and the rhythms of language in order to create something beyond the aural. It's about putting together a puzzle of language, using the sounds and reverberations of your mouth to say something more than the individual syllables. For me, when I perform, I imagine I'm painting a picture: the actual words themselves are the frame, but the sounds,

and refracting and reflecting - colour in between the lines. Spoken word is about the whole experience; it's a performance and a creation and a story-telling and a key. It appears effortless, as words tumble out and meters are sprung as if it was just a conversation; but then the internal echoes and linking sounds that pull one sentence to the next tells everyone that this is crafted This has been made by the hands and tongue of an individual, standing in front of you, laying their words bare. Spoken word isn't just speaking. It's listening to itself all the time. It's a dialogue, even if there is only one person in the room. It's rap, and it's poetry, and it's political, and it's prose. It's anything you want

and the way they link together – rhyming

The mainstream: friend or foe?

Watching spoken word artists rub shoulders with pop artists at festivals leaves Anna Jennings conflicted but hopeful for the future of spoken word

"I care about genius / I don't care about celebrity / you only build them up to burn their effigies," proclaims Kate Tempest in 'Renegade'. Yet as I watched her perform to a halfinterested audience at Bestival this summer, strolling across the stage she shared with Charli XCX and Duran Duran, I found myself confused about what the increasing popularisation of spoken word poetry means for the art form.

In the last couple of years, spoken word poetry has expanded massively as a genre, something mass markets have begun to acknowledge. Kate Tempest was shortlisted for the prestigious 2014 Mercury Prize. Cambridge's own George the Poet was nominated for the 2015 Brits Critics' Choice Award and receives airtime on BBC Radio One. Festivals, too, have begun to feature performance poets as main headliners rather than as niche acts.

As an enthusiastic English student who regularly argues with people who say they don't 'get' poetry this is, on one level, fantastic. Finally, poetry is again becoming relevant, accessible, popular. It is

fun. It can be danced to. But it still provides the profundity we have learnt to expect from poetry in its socio-political commentary, and its continued emphasis that there is something more to life than the banalities with which pop music commonly deals.

There is a sort of automatic recoil, however, to this popularisation of spoken word poetry. The obscure, esoteric and quite frankly confusing nature of modernist poetry has created a sense that poetry ought to be difficult and serious. In the twentieth century poetry became an occupation for the intelligent elite, and novels were firmly established as the literature for larger markets.

This means that there is something about spoken word poetry that doesn't feel quite 'right'. Can we label it poetry when it's being broadcast on BBC Radio One, not Four? Is it poetry when it's not being read in some darkened study, but rather danced to by a crowd of thousands? Is it a poem if we can easily understand it?

These are, of course, pretentious preconceptions, lazy stereotypes as to what a poem should be. We should celebrate, not snobbishly disdain, this revitalisation of poetry that attracts the interest of much wider and more diverse audiences. Spoken word poetry can in fact be seen as drawing the genre closer back to its roots – the earliest forms of poetry, such as the Homeric epic, were, we believe, performed set to music and enjoyed by large crowds.

However, the continual placement of spoken word alongside pop and rap music, both on the radio and at festivals, raises the question of how we ought to listen to it. If we are careless, it can become simply

noise – the background hum of a radio, the sound you're drunkenly dancing to. It is at this point, when the meaning is not listened to or cared about, that the popularisation of spoken word ceases to appear

In 'Search Party', George the Poet calls for "social enterprise / better education and decent wages' His poetry is driven by a strong sense of racial and economic injustice, but do we really stop to consider this when it's blasting from a radio or performed as a brief interlude between Jamie XX and Ella Eyre?

The popularisation of spoken word can become its undoing, as its very reason for being created is lost as it spreads to new media. Kate Tempest's messages become problematic too. She attempts to directly and personally address the audience ("so if you want to talk just come find me"), and to show herself to be 'ordinary' ("sitting it out on my stoop with my shoes off ... I'm you mate"). But when she's under the spotlights in front of an audience of thousands these statements no longer seem genuine.

The careless popularisation of spoken word can leave it without meaning, without substance. But the solution to this is not to avoid popularising it, but rather to give it time to develop new techniques to combat the challenges it faces as a genre. The popularisation of the spoken word brings new energy, excitement, and funding to poetry, which is most certainly a good thing. The inevitable consequence is that the poetry is experienced in different ways some profound and reflective, some, well, not. As I leaned in, sober, to hear Kate Tempest's words, the fancy dress crowd behind me pushed into my back, shouting about a selfie. I sighed.

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#polofest

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ASNC Common Room

The cliché 'you don't have to be mad to work here, but it helps!' really does apply to this department. Located on the top floor of the English Faculty, the ASNC common room is dominated by a huge table for spreading out all of your Norse mythology. The wall-to-wall glass windows on one side compliment the bookshelves on the other, and bright furniture lends the room a relaxed and eclectic feel. True to form, there are a couple of Viking helmets lying around, but the room can be used by anyone who wants to escape the sterile halls of the UL and embrace something a little bit different.





English Library, Newman's Corner

The perfect place to relax and spend a few minutes – or hours – this alcove on the second floor of the English library is dedicated to the memory of Harry Newman Jr, 1921-2001. What is so special about this man, I hear you ask? Well, he re-founded a little known newspaper called *Varsity* – in his words "over a bottle of sherry in John's". Newman, we salute you. But we also strongly encourage you to head to this cosy spot: just make sure you don't accidentally fall into a beanbag coma.

Fitzwilliam Museum

The chance to study sat under-neath a Monet, Renoir or Signac is something quite special.
Throughout the three floors of this neo-classical Cambridge icon, there are plush leather seats you can sink into for the day and gaze up at the nearly half a million artworks the museum holds. The high ceilings, polished floors and the gentle passing by of strangers create the perfect atmosphere for contemplative reading. There's also a café on the bottom floor of the Museum, and even a dedicated reading





Judge Business School Café

The Judge Business School turned 25 in 2015, so in Cambridge years, that's about.. one? Regardless, celebrate with them in their cafe, a light, open space on the first floor of this space on the first floor of this colour explosion hidden away on Trumpington Street. The interior is a cross between Funky Funhouse and Hogwarts, with technicolor staircases criss-crossing from floor to floor and MBA students strid-ing around clutching Macbooks. The entrepreneurial spirit will inspire you to power through your essay, and maybe even found a start-up, all in a day's work.

Hot Numbers

While not technically designed for studying, working in a coffee shop is one of the simplest pleasures of being a student. The newly-opened Espresso bar opposite the Engineering Faculty features soft lighting, comfy window seats and wide tables to help you relax and maybe even start to enjoy Roman Law. Much more importantly though, Hot Numbers really cares about its coffee, which is roasted and brewed in huge gleaming silver machines right in front of you. With happy-go-lucky acoustics and animated chatter rising and falling, it's hard to be in a bad mood in this place.



Top 10 Secret Places to Study

In the second of a mini-series on "Top Ten Secret...", Katie Wetherall reviews the secret work spaces around Cambridge using the Space Finder website



Divinity Library

Choose between the entrance floor or higher mezzanine levels, either provide a calm but intensive working atmosphere. The circular architecture and glass ceilings provide plenty of light and a spacious atmosphere. This is the place to hammer out an essay efficiently. For those moments when you feel the sugar levels dropping, wait until the 4.30pm teatime and grab some biscuits or sweets at the front desk.

Afternoon Tease

Near Jesus College on King Street, this independent cafe is certainly off the beaten track and a hidden gem. If you're partial to working in the hustle and bustle of a cafe, this is the one to go for. Wifi is available and it stays open until 6pm. Whilst there, make sure you try one of their Earl Grey tea cakes, the caffeine/sugar will keep you going through those dull essay





Scott Polar Research Institute

With its huge glass dome and spacious working area, this place is perfect for those who like quiet, naturally lit spaces. It often feels like you are the only one in the library – that is, until it hits teatime at 10.30 and suddenly a whole host of librarians emerge from unknown orifices, only to disappear once more after feeding (you can even try to wangle yourself a leftover biscuit). If you ever need a break head to the Polar museum downstairs. Exhibits of Shackleton's expedition are sure to inspire you, or at least make you feel guilty for not doing enough with your life.

