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VARSITY

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 19TH 2010

THE INDEPENDENT STUDENT NEWSPAPER SINCE 1947

ISSUE NO 714 | VARSITY.CO.UK

Vice-Chancellor: impact of funding cuts exaggerated

GEMMA OKE

The Vice-Chancellor has publicly challenged the idea that anticipated cuts in higher education funding will damage universities' ability to teach an increasing number of students.

In an interview for the BBC's *Hardtalk* programme, Professor Alison Richard claimed that the furore surrounding funding cuts approaching £450 million was subject to "exaggerations and distortions".

She told interviewer Stephen Sackur, "Is there a challenge? Yes there is. Are universities in this country incredibly imaginative and entrepreneurial? By and large yes they are. But to paint this as a landscape of disaster is a mistake."

The Vice-Chancellor's comments come amid a climate of uncertainty surrounding university funding. The Universities Secretary, Lord Mandelson, has promised to cut public spending on higher education by £950 million over the next three years, with £449 million worth of cuts to fall in the year 2010-2011.

The latest figures released by the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) show that while funding for research will increase by £32 million, recurrent funding for teaching will fall in real terms by nearly £76 million compared with 2009-2010.

The tuition funding shortfall is likely to have its greatest impact on student numbers, at a time when universities face pressure from the Government to widen access to

higher education courses, particularly to applicants whose school or family do not have a history of pursuing higher education.

Around 6,000 university places are expected to be cut for 2010-2011 to balance university budgets, as figures released by UCAS show that university applications have risen by more than one fifth.

Professor Steve Smith, President of Universities UK, warned that cuts could damage the quality of education that students receive. "In terms of university applications, we expect to see a further increase in numbers this year," he said. "With the confirmation that student numbers will be capped again this year, we are going to see even more pressure on places and the possibility of many well-qualified students missing out. The higher education sector is prepared to take its share of the pain."

The Vice-Chancellor also spoke in favour of an increase in student numbers, at university or in "some other form of further training" despite financial pressures.

She said, "Country after country is investing not simply in the quality of its higher education but in the breadth of it, increasing places. What that is telling us is that as economies mature you do need to have a workforce, and citizens, whose technical skills, training and education goes beyond that of school leavers."

"If you cast that more broadly and say, 'Do we need to build, expand and multiply the opportunities for tertiary education?' I would say absolutely, 'Yes.'"



ALASTAIR APPLETON

Livingstone: Union hero

Tuesday evening saw ex-Mayor of London Ken Livingstone grace the halls of the Cambridge Union. The much-anticipated speaker entertained a rapt audience with vehement pledges of allegiance to close friend, Hugo Chávez, contending that the Venezuelan Prime Minister is far from a dictator. Livingstone also declared his intention to run for office again in 2012. Livingstone's substantial term as Mayor of London (2000-8) saw many notable achievements, including a successful bid for the 2012 Olympics in London and the establishment of the first register for civil partnerships in the UK. Visit varsity.co.uk to see a two-minute interview with the Labour politician, and see next week's issue of *Varsity* for an extended interview. AVANTIKA CHILKOTI

Sharks once roamed Fens, tooth discovery suggests

AURORA HORWOOD

A recent discovery of a shark tooth at an archaeological site near Cambridge has indicated that sharks may once have roamed the prehistoric seas of Cambridgeshire.

The tooth that was discovered is thought to have belonged to a member of the Orthadocus family, an extinct type of shark which lived in the Cretaceous period approximately 100 million years ago.

The find was made at Barrington Quay by amateur geologist John Drayton, 61, from Impington, and is the first tooth of its kind to be excavated in Europe.

The discovery of the shark tooth is expected to help enhance our understanding of where and when sharks may have lived in the Fens.

The newly-discovered Orthadocus is not the only creature to have traversed the waters of Cambridge millions of years ago. The tooth was actually unearthed just metres from the remnants of an Ichthyosaur, a giant marine reptile which resembled a cross between a fish and a dolphin.

Dr Preston Miracle, from the Department of Archaeology at the University of Cambridge, said, "Clearly we need to be doing all we can to protect and preserve the UK's cultural and natural heritage – and that is true for discoveries of things that are millions of years old as well as others that may be only a few centuries old."

Essayp11

Vanessa Heggie:
The dope on drug testing



On varsity.co.uk this week



COMMENT
Check out the archives of all of our bloggers, including Rob Peal's 'The World Outside', plus Jamie Pollock urges us to consider the context of King's JCR's Hammer & Sickie debate.



ENTERTAINMENT
Alastair Beddow extols the virtues of Radio 3 while Scott Whittaker has an 'Aural Epiphany' about Madvillain.



FASHION
Argyro Nicolaou celebrates Lady Gaga's style revolution and The Two Orphans attempt to track down some proper Cambridge bluestockings.



VARSITY
Check out our new two-minute interviews with Chief Rabbi Jonathan Sacks and former London Mayor Ken Livingstone.



Chip and Pin not crime-proof, warn Cambridge researchers

Rose Crescent: Britain's most fashionable street?

Voters at Kings vote to keep Hammer and Sickie

Researchers at the University of Cambridge's Computer Laboratory have uncovered vulnerabilities in the chip and PIN system. They have found that it is possible to use credit and debit cards without knowing the correct PIN number, by exploiting the way the remote reader contacts the main shop terminal. Professor Anderson described how criminals with little technical expertise could buy a pre-configured 'kit', which would send a signal to the main terminal, telling it that the correct PIN had been entered. Particularly worrying is the fact that banks would not be able to tell when such fraud has occurred - the receipt still says 'verified by PIN' and, as a result, victims would struggle to reclaim their money. As yet there are no known instances of such an attack occurring. DUNCAN EVANS

Rose Crescent has been nominated as one of the Best Fashion streets in the country in a competition being run by Google. The Google Street View Awards celebrate "Britain's best-loved streets". Glamour Magazine editor Jo Elvin and TV personality Brix Smith Start, who are both members of the judging panel, nominated Rose Crescent, citing its high numbers of independent shops as a reason for its consideration. Rose Crescent is competing against ten other streets in locations including Bath, York, Leeds and Nottingham. The winner will be decided by the public; people have until Sunday February 28th to vote. HELEN MACKREATH

Students at King's have voted to leave the controversial Hammer & Sickie, the insignia of the Soviet Union, hanging in their College Bar. After 48 hours of voting, results show that 203 students wanted the symbol to remain where it is, 111 wanted it replaced with something else, and only 55 wanted it removed outright. The controversial symbol has been hung in the College bar since 2004 after repeated cases of vandals painting the symbol on the bar walls. The flag has attracted fierce debate from many who find the image to be objectionable and offensive. Speaking after the vote, KCSU President Juan Zober de Francisco predicted that "probably in less than five years time - there will be another debate about the flag". HUGO SCHMIDT



800th anniversary fund reaches £940 million

Donations raised for the anniversary campaign will be used to secure the future of the University

RICHARD MOORE

The total amount donated to the University of Cambridge's 800th Anniversary Campaign reached £940 million in 2008-09, according to a recent report.

The goal of the fundraising initiative, described as "the most ambitious in British educational history", is to enable the University to secure its future as one of the world's leading centres for education and research by raising £1 billion for the University by 2012.

£139 million was raised by the campaign in 2008-09, according to the report. Nearly half of this sum was given in the form of gifts to individual colleges, such as the £30 million given to Murray Edwards College by alumna Dr Rosalind Smith and her husband Steven Edwards.

Substantial donations have also been received by the University itself, as well as by individual institutions such as the Fitzwilliam Museum and the University Library.

Thirty-five per cent of the money raised will be immediately set aside to add to the University's endowment, an investment fund which provides a steady stream of income.

Some of the donations, however, are already being used to fund new projects within the University. These include the new Sainsbury Laboratory in the Botanic Garden, that's construction was made possible by an £82 million donation from the Gatsby Charitable Foundation, as well as a new building for the Department of Materials Science and Metallurgy, which will be constructed with support from the Wolfson Foundation.

An endowed professorship in Metallurgy has been established, thanks to a donation from Tata Steel, and a professorship in Sustainable Urban Design has been created with support from the D G Marshall of Cambridge Trust.

Of the funds raised, nearly a third has come from former students of the University, a fact which, according to Professor Martin Daunt, Master of Trinity Hall and Chairman of the Colleges' Committee, "suggests that a 'culture of giving' has taken root among our alumni" - analogous to the alumni-based system of university funding which is already prevalent in the United States of America.

Cambridge's fundraising campaign is not the only one being carried out by a British university, or even the largest: the University of Oxford is running a campaign with a fundraising target of £1.25 billion, though the overall sum which has been raised since its launch in May 2008, at £784 million, is slightly less than the Cambridge total.



The various celebrations for Cambridge University's 800th anniversary

Get involved

If you would like to find out how to write for Varsity, come to one of our weekly meetings.

News: Monday 4pm, Queens' College Bar

Magazine: Wednesday 5.30pm, The Maypole (Portugal Place)

Alternatively, email the relevant section editor (right) with your ideas.

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947 and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge College, to ARU and around Cambridge each week.

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Iconic pub favoured by rowers set to close

After 150 years of service, the landmark Penny Ferry pub, located on the river Cam, will close

SARAH MARTIN

The famous rowers' pub, the Penny Ferry in Chesterton, is to close after more than 150 years of service.

The well-known landmark was originally named the Pike and Eel and has been a fixture on the Cam since the 1850s. The pub is to be demolished and development plans have been accepted to build several four-bedroom houses on the site.

The closure follows several troublesome years for the Greene King pub, with a rumoured eight years of losses behind it. The Penny Ferry has shared its premises with an Indian takeaway restaurant since 2007 but this has not been enough to save the once-thriving pub.



FIONA BROHAMER

Michael Bond, head of the Old Chesterton Residents' Association, blames local behaviour for the closure, claiming "it's not ideal when you have clientele who like to smash things, which unfortunately is a problem in this area".

He went on to say that "unless you have a very strong landlord who is willing to exercise his right to throw people out, it's easy for a pub's reputation to go downhill and it's not easy to recover from that".

The Penny Ferry is not the only pub to fall victim to the recession in Chesterton, with both the Dog and Pheasant and the Yorkshire Grey also closing. This leaves only 2 out of the original 5 public houses still open in the East Chesterton area.

Overall, 9 pubs out of 243 in Cambridge have recently been forced to close. Many residents blame the availability of cheap supermarket booze for the downturn in the British Pub Culture.

The Penny Ferry has a corner named after it on the Cam and features in the famous Bumps race as a landmark before the men's finish. The pub is also recommended by several guide websites as the perfect place to watch the races. One St Catharine's boatie said of the closure, "it's a shame that such an icon of Cambridge rowing has fallen victim to the economic downturn".

The houses which are to replace



The 150 year old Penny Ferry pub in Chesterton, which is set to close

the pub are designed to mimic boathouses in appearance. They will also be built on raised platforms in order to preserve the local floodplain and cause minimum destruction to the course of the Cam.

The news has not gone down well with some members of the rowing

community, causing one Wolfson rower to comment: "Just what we need, more boathouses."

Another third year Queens' rower has fond memories of the pub, describing how "during bumps we would always stop there after racing in one division and rest outside the

pub with a drink before heading off to race in the next division".

He went on to lament the closure, describing the pub as "part of the rowing lingo" and commenting "I don't think it would be the same rowing past that spot and just seeing a bunch of houses."

Trinity Street Post Office could be closed by April

CLAIRE GATZEN

The fate of the much-loved Trinity Street Post Office has been decided after months of debate over its future.

The Post Office could be closed down by April, with a new branch opening in a newsagent on King Street. A sub-master has already been hired to work at the new location.

However, the decision will only be finalised with public approval. A consultation has been initiated to

gauge the opinions of students and residents.

A Post Office spokesman said: "Our priority is to safeguard Post Office services to the local community in the longer term. The relocation of Trinity Street post office will allow us to maintain access to those services for customers in the local area."

However, the choice of King Street for the new branch has caused dismay.

Trinity student Matt Philips told *Varsity*: "It's really sad and disappointing - it used to be really convenient. It's a shame that an

arrangement couldn't be made between the College and the post office, especially as the College are meant to do loads of business there."

Cambridge City Councillor Tim Bick admitted: "Clearly, there will be a number of people who will not be happy with the fact that the Post Office will move some distance from Trinity Street to King Street."

"The new one will be closer to St Andrew's Street, where we already have a main office, and further from Castle Street, which lost its Post Office recently. So although the hiccup with Trinity Street has been solved, services are now not evenly spread throughout the city."

The Post Office was originally to close on Friday December 11th last year due to allegedly exorbitant rental rates charged by site owner Trinity College.

The College charges £20,000 per year rent for the site, which store manager Jack Zalewski claimed was too high. "They want the money and we don't have the money. It's as simple as that."

However, a last minute intervention from Cambridge's wealthiest College saved the Post Office from closure. Trinity College's wider commitment to the support of small businesses in the area promoted the move.

ARU accused of taking students with inadequate English

JAMES WILSON

Anglia Ruskin University has been named in a recent BBC investigation into financially pressured universities who accept overseas students despite their inadequate English skills.

Undergraduates from the University of Cambridge have also been implicated in the affair, by doing work for other students.

The problems at Anglia Ruskin were highlighted by former lecturer Jan Farndale, who left two years ago, dissatisfied with the standard of language skills. "I think the big problem was money," she told the BBC. "We were recruiting students who were academically not capable and the important issue was that they could pay."

Anglia Ruskin have denied that there are any issues with language ability at the University. Sandra Hollis, Vice-President of International and Development Services, said that she was "surprised" to hear of the accusations.

A spokesperson from the University told *Varsity*: "We use the same internationally recognised English language tests used by every other higher education provider in the UK."

"All of our students are tested on arrival to assess areas of proficiency that require additional initial support."

Students at the University of Cambridge have been involved in doing the work of students from other universities for money.

One former English graduate claimed: "I did writing on Business Studies, European Law, Green Economics...I am highly surprised that it wasn't flagged up that these students were perhaps achieving a 2:1 and writing reasonably fluidly, when they couldn't speak English particularly well, let alone write it."



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and proof of student status

Local charities vie for students' attention

Cambridge students are increasingly turning to local charities and voluntary groups, despite the allure of overseas work

OSAMA SIDDIQUI

Local charities and voluntary groups are increasingly starting to attract student attention, even as international charities remain the prime draw for students looking to gain volunteer experience.

Varsity spoke to several local charities and volunteers and found that recent years have seen an increase in interest, although many still gravitate towards overseas volunteer experiences.

Frances Meegan, Careers Adviser at the University of Cambridge Careers Service, spoke to *Varsity* about the different reasons why students may prefer to work with international charities rather than local ones. "Often students are doing volunteer work during their vacations, and so they may want to have some element of international experience."

She added, "Fields such as international development often get a lot of media attention, which is why there is a bigger draw towards them."

The greater interest in international work is reflected in the projects funded by the Public Interest Vacation Experience bursaries offered by the Careers Service. The bursaries of up to £500 are given to students who wish to pursue volunteer work over the long vacation.

Since the bursary scheme began three years ago, 46 volunteer projects

have been funded. Of these, only 11 were based in the UK, and only one in Cambridge. The remaining were based internationally, in virtually every part of the world from East Asia to Africa and Latin America.

Meegan emphasized that the number of UK-based projects has steadily increased since the scheme began. In the first year, only one bursary was awarded to a UK-based project, while last year the figure had gone up to seven. The majority, however, remain internationally-based.

There is a sense that international volunteer work is perceived as being more "glamorous" than local work. In the words of one first-year student, "For some reason, volunteering internationally is seen as a more glamorous and exciting thing to do. People have these romantic notions that they'll 'find themselves' when they go overseas to volunteer."

He added, "Of course, getting to know another culture is a big part of it, but I do think that local voluntary work can be just as rewarding, as you have the chance to contribute directly to your community."

For many local charities, the biggest hurdle to attracting student attention is advertising. Without extensive resources at their disposal, local charities find it difficult to promote their organisations to students who are only in town for a few months each year.

According to the Volunteer Coordinator at one Cambridgeshire charity,



Students volunteering with Student Community Action host a party for local kids

"It's hard for us to advertise in the papers, so we look for other avenues like [the] Freshers' Fair."

He added, "While hundreds of students sign up at these events, usually only a handful are able to volunteer regularly because of academic commitments."

There are, however, several University societies that have helped to

bridge the gap between students and local charities.

Student Community Action (SCA), a student-run initiative, offers more than 70 local volunteering opportunities for both Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin students.

According to Beth Oldham, a member of SCA's Steering Group and a TESL volunteer, "SCA is really

trying to make the interaction with the local community part of the Cambridge experience. We really want to foster a two-way relationship."

Jonny Walker, Project Leader for the Big Siblings and the Bounce Projects at SCA, is the 'big sibling' to a ten-year old boy who he visits once a week. "It's the best choice I made so far in Uni," says Walker.

HEFCE grants £2.8m for research

CHRISTOPHER STANTON

The University of Cambridge has been one of few winners in the latest battle for government research funds.

The Times Higher Education has produced modelling which shows that changes in the funding policy of the Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) will see Cambridge receive a £2.8 million rise in research funding from 2010-11. The figure represents a 3.7 per cent increase over the previous year.

The increase comes as HEFCE simultaneously reduces funding for half the Russell Group and most of the 1994 Group of research-focused universities, and almost all the teaching-focused universities in England.

Cambridge has benefited from a change to HEFCE's funding formula, which has been prompted by a shift in government policy to university-based research in the UK.

Recent government policy has been in favour of greater research concentration. As a result, HEFCE has altered its funding formula to give a bigger weighting to "world-leading" (4*) research in the 2010-11 allocations.

Other institutions that will benefit from the new policy include Oxford, UCL, Imperial, and LSE.

Nick Clegg to speak at Trinity Hall next Thursday

ELIZABETH BATEMAN

Nick Clegg, Leader of the Liberal Democrats, will address students at the University of Cambridge next Thursday February 25th.

Clegg will speak to students about the Lib Dems' promises for the future in a question and answer session at Trinity Hall.

He aims to reinforce his election pledges and discuss the Liberal Democrats' main policies, such as the abolition of tuition fees and the scrapping of the national ID cards system.

Clegg has stated that he intends to phase out tuition fees over a six year programme, and scrap fees for final year students in his first year in office. He also pledges to remove all innocent people from the DNA database.

The Cambridge Liberal Democrats have invited Clegg to the city, where he will be welcomed by Julian Huppert, Liberal Democrat Parliamentary Candidate for Cambridge.

Huppert said: "This is an excellent opportunity for students to find out where Nick Clegg and the party nationally stand on major issues which directly affect them."

"I know the students will have

plenty of questions on the issues which they see as crucial in the run-up to the general election."

Dom Weldon, Chair of CU Liberal Democrats, added: "Nationally, everything is still up for grabs at the next election; there is no clear winner yet."

"Nick Clegg's visit will be a great chance for students to engage with national politics and find out more about a real alternative for government, the Liberal Democrats and Julian Huppert in Cambridge."

The talk will be held at 2pm in the Lecture Theatre at Trinity Hall.



Nick Clegg, leader of the Lib Dems

ost-colonial volatile unexpected divided
utocratic revolutionary simply ukraine: a
lation, state and democracy without
adjectives the eighth annual stasiuk
ecture in contemporary ukrainian studies
resented by dr gwendolyn sasse
professorial fellow at nuffield college and
university reader in comparative politics
university of oxford

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Dr Gwendolyn Sasse is author of *The Crimea Question: Identity, Transition, and Conflict* (Harvard, 2007), which won the 2008 Alexander Nove Prize in Russian, Soviet and Post-Soviet Studies from the British Association for Slavonic and East European Studies. In 2009 she received an Oxford University Teaching Excellence Award.

The Eighth Annual Stasiuk Lecture is generously supported by the Stasiuk Programme for Contemporary Ukraine, Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, University of Alberta.

www.CambridgeUkrainianStudies.org.uk



Victorian villa on West Road to be demolished

New space on Sidgwick Site will be occupied by Humanities and Social Sciences research centres

TOM HAMILTON & LUCY WHELAN

A Victorian villa at 7 West Road, built in 1875, is to be demolished later this month to make way for a mixed humanities and social sciences building.

The villa is among the last of many that once graced West Road. Professor Peter Mandler, a director of the Cambridge Victorian Studies Group, said, "There's nothing particularly special about this villa – it's a good example of its type, but that type was widespread in late Victorian Britain."

West Road has been losing its Victorian villas for decades, but others remain on Grange Road and nearby. Among those standing, 23 West Road was home to the historian G.M. Trevelyan from 1928-1962.

The villa at 3 West Road, demolished in the 1960s to make way for Caius' Harvey Court, was the site of a notorious murder, when a King's student shot his supervisor in his rooms with a pistol.

Most recently, Stephen Hawking's old family home at 5 West Road was demolished in order for a new first year accommodation block and conference centre to be built by Gonville and Caius College.

A Caius porter lamented, "it's a shame to see all these old buildings go. It's the end of an era really". Nevertheless, one resident believes "The Stephen Hawking Building provides

great living standards for many first years at Caius, and thus was worthwhile."

The four-storey build planned for the 7 West Road site will be home to seven institutions. These include the Centre for Research in the Arts, Social Sciences, and Humanities (CRASSH), the Department of Politics and International Studies, as well as Centres for African, South Asian, and Latin-American Studies.

Each institution will have its own door, but there will be a main atrium and several shared conference rooms. There will also be a new café open to all Sidgwick site users.

Tom Chigbo, CUSU President, sat on a council meeting about the new build. He said that he is "keen for Cambridge to provide a new dedicated space for the various different centres and departments in humanities that currently sit in lots of random locations."

The new building has been designed to fit its architecturally modern surroundings, and will use buff-coloured bricks and anodized aluminium. It has been assessed as 'excellent' for energy efficiency. The total cost of the build is estimated at around £16m, with yearly running costs of £204,000.

Professor Mandler, who won a University Teaching Award last year, argues "it would make sense to 'finish off' the site with a few more buildings in a modern style."

He continued, "It's probably not

appreciated how much of a showcase for modern architecture the Sidgwick site already is – it features buildings by many of the greatest architects of the late 20th century."

Most of the green space surrounding the current villa will be lost to the larger new building. Two tall fir trees to the north of the Law faculty, and other trees in front of the villa, will be removed.

Construction is projected to start around May 7th to and continue through Easter term. This has caused dismay among students at Caius, who have a large accommodation block next door, as well as those who attend faculty libraries on the Sidgwick site.

A worker on site informed *Varsity* reporters that the University is in discussion with the construction company about noise levels.

A Caius student living in the neighbouring Stephen Hawking Building said, "We have not been told about the demolition, or of any work taking place at 7 West Road. The only reason I knew about it was because of passing the house on the way to lectures."

"I would be worried about it disturbing me in my room, especially as my room backs onto the house."

Given the level of work proposed, another student concluded, "that's going to piss me off during exam term."

The building should be completed next year and is projected to open to the University on August 20th 2011.



The Victorian villa at 7 West Road that is scheduled for demolition

Global Poverty Project set to launch next week

Ambitious student-led initiative hopes to eliminate extreme poverty around the world by generating practical solutions

FI VICKERSTAFF

An ambitious project, started by University of Cambridge students, that aims to eradicate global poverty, is set to launch next week.

At 7pm on Friday February 26th at the Cambridge Corn Exchange, members of the public will be given an exclusive opportunity to view the '1.4 Billion Reasons' presentation before the Global Poverty Project officially launches across the UK.

The Project, established by Hugh Evans, a current postgraduate at Cambridge, aims to invigorate the global movement to eradicate extreme world poverty within a generation.

With this goal in mind, members of the project have developed the '1.4 Billion Reasons' presentation. Since premiering in Melbourne in 2009, the presentation has travelled across the world.

The 90-minute presentation, which takes its name from the 1.4 billion people who live in poverty worldwide, aims both to communicate facts about extreme poverty and arm individuals with the tools, knowledge, and inspiration needed to take action.

The project is keen to assert that it is "not after your money", but is

instead focused on explaining how everyday actions can be connected to the elimination of extreme poverty.

Evans told *Varsity*, "The particular appeal of the Global Poverty Project is that it is strategic, inspiring, educational and pragmatic. It has a clear goal - to eradicate extreme poverty - and the founders know

exactly how to accomplish this. Vast amounts of effort and planning have been put into the way in which GPP will address the very real concerns of extreme poverty.

"I would encourage anyone who has ever wanted to make a difference and wants to be involved in a movement that will catalyse worldwide

efforts to attend the presentation on Friday 26th February. It's a free event that I believe will offer people an opportunity to have a pivotal role in the emancipation of the world's 1.4 billion people who live in conditions of extreme poverty."

Global Poverty Project works directly with advisors from NGOs,

governments, academics, and civil society in order to harness powerful ideas and build on the strong support that exists in the community.

The project also encourages people to "make a commitment" on its website. Commitments can range from hosting a screening of the presentation, volunteering overseas, or making a monetary donation, to buying more Fairtrade products or simply spreading the word.

Global Poverty Project has already received widespread acclaim. Salil Shetty, director of the United Nations' Millennium Campaign, praised the scheme, saying, "We strongly support this initiative."

In addition, Achmat Dangor, CEO of the Nelson Mandela Foundation, asserted, "We're impressed particularly by the very practical approach towards mobilising communities and policymakers around the world so that they can take practical and measurable steps to combat poverty."

Cambridge students have also commended Evans. One student said, "It's wonderful to see someone from our own community doing so much. The abolition of global poverty seems like a daunting prospect, but this kind of commitment reminds us that there is still hope."



Hugh Evans, founder of the Global Poverty Project

Hi! Society



CU Tea Society

Everyone loves a cuppa, right? If you're anything like me then every hour of study is punctuated by a trip to the kitchen to brew another. But five weeks and three multi packs of PG Tips into term, I'm feeling uninspired. Help, however, may be on the way.

The Cambridge University Tea Society was launched by its three founding members in Michaelmas 2009, and convenes every Friday and Sunday for a couple of hours. They sample different types of tea each meeting, ranging from black to herbal and green to chai, and as long as members bring a mug and a pound, they can enjoy unlimited cups all afternoon. The gatherings are often themed, with recent meetings including high altitude teas and teas from Japan.

Yet there's no need to be a tea aficionado to attend meetings. They are a chance to experiment with different infusions without taking out another student loan to pay for a whole pack. Even President Domini Hogg admits she hated tea before last summer, when she was forced to drink it constantly on a trip to China. Now she wants to enlighten other students to the joys of tea too.

Perhaps contrary to assumptions about membership, Domini says that the society is as popular with boys and girls alike, and there is a good mix of arts and science students, as well as attendance by postgrads and students from Anglia Ruskin.

Although the society sources its teas from a specialist in Winchester, if you want a change to your daily brew but can't make it to the meetings, then the market is recommended. If you're going to take your tea seriously then always try to opt for loose teas, which give a smoother blend and more subtle flavour. In particular Domini says that 'Blue Sky', a darjeeling-based tea with floral infusions, hits the spot, or the more adventurous can try a hand at making a personally tailored concoction at home.

MILLY DERBYSHIRE

For more information go to <http://www.cusu.cam.ac.uk/societies/directory/teasoc/> or email teasoc@cusu.cam.ac.uk

NEWS INTERVIEW

Bulldog of British politics

MICHAEL DERRINGER



Simon Heffer's acerbic columns on British politics have become notorious. Matthew Symington speaks to him on the erosion of democracy in Britain

If nothing else, the staid climate of British politics makes for some entertaining columns; whilst politicians expound the merits of nothing in particular lest they should be branded judgemental or "out of touch", respect is due to those who do not mince their words.

Simon Heffer is aware of his detractors, but they will not stop him from slamming the welfare state or labelling Portugal a "banana republic". Now I am not convinced by all of his arguments concerning welfarism, and I happen to have had a lovely holiday in Portugal some years ago, but I appreciate the honesty nonetheless.

One thing we do agree on is that Gordon Brown's interview with Piers Morgan on Sunday night was a cringe-fest, so this is where we begin. I ask Heffer if he thinks Brown's attempt to appear more personable will help his election campaign. "I think Brown has quite a commendable natural reserve," Heffer begins, "in that he doesn't parade his emotions everywhere. So I find it sad that he chose to parade them all in that television interview."

"I saw the interview David Cameron gave on Scottish Television over the weekend where he talks about the death of his child. I've got two children and I'm immensely sorry for anybody who loses a child, but for a public figure I think it's something which is best kept within the family."

"I'm not interested in voting for anybody because they know how to emote, I'm interested in voting for people because they have an idea of what's wrong with this country and more to the point they know how to put it right."

I had a feeling we'd come on to Cameron; Heffer's columns since 2005 have displayed a palpable frustration with the Leader of the

Opposition. Top on his list of grievances are Cameron's economic policies, or lack thereof. "I am particularly angry that the Conservative party has not specified that it will reverse the 50% tax rate," he begins.

"What they seem to forget is that so-called 'rich people' – and we're talking about people who earn more than £150,000 a year, I know many of these people who are by no stretch of the imagination rich – use their disposable income to keep people who do not earn £150,000 a year in work. They buy things that they make, they use their services. There are going to be a lot of people earning very small amounts of money in this country who are going to suffer very hard because of the 50% tax rate."

In that case what was Darling's motivation behind this policy? "It was spite. He has been told by the Treasury that this tax rise will not make any money because people will evade it or avoid it or go abroad. So it's purely grandstanding, it's saying to poorer people, 'we're giving these toffs a real hiding to teach them a lesson!'"

Our talk of Cameron persists, and I suggest that there might be a wider problem in British politics these days whereby no mainstream parties are willing to make an express ideological commitment. Heffer is nodding his agreement.

"We had a very low turnout at the last election of about 60%, and that wasn't just caused by disillusionment with Blair, though there was quite a lot of that, it was also caused by disillusionment with the Tory Party. I got emails from people every day saying, 'we don't regard the Conservative party as being a Conservative Party.'"

"I think a lot of people who read my columns are going to vote UKIP,

because UKIP believe in all sorts of things that the Tory party should believe in. They believe in cutting taxes, they believe in cutting the size of the state, they believe in getting out of Europe, they believe in grammar schools. UKIP might not win any seats but they will, as they showed last time, do a very

"I'm not interested in voting for anybody because they know how to emote, I'm interested in voting for people who know what's wrong with this country."

good job of preventing the Tories from winning seats."

But is this ideological sheepishness really so new? Presumably Margaret Thatcher wasn't nearly so brazen in 1979 as she would later become whilst in power.

"The first time I ever voted was in 1979," Heffer retorts. "I knew bloody well what Mrs Thatcher stood for. She said very clearly, 'I'm coming in, I'm going to roll back the frontiers of the state, I'm going to tame the trade unions.' Now that was enough, she didn't have to say anything else."

Well then, if there is such reluctance to make an ideological commitment, is that not partly a result of the media's insatiable demand for a sound bite? "You

have to divide the media up into its constituent parts. I don't think newspapers have done anything to contribute to this, I think we've behaved extremely well. We have provided an opposition in this country in the past thirteen years when the Conservative party was incapable of mounting one."

We continue into the topic of free speech more generally, and Heffer makes the case that deviance from today's political orthodoxy is increasingly frowned upon.

"There are politicians who feel very constrained; that's a great mistake and serves this country very badly. One reason why we're in this mess at the moment is that the consensus view that the welfare state must be maintained not just in terms of giving money to people but also in giving jobs to people; nobody wants to challenge that... I'm not happy to pay taxes for people who work in a bureaucracy and decide where the paperclips are placed."

"I hope that people will vote for parties who are not the mainstream (and I expressly do not include the BNP in this who I regard as an abomination) – whether it's the Green Party or UKIP or many of the independent candidates who are standing. We need people who are dissatisfied with the erosion of our democracy and want to be more democratic."

This is a surprisingly forceful call to arms from a writer whom many regard as a beacon of the establishment. But then, for Heffer, the establishment has radically altered. His columns do not represent a reactionary denunciation of innovation; rather, they encapsulate an increasingly common position – the rationalization of right-of-centre policies in response to an increasingly entrenched centre-left orthodoxy.

VARSITY PROFILE

Professor Michael Lamb

The Cambridge professor at the centre of America's gay rights battle

Michael Lamb, who made headlines in America recently for crucial evidence in the 'Proposition 8' gay-rights court case, is a consummate example of why studying at Cambridge is so spectacular. A world-renowned expert in his field, yet still teaching first-year undergraduates, Lamb is head of the Department of Social and Developmental Psychology.

He grew up, lived, taught and carried out research in South Africa, Zimbabwe, America and the UK, and has amassed a breath-taking body of work across a spectrum of core issues of psychology. He is also frank, modest and dedicated to his interests.

As a key witness in *Perry v Schwarzenegger*, the California trial that is considered likely to reach the Supreme Court and could result in the enforced legality of gay marriage across all 50 states, Lamb testified that sexual orientation does not negatively impact the ability to raise well-adjusted children.

"I have been interested in the development of parent-child relationships and the factors that affect children's adjustment for more than 35 years," he explains, "my research and reading (and I represent a very large body of research) show that the quality of parent-child relationships has an important impact on children's adjustment."

"The research also shows that the same factors predict positive developmental trajectories whether one

is talking of mothers or fathers, and whether one is talking of 'straight' or 'gay/lesbian' parents," he adds.

Lamb is a leading authority on infant and child psychology, with a focus on parent-child relationships, and was asked by the Perry trial's plaintiffs, the celebrity lawyers Olson and Boies (who worked on opposing sides of the *Bush v. Gore* case during the 2000 Presidential election) to act as an expert witness in a key area of their case – refuting the long-held belief that same-sex couples are less well-equipped to raise children.

However, Lamb also points out that in many cases, such as California, although homosexual couples cannot marry, they are allowed to have children, and "the worst irony" is that the lack of a secure marriage can be more detrimental than the sexual orientation. "The part that is lost in all this debate is about withholding a certain status," he points out, "and it's hard not to see this as reflecting some kind of prejudice against these people."

Yet Lamb remains a calm and collected individual, despite the five-hour cross-examination he endured in California, which he described as "stressful". Sticking to the huge body of scientific evidence that backs his point, he managed to stand firm against persistent and repetitive questioning which aimed to make him contradict himself. "It was frustrating as a witness," he admits. But it makes a big difference. JOHN WALLIS



University Watch

Pyongyang University

South Korean Dr Kim Chin-Kyung has kept an extraordinary promise he made to God 60 years ago lying wounded on a Korean battlefield. In 1950, 15 year-old Kim made an oath to one day show his enemies, who at the time were the Chinese and North Koreans, love if he survived. He has done so by founding two universities: first the Yanbian University of Science and Technology in Northern China in 1992, and, in September 2009, the Pyongyang University of Science and Technology, which is set to begin classes in April. He hopes the new institution will help to open diplomatic channels between the Koreas. Kim has gone so far as to sell his house and devote his life savings to the businesses which have funded the founding of North Korea's first privately funded university due to his belief in the power of education. Although there is scepticism about the success of the institution due to strict teaching constraints in communist North Korea, Kim is optimistic that education is the way forward for the country.



University of East Anglia

Following the release of a string of emails in November, which pointed to researchers at the University of East Anglia hiding information regarding climate change, the institution has ordered a review of the work of the researchers involved in the scandal. The review will determine whether or not the accusations are correct. The university's Climatic Research Unit is one of the world's greatest data banks on environmental change and has contributed to United Nations climate reports. The emails, which were leaked globally after the centre's computer network was hacked, point to the distortion of data relating to the influence of man on global warming. If scientists at the centre are found to have manipulated data by the review, the faith of the general public in statistics, which are cited as warnings that we should lower carbon emissions, will be severely shaken.

University of Sussex

The University of Sussex has been highly criticised following its announcement that it will no longer offer teaching and research into pre-1700 British history. The decision comes on the heels of budget cuts which mean that the university must find a way to save £3 million. A focus on the past 300 years of history means that such events as the Norman Conquest and the reign of Elizabeth I will no longer be taught to History students at the university. European history will also be cut and be taught only from 1900 onwards. Although the study of history will be dramatically diminished at the institution, growth of such subjects as media and film will continue. This fact is partially in response to student demand as well as the strain on the University's budget caused by the funding of a broad history department. ESMÉ NICHOLSON



Under the new syllabus figures such as Henry VIII will no longer be studied

Cambridge Spies



Cheeky Churchill

Wanted: The cheeky couple who took the free love theme to the line, and then crossed it. After a Hard Day's Night, one of Winston's wonderful workers stumbled across the pair, "Fixing a Hole". Hastily dressing, they scarpered like Beatles, only to be caught and thrown out, ending their Magical Mystery Tour. From the gates the bouncer called, "Hello, Goodbye!"
Reward: A guided tour of Abbey Road

Fancy Footwork

Wanted: The greediest guest at the Winston's Ball, who let his footwear fetish fly completely out of control. Making the school-boy error of getting caught, this mysterious figure was thrown out directly, all for his shoe-stealing japes.
Reward: A pair of Louboutins

TV Trauma

Unwanted: The receipt for a 92" plasma screen TV. Discovered in the email inbox of one of Clare's most chilled-out entertainers last Monday, this bill was met with a shriek and is not welcome in the least. Much to the horror of our heroine, the receipt and the bar tab that preceded it, amounted to a rather Grand fee. Lovely lady seeking kind, gallant donor, to take this bill away.
Reward: TV session, Clare Common Room.

Viva la Viva

Wanted: The glittering girlfriend of one muscle-stacked fresher, whose idea of Bad Taste made her less than popular. Part-way through the Bop, her dignity was shed and her sparkles thus spread. But her terrible taste tempted trouble amongst the Trinity Hall Massive. The authorities saw red but in the morning she fled, leaving her darling to clear up the havoc in her wake.
Reward: Glue for your glitter

Cambridge professor wins £350,000 prize for stem cell research

CHRISTOPHER STANTON

A top stem cell researcher at the University of Cambridge has been awarded one of the most prestigious medical prizes in Europe.

Professor Austin Smith, Director of the Wellcome Trust Centre for Stem Cell Research, has won the annual Louis-Jeantet Prize for Medicine, which is given to the best biomedical researchers in Europe and is worth £350,000.

Professor Smith, the Centre, and Cambridge have played a pivotal role in stem cell research in the last few years. The University's Department of Genetics discovered unique properties of stem cells in the 1980s, a breakthrough that led to the principal researcher, Professor Sir Martin Evans, winning the 2007 Nobel Prize for Medicine.

Professor Smith himself is focused on researching the properties of stem cells by determining their basic biology, which is still not fully comprehended by researchers. Only when scientists actually know

how the cells really function will their clinical applications, particularly their potential for treating human diseases, become more than a theoretical possibility.

It is the ability of stem cells to manufacture every other type of cell in the body – so-called pluripotency – that has fascinated Professor Smith throughout his research career.

The Louis-Jeantet prize money will be invaluable for the Centre for Stem Cell Research, coming at a time when researchers are working to overcome a significant barrier in the field, namely the question of why pluripotent cells in mice and rats behave so differently to those in humans.

According to Professor Smith, "It's a problem that's slowing up the field at the moment, so this funding will help us investigate pluripotency in species other than mice and rats. It's a very basic question but the answer could have profound implications."

He explained, "At the moment, we think human stem cells are not the same 'blank slate' as stem cells

in rodents. We think human stem cells don't all behave the same because they carry different molecular baggage."



Prof. Austin Smith

"This makes the field difficult because things aren't consistent. If you can solve that problem you would have a standardized starting material."

Broers Building completed on West Cambridge site

Completion hoped to stem criticism of "isolated" site

MICHELLE GOMES

The completion of the Broers Building on the West Cambridge site earlier this month has marked the latest stage in the expansion of the University's science and technology campus.

Named in honour of the former Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Broers Building hopes to provide a leading centre for research collaboration between the University and local and international businesses.

Although plans for the 163-acre expansion of the West site were drawn up in 1999, the site is only 25 per cent complete. A significant

number of renowned research facilities have already been located there, including the University's Cavendish Laboratory, Department of Veterinary Medicine, and the Whittle Laboratory.

In addition to academic buildings, a growing number of commercial organisations such as Microsoft, Hitachi and Nokia, have also taken space in the site.

Despite expectations that the West site would provide a successful forum for business and academia to mingle, it has recently been the subject of much criticism.

There has been condemnation of plans which place some of the University's most important research and

education facilities on the outskirts of the city.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Peter Carolin, Chairman of Cambridge Futures, acknowledged that the site is "like a business park; the buildings are very spaced out and roads dominate the site. It relates in no way to the surrounding residential areas – it is an isolated enclave."

He goes on to lament the fact that, planned differently, the site could have been integrated into the city, to the immense benefit of employees and residents.

However, Carolin went on to praise the Broers Building, explaining that its completion has elicited excitement for the future of the site. The construction of the building, adjacent to a central café and an Entrepreneurship Centre, will hopefully create more opportunities for researchers and academics to meet and foster ideas.

Liz Pride, Director of MJP architects, Master Planners of the site, defended their plans, saying that although recent press reports criticise the location as lacking in liveliness, this is a "25-year development project" and "the next stage, which is soon to be lodged for Planning Approval, provides the site's main public squares, forming a social focus for the nascent science community."

Mr Carolin wants all sections of the city to meet for a research project to sort out the future of Cambridge.

Schools may be over-predicting A level grades

RICHARD MOORE

Dr Geoff Parks, Director of Undergraduate Admissions at the University of Cambridge, has expressed concern that some schools may be exaggerating the predicted A level grades of applicants in order to improve their chances of receiving a conditional offer.

The problem has become more acute in the run-up to this summer's introduction of the new A* A level grade, which will form part of the University's standard A level conditional offer for the majority of 2010 entrants.

In fact, *Varsity* reported last week that 76 conditional offers were made this year requiring students to achieve a minimum of two A* grades and one A grade in their A level exams. Such unprecedented offers have increasingly put pressure on schools to be optimistic in their grade predictions.

However, the practice of over-predicting grades – which is being carried out by schools and not by applicants themselves – is not a new one.

Even before the introduction of the new A* grade at A level, schools' predictions of their students' A level scores were known for their optimism, predicting high grades which were not borne out by the candidates' examination results.

The introduction of the new A* grade last year, however, has increased the scope for exaggerated predictions at the higher end of the scale.

As it is the only university which requests the raw Uniform Mark Scheme (UMS) examination scores

of all of its candidates, it is easier for Cambridge to detect cases of overly confident grade predictions than it is for other universities.

"Using [UMS scores] we can, in effect, make our own predictions," Dr Parks said. "It is on this evidence that we can say that some of the school predictions have been extremely optimistic."

He added, "If other universities have been using A* predictions as a basis for selection, they may have been misled."

It is likely that the problem of over-predicting grades is a result of the confusion caused by the introduction of the new grade, rather than any deliberate intention on the part of schools to mislead university admissions tutors.