The Grad Cafe

This is normally a delightfully deserted spot on Granta Place where you can grab a table, a comfy armchair and stare out over the river dawdling by. There's natural daylight, plug sockets, free WiFi and delicious smells constantly emanating from the kitchen – though you don't need to buy anything to stay for the day. Venturing here as an undergrad may be the biggest act of defiance you've ever committed, but swallow back the fear and it'll be worth it.





The Whipple Library & Museum

For History and Philosophy of Science students this may be a home from home, but most of us have stopped short of walking into the Whipple so far. The main library has computers, power sockets and wide tables close to the bookshelves for convenience if carrying heavy volumes, as well as private study desks. The intricate scientific instruments on display throughout give a powerful sense of history, and it's definitely worth dipping into the Museum's diverse exhibitions as a break

CUCRAG IN CALAI

Cambridge University Calais Refugee Action Group made a two-day trip to Calais on 13th November to help with relief efforts

▼ housands of dispossessed people from flashpoints in the Middle East and Africa are currently seeking refuge in Europe, and it's only now that many of us in the UK are becoming aware of the scale of the crisis unfolding on our doorstep. It's time to do something to help. Last weekend, the Cambridge University Calais Refugee Action Group (CUCRAG) organised a trip to Calais for 10 students keen to volunteer directly

in the relief efforts.

Although a refugee camp has existed in the dunes east of Calais since 1999, over the past year more people have arrived than ever before. It's estimated that in the last month the camps, now called the 'the jungle', have doubled in size. They now support a population of around 6,000, the vast majority of whom wish to seek asylum in the UK. While some aspects of the camp have an air of semi-permanence, with gravel roads wide enough to fit a car, makeshift shops and eateries, there are no services to speak of. Rubbish is collected occasionally, electricity is limited to the occasional

generator, and only in the past few weeks has

a French charity started regularly disposing of

the camp's faecal waste. The majority of people

still live in small, frail tents of the kind used for camping holidays, though much effort is being made to change this. The French authorities appear to be contributing little towards the provision of the most basic services, and have allegedly disallowed fire engines and ambulances from entering the camps, deeming it a security risk to their personnel. By contrast, the *Gendarmerie* are found all around the

perimeters and inside the camps, clad in body armour and often carrying

> Working alongside the charity CalAid, the CUCRAG volunteers were involved in providing essential goods and services to people living in the Calais refugee camps on the inaugural trip. While CalAid and other charities have been receiving large numbers of donations -

cially of clothing, food and hygiene products - there have simply not been enough people working to sort through the donations and get them out of warehouse storage and to the people who need them most. Everyone on the CUCRAG trip spent some time going through this vast backlog, eparating the less practical items (high heels, a wedding dress, contact lenses) from things which were of immediate use for people living without adequate heating, cooking facilities running water, or any means to stay clean and dry. There remains a dearth in some essential goods: shoes, small and extra small items of men's clothing, oil and salt were just a few of the things that volunteers felt were badly needed. The group also took on a number of goods distributions, driving large quantities of things to the camps

to be given away en masse. Three volunteers gave away approximately 150 coats in a single afternoon, making sure the queue did not get out of hand and that an efficient service was provided that benefitted as many peo-

ple as possible. Overall, our group was involved in four such distributions, providing not only coats but toiletries, socks, hats, jackets, and t-shirts.

A number of volunteers remained in the warehouse, helping to construct shelters that might afford better protection than a tent in the cold, damp northern winter. Made of six major parts and easy to transport to the camps for assembly on site, the shelters are insulated and windowless, three metres wide by four metres long. Though very far from ideal, the shelters are capable

of housing four or so people and are much cleaner, safer, and warmer than the tents that house most people in the camps. Over the course of the weekend, the volunteers were involved in constructing 10 shelters and assembling four on site.

From the refugee camps, it is possible to see both the neat and prosperous suburbs of Calais, and the white cliffs of Dover. The camp itself, how-

ever, is a place outside any legal or national frameworks, where people live in some of the most squalid conditions to be found in Europe, entirely reliant on the (sometimes haphazard) support of a few British and French charities and the continuing flow of donations from across Europe. Although the 10 CUCRAG volunteers could only spend two full days at the CalAid warehouse and in the camps, the work they did could make the difference between life and death for the thousands of people spending the winter months in dire poverty and political limbo on the shores of the English Channel.

Tom Tyson

Next trip this term: 27th-29th November Join our Facebook page here for updates: https://www.facebook.com/groups/1618633171690 793/?fref=ts

HE VARSITY Set by Genie

Across

- Old woman shoes
- horses for eating (6,5) To hire a musical (4)
- Copper in crest makes a bit of a bloomer (5)
- Cheese is made
- backwards (4)
- 10. Spirit mixed with
- ecstasy makes bug (5) 12. Discover the French
- about old feline (6) 15. To comment about
- man (6)
- 16. Game for revolutionary with ship (5) 18. Jelly held by zigzag
- array (4)
- 19. Let us now chew ham initially, as meal (5) 21. Raze abnormal book
- 22. Message received by religious leader with time, he was framed (5.6)

Down

- Cook interrupted by love with a large ape (7)
- Crazv like Brazil (4)
- Wealthy young professional is unknown dog without a penny (5)
- Large amount to grind one functioning (7)
- Visionary mixed palette with hydrogen (8)
- Girl says prayer (5)
- 11. Hat is dull with gold backing (8)
- 13. Chocolate filling containing oxygen instead of a protein constituent (7)
- - 14. Stop following a snake on the road (7)
 - 15. Correct, not port. (5)
 - 17 Hesitation after hotel centre (5)
 - 20. Ingredient in kosher beef (4)

Solutions will be available online at www.varsitv.co.uk after the first correct entry is submitted to editor@varsity.co.uk

Congratulations to Jake Choules and to Tom Merry, both of Fitzwilliam College, for submitting the first correct answers to Issue 798 and 797 respectively.

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Ah, the festive season. 'Tis the time to be jolly and revel in all things merry: except in what you'll almost certainly be wearing.

Holidays year round garner their own particular aesthetic, with the commercially crass hearts of Valentine, to the eye-sore bunny ears of Easter, and the attempted expressions of "interpretation" at Halloween. Yet the calendar year culminates in perhaps the tackiest holiday of all, and should you subscribe to any of the below, you should blush with shame as red as Rudolph's nose. If not, then join me and bask in the icy towers of Grinchendom.

These hats have about as much structural integrity as your dignity. Ill-coloured and easily torn, these inventions are a statement of your temporal flimsiness - either commit to the bolder permanence of a Santa hat (God forbid, see below) or wear nothing at all. Moreover, I can't help but cringe at the rate at which they spread. As soon as one person wears one, a chain reaction plague of paper hats ('paper' and 'hats' being two words that should never be used in conjunction with one another, I might add) takes the dinner table by storm, rendering your family scene with an aesthetic that resembles a poorly made Hallmarks card. The only thing these hats should be crowning is the bottom of a rubbish bin when torn in two.

Christmas Cracker "Jewellery":

Sharing the same womb of cheap commercialism of Christmas crackers as paper hats, the so-called "jewellery" yielded is also sentenced to the bottom of the bin. Whether it be a supposed diamond ring (pause here for a scoff) or a hairclip, it is frankly laughable that their production was ever commissioned in the first place.

Christmas Jumpers:

Ron Weasley, I'm sure, would take one of his mother's christmas jumpers over the current disease of today's christmas jumpers faster than he could say 'Hermione'. The plethora of jumpers nowadays, with their flashing lights, garish use of red, absolute abuse of the colour

burgundy, and use of text, usually a variant of the word 'festive', is, as are all clothes which bear writing on them, unforgivable. As such, one should take joy in Made in Chelsea's Mark-Francis' damning charge against Christmas jumpers: "I put you in the same category as a battery chicken.

Santa Hats:

To wear a Santa hat is to generally fall into two categories: you're a drunk at a Boxing Day pub quiz, or you're a middle-aged parent attempting to compensate for the lie you told us as children. My willingness to excuse Santa hats extends only to Santa Claus himself, and as he is confined to the realm of fiction and nonexistence (take the validity of my exemption of him how you will).