In fact, the University recommended to UCAS, the national body responsible for university admissions, that schools should be asked to refrain from predicting A* grades until their effect on the system was better understood.

The recommendation was not adopted due to concerns that it would affect UCAS's research into the accuracy of predicted grades.

Dr Parks, however, is confident that the University's decisions on whether to admit applicants have not been influenced by inaccurate predictions.

The University will not be discriminating between predicted A* and A grades until the new grade becomes more established.

The introduction of the new A* grade was welcomed by the University. Last year, one in every eight A level students achieved three A grades, making it difficult to identify the best performers.



The Broers Building, recently completed at the West Cambridge site

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Comment

“Questions of dope and gender bubble under all areas of contemporary sport.”

VANESSA HEGGIE



LAURA FREEMAN

When lipstick feminism falls apart

We're surrounded by “empowered” glamour models, but sounding the death knell for feminism is defeatist. We need a new battle cry

If you had asked me three years ago if I was a feminist, I would have said no. I would have told you that a woman's place was in the home and that my dearest wish was to get married, have babies and bake fairy cakes. My mother was, is, a feminist: a corporate high-flying, ball-breaking, glass-ceiling smashing, chairman (never chair-woman) of boards.

If you asked me today if I was a feminist, I would say yes, firmly, yes. Not because Cambridge has been a bastion of sexism but because Cambridge did what universities are supposed to do: broadened my horizons, gave me confidence, instilled a modicum of ambition. I understand now why bath-time and bed-time and fairy cakes weren't enough for my mother. I don't think they would be enough for me.

Feminism is back in the public eye this month. Natasha Walter, a ‘lipstick feminist’ and a graduate of St John's College has published a new book, *Living Dolls: The Return of Sexism*. The book has been serialised in *The Sunday Times*, reviewed by every paper, and Walter was given a full-page

interview in *The Guardian*.

Walter is an interesting case study. She doesn't go in for the sackcloth and ashes branch of feminism, hasn't burnt her bra or embraced the dungaree. She worked at *Vogue*. In the 1990s she wrote *The New Feminism* which declared that a woman could wear lipstick, could have a white wedding and a city career, and could consume pornography. Girl Power.

Twelve years on and Walter believes that something has gone wrong. The creed of empowerment has mutated. We are all in thrall to pornography, the acceptable image of femininity has narrowed, and

dutifully for the cameras. The compère introduces that week's cover girl: “Buy her, take her home and have a wank!”

Walter's research takes her to pole dancing clubs and the homes of prostitutes and pornography addicts. In interview after interview, Walter discovers a gulf between the public face of the sex industry – Billie Piper as Belle de Jour – and its reality, the situation of desperate women, abused, trafficked, and reliant on drugs. She speaks to one prostitute who tells her that “you consent to being raped for money.”

Walter is particularly perturbed by the rise of pornography. While an enterprising teenage boy of the 1960s might have seen a handful of smutty images, a boy turning thirteen today will have seen tens, hundreds, thousands of pornographic videos online. What might once have been taboo – lesbianism, anal sex, group sex, sadism – is now mainstream.

On much of this I agree with Walter. But I also feel let down. Walter paints a compelling panorama of twenty-first-century sexism, but there is no battle-cry,

no rallying of the troops. I wanted Walter to provide a manifesto, an action plan for young women to stop being living dolls and start fighting against the returning tide of sexism. At the end of the book she lists ten organisations which do carry the torch of feminism, but this smacks of ‘If you have been affected by any of the issues raised...’ Without mounting a counter-attack to the living doll strangle-hold, the book is nothing more than a catalogue of abused women and confused men.

It is not enough to be a Cassandra listing the ails of society – the Sunday supplements are full of female columnists worrying about lap-dancing and casual sex – what young women need is a call to arms. Choice should not mean being a Page 3 girl because that's your best chance of marrying a footballer. Most girls don't marry a footballer, and once *The Sun*'s readership has seen your breasts your stock falls

rapidly. But what's the alternative? A lifetime behind the check-out in Tesco?

Feminism is failing young women and it is failing those from the poorest backgrounds most. Our living dolls must be offered an alternative. Aspiring to be the object of masturbatory fantasy

is as limiting as aspiring to have your husband's dinner on the table at seven every night. We must find new role models. We must do better than to equate Michelle Obama with her toned biceps. She is a Harvard-educated

lawyer. She gives careers talks at inner city schools. We must celebrate intelligent, articulate women like Anya Hindmarch, Jo Malone, and Natalie Massenet, all entrepreneurs behind successful creative companies, as alternatives to living doll priestess Katie Price. We must count on Teach First to get motivated, inspiring female graduates into schools. Every girl should aspire to something more than fairy cakes and the cover of *Nuts*.



EMMA VIOLET

I am consistently surprised by the number of Cambridge students who are completely unfamiliar with the excitements of gambling. Political betting, in particular, always struck me as a sideline that had the potential to appeal to the average Cambridge undergraduate. Its practice has a long and interesting history, it provides a fascinating study for students from a wide range of academic persuasions, and it becomes increasingly lucrative as one harnesses a more finely tuned sense of emotional detachment.

Wagering on political outcomes has a long history across Europe and the United States, dating back to the election of Washington and

existing in organised markets since the administration of Lincoln. By the 1930s, most of the (illegal) wagers in the United States were six-figure sums on political markets, and during election campaigns, political wagering would exceed trading on the New York stock-market. In 1916 political wagering in the US more than doubled the total campaign costs of the Presidential candidates and, although the relative sums of money bet on election campaigns have since declined, the main political parties continue to use betting odds in order to gauge the public mood. When working for the Labour Party, I have been repeatedly advised to disregard reams of data from polls, market research firms and expert psephologists in favour of the latest odds from leading bookmakers: it is commonly held

that they possess a predictive power unknown to any researcher, and often remarked that they are “never wrong”.

My experience of political betting stems back to the London Mayoral election of 2008. I had developed a complete fascination with the campaign, and found myself perusing the available odds online; this was the effect of curiosity-sprung-from-boredom, rather than any genuinely enterprising spirit. Given the poor showing of the Labour candidate, Ken Livingstone, in the published polls, I was seeking comfort and reassurance from another source – in much the same way that one frequently seeks out favourable predictions,

disregarding those that displease. To my astonishment, however, I could find no encouragement from betfair.com or, indeed, any of its competitors: the odds on a Labour victory, if I remember correctly, were 7/2. My ideological bias kicked in, and I banked £300 on it.

So foolishly confident was I of my impending victory that I spent the next three weeks planning how exactly I would spend my winnings. So cheated did I feel when Ken Livingstone lost, in a landslide victory to his foppish Conservative rival, that I determined to recoup my loss by making more cynical political bets on clear favourites, and made a few small profits in by-elections. Small profits, however, are not terribly satisfying, and



The general election: place your bets

Why everyone should gamble on politics

VARSITY

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Issue No 714

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Charity begins at home

For a number of us, our major experiences of voluntary charity work may have come on gap years, working abroad for one of the various relevant agencies. Such work is a wonderful opportunity; not only can it help a foreign community, it simultaneously allows us experiences of different cultures. However, as our investigation this week into student volunteering shows, there has been an increasing trend in altruism closer to home.

An initial search of the list of Cambridge-based charities (see cambridgeonline.com) shows that the city is not lacking in institutions to get involved with. For instance, the Student Community Action group is perhaps one of the easiest to get involved with and is aimed directly at recruiting people at university. Run by a committee of students, the charity has been helping the underprivileged areas of Cambridge for over 30 years, offering a variety of programmes: Bounce!, Big Sibs and Teaching English as a Second Language are all brilliant ways of helping children from poorer backgrounds or with special needs (see cambridgesca.org.uk for details). And Jimmy's Night Shelter (jimmyscambridge.org.uk) aims to provide up to 30 homeless people with a warm bed and hot meal every night, not just as an emergency reaction, but with the aim of taking a more holistic approach by working with local agencies and welfare services. Jimmy's has had incredible success since it started in 1995, though it is, like so many local charities, heavily reliant on volunteer help.

As students, we're incredibly lucky to live in this beautiful city for three years, or longer, but it is easy to miss the problems that lie just below the surface. If you're considering getting involved with some charity work, by all means think of international organisations – but why not have a look at what's on our doorstep first.

So farewell then...

While it's good news that the Trinity Street Post Office is likely to survive past April, albeit probably in a new King Street location, it's worth taking a moment to eulogize its soon-to-be-former location. In its heyday, the Trinity Street Post Office was a warm and welcoming haven for Cambridge students without a cause. The excellent collection of postcards and notecards, not to mention the outstanding confectionery, selection of cigarettes and eclectic souvenirs such as scarves, backpacks and tea towels, were, in their way, even more mouth-watering than Mr Simms' plentiful collection of sweets. And of course, the Post Office itself was a convenient stop on the trail of normal student errands, right between Heffers (where newspapers are half-price Monday through Saturday) and the shortcut to Sainsbury's along All Saints Passage.

In all seriousness: although we do hope students and residents will vote to preserve the Post Office by approving its move to King Street, we can't pretend we won't be a little bit nostalgic for the small-time Cambridge landmark we're about to lose.



Letters to the Editor

Your editorial 'Twilight Zone' (Feb. 12th) forgets that childhood and adolescence are unique and incredible parts of life, and understanding



them means understanding us. The flippant, uninformed and condescending opinion expressed in your editorial is exactly what we don't need at a time when Education – along with all other social sciences – is being placed under scrutiny. What we do need is an academic body to replace the old wives' tales and pseudo-wisdom. Children are incredibly responsive and sensitive, so we should be similarly responsive and sensitive when we are looking at what they are looking at. Knowing how our next generation ticks is arguably more important than many of the arts degrees offered at Cambridge. No-one is suggesting it should be made into

an undergraduate degree. The essayist [Sarah Duncan] has a better understanding of the fact that even, and especially, authors of "light" fiction can be "formidable" – and hence worth studying.

Andrew Edgar
Churchill

Varsity's claim that "drinking two or more [soft drinks] carries 87% increased risk of developing cancer" is disappointing. In fact, the study concerned is specific to pancreatic cancer, a relatively rare type, rather than a generic form as you suggest. Considering cancer is responsible for between one quarter to a third of all deaths in this country, statements like those above – while perhaps innocent – only heighten the lack of understanding surrounding the issue and are tantamount to scaremongering.
Ben Richardson
Christ's

In your editorial you describe the recent CUSU referenda as "exciting" and "encouraging". The focal point of this excitement is, it seems, the surprisingly high turnout, which you regard as an inherently good thing. You fail completely, however, to explain why this should

be such a boon. Why should we care about CUSU? On a national stage politics intrude into almost every facet of life, but student politics, by contrast, too often seem obsessed with self-promotion and the entrenchment of 'power' by mastering the arts of bureaucracy. They have little impact on the life of the average undergraduate. Your implication that all students must engage with CUSU or else be apathetic and out-of-touch cannot go unchallenged.

Hugo Gye
Trinity

In *Varsity's* review of Selwyn Jazz vs Fitz Swing at Clare Cellars, you claim that "Selwyn were there for the crack". I was playing with Fitz Swing that night; nobody told us that drugs would be available to enhance our experience of the evening.

Alastair Appleton
Selwyn

Email letters@varsity.co.uk for the chance to win a bottle from the Cambridge Wine Merchants. Letters may be edited.

Underrated

Week 6: Marconi



He may have an airport named after him and have been the recipient of awards from a Nobel Prize to a host of honorary doctorates, but

given that he 'invented the radio', Guglielmo Marconi is hardly a household name. What's more, despite being a prolific inventor and scientist, Marconi's political and personal lives were far from dull. From attending the Versailles Peace Conference in Paris in 1919, to joining the Italian Fascist party in 1923; changing his religion, to having Mussolini as best man at his second wedding, he lived a colourful life.

At just 22 years old, Marconi patented wireless telegraphy. He sent the first wireless waves over open sea successfully and, with further developments to his own work, the list of patents under his name continued to grow. Worldwide recognition came

when, aged 27, he performed the first successful transatlantic wireless transmission, and in 1909, he received the Nobel Prize for Physics.

Called to service with the Italian army and navy, he refined his wireless technology tirelessly. His name then became that of a benefactor of humanity when, in 1912, the transmission of an SOS message led to the rescue of approximately 700 of the 2300 people on board the Titanic.

But Marconi wasn't all innocence and charity: within a few years, the scandals were erupting like volcanic acne. Rumours flew regarding assistance given to his company by British ministers who, as shareholders, would have benefited

financially from the passage of a bill setting up the British Imperial Wireless Network. The severity of this meant that Asquith's government was almost brought down. Further outrage surrounded Marconi's originality: having built on the discoveries of other scientists (as well patenting some suspiciously unoriginal developments under his own name), legal challenges were raised in several countries, the results of which included the US Supreme Court overturning most of his patents.

Not one to dwell on the airing of his dirty laundry, Marconi changed religion and remarried. Having had two daughters and a son with his first wife, a descendent of Irish royalty, he moved on to the second,

a well-connected Italian noblewoman. Through her, he received the title of Marchese in 1929. Given that Mussolini had been his best man, it is perhaps unsurprising that he was also appointed President of the Royal Academy of Italy, part of the Fascist Grand Council, and that his death was met with an Italian state funeral.

He has had some recognition, though; a worldwide radio wave silence in his tribute when he died, and the release of a commemorative British two pound coin in 2001. His scientific contributions, and the developments which have stemmed from them, should certainly be rated highly: without them, our lifestyles would be unimaginably different. ANNA HARPER

THE ESSAY

The Science of Cheating

As we count down to the opening ceremony of the 2012 London Olympic Games, it is likely that we will see headlines about two key issues: one is cost, and the other is 'cheating'. In the case of the Olympics, 'cheating' is usually shorthand for drug use, or controversy about female athletes (other sports events have more inventive dramas about ball tampering, fake blood and putting extra players on the pitch). As recent high-profile cases have shown us, dope and gender are not issues that arise once every four years, but rather bubble under all areas of competitive sport, before erupting to cause hand-wringing, outraged blog posts, and new, often 'scientific' legislation.

The original rules against doping in the Olympic Games were introduced at the very first London Olympiad, in 1908. Competitors in the marathon were strictly forbidden to take dope of any sort, although without practical methods of testing for drugs this was more a request than a rule. The organisers probably had in mind two specific substances – alcohol and strychnine – that had been used by the winner of the last Olympic Marathon, at the 1904 St Louis Games. (This event had been a bit of a shambles; the original winner was disqualified when it emerged that he had been driven part of the way in a support car). We're more likely now to think of these substances as a hindrance rather than a help, but they remain on the World Anti-Doping Agency's Prohibited List. However, the Olympic officials of 1908 turned a blind eye to another enhancement product – in fact, they arranged for it to be given for free to the runners during the race. The official caterers for the Olympic Marathon of 1908 were Oxo, who provided their beef extract in drinks to athletes; Oxo, derived from Liebig's original Extract of Beef, was a tonic food, intended and expected to improve health and vitality. Could it aid performance? Probably more so than alcohol...

“Athletic bodies are the most surveilled of all free human beings.”

From these small beginnings, athletic bodies are now amongst the most surveilled of all (free) human beings. This ranges from the unrelenting media commentary on the femininity (or otherwise) of elite competitive sportswomen, to the literal surveillance of drug tests, where athletes have to tell international authorities where they are living, eating, and



Can runners ever compete on a level playing field? **Vanessa Heggie** asks whether drug bans and gender testing have any place in modern sport and society

sleeping. Athletic bodies are held up to standards which do not apply to the rest of us. In the 1960s and 70s it was quite possible to live your whole life as a woman, marrying, having children, and still be disqualified from the 'women's events' of international sports. Social gender and sporting gender did not have to match. You or I can have a beer, a puff on our asthma inhaler, and a prescribed tablet of Viagra, and still go to work the next day in no fear of losing our jobs; this is not always true for the professional athlete in the first two cases, and Viagra is now under scrutiny by WADA. What other career demands that a man should choose between losing his job and sexual dysfunction?

It's not always been like this. In the late 1930s the eccentric coach of Wolverhampton Wanderers Football Club claimed to be giving his lack-lustre players extracts of monkey glands to enliven their performance. Whilst there were some grumblings about this in the sporting and medical press (and a question raised in Parliament), there was absolutely no suggestion that any footballer taking hormone extracts for personal reasons should be banned for life. It was not until the middle of the twentieth century that we started to demand extraordinary purity of our athletes; the result of an unfortunate combination of Cold War suspicions, civilian drug and anti-drug movements, and the emergence of a medical specialism (sports medicine) which claimed that the athletic body was a distinct clinical object, not like the rest of us and subject to different laws, both physiological and sporting.

The debates surrounding dope and gender testing are useful, particularly to historians and

sociologists, because they tell us about more than just sport. Sport insists that human beings compete as one of just two genders; biology, psychology and culture tell us that life is more complicated than that. By looking at the clash between sports gender and social gender

“Drug bans assume a clear line between nature and technology.”

we can understand both better. Likewise, drug bans assume a clear line between legitimate and illegitimate use, between nature and technology. None of those categories are straightforward, and increasingly, with blood doping and the possibility of genetic enhancement, discussions of 'cheating' in sport require us to grapple with extremely difficult bioethical questions about what it is to be an embodied human being. Changing attitudes towards what is fair and unfair, natural and unnatural, restorative or enhancing, reflect changing social and cultural conditions across the international sports community. For example: until the late 1960s training intensively (i.e. at a special site or camp) for more than four weeks in any Olympic year was considered 'cheating' by the International Olympic Committee.

Sporting competitions are fundamentally a measure of inequality between people; they are also often arbitrary. We have invented rules and regulations, designed special tracks and fields, introduced the technology of the stopwatch, laser measurement and chemical tests,

in order to create a controlled environment in which a specific difference between human beings can be measured. Usain Bolt is not the fastest man in the world; he is the fastest human being who is a man according to our biosocial rules, who was culturally privileged enough to gain a sporting education, and who, over a defined but arbitrary distance, on a specific day, on a specific track, against a selected group of competitors, at an event recognised by international sports bodies, managed to cover the distance in the shortest time, measured by precisely defined timing technology, and fulfilled a stringent range of biochemical requirements about how much testosterone he had in his body. In those terms, it begins to be difficult to see sport as an expression of 'natural talent'.

These arguments are just as relevant when we look at other ways to measure inequalities – for example in our education system. In terms of assessing 'natural intellectual talent', years at public school could be considered 'cheating' as much as blood doping or genetic engineering. But if all we care about is the outcome, regardless of how it is achieved, then we should be encouraging students to take the next generation of dope – the proliferating list of drugs which help memory and concentration. What is the inequality we are trying to measure? And how do we – and should we – ensure that everyone competes on a level playing field?

Vanessa Heggie is a research fellow in the Department of History and Philosophy of Science at Cambridge. She is currently researching the history of extreme sports, exploration and physiology, funded by the Wellcome Trust and Isaac Newton Trust.

Not-Sci



Robot Revolution?

Can a robot write a symphony? Can it turn a blank canvas into a beautiful masterpiece? These questions were asked by detective Spooner in Isaac Asimov's novel *I, Robot*, and subsequently immortalised by Will Smith on the big screen when he interrogates the artificially intelligent machine, Sonny. Sonny's response: "Can you?"

Sonny's question can be extended: does the capability of a robot solely depend on the capabilities of those who designed it? Can they ever replace humans? The back and forth debate that contemplates the real intellectual capabilities of artificial machines was reignited last year when scientists in the Department of Biochemistry at the University of Cambridge created a 'robot scientist' who they claimed made an 'independent' scientific discovery. And while the recent 'chip and PIN' furore in the media, after University of Cambridge scientists claimed the machine can be fooled, may be seemingly unrelated, the two stories demonstrate one thing. Machines may well be able to perform a million calculations a minute, quickly read incredibly complicated and encrypted information, and even make discoveries in an independent way, but only if they have been given specific instructions on how to do so. And they will inevitably contain failings which only humans can overcome.

While the press are always keen to claim advanced technology could eventually replace humans, they have neglected the fact that, so far, any piece of software or hardware that exists can only do what it has been programmed to do. It may be possible to write a program that writes a symphony, but that would depend on our own understanding of how to do that. One thing to remember is that most advanced technology is designed to process, sort through and output securely a lot of information quickly. But machines have yet to find a pattern between two seemingly unrelated things in a way that a stand up comedian, philosopher, or psychiatrist could. So take articles which imply machines could replace humans with a pinch of salt. SITA DINANAUTH



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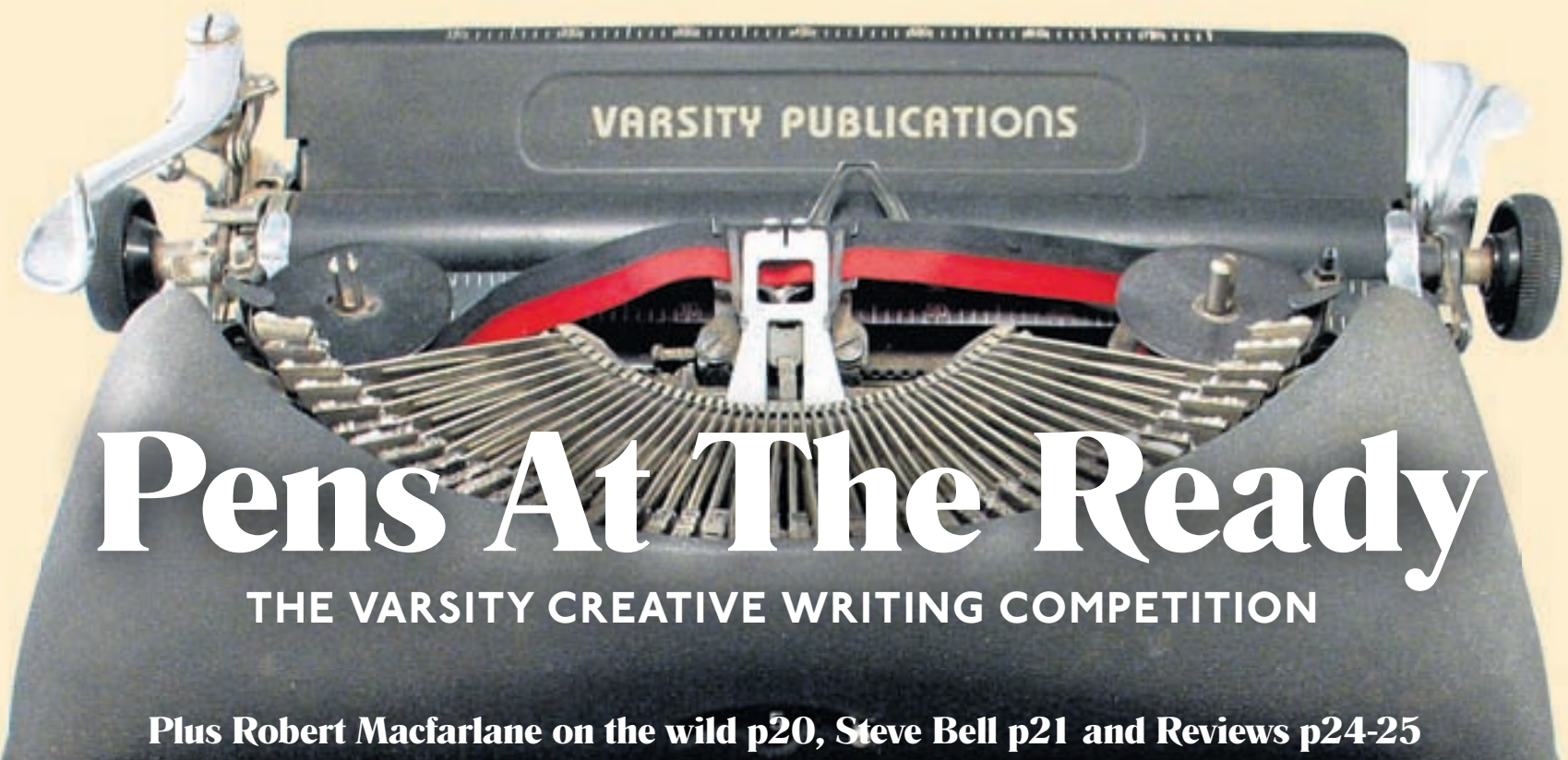
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 19TH 2010

V2

The Varsity Magazine

FEATURES, ARTS, FASHION & REVIEWS

Barry's back.
With the axe.
Shit.



Pens At The Ready

THE VARSITY CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION

Plus Robert Macfarlane on the wild p20, Steve Bell p21 and Reviews p24-25

The Zeitgeist Tape

The fortnight's entertainment watercooler gossip, digested for your pleasure.



Award ceremony season continued in full red-carpet flourish with last Tuesday's Brit Awards. It was hosted by Peter Kay, which probably tells you everything you need to know. In a somewhat desperate attempt at sexual titillation, this year's Awards have been billed as the "battle of the babes," mainly because female musicians picked up several nominations.

Who set up this false rivalry between anybody with a microphone and a vagina? You never see metal fans screech, "Axl Rose can't exist because James Hetfield did it better. Anyway, Hetfield has a better beard!" You also never hear anyone say, "Why don't you do something more meaningful than argue over pop?" This is possibly because nobody wants to piss off

anybody whose idea of a good time is wading into a moshpit and breaking someone's nose while wailing "MAAASTER OF PUPPETS". We suspect this might also have something to do with the fact that pop is traditionally seen as the superficial, female-friendly cousin to more rated genres like rock, which takes itself so seriously that bands like Kasabian consider strutting on a stage surrounded by over-enthusiastic fire troughs to be the height of musical performance.

At least Liam Gallagher has embraced the fact that rock has disappeared up its own arse: he asked an interviewer backstage to take Class A drugs with him. The interviewer also happened to be his wife, Nicola Appleton. "Live forever," he shouted from the podium, as Oasis picked up the

award for Best Album of 30 Years, resembling a middle-aged lesbian with a bad haircut. Really, Liam, let's not.

But if there's one thing the Brit Awards excels at, it's at showing how better America is at this sort of thing. The main Awards highlights came courtesy of musicians from across the pond: Alicia Keys and Jay-Z's energetic duet on 'New York State of Mind' and Lady Gaga's sombre performance, which she dedicated to Alexander McQueen. Britain's contribution to musical history was Cheryl Cole not quite miming along in time to the words (in fairness, she's had a rough week) and a video appearance by Prince Harry (a.k.a. the not-balding one) dutifully reading off an autocue about the Brit Awards charity, and JLS winning two awards. A band

from *X Factor*, an ITV reality show, picking up prizes from the Brit Awards, an ITV awards show? Well, that's just inconceivable. They really beat the odds to come this far.

The general effect of this juxtaposition is one not unlike the emotions roused by the *Trainspotting* scene in which Ewan McGregor, gazing upon the comely hinterlands of Scotland, rages thus (we've adjusted it slightly for our purposes): "It's shite being in British music! We're the lowest of the low. The most pastiche-ridden, *X Factor* obsessed trash ever shat into civilisation. Some hate Americans. I don't. At least the Americans would never have nominated Keane for Best Album of 30 Years."

Lady Gaga swept the awards with 3 nods. We applaud her. Anybody who turns up to a mainstream awards ceremony dressed like the

bastard lovechild of a meringue and a feather-duster deserves everything she gets – even if she did have to receive one from Jonathan Ross, who was dressed in what passes for 'street wear' around the Ross household: baggy jeans, a bowler hat, and a denim shirt last seen on your embarrassing great-uncle, the colour-blind one with chronic flatulence.

So kudos to Lily Allen, who spent the entire night suitably pissed, entered the stage aloft on a glittery nuclear missile, giggled her way through her rendition of 'The Fear' and then tried to hide from the roving cameramen in an orange wig. Only she truly understood the ridiculousness of the Brit Awards. ZING TSJENG

The next installment of 'Self-Help' is online this week.

THOM YORKE The Oxford rocker is playing a one-off show next week, at the Cambridge Corn Exchange. Cheers, Thom.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND CHIC Dressing like a character from a Tim Burton film has never been so cool.

CHRISTINA HENDRICKS a.k.a. bombastic fantastic secretary Joan Harris from *Mad Men*. The epitome of oppressed and glorious womanhood. We're drooling.

PRIVATE EYE Sales figures are at their highest since 1992. Let's hear it for our favourite Ian Hislop-edited satirical fortnightly.

GREGGS BAKERY The high street bakery is heading for a posh revamp. We prefer our buns and sausage rolls cheap and nasty, not upmarket and classy.

TUTANKAHMUN New research reveals the

notorious Egyptian King wasn't murdered, but killed by incest.

ABBEY ROAD FOR SALE Macca's joined the campaign to save the iconic Beatles recording studio, under threat of being sold by EMI.

LIAM GALLAGHER Makes a tit of

himself at the Brit Awards. Again.

PUNCTURES Nothing is worse than that hissing sound, that sinking feeling when your wheels let you down and that trip to the Bicycle Ambulance. Damn.

Street Profile

CAROL RENOLDS
63, SWEET LADY

Which words do you most overuse?
Thank you.

If you weren't in Cambridge, where would you like to be?
Australia.

What is Cambridge to you?
Home – I've lived here all my life.

What's hot?
Booking holidays – I'm going to the Greek Islands.

What's not?
Not enough customers.

What is your guiltiest pleasure?
I can't tell you that!

Tell us a secret about yourself
I was on *The Magic Roundabout* 20 years ago.

And finally, dogs or cats?
Cats.

Week 5: Sounds like an Essay Crisis

Yeah Yeah Yeahs - 'Heads Will Roll'
Yikes. A 5000 word essay is due tomorrow. 'What is the function of Criticism? Discuss.' Mind blank. Word count: 0

Aretha Franklin - 'Save Me'
No more excuses. Your supervisor didn't buy into last week's fable that your Austrian pen pal died while you were writing that essay on Hazlitt's letters. Word count: 25 (Title and footnotes)

Cat Power - '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction'
Fix font. Check Facebook. Copy & paste from Wikipedia. Hermes. Refresh Facebook. Insert huge quotation. Coffee Break. Word count: 345.

Polar Bear - 'To Touch The Red Brick'
1.30am. Jazz interlude. (Helps the brain.) Your room's messy. Time for some Hoovering. And dusting. Maybe worth getting a Gardies? Word Count 1,456.

Yasayer - 'Sunrise'
8.50am. Mabel the bedder prods you with her duster. Dragging your face off the keyboard, you've ten minutes to bash out 2,000 words. Easy.

Our Tube

SEARCH: that's+why+i+chose+Yale

Sad news, guys. There will be no *Varsity* next week. That's because we're all going to study at Yale, as a result of watching this epic *High School Musical* sixteen minute admissions video.

Overheard

"He's the kinda man who'd kill time just to watch it die."

(10pm, Portugal Street)

Date with Billy the Kid

Artist, musician, poet, Tracey Emin's ex... just don't call him a celebrity. Zing Tsjeng meets the creative maverick that is Billy Childish

Billy Childish is a man of many words. During our interview, the 51 year old talks for almost three hours on everything from Jackson Pollock ("phony"), Martin Amis ("I hate him") to Tibetan Buddhism ("very sensible," apparently). It's unsurprising that he has a lot to talk about. Childish is a fiercely prolific multi-hyphenate producer of art, music, poetry, prose, biography, and press. He was Tracey Emin's ex-boyfriend, his name emblazoned across the inside of her infamous tent, *Everyone I Have Ever Slept With 1963–1995*. He had a spat with Jack White, who

“The good thing about art is that it can free you from delusion. In our society, we use art to compound it.”

accused Childish of plagiarism. Childish replied: “I have a better moustache and a fully developed sense of humour.” He terrified punters outside the Tate Britain during Martin Creed's *Work No. 850* (which featured people running through the gallery) by turning up in a bright yellow suit and a sandwich board that said “SON OF ART”. Little wonder Channel 4 approached him to appear on *Celebrity Big Brother* (he said no).

You have to admire the man, if only for his panache. And yes, he does have an impressive moustache: it spreads expansively across his upper lip like an enormous, furry Cupid's bow. Paired with Victorian braces and a badge that proclaims him to be a “Hero of the Brit Art Resistance”, he is every inch the idiosyncratic artist. Yet despite his charmingly dysfunctional relationship with the public and inexhaustible creative spark (resulting in about a hundred albums, 40 books of poetry, four novels, and thousands of paintings), it is likely that you've never heard of him. He's remained an underground folk hero, his music praised by the likes of PJ Harvey, and Jack White (at least, pre-spat). He's been dismissed as a “Bayswater-Road style dauber”, but is enjoying a revival with a retrospective at the ICA. His poetry has been more immediately recognised, having been twice commended in the National Poetry Prize, and his writing has seen him described as the “better-looking British Bukowski”. This is an ex-alcoholic who was routinely

bullied as a child, sexually abused at age nine (him on the subject of his childhood: “I was bullied, I was emotionally and sexually abused, but apart from that I was happy”). He didn't know how to read until he was 14, and was accepted under the ‘genius’ clause at Saint Martin's School of Art, and then summarily expelled for publishing obscene poetry (“they told me that my attitude was not conducive to getting a degree”).

“Being a polymath is viewed

this: “She did fashion, then she did art, she gave up art, and then went back into fashion. Called Brit Art.”

You'd think that there is plenty of room for him to be bitter: Hirst and his ilk have been raking in millions with their Swarovski-encrusted icy social commentary, while Childish remains comparatively uncelebrated. He helped found a relatively less successful art movement, the Stuckists, who were pointedly anti-conceptual art. He still lives in Chatham,

reality, rather than the collective delusion our society is obsessed with. Television. Celebrity. Bad food. Bad writing. Bad music. Everything that is pretending to be something. Our artists and musicians are complicit, so any talent or benefit they have,” he gestures grandly, “is wanked into the pocket of death.” He explodes into laughter.

This is what you get with Childish: you're never quite sure when he's taking the piss. His eyes twinkle, his moustache quivers with a grin. He's a bag of barely suppressed feelings, at once incredibly arch and then explosively emotional. At one point, his mother comes in to offer us pizza. We're on the topic of love. Once she exits, he leans in and immediately informs me that his mother did not love him, and that she was “not someone who has experienced love”. When she comes back into the room, he inquires with an almost excruciating amount of concern, if she's eaten any of the pizza herself. You have no doubt that he means both sentiments – the concern and the pain behind the loveless childhood – but that he is compulsively unable to *not* be honest, and tempers that compul-

“[Tracey] did fashion, then she did art, she gave up art and then went back into fashion. Called Brit Art.”

sion with an aggressive blend of trickster charm, a raised eyebrow that would challenge you to accept him as he is, were he already not so indifferent to what you think.

You see this emotional honesty in his work, too. His poetry and prose is deliberately uncensored, his haywire spelling (Childish has severe dyslexia) left untouched. His rock music, a blend of gutsy blues and garage, is as lo-fi as it gets: forget overproduction, there is barely any production at all. His mainly autobiographical, raw paintings are recklessly expressive; he doesn't paint so much as attack the canvas. It's not that he doesn't know how – in his studio, I spot an early self-portrait from when he was 17 years old. It's more immediately palatable than his current work, as if he's trying to impress somebody with his obvious talent. He's now spent his entire life working against that

instinct. “You jam the cork in, and some things are squirming around – what you're trying to do is loosen the cork. I don't think things are learnt. They're present, just obscured. You need to find ways to let it out.”

Later on in the interview, he grows philosophical. “A tree might have been a dinosaur tooth, and it's all space dust.” Things are simultaneously everything else they can be? He turns to me, eyes twinkling with that peculiar brand of Puck-ish liveliness. “These are games of understanding. I always get into trouble because I talk in big generalisations. I say, so how the fuck else are you supposed to discuss anything?”

Painter, poet, musician – they're all the same, he implies. Childish is everything he is: a mass of contradictions rubbing up against each other in varying levels of harmony. And that's just Billy for you: unashamedly, unapologetically, irresistibly Childish.



Kidding around with Billy

with great suspicion,” Childish says. “Coming from an uneducated background is considered very bad. It challenges the structure of how we do things; things are viewed as whether that person has the permission to do that. [Art schools] are actually finishing schools. Particular students are chosen to be polished up... and exhibited if they're obedient enough to represent their generation as an artist.”

Speaking of artists of the generation, what does he think of the YBAs? “I think there's plenty of room [for the YBAs], I just don't think it's remarkable.” He solicitously avoids speaking ill of Emin, whom he met while she was at fashion college, though he does say

Kent, where he grew up. His studio, where I meet him, hasn't moved for the past decade or so: it remains on the second floor of his mother's Whitstable house. And yet Childish seems to be unconcerned with success, and claims to be producing the art that he wants to see. “If art is done in a knowingly cocksure, ironic way,” Childish muses, “it's considered clever. If it's done with genuine feeling, it's considered embarrassing and naïve.”

“The good thing about art is that it can free you from delusion. In our society, we use art to compound it.” He warms to the subject, his moustache twitching. “Art is about a hunger for

Child Line: The Life of Billy

- 1959 Born in Chatham, real name Steven John Hamper.
- 1981 Reads at the Cambridge International Poetry Festival as part of The Medway Poets.
- 1982 Expelled from Saint Martin's College of Art & Design.
- 1999 Founds the Stuckist Art Movement after Tracey Emin's remark “Your paintings are stuck, you are stuck!–Stuck! Stuck! Stuck!”
- 2006 Turns down an offer to appear on *Celebrity Big Brother*.
- 2009 His first major retrospective, *Unknowable but Certain*, is now on at the ICA until 18 April.



DRAWN TO COUTURE



Chanel — Kate Jones

Givenchy — Emma Whittall

Valentino — Sarah Malik

Chanel — Cathy Morrow



Jean Paul Gaultier
— Kate Jones

Christian Dior —
Rachel Kuo

Elie Saab — Daria Kalyaeva

Human writes

Poetry and prose gems from the winners of our Creative Writing Competition

(magazine cover poem by Alex Owen)

Song for Ulysses

TIM WATERS

Ulysses heard the gull at the metro station,
on the street, in his flat, at coitus, at work,
on his rustling bed, at the white saluting sun
in the seconds only his heart recorded.

come home, come home, come home, long-hearted one
we have missed you in the loud chit-chat of the sea
we have missed the brittle force of an Odyssey
you are a spine to hang from, an immanence of plot

One such as he, an arrow-headed man
arced from himself, tawny, triumphant
into the broad recesses of the sea,
a god in bloom among the algae.

Ulysses spoke to her: "Thou knowest it; why should I tell this to thee that knowest all! We had fared to Thebe, the holy city of Eetion, and laid it waste and carried thither all the spoils, so the sons of the Achaeans divided his triumph, and the blessed Chryseis of the fair cheeks thou to his remembrance. But Chryses, priest of Apollo and sit by him and clasp his hand, the Far-darter came unto the knees, if perchance he will

Joker

STEPHANIE DAVIN

"How did you see? No, really – how?"
"I just did."
"You ruined my punchline."

Two-and-a-bit years of togetherness spawns a familiarity that ruins jokes at dinner parties. He begins telling one, but at the twitching of the left side of his upper lip she knows what is happening. That one sign released, her shoulders shake and she laughs. This stops the process too soon – not stretching their disbelief far enough, he is robbed of his moment of shine.

He cries later at this flop, feeling unappreciated. She loves him, so tries to unlearn her attentiveness. She stops watching so closely. Consequently, three-and-a-bit years produces a more distant care, which slowly drifts from her and wraps him up. Now, they're a stunning young pair possessing dazzling social success, due to the long-suspended fantasies he unveils with skill over coffee and tea.

Two routes remain from this height – the first, more distance and increasing social success, or (the second) an elastic ping back to what they used to have. Sadly, the forceful comedian loves his storytelling so much that the first path is what comes to pass. At fourteen-and-a-bit years her concern for him is so dissipated that it happens upon cats; she begins to collect them furiously. Her husband comes home for lunch and often sits on a cat brazenly occupying his chair – this makes her giggle. By twenty-two-and-a-bit years they buy rocking chairs, and enjoy fulfilling the cliché which began with her kitten obsession. They bob back and forth, avoiding the tails of the ever-breeding cats, while he tells jokes.

Meanwhile, during daily rocking, she grows pensive, wishing that they'd had option two. In the real world, she plays along and laughs at his jokes as they rock prematurely back and forth. But she is angry at having been pushed away – for her, punchlines were less important than being given leave to count the bristles in his beard and grow ever-closer. And one day, after a particularly intense bout of joke-telling, she grabs the nearest pussy and tenderly winds its furry tail around his neck like a scarf – twist, flick, tug, and the old joker turns blue. Happily she snuggles down and pets the deadly feline, body still entwined around the head of a husband of twenty-nine-and-a-bit, by the end, and strokes and laughs and rocks herself to sleep.

The + holy crowned, the

Like It Is

LIZZIE FRANCIS

"Just keep it real," she advised, the acrylic point of her index finger distractedly tracing the contours of her ash-blonde plait. We huddled closer around the screen. Of course, we'd already watched the videos of Last Year's Winner and grown intoxicated by the promise they seemed to make. That could be you, meeting the press in white fringed cowboy boots. You too could be interviewed on daytime TV, in between a chat with Björn from Abba and a special report on sex crimes in the South East.

I'd cut out the advert with a vague sense of living on the edge. So unlike me! I thought, as I collected my number. 4371. I positioned it on my stomach and joined the others for the video introduction.

The auditions were lengthy. Group exercises, followed by individual screen tests and tea from plastic cups. We lined up along a wall and waited to be summoned one by one. The girl next to me was called Jodie. She was kind and had purple dreadlocks. 'I tell it like it is,' Jodie explained. I wondered what I would say when it was my turn. 'I tailor my words to what the other person wants to hear?'; 'If someone upsets me I suppress it and watch re-runs of The Avengers until I've lost all feeling'?

We spent the morning falling into each other's arms – it was a trust exercise. My partner was a contortionist from Bristol. He got me tea and offered to show me how to put my leg behind my head. 'You're a wonderful girl, babe,' he said when we parted. It was sweet, but I'm not so sure. I try to be myself but it's hard when the real you likes to spend her day eating tinned peaches and imagining what kind of husband Malcolm Tucker would be.

We went round the circle showing off our party pieces. Disappearing coins, impersonations of celebrity chefs. The contortionist dislocated the wrong shoulder and had to be examined by a St John's Ambulance volunteer.

That kind of show is so outdated, my sister had said. You'd be better off on *Deal or No Deal*.

Jodie had been called. Keep it real. Didn't she know I was trying? I glanced helplessly at the pile of magazines on the table before me. Toughen up a tea dress with gladiator sandals, one suggested.

'4371? It's you.'

Heavenly! I thought, as I collected my number. 4371. I positioned it on my stomach and joined the others for the video introduction.