Tinsel "scarves":

As scratchy and itchy as the personality of those that wear them, refashioning pieces of tinsel to resemble a scarf is festive appropriation taken too far. At least it conceals your Christmas jumper beneath though there is a silver-tinselled lining.

Onesies:

Return it to the rack in Primark from whence it came. They are not cute. They do not qualify as a costume. Nor do they qualify as pyjamas. Their function and existence in this world is as confused and misguided as your deci-

sion to purchase one. Onesies are one thing: the ultimate sign of

Stockings:
Should stockings actually fit anyone out there, then might I suggest you put down the minced pie(s) you're currently holding. And to Big Foot, may you have a warm and comfortable-footed Christmas. Oliver Yeates







A Lifelong Relationship with Shoes

Meg Honigmann

hen I was six years old, I won a drawing competition. The competition asked entrants to draw their favourite thing and to caption it with the reason why. I am fairly sure that my wonky rendition of high heels – closer in appearance to a pair of fairground slides – were not the cause of my winning; instead the caption "because you can see a lot when you wear them" must have been endearing enough (and all-too-literal) to snatch me the prize.

A few weeks ago I dug out a reproduction of my winning entry, and glanced at that familiar caption on the back. I come from a family who have never really worn heels - my hints and persuasions to my mum and even gran have always just been met with non-committal responses that flower into nothing – so to my later self my basis for such a specific "favourite thing" at such a young age seems strange and confusing. I have no memories of putting on

a pair of heels and "seeing more". It is easy to read new meanings into my earlier actions and thoughts. Did I mean that with heels on, more of the world would be open to me? Were heels a metaphor for power? I wonder at the difference the notion of those three-to-five inches of leather and plastic made on an impressionable mind. A mind that, 13 years later, still can't shake off the excitement of new shoes.

Why shoes? What makes shoes - particularly heels - so special? The answer, or at least part of it, came to me as I listened to an interview with the CEO of Jimmy Choo. She spoke about loving shoes because no matter whether she is having a fat day or bad-hair day, her shoes always fit. It was a revelation to me: shoes always fit. *Shoes always fit.* I turned the phrase over and over in my head, and as I walked through the streets of Cambridge my eyes were glued to people's shoes. Among the blur of black and comfort, my eyes sought out flashes of colour and the striking architecture of a well-formed heel. "Give a girl the right shoes," said Marilyn Monroe, "and she can

conquer the world". And along the skyline of the greatest cities in the world, the spikes of the highest and best designed buildings are like the best heels: the Manolos, the Louboutins, the Empire State Building, the Shard. The world, and the world of shoes, became blurred into one idea of architectural success.

Though I'm not sure where my obsession with shoes started, TV icons are certainly to blame as the catalyst. Carrie Bradshaw may devote a certain proportion of her time to both sex and the city – but the most-talked-about character in the show is really her shoes. The show even turned Manolo Blahnik from an indie shoe designer into a household name. One episode will forever encapsulate my feelings: when you watch 'A Woman's Right to Shoes', you'll know what I mean. At Guy Bourdin's . Image Maker exhibition at Somerset House earlier this year, I was reminded of the bridge that heels make between seeing and feeling. They not only look beautiful completely alone, but enhance the wearer, and the wearer's perception of herself. Victoria Beckham once said

that she "couldn't concentrate in flats", which says more about heels than it does about flats. The level of concentration required when wearing heels – not to trip, or go over on your ankle – means that you hold yourself in a more assured and calm way than you would in any old pair of beaten-up trainers.

I bought my first two pairs of designer heels this summer, and they are the very best I could have imagined. The first – a pair of Rupert Sanderson's – are made in an electric pink raw satin, and are cut in the most intricate way. The second – a pair by Camilla Elphick – are a deep cherry red patent leather sandal, with nude barely-there straps, and a royal flush of playing cards picked out in satin on the heel. Though many would say that shoes are a shallow investment, and money can be better spent elsewhere (which - don't get me wrong - is certainly true), any connection I still have with my six-year-old self I am determined to cherish. And, while I don't still think that I see much "more when I wear them", I certainly feel

WINTER STREET STYLE



Dominic: coat, charity shop

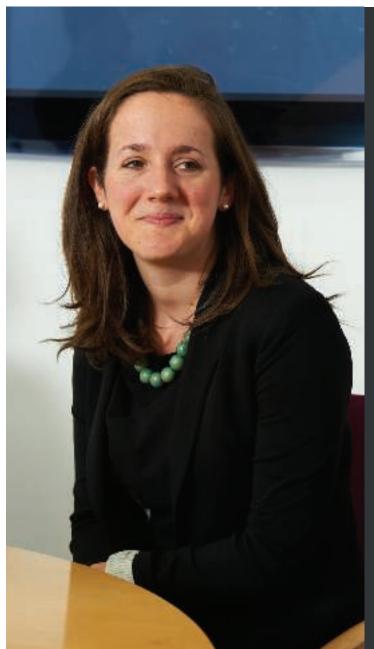
Eleanor: coat, River Island



Quin: coat, Uniglo

Alice: coat, vintage shop in Paris





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It's behind You!

Panto season is upon us and Laura Robinson is on hand to delve into the history of this not-quite-so-British institution

veryone hates to love Pantomime. Each year garish posters for *Cinderella* and *Jack and the Beanstalk* are slapped onto walls and pushed through letterboxes, the faces of an XFactor reject and the bloke from Eastenders looming from them with polished teeth and glittering eyes. Playhouses compete to land a crowd-pulling name, the *crème de la crème* plucked straight from the Mail Online's Showbiz section, and smother their lack of acting talent in sparkles and wigs. Despite the ridiculousness of it all, pantomime is embraced each year, with sell-out productions and large profit margins, offering all-inclusive, family-friendly entertainment that takes advantage of that core value of Christmas, as well as offering an escape for the nation from the six o'clock news. It has tickled the hearts of the British for over 500 years, and while we may laud it as a British institution, its origins are firmly planted in Ancient Greece, the mummery plays of the Middle Ages, and most significantly, Italy.

Commedia dell'arte was a form of Italian theatre that emphasised the physicality of the performance and the manner in which it is enacted, rather than the subject of the play. Masks, music, dance and acrobatics were all employed, there was no script, only improvisation, and the art form utilised a set of stock characters to place further emphasis upon the play's performative art, rather than its narrative. Usually the characters consisted of a pair of star-crossed lovers, an old man, and a slew of servants, the names altered depending upon the Italian province and country in which the production was being performed. Since the commedia dell'arte was a travelling form of theatre, it soon spread beyond the Alps into the fairgrounds and markets of France, and then into Britain by the seventeenth century.

Its success was immediate: by the 1660s, stock characters from the commedia dell'arte were incorporated into English plays, usually as light comic relief at the end of more 'highbrow' cultural entertainment, and named 'harlequinades'. These would follow Harlequin and Columbine, two lovers who drew the fury of Columbine's father, Pantaloon, and the bumbling Clown. Chase scenes, magic, and a large amount of

slapstick proved a hit with audiences, and in the early eighteenth century, rivalries began to spring up between theatres in London staging commedia dell'arte performances. After the restoration of Charles II, only three theatres were licensed to perform 'spoken drama,' and so the early harlequinades, up until 1843, were mainly dumb shows. Despite this, John Rich, the manager of the Lincoln's Inn Theatre and the Theatre Royal, saw the success of the Commedia characters, and made them the focus of the performance, rather than being tagged onto the end of one or played during the intermission as comedic relief.

Over time, the harlequinade grew longer in running time until it was a performance in and of itself. The opening drama, usually a story from the Classical world, or as was popular in the 1800s, a fairytale, would transform itself

through the introduction of a Fairy Godmother character into the harlequinade setting, adapting the characters into their new identities as harlequinade characters. With the ascension of Queen Victoria, and the marked emphasis placed upon Christmas during her reign, pantomimes became exclusive to that season, rather than being performed throughout the year. By the 1840s, the harlequinades were stretched to ridiculousness with names such as 'Harlequin and the Tyrant of Gobblemupandshrunkemdowno.' Then, after the passing of the Theatres Act of 1843 (which permitted spoken dialogue to be performed in all theatres) and the rise of the music hall, the burlesque and comic opera became popular, and the harlequinade lost its magic. It was soon reduced to its pre-eminence, as a comedic intermission or prologue, until it died out by the middle of the twentieth century.