To Fingernails

JULIA NICHOLSON

Oh shell-like beauties! Milky splendour flows
Across your ridges, moon to glowing moon.
I gaze, full-wondrous: fingertips and toes
Are capped by Nature's steely-silver boon.
Then why – oh why – abused tortured things
Complain'st thou not when bored or tired I chew?
Your glory stunted, trickling rim half-gone,
You struggle on, my sad blunt friends: do you
Not see that struggle is in vain? Your rings
Will never last: but when dies she who sings
Far underground your battle will be won.

Now when they had prayed
and sprinkled the barley meal, first they drew back the
victims' heads and slaughter
entered them and flayed them,
and cut slices from the thighs
and wrapped them in fat, making a double
fold, and laid raw collops thereon, and
the old man burnt them on cleft wood
and made libation over them of gleaming
wine; and at his side the young
hands held five-pronged for
when the thighs were
and they had fast
rest, then sliced the
rest and pierced it
with spits, and ro
carefully, and drey
again. So when ti
rest from the task
made ready the b
they feasted, nor w
heart aught stinted of the
fair banquet. But when they
had put away from them
the drink, all men that
were at the high men
the sea-wave

Philoctetes:

CATHERINE LOUGH

Leave me on the island, please just let the wound
Drive you, its gaping mouth
Marooned. "I served you once, I served you well"
Our human temples feed
Such eager sacrifice.
And earless trees don't hear me tell
Tall tales, they only bleed their leaves.
And the conch is no companion, but a shell.

and date early morning: the Hera saw, and was not ignorant how that the daughter of the Ancient of the sea, Thetis the silver-footed had devised a plan to marry her to Kronos: but Kronos, fearing the fate of his father, devised a good way to avoid this. He and his wife, the Titanes, hid their own children, and Thetis brought herself to marry a mortal man, Peleus, who was the son of Poseidon.

Definition

PAUL MERCHANT

Mindle, *noun*: the part of a tree likely to snap in a storm, or else be turned to shoddy weaving frames; the place where the length of a needle becomes the point; the stick kept for fireplace stories.

Or, **to Mindle**, *verb*, the stagger used to fight the rain at 3am; half-hearted rummaging through loved ones' things; the thinking of thoughts two seconds before sleep.

Pistachio Vignette

WINNER

AMBER MEDLAND

A blind man is standing on the corner. An empty dog-lead is hanging around his neck. He fingers it like a rosary. The dog is nowhere to be seen. I look around for it and am met by your smile brimming over like a hazelnut-half-shell. It is unexpected against your paleness. I was not ready for it. You kiss my nose and your finger traces circles on my palm. I want to make our bodies read like all the shapes of the alphabet.

What do you think he can see, you ask, eyes closed. I didn't know that you had noticed him. He is calm and prophet-like, an island in sunlight. I wonder if his dog will come back. We sit on the wall in front of the church and watch him. I haven't forgotten what you said earlier. I am trying to pretend that I'm not thinking about it.

I don't know, I say. Maybe nothing. Maybe the bit at the end of a film. Maybe dark space.

You sigh, I knew you'd say that. You knew I'd say dark space? You hesitate, Well you would, wouldn't you. You'd assume there was nothingness. Your jawline is tense. You fix your eyes on the blind man. I wish you hadn't said that. I won't be able to forget. You pull up your sleeve to show me the new freckle you told me about on the phone last night. The freckle looks hopeful.

What's that supposed to mean? I can't help it, I ask – That I'm pessimistic? That I wouldn't see past my eyelids? That's right isn't it. Because I can never see anything from anyone else's perspective. You walk away from me, past the blind man, around the corner. I am so sick of your tilting-back-in-chair assumption that you know all of my possibilities, like I'm a pattern you can learn. Like if a piano fell out of the sky, you know which way I would step. You come back with an ice cream towered high like the first Christmas tree I was allowed to decorate myself. You hold it up to my lips. I can't help it. It is pistachio.

Maybe what he sees is like the bottom of the ocean, you say. Maybe everything is a bit blurred and drowned and has grown pinkish gills around the edges (you see my expression, and try harder). Maybe it's all a oneness, you say. Maybe everything is orange-marinated and his world tastes like a tangerine. Or maybe it's like being trapped in a white-walled nightmare, like spending hours staring at your ceiling, numb-struck. Maybe he has to grit his teeth to leave his house because he is caged behind glass that one stone could shatter. Maybe it's like when you stare straight at the sun and everything is purple splotched. Maybe he wanted to be a mime artist. Maybe he thinks that orchids are like pom-pom-dahlias (you know I like this word). Maybe there isn't a dog, he is applying for a job, and thought the lead was his tie. Maybe his eyes and ears have fused, maybe the morning is a sob-wracked summer night when he hears a nocturne, and when his neighbours make love with wall-thudding moans (you moan), he blushes, and,

I raise the ice cream to your lips, and you just can't help it. It is pistachio.

Funeral

BRENDAN GILLOTT

Of my grandmother's funeral
The deepest memory is
The coffin, the feel of the thing,
Its hard sharp polished edge digging
Biting my fourteen year old shoulder.
Its weight, its sheer heft, the six men
Who carried it heaving, gasping,
Young and strong still, or wavering like dead wood
Labouring under the drag of her death.
In life so frail, so light.

The rattled blessings of sprinkled earth.
A sunflower on the lacquered wood.
Six men bent under six foot of oak,
The way she knelt to prune roses.

be a sorry matter, neither any more endurable, if ye, twain thus fight for mortals' sakes, and bring wrangling

Pyrrha

RUNNER UP

SIMON HAINES

what tender boy
drenched in perfume
strewn on roses
holds you to him

in sea rent hollow

who watches

you tie up waves
of burntgold hair

so simply

he

who will weep
at you
will gaze green eyed
at his changing

trickling fidelity

star & sea

turned;

still now

soft boy enjoys you smooth
boy knows you

will always
always be

still

unknowns breezes
treachery

—wretches—

see
you shimmer not
you rocks, you
wreck—

me

I lay
wrung dry
on sand on land
my clothes
dedicated to gods below

Whilst you're gone

MARIA HANNAH BASS

My body is the land from here to Euston.
Fields without meaning lie fallow
in the shade of cranes, shot through with
tunnels that eat deep and gape at the skin.
The hills have grown grey and hard with frost,
the trees sag under the weight of the sky.
The sky is sick with the smell of biscuit
factories, scrapheaps where carcassed
cars entwine the thicket. Clandestine
congregations meet, of post lorries and
broken buses at the arse end of houses.
Dragged out of half-hearted hamlets,
a boredom of carparks and shopping centres,
warehouses brutish and anonymous, half-full
with parts of parts of parts.
Strung along a cable, the threadbare birds
have lost the will to sing, and the music here
is the tidal roar of bypass and highway,
and tired trains on tired tracks through
concrete valleys spraypaint-scarred and dank
with moss. I exist for this line, this longest,
longest grind into the station, into
the heart, that feels like a lifetime,
a lifetime of waiting,
waiting to arrive again, for glass
and stone that sing in the sun, to taste
my soul at the back of my tongue, to feel
it in the roots of my hair, to hear
it in the surge of my lungs.

A Walk on the Wild Side

Alice Hancock meets Robert Macfarlane to talk mountains and materialism

In 2007 Jon Krakauer's book *Into The Wild* got the Hollywood treatment to some considerable critical acclaim. For those who don't know the story, American student Christopher McCandless, in a fit of frustration with modern materialist lifestyle, destroys his credit cards, gives away the majority of his life savings to Oxfam, takes his beloved Datsun and drives off in search of isolation in America's wildest state, Alaska. There are twists and turns and in the end it's pretty tragic, but the point is this: there is still something that drives us towards the wild and the remote. What is it?

For Robert Macfarlane, it's "not so much about finding ourselves as about forgetting ourselves". Macfarlane, a Fellow at Emmanuel, knows what it is to feel stuck in the bubble of everyday life and believes in the power of the wild as a release. "Cambridge teaches us to manicure our brains endlessly. It's all about fine-tuning and finessing our sense of ourselves but actually that can be very fatiguing." Looking out over Parker's Piece, he cites the American author Wallace Stegner, who he also refers to in his book *The Wild Places*, "Stegner talks about finding a sense of bigness outside yourself and a sense of distraction, modesty, humility."

Despite the tame surroundings, Macfarlane's eyes gaze beyond the Cambridge skyline to the mountains. He has a deep-rooted passion for the wild stemming from his formative childhood years. With a grandfather who was a diplomat and an "ac-

"Cambridge teaches us to manicure our brains endlessly"

complished and serious mountaineer", Macfarlane grew up to the tune of stories from the reaches of far-flung mountains. He tells how, in the thirties, a time when Fascist body worship and mountaineering's desire to claim peaks naturally coincided, his grandfather climbed a mountain in Turkey only to discover a Nazi pennant claiming the summit. "He took it down to show the local villagers and to say that the Nazis were trying to take over their landscape. The pennant still exists, I saw it the other day." He also spent a lot of time with his parents in Scotland and the Lake District and, unsurprisingly, his first book *Mountains of the Mind* is "partly about this but also partly tries to explain why wild, particularly mountainous, landscapes have such a hold over us to the degree that people are willing to die for them – for love of a lump of rock and ice."

Ironically, this first book was written below sea level in the basement room Macfarlane lived in whilst studying for his PhD, only a few hundred metres round the corner from where we meet. Soon after this he got married and his dreams of Himalayan exploration

metamorphosed into the safer option of discovering the wild closer to home, hence *The Wild Places*. He describes the book as "a coming to terms with England, with the local and the lateral and the coastal rather than the distant, the vertical and the mountainous." For someone who has been reared on mountainous landscapes it can't be easy to exist in a setting that is almost the polar opposite, but Macfarlane is realistic: "I have learnt to love this region more and more but it takes patience and a different kind of looking".

The arable landscape of the Fens has in recent years spawned a small explosion of literature about the wild: Richard Mabey, Roger Deakin, Mark Cocker, Macfarlane himself. It seems paradoxical but it might actually make sense. In this most cultivated of England's landscapes we just have to look that little bit harder to find the untouched bits. It was the Essex landscape that provided the scenery for the desolate prose of J.A. Baker's *The Peregrine*, a book Macfarlane describes as "incredible". Baker's account of tracking a pair of peregrine falcons from autumn to spring, takes the human desire for the wild to different plane, a point at which the author's sense of self is lost, merging into the consciousness of a hawk. Finding this 'sense of bigness' is not limited to the grandiose vistas of the Scottish moors or the rugged slopes of Northern England, but is even in something as small as a bird.

Artists over past centuries have found myriad ways of responding to landscape. Even the Neolithic bluestones of Stonehenge are part of this tradition. Skipping forward into more recent years, the Land Art movement has risen to prominence thanks to the work of Richard Long, Andy Goldsworthy, David Nash, et al. But, isn't the taking of elements from natural landscapes and reorganizing them almost counter-intuitive, even counterproductive? "Or counter feral?" Macfarlane laughs. They may make us look

at landscape differently but "it's complicated," as he admits. "In Richard Long's work, walking becomes a sculptural act and his foot becomes the stylus with which he writes a mark on the land. You can see mark-making as antagonistic to the wild and in some senses there's nothing better than getting a train to the coast, sit[ting] on a Norfolk beach and discover[ing] that you're in one of the great migration flyways of Northern Europe".

So in a world Google Earth seems to have vacuumed of mystery, how can we really find the wild? "To walk" is Macfarlane's instant response, "above all it is to walk. At the very least, people could walk to Granchester along the river path and I'm sure most people do that at some point. That tow-path is in itself a story. Woolf has walked it, Rupert Brooke has walked it and swum it, Sylvia Plath hurled a clay head of herself somewhere into the river mud. People talk about breaking the Cambridge bubble and usually that means going home or going to London but it could just mean catching a train up to Whittlesey and walking along the dykes and lode paths there."

Escaping "oppressive" Cambridge for Macfarlane, as he describes in the first chapter of his book, often means climbing his favourite 'observatory' tree. Ever since revealing this, though, there have been a spate of people trying to find it. I try my hand at prizing out the information. "It's just near Wandlebury, in a Beech plantation, but no, I won't reveal exactly which one!" And that, after all, is the key. When we come over all Christopher McCandless and need to step outside the daily drudge, it's all about finding our own space and our very own 'sense of bigness'.

MATILDA BATHURST

On your bike...

Whittlesey

For £8.70 student return fare and a 50 minute train journey, you can escape to Whittlesey, an ancient Fenland town six miles east of Peterborough. With the River Nene meandering by and a pub for every week of the year, there's no better place to escape college library repetitive strain injury.

Wandlebury Ring

One of the largest Iron Age hill forts in England. Dug in 5th Century BC, it forms part of Wandlebury Country Park. To get there, grab the Stagecoach Citipius X13 and X13a service between Cambridge & Haverhill.

Gog Magog Downs

Although a university decree of 1574 forbade students to visit the 'Gogs' on pain of a fine, times have thankfully changed. Wandlebury is, in fact, part of the Gog Magog Downs. The myth runs that the Downs are the bodies of hyper-borean giants who lay down exhaustedly south of Cambridge where eventually chalk formed over them.

Granchester

Many students wander along the towpath to Grantchester, famous for its pubs and Brooke's favoured haunt, The Orchard Tea Garden. Beyond the village, keep going and you'll find more isolation, peace and maybe even a little wildness. Just keep walking (or cycling)...

If... Uncovered

Legendary political cartoonist **Steve Bell** talks to **Anna Trench** about the sharp side of his pen

As we approach the next general election, we are especially in need of scathing pen and ink. Political cartoonists can achieve things regular journalists can't. For one, they can actually draw "shit." And shit, according to the political cartoonist Steve Bell, is everywhere at the moment. It's on the radio, on TV, on massive billboards, it is filling column inches by the second. It is at times like these that we need someone to rip the piss mercilessly. Steve Bell is that perfect someone.

If you don't know the political cartoonist Steve Bell by name, you're sure to recognize his images. His witty, cruel and biting clever pen and ink watercolours have appeared in *The Guardian* since the eighties. It is he who brought us Blair's bulging mad left eye, Bush the ape, John Major in oversized underpants and, most recently, Cameron's shiny pink head squeezed into a condom.

Looking at Bell, it is hard to imagine how such delicate, detailed drawings are produced. He bears a resemblance to Hagrid, with unruly, thick black hair and the slight stoop of someone unusually tall. He mutters and looks away until suddenly out of the blue he roars an enormous guffaw and it is as if a cartoon speech bubble has blown up above his head with a capitalised 'Hahaha!' When he draws, he wraps his whole body around a minuscule nib and presses his face close to the paper.

He works in a narrow shed up a hill in Brighton. A million varieties of watercolour clutter his desk and pens, nibs and inkpots spill out of drawers. This shed seems too small to hold him. Yet one shouldn't be surprised, for this seeming contradiction corresponds exactly to his work: his tiny detailed drawings explode with energy, satirical wit and dozens of references. You could look at them – you could read them – for hours.

Steve Bell was not always an artist. He began as an art

teacher. But he was "crap" so he tried his hand at drawing. After a lot of knockbacks, including a rejection from the *Beano*, he got a hand in some lefty magazines and worked upwards from there. I suggest to him that perhaps what he does now is not so far from teaching. An abashed roar shoots out, and then he mumbles with a smirk "yes... well, educating the population!"

Graphic satire has always been about educating. But rather than morbidly moralizing, the graphic satirist takes the piss; he dresses up his social and political commentary in caustic wit and makes it bitterly palatable. Bell is at the forefront of a tradition of graphic satire stretching back to Hogarth. But it is his "utterly political" hero, James Gillray, whom Bell resembles most. Political cartoons have often been regarded as a "lowly art form" but Bell regards himself "as much as an artist as anyone at the Tate or any of those YBA wankers."

When I ask Bell what the purpose of satire is, he seems at a loss. Then, suddenly, he jumps on it: "It's about hitting back at all the shit that pours out at us all. You want to get your own back." He refers to what he does as a "game" with a "target". "You're attacking something. It's a very negative medium. You can't imagine a positive cartoonist, it would make you want to vomit!"

What the political cartoonist does is "build perception: you're examining the imagery of what's going



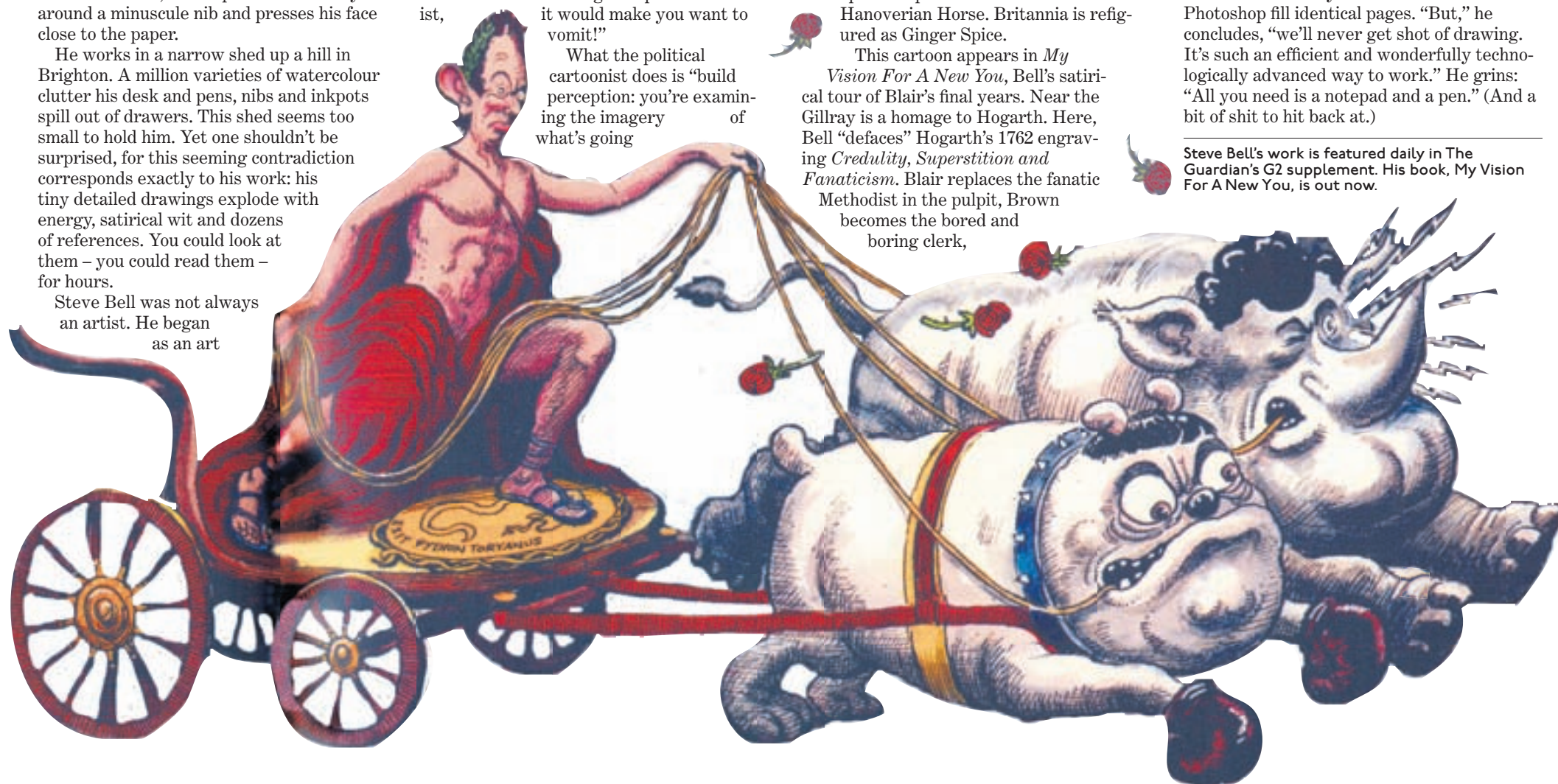
Tories make up the lunatics on the pews; and best of all, Bell transforms Hogarth's grotesque chandelier into Thatcher's monstrous face.

One irony of graphic satire is its reliance on the media of the past in its articulation of a message that must be highly contemporary. At a time when the future of print is up in the air, the future of cartoons is equally uncertain. With national newspapers read increasingly online, the images that accompany them in print are being left behind. "Nobody knows where print is going," Bell sighs.

The picture Bell paints of life in print is a grim one, filled with "bastards trying to steal your rights." *The Guardian* is the worst offender in this underhand pillaging of copyright. "This values stuff is such bullshit," spits Bell. "What *The Guardian* and other papers are doing is attacking basic standards of journalism by degrading the skills of illustrators, writers and photographers", when, for example, they get a photo taken with a camera phone or "get a couple of bloggers and take it off the wires – call that newspapers?" Bell shakes his head.

It's an apocalyptic scene Bell presents: a world where integrity is pinched, the talentless get ahead and "graphic robots" schooled in the "so obviously mechanical" skill of Photoshop fill identical pages. "But," he concludes, "we'll never get shot of drawing. It's such an efficient and wonderfully technologically advanced way to work." He grins: "All you need is a notepad and a pen." (And a bit of shit to hit back at.)

Steve Bell's work is featured daily in The Guardian's G2 supplement. His book, *My Vision For A New You*, is out now.





DONALD FUTERS

Arts Comment

Music blogs are good for you—and for the record industry, too

We all know that music piracy is evil. Just as any self-respecting, delicately-fragranced member of polite society would never dream of pinching a handbag or slipping the odd Twix into their underwear at the corner-shop, so, too, would they dissolve into fits of terror and revulsion when confronted with a ‘Download’ button, knowing what havoc its clicking would wreak upon the life of an unsuspecting proto-rockstar.