Despite this, features of the harle-quinade have evolved the pantomime into what it is today: the tomfoolery and slapstick still exists, as well as the stock characters (the protagonist, their romantic interest, the parental Panto Dame, the Clown and the Villain). The separation of narrative based drama and physical comedy that theatres employed since the 1700s merged to create the pantomime, with its spectacle of magic and transformation as well as its bawdy puns and audience participation.

It is easy to dismiss and ridicule the pantomime as 'low-culture' when Jason Donovan is plastered on an advertising board for one, but its popularity for over half a millennium highlights it as a form of culture filling a contemporary cultural gap: in the past it was because its slapstick humour could be easily mimed and enjoyed exterior to the patent theatres, and now it is because its family friendly nature takes advantage of the Christmas values so prone to sentimentality and nostalgia. Its 'low-culture' label is even being compromised, with Sir Ian McKellen taking the stage as Widow Twankey in the Old Vic's *Aladdin* in 2013, and playwright Mark Ravenhill penning the Barbican's first pantomime, *Dick Whittington*.

The art form is constantly evolving and renewing itself to contemporary demands and gaps, and in another 500 years, a different strain will be bred anew, and a new generation will hate to love the pantomime.

THE VARSITY GUIDE TO:

PANTO!

Panto Dame – Basically the best character. Makes sly, sexual jokes and normally changes costume a gazillion times. Spirit animal.

Buttons – A character created to tell bad jokes in 'Cinderella', and follow her about like a lovesick puppy. Not Disney, not relevant.

Fairy Godmother – Really kind, really sweet, really magical, really boring.

"It's Behind You!" – Usually you have to shout this out a few times because the protagonist has major trust issues/hasn't watched horror films.

"Oh Yes It/He/She [insert pronoun here] Is!"/"Oh No It/He/She [insert pronoun here] Isn't!" — A disagreeing exchange between the villain and the audience. Like PMQs, but less camp.

"Boo! Hiss!" – When the villain comes on stage, shout this as loud as you can to ruin their self-esteem.

Skin parts – Actors acting as animals. Watch two men in a cow costume with an embarrassing lack of coordination try and tap dance.

Dad Jokes – The kind of jokes that your Dad tells you (the embarrassingly bad ones). Eg:

Panto Dame: I'm so tired. I can't go any further. I'm absolutely knickered. Buttons: Do you mean knackered? Panto Dame: No, knickered. My breath's coming in short pants.

Cue groans.



Runtalene und Harleken der altem Rationischen Comodie.

PANTOWATCH

Tis the season to get drunk at a matinee. Varsity brings you Cambridge's best options.

CUADC/Footlights Pantomime 2015: Robin Hood

The CUADC/Footlights combination strikes again! As they build upon the immense popularity of the pantomimes they have staged over the past few years (previous productions included *The Princess and the Pea* and last year's *The Emperor's New Clothes*), this year they craft the tale of *Robin Hood*, incorporating the well-known combination of Marxism and talking trees into their ADC headliner. Featuring a hefty cast of "the cream of Cambridge's comedy and musical worlds" and Will Scarlett, you can't miss 'Robin Hood' (really, it's on for two weeks).

Wednesday 25th November – Saturday 5th December [Sunday 29th excluding], 7.45pm, ADC. Matinees on Friday 27th and Saturday 28th November and Tuesday 1st, Thursday 3rd and Saturday 5th December 2.30pm, ADC.

Mighty Players Panto: Poison Apple

Last year we had the Biochemistry Department pantomime, a Christ's College pantomime, and *A Very Girton Pantomime* (set in a land far, far away), and it seems everyone has given up on achieving their dreams of panto this year. All except, of course, the Mighty Players, who have channelled their namesake into bringing us a mash-up between *Snow White* and *Cinderella*. Gifting us with cross-dressing, social media, and a character called Chardonnay, the Mighty Players have promised that it will be "at least the second best student panto in Cambridge this Michaelmas". Modest thespians, who would have thought it?

Friday 27th November, 7.30pm and Saturday 28th November, 1pm, The Diamond, Selwyn College

Cinderella

The Cambridge Arts Theatre is the annual host of the pantomime for the residents of Cambridge, performing a classic, popular story with all the traditional trimmings. The cast includes Rosemary Ashe, Suzie Mathers, and a bunch of other actors and actresses from the West End who you've probably never heard of. As usual, there will be confusion over exactly who Buttons is ("he's not in the Disney film! Disney is canon!"), the stepmother and sisters in drag, and a reminder of your old age and bitter cynicism as laughing, happy children surround you. Fun all round, then.

Thursday 3rd December – Sunday 17th January, The Cambridge Arts Theatre. Times vary, check the schedule at https://www.cambridgeartstheatre.com







e like retelling stories. Whether it's some gossip, a fairytale or one of Homer's epics, an undeniable part of the pleasure of storytelling lies in taking a tale — which communicates something interesting, something we do or don't like — and sharing it in a considerably, subtly, or not at all altered form. Stories are vehicles through which each generation can impart to the next ideas of morality and philosophy, or simply provide some no-nonsense entertainment.

This predilection manifests itself in stage adaptations of classic novels — we loved them in one form, and hope to spread our love through a different medium, reaching a new audience, or even the same audience in a newly potent way. Just look at this Michaelmas term, which is positively awash with adaptations: Frankenstein and The Master & Margarita occupied main slots at the ADC, a riotously funny student-written adaptation of Tristram Shandy made quite a splash, and Coram Boy is following, having begun on 17th November.

The number of such shows indicates the public's appetite for adaptations; yet there is a persistent, vocal contingent of theatregoers who lambast the very notion of staging a novel, dismissing these endeavours as unsatisfactorily unoriginal, at best. But to denounce the repurposing of a novel for the stage as unoriginal is to miss one of the beautiful opportunities which translation affords. Obviously, something is lost. In every act of translation — be it linguistic or, as here, between different media — something is lost: Mary Shelley's prose, for instance, cannot be reproduced on stage to be appreciated as one would on the page. Adaptations, however, can be powerfully constructive, providing value the original never could. The opportunity to witness Benedict Cumberbatch's alternate performances as Frankenstein and his Creature is a visceral pleasure of momentous

dramatic power only made possible through a willingness to appropriate a classic text.

Or take Shakespeare, for example. There was a man so bursting with originality that he often coined words whenever the established lexicon proved inadequate, yet he nevertheless looked to previously told tales to provide the foundations for his work: the figure of King Lear appears in an 1136 'history' of Britain written by Geoffrey of Monmouth; Troilus and Cressida charts a tale previously told two centuries earlier in a poem by Chaucer, who (of course) had himself adapted the work of an Italian author, Boccaccio; Hamlet, meanwhile, is a clear homage to The Lion King. But the Bard's plays, crucially, are not dismissed as pale shadows of their sources; indeed, our cultural storehouse has inarguably been enriched by their lyrical beauty, linguistic dexterity and dramatic power — these mere 'adaptations' have transcended their sources, relegating their position as adaptations to the status of a footnote. To focus on the superficial unoriginality of making use of a preexisting plot is to neglect the remarkable, laudable creativity required to craft what is inarguably a new artwork.

As new, free-standing works of art, these adaptations ought to be judged accordingly. Complaints about the precise ways in which the original work has been cut or expanded are irrelevant — the new piece must be judged on its own merits, in terms of the extent of its individual artistic worth. Protestations of changes made to the original amount to 'It's different' — of course it's different, it's a stage adaptation, not a reprint of the novel, but difference does not intrinsically equate to poor quality. Again, we don't (nor should we) care that Shakespeare deviated from his sources (or even from history) in his writings, because their artistic merit is of the greatest interest.