So, when it emerged last week that Google had deleted numerous prominent music blogs on the grounds of multiple copyright claims made by the International Federation of the Phonographic Industry, the world rejoiced.

Except, it didn’t. Despite the attempted smear campaigns of a handful of record companies, most people don’t actually believe that music piracy is all that bad. The majority of us came to the conclusion some time ago that enjoying one of infinite potential copies of

something you wouldn’t have paid for anyway doesn’t really qualify as theft, and that many of the organizations involved in tackling filesharing have motivations which are, at best, questionable.

The deletion of those blogs was particularly dubious; most of the popular websites involved operated entirely above board. For some time, record labels, promoters and musicians have been supplying

“It’s music-sharing with only charming intentions.”

them with MP3s of their latest material. In other words, they don’t need to pirate anything. Blogs are good for music, and they are good for the industry.

These websites work so well

because they are written by hobbyists and music-lovers; the bloggers who have become successful have because they use their enthusiasm (and good taste) to inspire a similar excitement in their readership. Even when the law is not on their side, it’s not so much a case of piracy as of music-sharing, carried out with only charming intentions.

The result is a new journalism, preoccupied with any song that makes its hair stand on end and its feet twitch. Where it excels is in discovering unknown artists and nurturing them; the genius of the music blog is to give you what you don’t even know you want yet.

The blogosphere has proven an invaluable resource in its short life so far, offering independent artists like Vampire Weekend



an alternative path to success and helping to bring bands like Justice and Animal Collective into the limelight. Along with more obviously piratical branches of the filesharing world, it has also brought about an explosion in remixing which continues to bring a welcome influx of creativity into the music world.

More and more, the industry is coming to embrace this new medium. Unfortunately, there still exists a cadre of cave-dwelling suit-wearers who remain mired in the paranoid belief that they are waging a war against a public of thieves and incapable of recognising the blogs for what they are: an invaluable PR resource – an opportunity to foster a loyal fan base of gig attendees free of charge.

They will continue to mar this universally beneficial resource, as they have in the Google case, until someone achieves the impressive feat of convincing them of their own short-sighted stupidity. Still, look on the bright side: they all have to die off eventually.

Classics Revisited



William Wordsworth The Prelude (1799)

The Prelude, Wordsworth’s book-length spiritual autobiography, is so often neglected in favour of poems about daffodils – and yet this is where the daffodils came from, the reasons why his heart leaps up. It is a work of such minute honesty and self-awareness, and the joy he describes is so seductive, that it cannot but inspire a determination to see the world through such passionately sensitive eyes. “I was most rich,” he writes: “I had a world about me.” In such a world, where “all that I beheld respired with inward meaning,” how can we fail to see how rich we truly are? KIRSTY UPHAM

FOOD & DRINK

The Rumble Tums

This week, proud Churchillian Rosie Corner gets her cook on for The Rumble Strips at Churchill Spring Ball

First, an admission: until the Churchill Spring Ball committee asked me to cook for them, I had never heard of The Rumble Strips. A bit of Spotifying later I realised I loved this brass-tinged, honey-voice, Dutch-pop band hailing from Devon, but did I hell know what to cook for them. Help arrived in the form of the band’s ‘hospitality rider’ – no, that’s not a domestic groupie, but actually a piece of paper listing, in precise detail, no fewer than 23 dressing room essentials. Making 160 triangular sandwiches is not a problem to a seasoned kitchen dogsbody such as myself, but who on earth wants fresh chillies to eat with their Jameson Whisky?

The superstar rider had mythological status in the world of showbiz. Perhaps the most famous diva is Jennifer Lopez, who routinely demands a white dressing room with white curtains and white roses and a security guard who must remain within four feet of her at all times and refer to her as ‘No.1’, although Jim Carrey’s pet iguana who demands its own vegetarian cook on location comes in a close second. I have great respect for Britney Spears, who, when playing on *Top of the Pops*, demanded a bowl of fresh tuna

salad, with Hellmann’s mayo, eggs, relish and albacore tuna only. Well, I may not be able to tell albacore tuna from the bog-standard dolphin-friendly, but one has to respect a member of the transnational elite plumping for this nation’s (arguably) most famous condiment. Another albacore tuna-eating star is Mariah Carey who notoriously requested a litter of puppies and kittens for an MTV appearance – not to eat, obviously. On many levels the Spring Ball committee came off lightly; The Rumble Strips only demanded five ‘clean, dry towels’ to P Diddy’s 204.

Eventually I decided that these canny lads with a penchant for local ales would appreciate that greatest of County Durham dishes – sausage casserole with rice. Ladling it out to the ravenous band I was struck by just how much I resembled their mother, making sure that they all had a good dinner in them before they went on stage. I tried hard not be piqued when the keyboard player cut up a chilli to sprinkle over his casserole – sign of a decrepit palate. Despite this effrontery, four members even had seconds, filling me with maternal pride. Perched on a saxophone case I chatted to the boys about life on the road and the perils of

trying to eat well before gigs. “So, is this a change from takeaways? What do you tend to eat on tour?” I asked. “Er...this,” said the tour manager, pointing to the rider. Well, blow me, I thought.

A hot meal inside them, the Strips played an excellent set, for which I take much of the credit. The way to a band interview, like the way to a man’s heart, is truly through their stomach.



Someone’s got a rumbley tummy

Tour Rider

HELEN MACKREATH



Sausage Casserole (to serve 7 indie rockers)

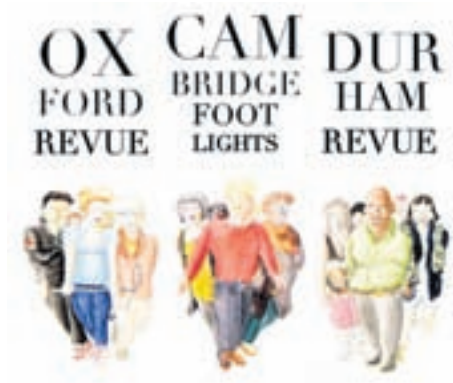
- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 3 tbsp cooking oil | 3 garlic cloves |
| 1 inch piece of ginger | 4 onions |
| 18 phat pork sausages | 3 peppers |
| 3 cans of tomatoes | 2 tbsp tomato purée |
| Any leftover veg | 2 apples |
| 1 cup of apple juice | 1 kilo of rice |
| Any herbs/spices/booze you fancy throwing in the frying pan | |

1. Begin by heating some oil in the largest heavy bottomed frying pan you can find.
2. Chop up the garlic and ginger real fine and cook until soft. Have someone who wears contacts (top tip) chop the onion and add those to the pan and fry until soft.
3. Next, slice your sausages (buying a slightly more expensive and meaty one does make a heck of a difference) and add to the pan, followed by the chopped peppers, tomatoes, puree and any other veg.
4. When everything is bubbling throw in some cubed, unpeeled apple (something flavoursome like a Cox works well) and the apple juice.
5. Cook until the apple is soft and the sauce has thickened slightly. Season with salt, pepper and spices TASTING AS YOU GO. Serve with rice, yoghurt and maybe even a little cheese. Nom.

Varsity

Listings

Pick of the Week



The Footlights Comedy Fest

CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE, SUN 19:45 (£10/15)
The theatrical equivalent of a Varsity match, without the ghastly mint-green suits and toned limbs. Cambridge plays host to the Oxford Revue and Durham Revue for a quick-selling one night stand of supreme student comedy. Emerge raving about the Footlights’ superiority.

Film

The Lovely Bones

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE DAILY (NOT SUN/TUE/WED) 12:45 15.30 18.15 21:00. SUN/TUES 11:00

Pick of the week Film

Lord of the Rings impresario Peter Jackson's latest outing returns to his Heavenly Creatures beginnings with a tale of dreamy adolescence and bloody violence.

New Moon

FISHER BUILDING, ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, SUN 19:00 22:00

More shimmering torsos and dubious sexual politics in this latest instalment of the execrable *Twilight* series.

The Wolfman

VUE CINEMAS DAILY 11:40 14:00 16:30 19:00 21:30. FRI/SAT/WED 00:00

Tired re-make of 40s horror classic, with Benicio Del Toro as hirsute toothy antihero and Emily Blunt as chest-heaving love interest.

Ponyo

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE DAILY, 14:15 (SAT 12:40)

Cutesy fish girls, terrifying villains and bad dubbing in this Japanese cartoon import.

Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief

VUE CINEMAS DAILY 15:30 18:10 (NOT TUE) 20:50. FRI-SUN 10:00. MON-SAT 12:40

Exceedingly silly film about boy with dyslexia and ADHD who turns out to be the son of Zeus, and discovers that his dyslexia results from his brain being programmed for ancient Greek and the ADHD from his mind constantly zinging with divine blood lust.

The Last Station

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE FRI 11:30 16:00 18.30 21.20. SAT/TUE 12:00 14:30 (NOT TUE) 19:00 21:20. SUN 11:30 16:40 19:00 21:20. MON 11:30 13:40 16:00 21:00. WED 12:45 15:15 21:30. THUR 12:00 14:30 19:00

A joyless last days of Tolstoy biopic that tries too hard to be grand, ending up mainly as an Oscar vehicle for Helen Mirren, who does some damn fine emoting.

Tarnation

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, SATURDAY 20TH FEBRUARY 17:00

Brilliant documentary by a Texan director with a seriously screwy family history who's been documenting his life with Super 8 film, answering machine messages and video diaries since he was 11.

Music & Nightlife

Friday February 19th NME Shockwaves Tour

CORN EXCHANGE, 19:00 (£17)

Pick of the week Music

What a week for indie kids! A mere three days after Tinchy's Corn Exchange gig, catch the Maccabees and Bombay Bicycle Club under the same roof. (But unfortunately not at the same time).

Saturday February 20th Come and Sing Handel's Messiah

GREAT ST. MARY'S, 15:00-17:30, 20:00 (FREE)

Sing your little lungs empty and learn the meaning of Handel's popular masterpiece.

Sunday February 21st Connecting Composers

KETTLE'S YARD, 12:00 (£9)

As part of the Darmstad weekend, brilliant players play a brilliant programme including works by brilliant people like Xenakis and Redgate. It's going to be brilliant.

Los Campesinos!

THE JUNCTION, 19:00 (£9)

What's better than sticking fingers into sockets? A Los Campesinos gig!

Monday February 22nd CUSO

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, 20:00 (£4)

Soloists Rosalind Ventris and Raphaela Papadakis battle it out in a no-holds-barred death-brawl. First they play some Bowen and Mahler though.

Wednesday February 24th Polar Bear

THE JUNCTION, 20:00 (£15)

UK new-jazz outfit tour the country playing f-f-f-funky choons in support of recent release Peepers.

Theatre

In Camera by Jean-Paul Sartre

CORPUS PLAYROOM, TUE-SAT 21:30 (£5/6)

Pick of the week Theatre

Garcin, Inez and Estelle find themselves sharing a remarkably dull drawing room in Hell, to which they are transported courtesy of the mysterious Valet. Their punishment? Each other. Almost as impressive as the lovingly delivered but semi-stalker-ish promo flyers.

The Invention of Love

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 19:45 (£7/9)

The dreamy Stoppard gem of death, punts and unrequited love.

Three Tales

ADC THEATRE, FRI-SAT 23:00 (£4/6)

The nation's premiere of Steve Reich's 'video-opera', which examines the technology and politics of the last century with live music, visuals and pre-recorded interviews. In an hour. Epic.

Pelléas et Mélisande

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, FRI-SAT 19:45 (£9/15)

Operatic love triangle, with healthy doses of mort and plus de mort. Two brothers. One lover. Never good.

Timon of Athens

CORPUS PLAYROOM, FRI-SAT 19:00 (£5/6)

Also featuring Pumba.

Songs From the Musicals

ADC THEATRE, SUN 20:00 (£5/6)

A few gins and anybody is susceptible to Andrew Lloyd Webber. Cambridge University Musical Theatre Society will be splitting the cabaret with breaks for the bar, just in case.

Loving Leticia

PEMBROKE NEW CELLARS, TUE-SAT 19:30 (£4/5)

A new piece of writing from Suzanne Burlton, which, despite eponymous assumptions, will feature no scenes of sex or nudity.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

ST GILES' CHURCH, THE CASTLE, THUR 20:00 (£6/10)

The second A Midsummer Night's Dream of term sees Shadwell Opera shoving techno aside for Benjamin Britten's masterful operatic adaptation. Well worth the walk up Cambridge's only hill.

Arts

Ongoing Exhibitions Spellbound

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 22 FEBRUARY 18:30

A chance to see Hitchcock's 1945 thriller on Kettle's Yard's big screen. It's a cerebral riff on the redemptive power of psychotherapy!

The Made-it Market

JESUS LANE SHOP, 27TH FEBRUARY, 10:00-16:00

The made-it market arrives in Cambridge, bringing you the best of local art, design and craft for sale and inspiration. Organisers Lauren and Sarah are sisters-in-law, both with art and design backgrounds, and are passionate about encouraging and promoting other young designers in the area.

The Angel and the Virgin: A Brief History of the Annunciation

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNTIL 9 MAY (FREE)

The Fitzwilliam's Charrington Print Room showcases a sequence of iconic prints based on the annunciation. Try your hand at pinpointing the intricate web of artistic connections made by curator Lino Mannocci.

Talks & Events

Friday February 19th Paul Goldstein: Penguins to Polar Bears

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY, LENSFIELD ROAD, 20:00 (£5)

Polar guide and award-winning photographer exhibits pictures of cute 'n' cuddly animals, possibly looking at melting glaciers with concerned yet adorable expressions.

The Other Korea: Thoughts and Pictures from the DPRK

UMNEY THEATRE, ROBINSON COLLEGE, 17:00

Dr Jim Hoare, former British Ambassador to North Korea, reflects upon the country, people and policies of the world's most secretive state and exhibits some of the 3000 pictures he took on his travels there.

Saturday February 20th Creative Writing

KETTLE'S YARD, 11:45-13:45 (£36/42)

Kettle's Yard continue their series of fortnightly writing workshops for budding yet incompetant wordsmiths. All levels welcome, book in advance.

Tuesday February 23rd Seller, Pepys and the Seventeenth-Century London Map Trade

GARDNER ROOM, EMMANUEL COLLEGE, 17:30-18:30 (£5/7)

Laurence Worms of Ash Rare Books presents this entry in the History of Cartography series.

USC Swimming: Free Trial Swim and Swimming Session

LEYS SCHOOL, 19:15 - 20:15

Lacking stamina? Physically useless? Stunted unbecoming bone structure? Try swimming! Lanes available; non-students welcome.

TO HAVE SOMETHING LISTED ON THESE PAGES, E-MAIL DAVID PEGG AT LISTINGS@VARSITY.CO.UK BY NO LATER THAN MONDAY ON THE WEEK OF PUBLICATION.

Boxed In



Week 6: Newswipe

Bish bash bosh. Paunchy late thirties lad passes obnoxious comment on topical news issues. Basically, the news with an almost-funny commentary over the top. Herein lies another spectacular 1am bellyflop from BBC4.

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It was quickly clear to me why *Newswipe* is on midweek at 1am. It is the sultry domain of students, shift-workers and insomniacs. Accordingly, a snigger might escape you only if you're inebriated or exhausted. It's forgivable: at 1am most of us can be force-fed crap and not really mind. Its rivals are *Jeremy Kyle* re-runs on BBC2 and Five's *Supercasino*. So, *Newswipe* does have the advantage of a script and sustained commentary, but sadly, less gypsy fights. And Charlie Brooker is like your piteous try-hard uncle: he's a bit ruff, a bit fat and tries way too hard to be deadpan. You know, like Jack Dee. To the point where he's not deadpan. And definitely not Jack Dee.

In the characteristic BBC4 revolt against the pleasant RP of BBC1, he exercises his big wide Laandan vowels just to ensure that the yoof will understand what he's saying. What's really good is that Brooker makes politics 'accessible'. In the latest episode, he shouts 'prick' at a film of Tony Blair to make sure everyone knows that Tony Blair is a bad man. Ooh, and he makes fun of Nick Griffin too. In a hooting *X-Factor* style parody. Perhaps a clever point is being made about the commercialisation of politics. Ho ho ho. I would probably have voted for Griffin otherwise.

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MUSIC



Imogen Heap

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Through cosmic lighting, Imogen Heap saunters onto the stage, fingers twirling around the top of a wine glass. "Take some photos", she coos to the sole photographer occupying the press pit, flashing the microphones on her wrists and pausing so he can get the right angle. Suddenly, the glass starts to sing. And somehow, through a plethora of onstage gadgetry, Heap transforms that one resounding note into a song, 'First Train Home'. The crowd stand motionless, carried away by the otherworldliness of what they're seeing, not daring to dance, entranced.

That's how Heap works the night. Floating around the stage through tentacles of wires, she invites sounds from everything around her, feeding it into her machines and making her music.

"Bannisters, taps dripping, squeaky floorboards...", she explains to the crowd, "I use any sound". At one point, a band member carries an oversized handsaw onto the stage, strumming it like a violin until it turns into "Swoon", the same song on which Heap uses a children's plush toy as a complementary sound effect. It's magical watching the composite layers of Heap's characteristic ethereal sound slowly growing before your eyes, all unfolding amidst a fantastic lightshow of fluorescent birds and falling leaves. Every number is met with an enraptured chorus of claps and chants from the crowd.

But if Heap's music takes the crowd away, then it's her personality that brings them right back to Earth. On 'Bad Body Double', Heap bounces around the stage alongside her own doppelgänger, in the form of a male band member clad in a long brown wig, whilst on final track, 'Tidal', she dons a pair of sunglasses, straps herself into

her keytar and gets onto her knees. All the machines may suggest artificiality and distance, but Heap certainly doesn't let the computerised electronica shield her from the crowd. Between songs, she reveals her humanity, jovially telling stories of locking French teachers in cupboards as a girl. Who says Grammy-Award winning artists need come burdened with egos?

Inevitably, when it's all over, the crowd demand her return. Seconds later, Heap is back on stage. "I'm still slightly awkward about encores", she tells the crowd. But if this is true, she doesn't show it, for here, Heap does something truly breathtaking. Abandoning her backing instruments, she launches into 'Just For Now' a cappella, using the crowd itself as her rhythm by getting each part to sing in turn, and layering their collective vocals with her own. At the end, there's a sense of accomplishment in the air. "Genius!" one fan screams. Couldn't have put it better myself. JAMES KEMP

A Hard Day's Night

CHURCHILL SPRING BALL

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The 60s touchstones were all there – the butterfly, flowers and CND badge-strewn logo, fake star names adorning the staircase and as many Beatles references as you can throw a Paisley cravat at; it could only mean one thing: Churchill's free lovin', mods-vs-rockerin', hip swingin' Spring Ball.

The theme suited the college to a tee – hailing from 1968 itself, it was the perfect setting for dishing out bangers and mash and hosting a makeshift sweet shop. The College's rooms forgot their Cambridge roots for the night, re-christened with titles a little more groovy, so you could experience The Ellafunks' groove



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The first acts taking to the stages ploughed the singer-songwriter furrow nicely, with Olly West's impressive Shakira impersonation garnering a good reception, as did some neat 'acoustic mixing' on his mash-up

of 'Digital Love' and 'Ready For The Floor'. Things got a little more raucous when Rosie Corner, *Varsity* Food Critic and erstwhile rock goddess, closed her set with a version of Iron Butterfly's 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vidda', complete with some amp-trashing from her bass player. The Who would be proud. Cambridge's rent-a-swoon all stars Blueprint, in spite of some horrendous harmonies and questionable timing, lifted the roof off the main hall, while Sadie Smith's gentle piano tinklings accompanied some laid back munching of pork scratchings in The Cavern.

Playing to a crowd fuelled by chocolate fountain and Bailey's milkshake goodness, The Rumble Strips' trumpet-flavoured brand of jauntiness went down well with the revellers, despite being a little

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This resurrection will surely be compared to Johnny Cash, who similarly emerged from a long hiatus. But unlike Cash, whose final albums entirely consisted of reinterpretations, Scott-Heron's still got a lot to say and enthusiastically delivers his new material. His voice has aged from its former youthful precision, like in 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised', into a grizzled rasp. However, he sounds as inspiring and oratorical as ever, though his words are more introverted and personal, especially on nostalgic standout 'On Coming From A Broken Home'.

However, Scott-Heron also engages with contemporaries, covering lo-fi indie-folker Smog and sampling Kanye West, as well as updating blues legend Robert Johnson's 'Me and the Devil' into an ominous industrial-hop thump. Much credit goes to Richard Russell's consistently excellent production, especially in 'New York Is Killing Me', whose clattering beats and skewed future-blues guitar mimic the noise of the city.

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Perhaps the best thing about the night, though, was the atmosphere. The work-intensive rigmarole of Lent Term makes a ball halfway through a perfect antidote, and whether you were a hardcore silent disco nut or a chilled Woodstock-goer, the ball catered for everything. What more to say? To coin a phrase, it'd been a hard day's night, but Churchill, the things you did, they made us feel alright. LAURIE TUFFREY

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FILM

Show me your teeth

The Wolfman

VUE

★★★★★

The *Wolfman* is that present underneath your baubled Christmas tree that you've rattled and felt up until it's practically indecent. But when the day finally comes, that tantalizingly laptop-shaped box is, in fact, a new edition *Britannica Encyclopedia*. However good this film looks, it is, nonetheless, a huge wet-weekend of a disappointment.