This logical method of assessing adaptations undercuts a second common objection to the practice, namely that a bad adaptation thoroughly violates the original, pausing only to ravish childhoods en route. The idea that the adapted novel will be adulterated somehow made a lesser work of art — is, of course, preposterous. You might not like the new product, but its existence neither precludes the original's continued existence nor enduring quality. Nick Dear, whilst penning his Frankenstein adaptation, didn't burn every copy of Shelley's work. Tim Minchin and Dennis Kelly's marvellous *Matilda the* Musical has not replaced the Roald Dahl original, but rather, as a discrete cultural artefact, occupies a separate space, offering an experience which the novel form is simply incapable of producing. Lloyd Webber's Joseph and Jesus Christ Superstar might not best please some Bible devotees, but the man didn't rewrite the Old Testament, he composed a musical. Even if an adaptation is terrible (whether subjectively or objectively), it is ultimately harmless — the original is untouched, pristine, existing just as it did

The production of human culture is defined by our penchant for remixing the old to craft the new: whether that means channeling the spirit of an older work — its broad outline or general feeling — or reframing the same intellectual property within a new medium to forge a new, often valuable artwork. To disparage and dismiss the practice of page to stage adaptation is to misunderstand this highly creative, productive and valuable process which has for centuries occupied a central position in the creation of human culture. Without a willingness to translate existing works of art into new media, Shakespeare would have been rather less prolific, and we would be without the song 'Hakuna Matata'. It doesn't bear thinking about.

Jamie P. Robson



Film: He Named Me Malala





avis Guggenheim, director of the Oscar-winning documentary An Inconvenient Truth, here turns his attention to the incredible story of Pakistani teenager Malala Yousafzai. Shot in the head by the Taliban for speaking out in support of women's education, she not only recovered but has become one of the most famous teenagers in the world, known for her determined campaigning for women's rights and unwavering faith in the liberating power of education. Guggenheim's documentary effectively explores both the public persona and private individual that is Malala, using a combination of historical news footage and vivid animation to trace the development of her identity through its social and familial contexts. While sometimes lacking focus, the film finely balances humour and tragedy in a way that makes it entertaining but also profoundly moving.

At the beginning, animation is used to bring to life the story of the Afghani folk hero that Malala is named after: Malalai of Maiwand. With a rallying speech, she helped Pashtun fighters to a famous victory against the British, but was shot and killed in battle. Exploiting the uncanny parallels between Malalai's and Malala's stories, next we are faced with the immediate aftermath of Malala's shooting, as told through news reports, images of Malala in a

coma, and her father reflecting on how he felt at the time, including his belief that Malala was thinking: "I was a child, you should have stopped me." This juxtaposition of folk history and tragic reality sets up a tension between Malala the idealised, indomitable figure and Malala the ordinary, vulnerable human being.

The film's structure consists of contrasts like this: it is largely backand-forth between Malala's present and an establishing of the events leading up to her shooting. In the first scene we get to know Malala as a real, flawed individual, exploring her relationship with her family as well as the difficulties she faces adapting to a new country, culture and school. This is often humorous, as when her confident youngest brother says: "She is a little bit naughty." In contrast, the retrospective narrative details the rise of the Taliban in the Swat valley, and the terrifying transformation of its society brought about by their radical views: we see striking images of the Taliban burning huge piles of modern technological equipment. The shifts between Malala's present in Birmingham and her past in the Swat valley highlight the differences between the two. Yet this becomes less effective through overuse, and sometimes means the film lacks

Unlike Malala's 2013 memoir *I Am Malala*, this film's title suggests it is

not only about her; it focuses on her father Ziauddin Yousafzai almost as much. Beautiful animation is used to relate his story, where the power of his speech is visualised through flame-like letters in the air. We learn about Ziauddin's relationship with his father, his passion for education as a schoolteacher, his marriage to Malala's mother, his principled resistance to the terror of the Taliban, and, most touchingly, his stammer. He is clearly a strong influence on Malala, but the focus on him is excessive. especially as much less is said about Malala's mother, who is simply characterised as "beautiful" but uneducated. Unfortunately, the film doesn't distinguish Malala enough as a figure independent of her father, undermining her claim that: "My father only gave me the name Malalai. He didn't make me Malalai."

Overall, He Named Me Malala succeeds as an emotive but authentic tale of Malala's life to date. Richly artistic animation and Thomas Newman's appropriately stirring soundtrack add feeling to the layering of historical and contemporary video and audio. Towards its end, the film returns to the aftermath of Malala's shooting. Now, in the light of its double focus on her life before and after this terrible event, we understand better how she can be both ordinary schoolgirl and Nobel Peace Prize co-recipient.

Ben Rossington



TV: Peep Show

he El Dude brothers are back for their ninth series, but some things have changed. Jez and Mark have not seen each other since their argument over Dobby, Mark has a new "rebound brother" flatmate, and Super Hans is sober. Of course none of this lasts long. Mark's longing for the situation to degenerate is soon fulfilled, and we are returned to a format we know and love so well. Unfortunately, the transition from new to old dominates the entire episode, making it feel like an unnecessarily long exposition to the series, especially as each series has only six episodes.

The episode opens with a perfect conflict of internal monologues, which immediately makes one remember why the unique perspective is so loved by its loyal fan base. The fight over Dobby still divides them, and Mark has moved on while Jez sleeps in Super Hans' bath. Jez's pitiful optimism leaves us feeling even worse for him as Mark sells him a £3,000 loan from his new job in a phone-shop-esque bank. Mark's new colleague and flatmate Jerry is all the boring bits of Mark without any of the endearing similarities he

shares with Jez. Mark's attempts to avoid a William Morris documentary are thwarted, and in trying to deter Jez from moving back in he seems to deter himself: "We're stick-in-themuds who like nothing better than watching Civilisation with Kenneth Clark whilst eating artichokes and sea bream." Jez knows Mark far too well, and can see behind the façade of his breadstick cigar sophistication: "I've watched Grand Designs with you. That smile when some eco-glass gets delayed on its way from Antwerp and the nice couple gets pushed over budget. That's the real you." It is only a matter of time until Jez is in and

Peep Show's reflections on mundanity have gone nowhere, nor has Mark's historic megalomania.



Solidarity is created with the audience over futons, awkward situations, and balancing intellectuality with indulging simple pleasures: "I want to read my Napoleon correspondence AND watch *Storage Hunters*. Does that make me a bad person?" This is very much the essence of *Peep Show* – allowing us to watch a farce with an air of satirical superiority.

WWWX

Jez and Mark both take advantage of each other and end up happier because of it (with the help of a conveniently-bagged Jerry). Discussions are had over "going Litvinenko" and beer waterboarding is employed, all in the name of re-uniting the El Dude brothers for one final series. After nine series it's time to throw in the towel, which is sad but probably for the best. Even after the ninth instalment the format and humour doesn't feel old, and I'd rather it didn't get to that stage, especially given that part of the joke is that the characters are really getting too old to be cohabiting in a flat with no sense of life trajectory. If more series continued, they would be too old to be too old. So it is with a heavy heart, but a big smile, that I watch this final series

Charlie Thorpe

Film: Steve Jobs ☆ ☆ ☆ ★ ★

Steve Jobs is an ambitious and, in parts, successful dramatisation of the subject to which the film owes its name, offering an intensely focused and appropriately self-aggrandising portrayal of one of the most significant figures of the modern age.

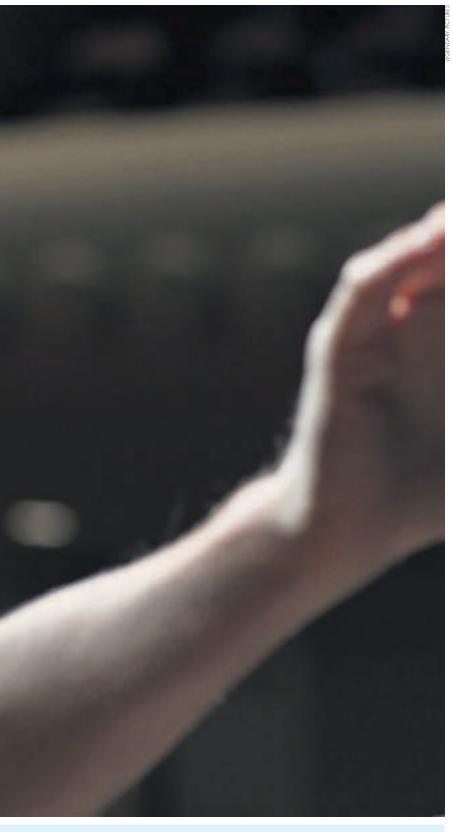
Overlooking the moments of humour which feel forced (screenwriter Aaron Sorkin should refrain from punchlines and stick to letting wit ooze from his dialogue naturally); the masterfully paced screenplay is matched and energised by Michael Fassbender's commendable portrayal of

Jobs.
The character is quite simply insufferable, and it works unsettlingly well. In *The Social Network*, Eisenberg's portrayal of Zuckerberg certainly isn't a likeable

one, but there is a charming enticement to his angst and unwavering determination to create, pioneer and succeed. The same applies to Fassbender, whose utter commitment to the role gives the character an appropriate hubris and flagrantly dismissive attitude, yet masterfully, one which the audience does not reject. In fact, we root for him in a way which is difficult to explain, as Fassbender inspires an uncomfortable mixture of sympathy and empathy from us, as well as allowing his character to grow into a great emotional maturity towards the end. We also see Kate Winslet like never before, and her presence on screen as Apple executive Joanna Hoffman is one of fellowship and admirable perseverance.

Tied together with a soundtrack of cosmic textures which feels poignant and relevant and solidly directed by Danny Boyle, the vitality of the film is driven by Aaron Sorkin's screenplay. The dialogue is persistent and never takes a moment to catch its breath, heightening the film's urgency, character development, and claustrophobic atmosphere.

The script nearly exclusively follows Fassbender in



every scene, helping to enforce his maddening character of drive, pressure, and precision.

As ever with scriptwriter Sorkin, nothing is rushed, with some moments feeling akin to the long walking shots of *The West Wing*; time is spent on the characters and their conversations, and it is the high-witted and marvellous intelligence of his writing which strikes dramatic pace none-



A SELF-AGGRANDISING PORTRAYAL OF ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT FIGURES OF THE MODERN AGE

theless. Sorkin does not shy away from giving us a penetrating insight into Jobs' personality from an angle confined solely to the stages and backstages of his product launches. This helps give the film a theatrical dimension, with the script creating three distinct acts, each following a different product launch. A further

brilliant stroke that Sorkin takes is by denying us a look at Jobs actually performing on stage; we are exposed only to the build-up, preparations, and aftermath of the launches, and as such, Sorkin intensifies the film's concern with personality.

Praise for the screenplay and Danny Boyle's direction of it should be directed to the latter half of the film however. The entire first half almost feels like a prelude to itself, and it's difficult to discern exactly when the film has decided to find its stride. Indeed, it is ironic that Jobs in the film is so concerned with the Macintosh saying "hello", and yet the film struggles to ever properly greet its audience. This derives from the film's claustrophobic use of setting, which although ambitious in its intention and by the end a successful dramatic direction to choose, leaves the first half to suffer as a result. This is at the centre of the film's failing, as the lost opportunity in the first half greatly undercuts the potential for the film to be considered a dramatic and engaging whole. Just like the computers, Steve Jobs feels "closed end to end", and struggles to induce a lasting impression or impact

Oliver Yeates

Album: One Direction - Made in the A.M.

Back in 2013, I reviewed One Direction's third album Midnight Memories for this very publication. I gave it three stars, but my barely concealed Directioner status was outed as it apparently read so much like a five star review, according to the then Music Editor, that it was labelled as such in the newspaper.

Two years on, I am clearly completely over this humiliating incident as the boys release their fifth album. I'm partially over it because even wounds as deep as those heal in two years, but also because they've come a long way since then, even if few outside of their swarms of fans are willing to listen to their new tracks and find out. Maybe my previous review sounded like a five star one because writing a One Direction review can often feel like having to write a judicial defence of why you would listen to it at all, but the reason is the same as ever: sometimes, you need pop music.

This album is particularly significant to the One Direction oeuvre because it's the first one they've released since Zayn left the group, as well as the last one they're due to release before their hiatus. Zayn's presence isn't really missed here, perhaps since he was just one voice among many. If Harry left they'd have much more of an issue, given that his vocals stand out among the otherwise reasonably pedestrian voices of the rest of the group. For that reason, the band's management will probably want to keep a pretty close eye on him while they're on their break, as he'll no doubt be in

The album's swansong status is noticeable in the greater number of ballads, which is a shame because ballads are something One Direction can't do that well. They don't have the vocal power to sustain tracks like 'If I Could Fly' or 'Love You Goodbye', which require more nuanced performances to work. 'History' is one of the better attempts, although its lyrics are remarkably similar to the Girls Aloud's 'Whole Lotta History'. Ballads, it's safe to say, are not the band's strong point, but there are lots of fun tracks here too.

On the subject of fun, one of the best ways to get to grips with the album is to turn to Twitter and see what the fans make of it. Naturally, there are already many theories about the true meanings of several songs, my personal favourites being that 'A.M.' is a tribute to the loss of Zayn, and that 'Perfect' is really about Harry and Louis' secret relationship. documented in numerous YouTube clips and ostensibly in lyrics like "If you like causing trouble up in hotel rooms / And if you like having secret little rendezvous." I'm convinced.

Fan theories aside, where they excel, though, they really do make some fantastic, unadulterated pop, in tracks like the recent single 'Drag Me Down,' super perky 'Olivia' and the standout track of the album, 'End of the Day.' This last one is great for its unapologetically silly lyrics, "The priest thinks it's the devil/my mum thinks it's the flu/But girl, it's only you." One Direction is a pop band for the postmodern, hyper self-aware generation, at their best when the fun they're no doubt having (whether that includes secret intraband trysts or not) comes across in their music, as it often

does in this album. This time round I'll give them four stars, but if an editorial decision ups that to five, it's alright with me. [Ed. note: Don't worry, four sounds just fine.]

Ellie Gould

Album: Kurt Cobain - Montage of Heck

I was optimistic as the release date of Montage of Heck: The Home Recordings approached. Kurt Cobain's first posthumously released album (MTV Unplugged in New York) stands testament to the fact that he could be at his most vital and arresting divorced from the slick production of Nirvana's titanic albums. This release, officially the soundtrack of Brett Morgen's similarly titled documentary, is essentially a Kurt Cobain solo album of the outtakes and demos recorded at various stages of Nirvana's development.

The first thing to say is that *Montage of Heck* is not an album in any meaningful sense. It instead plays like an aural stream of consciousness, collecting fuzzy, inchoate sketches. It's not like listening to Nirvana; more submerging yourself in (what you imagine to be) Cobain's mind. Bored fidgets, silly voices and private jokes give it a deeply voyeuristic quality. At times, this undoubtedly makes it an uncomfortable listen. However, the question is whether or not this serves to illuminate or distort Cobain's legacy.

It certainly has its limitations. His mumbled singing and apathetic strumming are a reminder that, stripped away from the legend, Cobain was less a tortured genius and more an eternal adolescent. Moreover, these are recordings (it is generous to describe them as songs) that were never meant to be heard at all, never mind by a legion of die-hards, still obsessed with Cobain's output two decades after his death.

Some of the tracks are bad – so bad as to make one guestion the utility of this exercise. The album inauspiciously starts not with a whisper but with a yodel, a painfully unfunny experience for the listener. Hearing Kurt's voice at the end of a poor version of 'The Yodel Song' declare "this guitar seems to be out of tune. It's broken." feels almost uncomfortably invasive. Worse still is the rambling medley 'You Can't Change Me / Burn My Britches / Something in the Way.' While there is a certain curiosity in hearing that last song's haunting melody accompanied by fuzzy thrash rather than the hum of a cello, the track overall is the sound of Kurt trying, and failing, to do a convincing Pixies impression.

Montage of Heck is not without its silver linings, though.

Cobain's cover of 'And I Love Her' not only reflects the melodic influences that were central to Nevermind, it is also a de facto soundtrack to Cobain's relationship with Courtney Love. Moreover, even played on a squeaky, junk shop guitar, Frances Farmer Will Have Her Revenge on Seattle' showases the undeniable power of his songwriting.