You only have to take one look at the brooding square-shouldered figure of Benecio del Toro for a werewolf transformation to seem like the next logical step in a movie climate beset by creepy creatures of the supernatural order. He plays Lawrence Talbot who returns to his estranged father in order to search for his missing brother. But as the mist reaches suffocating proportions it turns out that the cause of his brother's disappearance is the stuff of guide camp's ghost stories: the werewolf. What's even more inconvenient is that Lawrence gets a bit too close and personal with the beast and acquires the curse himself.

Yes, it's well acted but with a cast of Del Toro, Hopkins and Emily Blunt, that can't come as a surprise to anyone. Despite their best efforts this damp squib of a script prevents them

from developing truly convincing characters that we might, y'know, care about a little bit. And what would a hearty werewolf tale be without a bit of romancing between the protagonist and his brother's wife? Del Toro and Blunt tick the checklist of smouldering looks and frustrated desire but it's all as standardized as a violent, blood-spraying gorefest in a Tarantino film.

The special effects are impressive and the whole thing looks good. Unfortunately, irrespective of the amount of blood splashed about, it simply can't safely drown the lack of genuine suspense. The plot feels like a done deal from the start, so hold on to the blithely entertaining scenes of werewolf transformation at the start to get

your money's worth. The pacing is choppy in a way that gives you mild travel sickness as the film veers wildly from fast action sequence to slow-burning mood build-up. No pervasive atmosphere comes through; the quality of the cake is in far more than the icing.

The Wolfman reminds me of a poorly prepared meal with undeniably good elements. One such promising ingredient is when Benecio is strapped down in front of an audience of non-believers who quickly see the error of their doubtful ways when he sprouts more than the manly stipulation of body hair. Yet even this doesn't fill the cavern left by cardboard cut-out characters and a plot with as much mystery as a Jackie Collins novel. KATIE ANDERSON



Del Toro, on a good day

A Single Man

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE

★★★★★

A *Single Man* is an empty film. The film is a glossily hollow testament to narcissistic 60s Los Angeles, with occasional flashes of real sentiment. It was like a beautifully written, glibly finished short story, its final twist unsatisfying in its implausibility and predictability. Watching the film was like being shown footage from the sets of a series of gorgeous fashion shoots.

Even when Colin Firth is being picked up by a rentboy there is nothing sordid or ugly about the scene; both actors are impeccably dressed, absurdly handsome men, leaning casually on a perfectly polished convertible, their cheekbones gleaming with the rosy hue of a Californian sunset. The plot of the film is simple; Colin Firth plays George, a grief-stricken gay English professor living in LA, whose partner of sixteen years recently died. We follow a day in George's life as he considers whether his life is worth living. He teaches his classes, visits a friend,

and is gifted a pencil sharpener by a shapely young man, all with plenty of portentous string music and significant pauses.

His turn in *A Single Man* has been described as the performance of Firth's career. I think he's just playing a slightly glummer, gayer version of Mr Darcy. This is probably the film of Firth's career, but that's just because he's spent the last ten years making *Bridget Jones 6* and playing Amanda Byne's stuffy English father in *What a Girl Wants*. The true standout in this film is Julianne Moore, who plays Charley, Firth's fellow London ex-pat and alcoholic divorcee. Her brittle desperation and tipsy reminiscing about past happiness constitutes one of the few moments when the film touches any real emotional depth. Nicholas Hoult convincingly plays a beautiful, supremely confident student who pursues George. Hoult murmurs self-actualising platitudes about the past and the future and gets his kit off, like the ideal ingénue. This film's trademark is its achingly detailed close-ups, its frames of absolute photographic perfection. Though *A Single Man* contains excellent performances, the dialogue and the story are lack the grandeur of its flawless presentation. VICTORIA BEALE



Hoult: speaks with significant pauses.

Art & Literature

The Angel and the Virgin: A Brief History of the Annunciation

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

★★★★★

Writing in his seminal *Modern Painters*, John Ruskin tells us of how in Tintoretto's *The Annunciation* he glimpsed Mary as though

"startled by the rush of angel wings". It's a wonderful phrase, juicy and descriptive, yet one which strikes me with a certain remoteness when reading over it. The welter of formal dinners, college hijinks, and looming deadlines doesn't exactly make for the revelation which Ruskin so eloquently described.

Nevertheless, in pursuit of something similar, I attended 'The Angel and the Virgin' this weekend, the Fitzwilliam's latest exhibition to be held in their almost claustrophobic Charrington Print Room. Carefully curated by visiting artist Lino Mannocci, the interest of this show is not so much the focus upon a Biblical story, much less the cloying obsession with its moral symbolism, as the insight it provides into how artists have performed variations on one special theme and its complex iconography.

Mannocci has taken his chosen etchings and juxtaposed overtly unlike images, to create an exhibition which leads us in multiple directions. Moving around, it's often as if the piece at hand is being sent up and pastiched by the next, and the next after that. Just as in one rendering by Barocci, Gabriel holds his hand out to a wry Mary, as if going begging, in Jacob de Gheyn's version he veers cartoonishly into her line of vision, almost putting her off from the scripture she's supposed to be reading. In this oscillation of techniques, from graceful suspense to zany drama, we find an exhibition which might otherwise appear cold and pious. Rather, as viewers of this art we are encouraged to put one moment through various transformations, to catch the angelic light of these prints in an array of different lenses. John Ruskin eat your heart out.

ELIOT D'SILVA

maysLYRICS

THE SHOP

★★★★★

“MaysLYRICS. Writers read their work. Musicians reinterpret these words into songs. Bring your own cushion! The Shop.” Certainly, The Shop was just the right place for such an experiment. As we entered, musicians sat dotted around the space strumming guitars like living art installations while writers clutched their poems and looked on. And, sometimes, when the two came together on Friday night, the results were surprising and immensely rewarding. Drew MacFarlane's interpretation of Amber Medland's gasping and haunting poem translated her careful craft with the lissom dancing of his fingers. Drew's ear for the cadences of the poem produced a musical response which peeled away and revealed the many layers of Amber's words. Indeed, the musicians who could possess their poems were most successful; Zygmunt Day's re-rendering of James Coghill's poem was sung as melancholically as though it was his own creation.

For translation is as about creating anew. If translators are only taxidermists, then all you'll end up with is a collection of stuffed birds, as Lowell once remarked. So after Donald Futer read his poem in the same textured gravely quality with which Simon Armitage creates his performative atmosphere, it was exciting to hear Sophie Sawicka-Sykes voicing it anew in Martha Wainwright-esque tones. Together they offered us multiple voices, just as poetry should. But poetry is also copious in sound; how disappointing that the only instrument used throughout the evening was an acoustic guitar. Ellie Kendrick's bursting, popping murder poem deserved cymbals, trumpets, maybe timpani. All it got was warbling over an acoustic guitar, as deflating as seeing 'Porphyria's lover' sung by Dave Grohl. This year the Mays' are giving us poetry aplenty with readings, workshops and events. Great for releasing those live bird poems. Not so good when these poems come stuffed and caged in guitars. ZELJKA MAROSEVIC



Veneziano: The Annunciation (1442-1448)

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

Medics are a strange bunch. The same can be said for pretty much every subject grouping at Cambridge, of course. But scalpel-wielding scientists with severe worksheets and 9-5 lectures claim some form of bloody and dismembered biscuit. Can they be – funny? This year’s Medics Revue, *The Exorcyst*, asks such a question, and might even answer it. That pun’s definitely a start.

Another grouping of questionable amusement value is the students of the University of Oxford. Generally believed to have ‘poor banter’, and to struggle with the concept of humour itself, it’ll be interesting to see the Oxford Revue take the stage of the Cambridge Arts Theatre. They’re in town for the Footlights Comedy Fest on Sunday, along with the Durham Revue. *Qui?*

Loving Leticia – a title over which CompScis have been drooling across their keyboards for weeks – lands at Pembroke New Cellars on Tuesday. Suzanne Barlton’s new piece of writing is all frothy and busty and fun. She promises “gasping”. Scientists, explode.

Onto the English students. Dedicated readers of these pages, they peer at stages through hand-rolled-cigarette smoke, from below berets, through eyes bleeding with self-inflicted insomnia. *Macbeth* is their tip-off-beat gem this evening, tucked away in the Judith E. Wilson Studio of the faculty basement. Make that *macbeth*. This is experimental. Those spaces are *teeming*. If you’re not cool enough for lower case letters, and your cigarettes come from a box with a health warning attached, *The Merchant of Venice* is the one to drawl about. Director Patrick Garety is transforming the ADC into 1930s Italy. A Mussolini cameo is rumoured. Historians, get excited.

Over at the Corpus Playroom, *Wit* narrows its appeal as a “must-see for anyone who has ever asked the life/death question”. I’d like to prescribe it to philosophers, but let’s be realistic: students, unite.

ABIGAIL DEAN

The Invention of Love

ADC MAINSHOW
★★★★★

Tom Stoppard, if you’ll pardon the expression, is right up my alley. I’m a literature student, and his plays are witty, romantic, wordy and nerdy. I love him, a little. Of course, I’m fully aware that if I were – I don’t know – a NatSci, or a Chelsea footballer, I’d think he was a complete git.

Anyway, *The Invention of Love* is all about the poet A. E. Housman, and the relationships he forms whilst an undergraduate at Oxford. Relationships with Moses Jackson, with whom he was madly in love; a scholar called A. W. Pollard; the poetry of antiquity, and some little-known chap called Oscar Wilde. Beginning just after Housman’s death, the play opens on the desolate banks of the river Styx, with the poet waiting for Charon the boatman. The old Housman, played rather finely by Joshua Stamp-Simon, seemed suitably erudite and witty for an aged poet, though at a supposed age of 77, he did seem a touch on the spritely side.

What’s more, the Oxford trio were pretty well cast. Young Housman was played just about note-perfect by Oskar McCarthy, Moses Jackson by a confident Jason Forbes and Pollard, despite the odd line-fluff, by an enthusiastic James Frecknall. The only flaw from these chaps was the entire absence of chemistry between McCarthy and Forbes. I know Housman kept his cards notoriously close to his chest, and that Forbes was heterosexual,

but honestly, Jackson was supposed to be the great unrequited love of his life – not the milkman.

Anyway, that aside, the standard was pretty good. Support came, in the main, from Laurie Coldwell, James Hancock-Evans, Joshua Pugh Ginn and William Morland. Doubling and, in some cases, tripling up parts, all spoke very well, if their changes in character were a fraction too slight. In fact, it did all get a bit muddy at one point – what the fuck is Walter Pater doing editing *The Saturday Review*?! Oh, wait, he’s being Frank Harris now. I see.

Still, McCarthy and Stamp-Simon captured Housman’s tone perfectly, and allowed Stoppard’s biting wit to sear off the page. The more clinical members of *Varsity*’s readership might imagine analy-

sis of the ins-and-outs of Latin poetry to be blunt and difficult, but the cast managed to tap into the script’s enthusiasm to discover the lightness at the centre of studies of Catullus and Lucan.

The set wasn’t particularly strong: a lazy gobo of an Oxford skyline, a farcically cramped boat, and a series of bizarrely-shaped bookshelves. And to my major beef: that of the play’s

Timon of Athens

CORPUS PLAYROOM
★★★★★

Timon – that’s Simon with a ‘T’ – of *Athens* is one of Shakespeare’s lesser known theatrical escapades: a gentleman called Timon from a city called Athens gives away his fortune, gets very depressed, and relocates to a cave. It’s a sombre affair and it’s probable that Shakespeare was in a bit of a ‘bard’ mood when he wrote it. For this reason, *Timon* is seldom performed. The brave folks from the Shadwell Society, however, decided to stage the unstageable, and host *TofA* at the Corpus Christi Playroom.

The cast were predominantly solid. George Greenbury gave a consistent, if rather unexceptional, portrayal of Timon, and Méabh Maguire brought an ease to the verses of the Senator – a rare feat, even from the RSC. On the other hand, James Sharpe’s interpretation of the faithful servant Flavius was unintentionally comic in its sincerity, and Joe Hardy’s portrayal of Apemantus the Angry Misanthrope was grating.

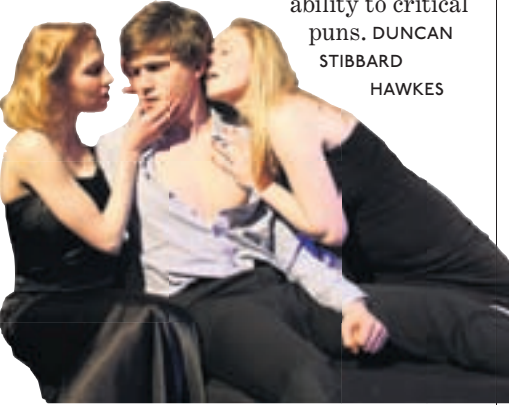
Morgan Ring’s direction

was agreeable: dressing the actors in twentieth-century clothing neither significantly added to nor detracted from the experience, and the set was pleasantly minimalist. A few decisions, however, were bemusing. Having actors double up on parts in a play where the characters’ names all sounded like ‘Flamucril-lusitus’ rendered the entire first half quite incomprehensible.

This was a consistent but unremarkable rendition of one of the few Shakespeare plays that hasn’t been done ‘timon’ time again. Not nearly gripping enough to distract from its vulnerability to critical

puns. DUNCAN STIBBARD

HAWKES



HANNAH COPLEY



PAUL SMITH

attitude to Wilde. He appears in one scene, despite being talked about constantly, and was played to the super-gay hilt by Amrou Al-Kadhi. Though suitably vibrant, and popular with the audience, I thought his portrayal of a post-Reading-Gaol Wilde was just well

off. After all, this is Oscar Wilde we’re talking about, not Gok Wan.

This is a hilarious and remarkable play, and it was pulled off with enough waistcoat panache to convince. From a Stoppard obsessive, that’s a serious endorsement. NATHAN BROOKER

In Camera

CORPUS PLAYROOM
★★★★★

I think it was the look the valet had on his face when he ushered me into the theatre that made me realise. Or maybe it was the anxiety that crept through the room when the music cut out and the lights dimmed. Maybe it was just that it was fifth week: cold, and raining outside. Who knows. Whatever it was, it was clear where we were.

Sartre’s hell is one set amongst the antique furniture and broken gramophones of what seems to be a suburban boarding house. The space is used excellently, emphasizing the isolation of the characters onstage; they really are ‘in camera’, cut off from each other and the audience by the Corpus Playroom’s notoriously schizophrenic set-up. The presence of a single red light undercuts any safety we might find in the play’s bourgeois surroundings, as well as lending a genuinely hellish quality to the characters’ upstage speeches.

Megan Roberts plays an extremely confident Inez, a “damned bitch” desperately trying to cling to some sense of control amongst the desperation of her situation. Her exchanges

with Estelle (Laurie Stevens) are revealing, with Stevens disclosing the full

extent of her character’s haughty selfishness. Alex Wetten as Garcin bounces off both, rising from confusion to agitation before realising, in the concluding scenes of the play, the explosive potential that has accumulated within him. Tom Pye’s Valet is servile and unavailing in equal measures, exploiting the ambiguities of his character to give a performance that is quite simply terrifying. They are a very talented cast who work well together, drawing on this dynamic to present a series of relationships that are utterly convincing and that raise this play from clever analogy to genuine human drama.

“Hell is other people,” remarks Garcin, infamously, as the play slides deeper into the abyss. Hell it was. Director Ella Jones has succeeded in bringing out every nuance of the relationships between these characters, delivering an interpretation of this difficult play that uses everything at its disposal to create the sense of claustrophobic dread that the piece demands. Don’t miss it. DAVID SHONE

Three Tales

ADC LATESHOW
★★★★★

I'll admit it: I'm a Reich Virgin. Or at least, I was until this evening. I realise that the last thing all you Reich-worshippers out there want is a jumped-up and misinformed reviewer stamping all over your favourite piece of video opera, so please bear with me. For all you others, a little explanation might be required before you approach this bewildering but enchanting production. *Three Tales* is a video-opera in three acts, featuring music by Steve Reich and visuals by Beryl Korot. It is a piece written in response to modern technology from the past 100 years, using three specific examples: Act I concerns the explosion of the Hindenburg zeppelin, Act II the nuclear testing on Bikini Atoll, and Act III the cloned sheep, Dolly. Essentially, it's an angsty blend of music and video that gets quite cross about busy-body humans wrecking life, the universe and everything. Reich pioneered the style of minimalist music, which,

if you haven't heard it before, can take some getting used to. The hefty programme for this production explains that the irony of Reich and Korot's collaboration is that, despite their complaints about technology, this piece relies on exactly that. The music frequently discordant, and rises and falls according to the ominous sounds of ticking on the screen behind it, or the manipulated voices of scientists such as Richard Dawkins and Cynthia Breazeal.



JESSICA LAMBERT

To pull off this intriguing piece of theatre, you need one hell of an ensemble and some genius techies. It was a huge shame that the film got out of sync with the sound in the final tale of Dolly, after nearly forty minutes of brilliantly timed action. To lose the audience on a first-night technical glitch was tragic. The lighting was also slightly off at times, with singers being launched into the spotlight a couple of seconds after they had started singing: this was a pity,

as they often had only three or four notes of "Cyborgs/Robots" to sing, anyway. That said, Ensemble BPM and the singers sounded incredible: the opening and the 'building' section of Act I were particularly stunning. Their boiler-suit-clad puppet-master made for a spectacular silhouette against Korot's footage: Nick Sutcliffe's unfailing slickness stretched even to the flourishing click of his laptop keyboard between pieces. Unfortunately, his fluency was somewhat deflated by clumsier movements from the singers as they paced up and down the stage, making some bizarre entrances and exits. The girls, in particular, looked bored with proceedings when not singing.

Some of the extras, such as the increasingly cluttered set, 'costumes' and mini dance routines, were either misguided attempts to distract from the weird musical moments, or designed to increase the bizarre nature of the piece. Either way, they weren't necessary, as Reich's creation easily speaks for itself: it's quite an experience, and worth a try if simply to witness a remarkable musical performance.

JEMIMA MIDDLETON

Incoming



A Midsummer Night's Dream

Take two age-old aspects of art about which people assume they know rather more than they actually do. Opera: it's not over until the fat lady sings, yes? Shakespeare: the course of true love never did run smooth, right? A clichéd combination? Perhaps not, when Benjamin Britten is involved: conscientious objector, conductor, and revolutionary composer of orchestral scores and opera. Somebody gave the guy *A Midsummer Night's Dream* back in 1960. Doublet-and-hose fall asleep in a forest: the end. But Britten plays with any preconceptions we may have about either opera or Shakespeare - and, perhaps, theatre itself.

This is not opera or Shakespeare as you know it. Britten filters his interpretation of Shakespeare through a veil of burlesqued operatic convention, making us see the play with his eyes just as he heard its "faint hymns" come alive in his skull. The forest becomes a moving, breathing character in itself; it acquires its own ethereal music, represented by the fairies who consciously shape both the direction of the drama and our experience of watching that drama: "Are you sure that we are awake? It seems to me that we yet sleep, we dream." These fairies become dream-weavers within a forest of audible dreams, miniature composers of the audience and characters' journey. We wander with those characters, considering their identities and watching their reflections in the mirror of reality that is both dream and theatre. They're not so easy to distinguish between.

Shakespeare's famous play-within-a-play becomes an opera-within-an-opera, parodying the self-conscious artificiality which lies at the heart of all theatrical representation - but opera in particular. Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* occupies a space between operatic artificiality and reality; within the dream world, which is also the world of the performance, operatic artificiality becomes that reality. Fat ladies and doublet-and-hose meet in an artificial forest-of-dreams. That's opera.

JACK FURNESS & IMOGEN TEDBURY

Jack and Imogen direct Shadwell Opera's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at St. Giles' Church, The Castle, 25+26 Feb.

It has been said that a camel is a horse designed by a committee, and sometimes the works of a collective imagination can be quite ungainly. The comic beast given life by The Occasional Students was an imaginative blend of pastiche and parody, even if it did repeatedly fail to find sure-footing.

The sophisticated element of humour is precisely its ability to shock and surprise, and in delivering this sense of the unexpected with brio - cantering from the whimsical satire of TV adverts to a vet and his interest in bestiality - the performance proved utterly watchable. The crotched caricatures of Tom Foxall were particularly delightful. Moreover, since irony is always ready to jog the elbow of anyone engaged in a high task, the notion of placing Napoleon and the Grim Reaper around a Scrabble board was conceptually smart. Brilliant, in fact. The addition of a foul-mouthed Agatha Christie was unexpected (but not unwelcome), and the

The Occasional Students

CHRIST'S COLLEGE
★★★★★

meddlings of an earnest Dr. Johnson were inspired - when Death asked 'can I have a quick word?', Johnson replied: 'velocity'.

These quips weren't just funny, they were pleasing. I beamed with sunny contentment as yet more historical conventions were demolished and the languor of fifth week lifted. If only it could have continued in this vein. Regretfully, each succeeding sketch surrendered to the various bad habits of its writer.

In parts, the production simply wasn't funny enough - a film sketch whistled by without even a whimper - whilst in others the comic concepts were wasted. Witty lines were slaughtered by stretching on a comic rack: the cleverly staged interviews with the members of a jaded boy band were funny, but only for the first four minutes. The very rotundity of delivery and pace became the show's own cumbrous self-criticism, and the editor's razor would have come in handy. Quite simply, it should have been funnier than it was. RHYS JONES



JAMES APPLETON

The curtain rises to reveal a dilapidated villa, complete with a dead Christmas tree and some faded festive cards: it's clear that this is not a traditional *Twelfth Night*. All too often, directors let loose on a classic Shakespeare destroy it with an ill-fitting and inappropriate concept, attempting to gain plaudits for innovation. Fortunately, the director at the helm of the Marlowe Society's latest endeavour, Martin Hudson, creates a dark, post-Christmas world that enriches the text and gives it a new lease of life. Occasionally, however, the reinterpretation is let down by disappointing flaws.