There is a debate to be had about the best way to handle the unreleased work of dead artists. Without drawing any broad conclusions, it must be said that this particular experiment has failed. It is not the exploitative, legacy tarnishing exercise it could have been, but its pointlessness has to be acknowledged. I can't help but feel that such an eclectic set of curios would have been better off released freely rather than being packaged as a real album.

Sadly, for all of us who care deeply about Nirvana, the album better exemplifies what made Kurt frustrating rather than what made him interesting. Brett Morgen has been keen to insist the album is "not scraps and discarded, insignificant material". Ultimately, the release tells a different story. Montage of Heck: The Home Recordings reeks of insignificance. It most certainly does not smell like teen spirit.

Music Picks of the Week, from Margot Speed

This has been a bizarre week for new music. It's a strange time of year - the last big releases of 2015 coming from Justin Bieber and One Direction and the first Christmas compilations beginning to appear, but otherwise I was left to ruminate over experimental rap, Celtic punk and a surge of "space noise" recordings. There was a lot of great new sound to be found after a trawl through the internet, though, my favourites of which I've included below.

First up is the debut album from Redlight, X Colour. This is the first LP from him under his new alias, having previously released underground dance hits and had some chart successes as Clipz, as well as releasing artists like NY Transit Authority on his own label. None of his tracks are the same, with a wide range of collaborators such as the Prodigy and Melissa Whiskey to create a plethora of club sounds that stretch from techno to garage house. "Imagine music as colours," Redlight asks, and with this in mind his music makes fantastic sense, layering clean vocal tracks on hundreds of differing beats and skipping analogue synths. This is the kind of music Fez dreams it might one day play.

Next is an EP from The Japanese House, Clean, that includes four alt-pop tracks that showcase a rare talent for experimentation. Behind the project is Londoner Amber Bain who has been producing singles with The 1975 for the last few months (oh and she's 19). Having been Zane Lowe's hottest record with her work 'Still', she offers similarly dreamy and experimental vocals and beats ranging from the gently popping to the explosive on this new work. 'Letter by the Water' is epic in its scope: layering bittersweet melodies together to make goosebump-inducing

harmonies, underscored by gradually building riffs that dissolve into a bigger electric drop. This music is a joy to review, but even better to just sit and absorb - I can't recommend it enough.

If the theme of this week is the elation the right sound can bring, *Prophecy* by a group called The Comet is Coming is right on the mark. The aim seems to be to mix space-age themes with their jazz roots, creating frantic tracks like 'Neon Baby' and eclectic slow jams like 'Star Exploding in Slow Motion. The group are hard at this stage to pigeonhole: some of the best moments come from the echoing funk saxophone, at others they toy with a psychedelic, almost cabaret sound. 'Do The Milky Way' provides some light-hearted, galactic-electric relief, while 'Final Days of the Apocalypse' is a frankly crazy track, layering spokenword nonsense over the simulated sound of outer space. Fizzing synths and artificial effects are used in conjunction with sax, to create an experience that leaves you asking why no one ever though of mixing the cosmos with jazz before now.

Finally, and in a complete change of direction, a Christmas album!!! From Kylie Minogue!!! By the time next week's column is out Bridgemas will have been and gone so I thought I should alert the readership to the release of this album now. It could be argued that Kylie is about 10 years past her peak pop popularity, but this hasn't put her off. All the classics are here, as well as collaborations with James Corden and Frank Sinatra (I thought he was dead too). Sickly sweet but heart warming, this compilation is a must for Bridgemas dinners Cambridge-wide.

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BT Sport: The bane of football?

Zack Case laments the rapid rise of BT Sport and argues that significant improvement is needed to match Sky Sports

BT Chief Executive Gavin Patterson must have been the only person jumping with joy when it was announced that BT Sport had secured the television rights to the Champions League for the next three seasons, in a deal worth £897 million.

Football's flagship club competition had previously been shared between Sky Sports and ITV: the latter, of course, airs matches without charge. Sky have never been forced to hand over their domination of football coverage in the past, so the large scale intrusion of BT Sport into the historical domain of Murdoch's media giant is certainly unprecedented.

The fact that Sky and BT are not even particularly competing - Sky largely covers the Premier League and BT the Champions League - is to the detriment of the paying customer. On a BT broadband package, the customer must pay an extra £5 per month for that indispensible midweek entertainment, or £19.99 on top of a Sky subscription. The watching of football is of course a necessity, so BT Sport's exploitation of the market, compelling people to pay even more for such a fundamental service, is rather irritating.

However, just because they intend to make a profit, BT aren't inherently evil. In any case, they have offered to air a minimum of 12 Champions League matches, including the final, for free (as well as 14 Europa League matches). What is evil, on the other hand, is BT Sport's inadequacy as the channel to broadcast football's elite competition.

Gary Neville, Jamie Carragher and Graeme Souness. This is the calibre of pundit that Sky Sports employs; they have been there and done it all. High-quality punditry is never more obviously on display than on the programme Monday Night Football, which involves a glorious hour preand post-match devoted to in-depth analysis by professionals who, although sometimes difficult to understand due to thick Scouse or Mancunian accents, played at the very highest level and therefore have genuinely illuminating knowledge of the game. Excusing his 'goalgasm' in the commentary box after Fernando Torres incredibly sent Chelsea through to the Champions League final by beating Barcelona, Gary Neville is the most erudite schol-

Along with Alan Smith, pleasantly pro-Arsenal, Sky Sports have a solid team of pundits and co-commentators - not to mention the play-by-play legend that is Martin Tyler, whose exclamation of "Aguerooooo" as City won the title in 2012 surely goes down in history as one of the greatest set pieces of sporting commentary ever. Of course there is also a comic value in having Chris Kamara on the team, while Jeff Stelling consistently gives a stellar performance as presenter, especially alongside the likes of Paul Merson and Matt LeTissier on Gillette

Soccer Saturday.

BT Sport, on the other hand, is something of a shambles. While the opportunity to watch live highlights in the *Champions League Goals* show (similar to the NFL's *Red Zone* on Sky Sports) is an excellent concept and the addition of Gary Lineker as the matchday presenter deserves plaudits, the standard of punditry does not match that of Sky – it is inferior even to the ITV squad comprising of the incompetent Adrian Chiles, the obnoxious Roy Keane and the irksome Andy Townsend.

Michael Owen is the worst of a bad bunch. After this year's Community Shield, which BT covered, Michael became the subject of much interest on social media. One tweet read: "How is it possible to watch a game live as well as have the benefit of a TV monitor & STILL get everything wrong? Classic Michael Owen". Ouch. This is not a personal vendetta against Michael Owen; he is just bad at his job – biased, ill-informed and boring.

John Terry may have gone too far recently when he named Robbie Savage as someone unjustified in giving criticism because he has never won anything (or really done anything noteworthy) in his playing career. Savage's defence was that he was simply speaking what everybody felt, and an absence of winners' medals should not exclude pundits from taking on

While Savage makes a decent point,

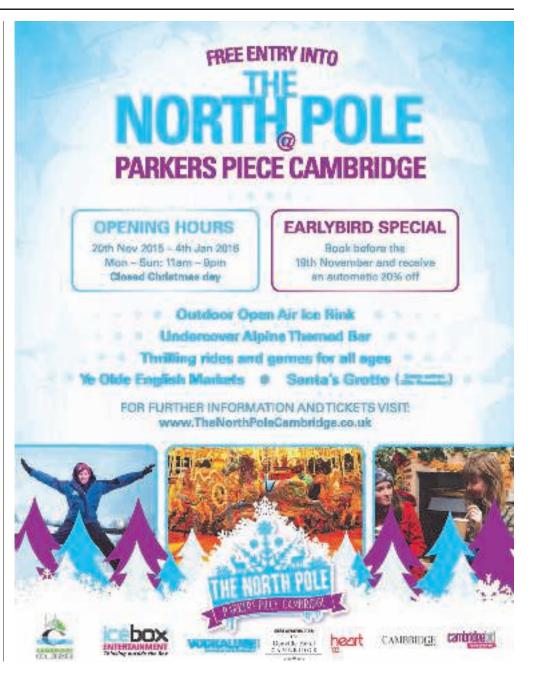


it is tempting to side with Terry. After all, the paying TV customer does not want to hear what the average fan feels - that's what radio phone-ins are for but they do want to hear real advice from real experts in the profession... While Rio Ferdinand, David James

and Steve McManaman are all reasonable and knowledgeable pundits with sufficient experience, the same cannot be said about Owen Hargreaves and Paul Scholes. It is difficult to remember a time when Hargreaves ever said anything constructive about a team, or did not mention his own glory days as a footballer, which nobody actually remembers. Scholes, who deserves the utmost respect, simply cannot comprehend that most players are unable to make that pinpoint forty-yard pass which he would effortlessly ping, and so is a tiresomely negative character when it comes to passing judgment. BT Sport desperately needs new

signings to replace the current punditry team. A squad overhaul is desperately needed if they really want to be taken seriously.