Clever directorial reinterpretations characterised the production's off-beat charm: think Malvolio's (Oliver Soden) haunting cellar speech being played over a tinny intercom, or the bedraggled Feste (Mark Fiddaman) singing Bob Dylan-esque acoustic ballads while sporting make up like that of Heath Ledger's infamous Joker. Hudson's concept is effectively augmented by his production team: varied costume designs epitomised each character and created a couple of visual gags, while subtle alterations in Simon Gethin Thomas' lighting design encapsulated the mood and tone of each scene. While there was an overall sense that the production sought to offer an alternative - yet plausible - interpretation of this Shakespearean classic, the choreographed movement sequence at the end seemed like an unnecessary afterthought. Soden's final portrayal of self-righteous anger and intense shame was thoroughly well-acted, yet he was undermined by this gratuitous addition.

Twelfth Night

CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE
★★★★★

The cast were generally strong, but supporting performances were drowned

out by some particularly notable actors. Patrick Walshe-McBride displayed masterful comic timing as the bumbling Sir Andrew Aguecheek, complimented by Joshua Higgott's roguish Sir Toby Belch and Eve Rosato's feisty Maria. But this play belongs to Celeste Dring. From the moment she appeared - soaked, windswept and weeping - her understated and

MICHELLE PHILLIPS



intensity resulted in a perfectly pitched Viola. Soden deserves another mention for his waspish Malvolio, but stumbling over the ubiquitous "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them" wasn't exactly ideal. This *Twelfth Night* isn't quite a jewel in the Marlowe Society's crown, but the heavyweights of the university drama scene have created an interesting, lively production that's certainly worth a visit. LYDIA ONYETT

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Varsity Crossword

[illegible]

1 Sweet sounds like boring collection
(6)
4 Sickening MEP has hit, I see (8)
9 Abrasive tool sounds bigger (6)
10 Barely cut around Cathedral town
(8)
12 European exam flies well in Egypt
(4)

- Crossword set by Hisashi

1 A couple of mutts go at each other
in aeroplanes (8)
2 Throw out the set – Evangelists are
full of shit (8)
3 Always veer confusedly (4)
5 Sex-changer at Elementary School
has comparative value within (8,4)
6 Sounds like the Kurds are firmly in
the way – tough luck (4,6)
7 Damp Greek lady with minor
substitution proves theoretical (6)
8 Singular toy kept in cote by
trickster (6)
11 Drink popular in the city (12)
14 Weirdly, pence ended addiction (10)
16 Ripen in mate's embrace – you rat!
(8)
17 Art-lover deranges – the tease! (8)
19 A coach hesitates to be a paedo (6)
20 Law is in shards (6)
23 Batman is, apparently, on the
decline (4)

	1			7			5	
	3		9		6		1	
7		4		1		3		2
8								3
9			3		2			6
4								9
6		5		9		8		1
	8		5		4		6	
	9			8			2	

[illegible]

	12	24		23	10	
9			16			
32			20			
13					22	14
		24				
	19					
	13			16		

3	1	2	3	6	3	5
5	6	5	7	4	3	2
6	4	3	6	7	6	1
7	4	6	4	4	5	7
6	3	2	2	5	2	4
1	4	4	5	3	7	6
2	5	7	1	1	1	3

COMMENT



JAMIE MORGAN-EVANS

Our sports teams shouldn't need to play the financial field

Without financial support from the University many Sports Clubs are in desperate need of sponsorship and funding.

Amid preparations for the 2008 Varsity Rugby Union game, the financial services firm Lehman Brothers collapsed into bankruptcy. With no central sponsor CURUFC counted on Tokyo-based Nomura to intercept with a timely purchase of Lehman Brothers' flailing equities and European banking business. Unromantic stories extend beyond CURUFC. Throughout the University of Cambridge's sporting gold-mines – filled to the brim with technical excellence and the promise of future employment by shrewd sponsors – clubs are competing to make ends

“Who should have to pay when University sports teams are financially insecure?”

meet. Synthesizing academic competence with sport's 'positive mental attitude' promotes an invaluable concoction for attracting potential sponsors to the University of Cambridge. The University of Oxford's recent merger of Green College and Templeton College is indicative of this corporate attitude. Sponsored by positive thinking guru John Templeton, a view of the ideal potential employee is evident. Corporate opportunism for recruiting employees a need visible in Cambridge's sports personalities whose zeal to play coincides with an uncritical enthusiasm for external financial support. Any optimistic employer hoping to cash-in on the apparent proximity of sport to market philosophy, must surely mistake the devoted individuals who

'make' sport for the gilded sponsors 'designing' it. Michael Johnson, CUAFC captain 'makes' football happen for his team. His role is clerical-secretarial and ecclesiastic – book-keeping the club's finances, seeking divine intervention from stringent companies. At the beginning of this season, long serving CUAFC sponsor Merrill Lynch abjured from their commitments leaving CUAFC in a dire economic position and Johnson seeking alternative sources of capital. If Johnson is looking for work, there's a job going in Portsmouth worthy of his devotion. In an interview with *Varsity*, Johnson stated that attempts to recruit further sponsorship were fruitless because “everyone was either not interested or no longer sponsoring clubs”. Finally, albeit inconclusively, local sponsor Cantab Capital preserved CUAFC's season whilst PWC's Cambridge Recruiter were persuaded to provide the financial resource for the college football leagues. At any rate, will-power alone does not procure capital and CUAFC have been forced to diversify the club's assets into smaller sponsorship packages whilst relying on individual player resources and fundraising events to cover outstanding costs. If economic spirit is a sure indicator for success then Cambridge must be the favourites to win March's Varsity football match as

resources and fundraising events to cover outstanding costs. If economic spirit is a sure indicator for success then Cambridge must be the favourites to win March's Varsity football match as Oxford University Football Club employ a full-time sabbatical administrative officer. It seems unwise for independent Cambridge clubs to gamble on procuring commercial investment when support from within is not guaranteed. Without a single sponsor agreement Cambridge University Swimming and Water Polo Club have unfortunately

realised that sport and finance go together like Tom Daly and the deep-end. Only through considerable member contributions and fortunate support from The University Sports Syndicate has CUSWPC remained buoyant. It is worth mentioning that sponsors are less attracted to clubs who play pre-



dominantly underwater. Regardless, CUSWPC's ambitions to participate in regular competition and complete their charity Channel Swim for the RNLI are compromised by membership reduction and excessive facility hire.

Back on dry land, the University women's hockey second team were withdrawn from BUCS last season and despite the procurement of new sponsorship from Aberdeen Asset Manager, Taylor Wessing and Oliver Wyman, team-players drive to distant away games and coaching is limited to the first-teams. Even with club sponsorship and J. P. Morgan's backing the Varsity hockey game rests on players' individual financing and naked player calendars to boost fundraising.

It raises the question: who should have to pay when University sports teams are financially insecure?

“When players are paying beyond their means is it not the duty of the University to make sure their clothes stay on?”

When players are paying beyond their means is it not the duty of the University to make sure that their clothes stay on? Shifting the dependence from the financial world to internal university organisation

would perhaps enhance our understanding of sport's possible values in education.

Through generous alumni support and sponsorship of its own, the Hawks and Ospreys club can ease sports clubs' financial concerns. Ospreys' Victoria Watson prides the club on its trio of investment banks (J. P. Morgan, Barclays Capital and Merrill Lynch), valorizing the sustenance of university sport, again on the exhausting motives of commercial networking and graduate recruitment. At the same time the various sponsors of the Ospreys, whilst mutually endorsing activities for our independent clubs, are locked in competition away from the sports field. It seems an unwieldy plea to praise the Ospreys when sponsors are competing against one another in the financial field.

But marginal reconciliation can be found from the helping hand of the Sports Syndication. Operating at arms length, the Syndicate negotiates financial resources between the disinterested University and



the independent clubs. Offering low grants and monitoring player expenses, the Syndicate's chief role is advisory. Director, Tony Lemons, insists the Cambridge club structure is favourable compared to the majority of British university teams reliant upon their institution's mutual corroboration. Lemons doesn't fail, however, to recommend forming stronger ties between clubs, colleges and the University. Binding the clubs to the authority of the University would certainly be an unprecedented move, yet increasing the funding available to the Sports Syndicate could show intent to protect clubs in vulnerable economic positions. But for now, the onus remains on market providence as clubs look to consolidate any fortunes ahead of next season.

Sport in Brief

Football

In Men's Cuppers there have been some major cup upsets this week, as cup favourites Jesus crashed out as well as holders St Catz.

Regular *Varsity* Sports readers may have noticed last week that Jesus came through an epic last-16 clash with Fitzwilliam, and so would have expected a seemingly easier prospect against PWC Division 2's Selwyn. Jesus, who boast no less than seven Blues players were caught by surprise against an organised Selwyn side who believed they were capable of causing an upset. Selwyn booked their well-earned place in the semi-final where they await either Trinity or Emma.

2nd Division Homerton caused a similar upset when they knocked out Cuppers champions Catz 1-0.

Rugby

Jesus faced St John's II's in the early stages of Rugby Cuppers. The bitter rivalry between the two top division Colleges ensured it was going to be a tense affair; it's just a shame the quality never matched the anticipation. The first 40 minutes saw tries from both sides with the score always staying close whilst the second half remained a deadlock.

Jesus will now face either Queens' or St Edmund's in the quarter finals whilst John's 2nds will fancy themselves in the Plate competition.

Local Sport

Cambridge United continue their descent down the non-league table after a disappointing performance at home to AFC Wimbledon. Lifelong Dons fan, and ardent Conservative supporter, Nathanael Arnott-Davies (Fitzwilliam College) summarised the game by describing Cambridge as “disorganised, toothless, but hard working”, and Wimbledon as “dominant but lacking concentration”. The result leaves Cambridge just six points off the relegation zone and in danger of being dragged into a dog-fight at the bottom of the table.

Their hopes of a turnaround have been boosted this week by the arrivals of Calum Willock and Kevin Roberts.

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FOOTBALL

Clinical Emma annihilate brave Churchill

While Cuppers witnessed a few upsets, a dilligent Emma went about their business

	CHURCHILL	1
	EMMANUEL	5

TOMAS RODRIGUEZ-PEREZ

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The Churchill players worked solidly as a unit and won most of the second balls as they pressed their opponents, creating a few useful half chances whenever they hit Emma on the counter.

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hard, Emma managed to extend their lead after another Douglas goal. The striker surprised everyone by managing to turn his defender and producing a sensational lob over the unfortunate keeper, giving Emma a 2-0 lead they scarcely deserved.

Instead of building on this fortuitous lead however, Emma switched off. Sloppy defending and constant Churchill pressure presented Churchill with a number of chances,

yet at half-time the score was 2-0 and Emma looked to be cruising.

Boy, were they wrong. Churchill sped out of the blocks in the second-half, winning countless loose balls and forcing Emma to defend deep in their own half. Emma's keeper pulled off a few brilliant saves, but eventually Churchill's pressure told; the excellent Toby Mansuripur capitalising on poor Emma marking from a corner to make it 2-1 and turn

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Emma were contentiously awarded a penalty, the referee blowing his whistle as Churchill's keeper rushed out to stop Brown getting on to a through pass. There had been definite contact, but the Churchill players argued that the keeper had got the ball before taking the man. In an astonishing display of sportsmanship the Emma players confirmed they did not believe it was a penalty and asked him to change his mind. The referee consented, justice had prevailed, and the enthralling contest was allowed to continue.

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The Emma keeper comes out to deny Churchill any chance of a header

ROWING

Trinity control the river

FaT take three titles in one day at Robinson Head

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Trinity's First and Third Boat Club produced an impressive treble on the Cam this weekend as they claimed the M1, W1 and M2 titles at Pembroke Regatta. Over the 1100m course in a head to head knockout race, they blew away all the opposition with their worst crews reaching at least the semi final of their division.

In a fairly open men's first division, lacking notable crews Queens, Downing and LMBC, FaT were able to power comfortably to victory, beating their alumni, Black Prince, in the Semi Final along the way, before overcoming Caius in the final by roughly 1 length. FaT W1 overcame a strong Christ's crew by some distance, after beating (an out of their depth) Corpus, Murray Edwards and Clare along the way. Jesus and Downing stayed away, meaning Jesus W1 have still not yet raced competitively along the Cam this term.

In the lower divisions, FaT M2 squeaked to victory in the Men's second division against Pembroke M2, winning by just a few seats in a closely contested final, after a close-

run race with Clare M2 in the first round. Pembroke M3 were able to gain some measure of revenge, beating a FaT M3 crew a lot higher on the bumps chart than them in the semi-final, and holding off Emmanuel M3 in the Men's lower division final, a result that is sure to give them confidence going into the Lent Bumps Getting-On Race. FaT W2 were unable to replicate the success of their counterparts, losing in the final to Downing W2 with what was described as a "panicked" row, leaving them to wonder what might have been. The impressive rowing of the Downing W2 crew was not to be underestimated however, having beaten a number of crews higher than them, and they will be looking to set a fast time at the Getting-On Race.

The Women's lower division was poorly attended, with only 6 crews making the start line, and Sidney Sussex W3 duly triumphed, winning just two races against Emmanuel W3 and Newnham W3.

Some questions have been raised about the system of placing all College first crews in the first division, and all second crews in the second division etc. This means that the first round of the draw can often result in

an absolute walkover, such as with Emmanuel M1 racing a Hughes Hall M1 boat ranked 46 places below them in the bumps table, and so never allowing for some of the smaller College crews to have a chance. Perhaps seeding crews according to the Bumps charts may improve the races not only as a competition but also as a spectacle?

With this the last race on the Cam for crews that do not have to qualify for Bumps, it was a chance to iron out any flaws. Emmanuel W1 must continue to be concerned, as they lost in the quarter-final to a Clare crew who are nine places lower than them in Bumps. Some serious improvement will be needed if they are to remain Head of the River for Lent term. FaT M1 and Downing M1 will provide a mouth-watering contest for Men's headship, whilst lower down the first division, a Fitzwilliam M1 crew filled with novices alongside some more experienced heads will be encouraged by the narrow margin of their loss to Jesus, albeit in the first round.

The stage is set for Lent Bumps, on the 23rd-27th February, with the prelude being the Getting On race for lower division crews taking place Friday February 19th.

HOCKEY

Hockey Whitewash

Blues on good form before Varsity

	CAMBRIDGE	3
	WISBECH	0

VARSITY SPORT

Following their successful double-header last weekend, the Blues played hosts to bottom-of-the-league Wisbech Town. Unbeaten in recent weeks, and boosted by the return of vice captain, Dave Bell, the Blues were looking to deliver a professional performance to build on the momentum gained in recent weeks.

Cambridge seized control of the game from the start, and it was the Light Blues that created the first scoring chance with good link-up play down the left-hand side, calling the Wisbech keeper into action early on. The Blues continued to dictate the pace of the match, and only their carelessness in the final quarter of the pitch prevented them from breaking the deadlock earlier. The first goal came just before half-time; finding himself with his back to goal on the opposition penalty spot, Parkes dispatched a firm reverse-stick strike into the bottom corner.

The Blues continued to apply pressure, and having conceded six goals in the last two games, it was important to ensure that there were no defensive lapses in concentration.

The second half started much as the first had ended with the Blues dominating possession, the impenetrable Dave Saunders in imperious form at the heart of the Cambridge defence. When Cambridge's dominance was rewarded with a short corner it was Saunders who converted, effectively wrapping up the game. Minutes before time, some slick passing through the Cambridge midfield gave Parkes the opportunity to drive into the Wisbech circle from the right-hand side to find Quarshie at the back post for a third goal.

The team will be pleased with the result, which leaves them in second place in the league, as the preparation for the Varsity Match on Tuesday March 2nd begins to step up.

After the game, captain Jackson expressed his pleasure at the team's current form: "It was a composed performance and means we have now won three games in a row." The Blues have a busy week ahead: a friendly scheduled in the lair of Midlands-based hockey giants, Cannock, before Crostyx at the weekend.

FOOTBALL

Clinical Emma annihilate brave Churchill

While Cuppers witnessed a few upsets, a dilligent Emma went about their business

	CHURCHILL	1
	EMMANUEL	5

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Emma put
five past
Churchill
in Cuppers
second round

Footballp30



SPORT



The Blues beat
the Navy in a
comfortable
home
performance

Rugbyp31

FOOTBALL

Blues' promotion hopes take a blow

Cambridge miss out on taking top spot in the league after slip up against Bedford (Luton)

	CAMBRIDGE	2
	BEDFORD	2

OLLY WEST

Bedford (Luton) may be languishing in the lower reaches of the BUCS division (see table on far right) but in clinching a 2-2 draw on Monday night they provided the toughest test yet to an undefeated Blues football team who remain on course to complete an historic season. Captain Michael Johnson knew the importance of the two mid-week games for the Blues, with wins practically securing league promotion and defeats leaving them in a tight contest with East Anglia.

It is the team from the other University of Bedfordshire campus who currently top the table, but Bedford (Luton) showed that Blues captain Michael Johnson was correct to single them out as the one side who, at full strength, can match anyone in the division. Although perhaps lacking organisation in defence, the pace and power the visitors boasted going forward meant the Blues could never rest easy despite dominating possession for large parts of the ninety minutes.

The relegation-battlers also ensured that the spectators who packed out the lower tier of the Grange Road Clubhouse Stand were given something to keep their mind off the paralysing cold. It was Bedford's number 12 whose stunning strike opened the scoring and brought the game to life just before half-time, and whose delicately executed chip was glanced in less than ten minutes before the final whistle, cancelling out the Cambridge lead and causing the game's principal controversy.

The opening goal had been something of a shock to the system for the Blues, who felt, in their captain's words, "invincible," since returning from a mid-season Spanish tour. Yet Cambridge fought back, firstly when Mark Baxter beat the goalkeeper to a through ball to



James Day towers over the opposition and his teammates to win a header in the middle of the park

equalise on the hour, and then from a quick and concise move which found Johnson in space in the box and gave him time to pick out the bottom corner and give the Blues the lead ten minutes later.

Allegations of a shirt-pull on James Day by the Bedford forward surrounded the equaliser, but the away side would have felt justified in taking a point after both sides had shown terrific character when going a goal down.

On a pitch which showed all the signs of a hard rugby season and exceptionally harsh winter, the first half was an unsurprisingly scrappy affair. The Blues gave the impression that they were in charge of directing affairs, but often found themselves frustrated as endless balls into the channels either fell awkwardly or were misjudged on a pitch much bigger than usual. Early bursts of pace and skill by Matt Stock were noted by the visitors' defence who

soon did their best to give him no time on the ball, and although his strike partner Amos had three missed chances, it would be harsh to describe them as guilt-edged.

Meanwhile, Bedford, the only team to hit the back of the Cambridge net in the league this season, had given occasional warning signs from the first minute when Dan Gwyther had to stretch to deny a visiting attacker a straightforward headed chance. Stuart Ferguson in the Blues goal was also forced into a smart reaction save from close range minutes later.

Yet there was nothing he could do about the goal when it came. With no one willing to make the tackle, Bedford's 12 took advantage to unleash an unstoppable rocket of a shot from the edge of the penalty area which rebounded in off the angle of the right-hand post.

Cambridge could no longer simply cruise and wait for an opposition mistake and suddenly the pressure

was on. To the groans of the crowd, Paul Hartley fluffed his lines in front of goal after some intricate play by Jack Hylands. Fortunately, Hartley soon found some passing form that he had been badly lacking in the first half to provide both Cambridge goals.

Having had so much possession, the Blues will be disappointed not to have picked up three points, but promotion is still in their hands. Johnson later commented: "We can make no excuses at the end of the season because the best team always wins the league. In some ways we needed a kick up the arse but I was delighted with the fight we showed in the second half and every game is a must win from here. I'm still very confident we can do that – particularly with four proven, quality goal scorers to choose from in Stock, Gotch, Kerrigan and Amos."

Playing their second game in the space of a week, the Blues travelled to Oxford in the hope of, temporarily,

restoring themselves to top spot in the table. Playing against a winless Oxford Brookes, Johnson was forced to employ a slightly shuffled starting line-up. Instrumental central midfielder Paul Hartley was a major loss in the middle of the park, his diligent hard work and insightful passing lacking from a midfield that struggled to take the game by the scruff of the neck.

Despite the changes in personnel the Blues failed to put their season back on track. A second slip-up in the space of a week could have jeopardised Cambridge's promotion aspirations, allowing East Anglia to overtake them in second place. This week's fixtures definitely opened that possibility.

The game ended 1-1, Stock scoring the only goal, and this result means that the Blues need to keep their composure in the remaining games if they have any hope of promotion. The league is as much of a priority as Varsity is for the Blues and it is integral to the long-term development of the side that the Blues secure league promotion in their upcoming fixtures.

THE LEAGUE	P	W	D	L	Pts
BEDFORDSHIRE (BEDFORD)	7	5	2	0	17
CAMBRIDGE	7	3	4	0	13
EAST ANGLIA	7	3	2	2	11
BEDFORDSHIRE (LUTON)	8	2	3	3	9
LOUGHBROUGH 4THS	7	2	0	5	6
OXFORD BROOKES	8	0	3	5	3

Cambridge University AFC (4-4-2)
Goals: Baxter, Michael Johnson
Subs: Kerrigan (Stock)