BT - where sport goes to die

How hard can TV punditry really be? See page 31

Sport

Must the show always go on?

Sophie Penney, a student on a year abroad in Paris, reflects on the significance of Tuesday night's France v. England friendly

Sophie Penney

Sport Correspondent

The France v. England friendly went ahead on Tuesday night, just four days after last Friday's horrific attacks in Paris. Did this show a lack of respect, a sporting stand against terrorism, or was it just plain foolish?

Every time I wonder how to carry on after the attacks that happened 10 minutes from where I'm living this year, I always think about what the victims would have wanted. It is, of course, impossible to know, but I think their top priorities would be twofold: to make sure no one else gets hurt, and to make a stand against terrorist groups. But the problem lies in finding a balance between the two.

There are valid reasons why the game, which England won 2-0, should not have taken place. The planned Belgium v. Spain match was cancelled due to security fears. The FA's Chief Executive Martin Glenn, after discussions with the French authorities, said: "There were two conditions to hold the game. UK authorities needed to make sure that it was safe, and the French wanted to play." Currently, large crowds are a danger. They present a perfect target for terrorists in an environment where there is already a high terrorist risk. London is very close to Paris and Wembley Stadium very similar to the Stade de France, around which three suicide bombers blew themselves up last Friday. The original plan appears to have been to detonate inside the stadium.

Despite the security risk, there are emotions at stake for the French team. As they played their last match, their capital city was hit by an atrocious attack. I remember watching the game on television, thinking: "These players have no idea.

What could have been the alternative to playing this friendly? This

weekend's matches for Ligue 1 and Ligue 2 will take place, but without visiting spectators. This reduction of sport to its basic function was never a possibility for the Wembley game. It was always all or nothing. When I mentioned the possibility of postponing the friendly to a French colleague, she immediately replied: "Until when? year's time? Ten years' time?" If Friday's events show us anything, it is that terrorist attacks can happen anywhere at any time; we cannot wait for a period of greater security because, in reality, there isn't going to be one. If we lived in fear, how many more matches would we have to postpone or cancel as a result? Would the Davis Cup be affected? And what about huge-scale events like the Olympics?

In terms of security, it is important to establish the difference between Tuesday's event, in Wembley stadium, and the cafés, bars and concert hall where the Paris attacks took place. Security was obviously not focused on the latter because no one could have known they would be a target. With Wembley, everyone knows it is a potential target and security forces can prepare accordingly. Indeed, extra officers were placed on duty for the game, many heavily armed, and spectators faced security checks upon entering the stadium.

Cancelling the match would have been seen as act of cowardice, giving ISIS the big international response they wanted, letting them further their disruption. Carrying on is a world-wide statement of resistance to terrorism. Roy Hodgson declared: "I can't deny there's something hanging over which is far, far greater than a football match", and Martin Glenn added that the game would have "massive global significance".

"It is a chance to demonstrate terrorism can't win. We can't afford to let this act of terror cow us?

The game also gave England a prime

opportunity to show solidarity with France. More people than ever wanted to be there: the FA expected a near-full house at the 90,000 capacity stadium, with thousands of tickets sold since the attacks and fewer than 100 returned. David Cameron and Prince William also decided to attend. The event was modified to show maximum support for the French: 'La Marseillaise' was sung after 'God Save the Queen', giving it pride of place in a change of protocol; sheets of paper were distributed on seats in England home end of the stadium, which formed the French Tricolore when fans held them up during the anthem; the Wembley arch was lit up in red, white and blue, with Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité displayed on the side of the stadium, and a minute's silence was held.

What about the actual game itself? Did England feel compelled to lose? The score line suggests not. Is the

actual game, outside the decision to host the match in the first place, still influenced by politics? How would you feel as an England player slide tackling someone whose friends might just have died in the deadliest terrorist attack in Europe for 10 years? I asked a Frenchman, Louis, his thoughts on this before the game on Tuesday: "I think that nobody cares about the actual game of football anymore, the score and all of that. I spoke to loads of French people today and nobody talked about football. On Tuesday, French people will watch the game as an act of resistance, because life must go on or [the terrorists] win."

There is a distinction between the event and the actual game of football. A political reading of the football itself is unnecessary: there is already enough politics around the hosting of the event. Louis's comment suggests that politics have flattened the importance of the football, as there are so many more important issues going on in the world right now. I would say that it is not a coincidence that football was the stage upon which such an important stand was taken. Sport, whether bringing together a country or the team itself, has always stood for unity. Competition, yes, but also unity. As well as being a political statement, the game is at the same time an oasis of calm, an escape from the troubles of the world around us. In the aftermath of the attack all I have wanted to do is play sport, so my mind is not focused on the world around me.

I think that, on balance, it was right that the England v. France game went ahead. Was it a big risk? Yes. But it was also a massive opportunity. We cannot let such an occasion for a high profile stand against terrorism slip. We cannot let the fear engulf us. Yes, the show



On Michaelmas, sombreros and synchronised swimming

Daniel Gayne

Sport Correspondent

Sports in Cambridge are like political parties in the UK. There are two big ones, and a lot of smaller ones which you probably won't hear about unless you're part of them. And like political parties, the small sports get the occasional chance to set out their ideas, hand out leaflets, send out emails and bring in new blood. The inevitable boon is exciting, but the taste soon turns bitter as emails go unreturned, the obligatory Facebook group falls into disuse and interest ebbs away to

the hegemons, rowing and football.

But surely we can turn our gaze, for a moment at least, and appreciate the struggles and vindications of pluralism in Cambridge sport. All the varieties of physical activity you could ever want to try are on offer somewhere here (you just should have paid more attention at Fresher's fair). Ever tried Korfball? A fast-paced, mixed-sex, Dutch team sport, it describes itself as a mix between netball, basketball and handball. Who could turn down such a cocktail? If hand sports aren't for you but you still like variety, there's triathlon. Ju-jitsu, Gymnastics, even gliding are also on offer!

But regardless of their merit, many

struggle to commit to these activities. As term trudges on and deciding your priorities becomes the priority, it is these sports that suffer. For some of Cambridge's underappreciated sports, the malaise sets in even earlier.



WE SHOULD CHERISH THESE SPORTING UNDERDOGS. COMMITTED TO THEIR TRADE

Matt Jones, a heavyweight in Emmanuel's Synchronised Swimming Society, told me of the difficulties incumbent on the administrators of niche activities like his. Quirky props and sweet-bribes go some way to bridging the gap, but as he told me: "Even Juan, the sombrero-wearing penguin, wasn't enough to entice freshers away from the larger stalls." It may be the case that the college system weakens support for such activities, with interest being diluted across the colleges. Diluted or not, it is around this time in term when people look at their archery bows and their lacrosse sticks and wonder: "Do I have the time?"

But I urge you to persevere. We

should cherish these sporting underdogs, committed to their trade. They will never find themselves speeding down the Thames in an afternoon slot on BBC One, nor do they expect the congratulations of anyone but their fellow sportsmen. These are the quiet heroes of Cambridge sport.

It may be nearing the end of Michaelmas, but why not brace the cold, pull your socks up, and take up one of Cambridge's niche sports? If the mud and rain doesn't appeal, you could take up an indoor activity like Judo. There is always something new to try in Cambridge, and who would want one of these rare breeds to die out this winter?