

"If I can't dance, I don't want your revolution"
Can the arts world do anarchy?



VARSITY

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Streeting hangs CUSU out to dry

» Exec members accuse former President of "betrayal"

ALICE WHITWHAM
Chief News Editor

Former CUSU President Wes Streeting has been accused of "betraying" his former student union by current Exec members after changing his stance on the inclusion of Cambridge students in the National Student Survey (NSS). Streeting, who initiated the CUSU boycott of the survey while President in 2004-5, went before the Common's Education Select Committee on Monday February 19 and accused the CUSU policy of "perpetuating the old school tie and secret handshake" and "doing themselves no favours".

During his term as CUSU President Streeting promoted a policy which described the government-backed NSS as "not only harmful to student feedback mechanisms, but not useful either". Currently NUS Vice-President (Education) and a member of the NSS Steering Committee responsible for providing "advice and planning" on the survey, Streeting has undertaken something of a *volte-face*. He told *Varsity* that the survey's "methodology" had improved because it was "less intrusive", adding that the inclusion of an optional "bank of questions", which allow each university to obtain a more specific set of results, make the survey more applicable to Cambridge. "NSS results are having a direct impact on the enhancement of student experience", he argued.

Streeting's move has been met with indignation by the current CUSU Executive. CUSU Democracy Officer Jacob Bard-Rosenberg described it as "complete betrayal, given that he led the Exec which initiated the boycott". Current CUSU President Mark Ferguson urged Streeting "to remember his past as a CUSU President," adding "I agree with Wes' position on a lot of things, but I am very disappointed at this". Welfare Officer Sam Rose said that he was "sad that Wes is failing to support his old union".

These reactions were dismissed as "cheap" by Streeting. "The reasons why I've changed," he argued, "are

that I now have responsibilities to represent over a hundred other student unions. Although I know that my personal position on the matter is the same as the official NUS mandate, the NSS was a never a main plank in my manifesto".

NUS President Gemma Tumelty criticised the unwillingness of Cambridge students to participate in the survey. "It only exacerbates the reputation Cambridge has of being an elitist institution, somehow separate from others and affected by utterly different circumstances, which is not the case". She believes it is "valuable" for students who enjoy such a reputation as that of Cambridge "to be able to feed into a number of organisations that make decisions on future students' experience".

CUSU's stance has attracted widespread criticism in the academic community. University of Leeds Vice-Chancellor Professor Michael Arthur this week described the CUSU boycott as "a great shame," adding "this is an opportunity for students to say what they want about institutions". Higher Education Funding Council for England (HEFCE) spokesperson Philip Walker agreed, stating the "NSS is very important in allowing potential students to make informed decisions about which university they go to".

Ferguson justified the continued CUSU boycott by saying that while the NSS is a "reasonable survey" for most universities, in relation to Cambridge it obtains "no meaningful data", adding that it is "not representative of the collegiate structure". "At the end of the day," he concluded "we are a world class institution and our expectations are higher than those of others."

Cambridge Pro-Vice Chancellor for Education, Professor Melveena McKendrick has told all final year undergraduates "it would be a glaring omission... for Cambridge to be the only university not to have its [NSS] results posted along with those of other institutions when prospective applicants are making comparisons". She urged all finalists to participate in the survey.



Streeting speaking at an NUS demonstration on student debt

NUS

» Comment

Why airline environmental policy is pie in the sky



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EMI boss John Gildersleeve talks to Jossie Clayton about the worth of degrees



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Varsity ponders how far the boundaries of the sandwich can be pushed

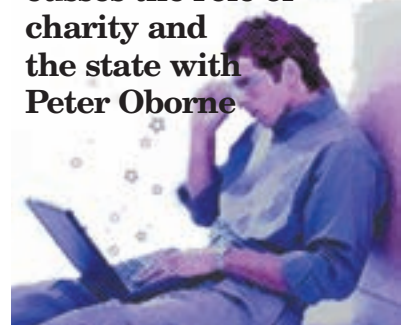


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ONLINE

» Features

Rob Haworth discusses the role of charity and the state with Peter Osborne



Ecclesiastical economics

»Cambridge research group reveals social deprivation of Catholics

CAMILLA TEMPLE

Recent claims that Catholicism is overtaking Anglicanism as the predominant religion in Britain are at odds with the findings of a Cambridge research group which has uncovered deprivations in the immigrant Catholic community.

A recent report published by a research group at St Edmund's College has exposed the extensive and unseen problems of Catholic immigrant communities in London. The research has prompted Conservative MPs John Battle and Bob Spink to call for a debate in parliament in the hope of sparking a national discussion about the issues raised.

The report focuses on the Catholic immigrant community, examining the nature and distribution of this community, the extent of the deprivation and the role that the Catholic Church in Britain plays in immigrant lives.

The Von Hugel Institute Centre for Faith in Society, which undertook the research, is described by one of its directors as a "faith inspired and faith-based scholarly think-tank". The current directors of the Centre, Francis Davis and Andrew Badstock, are looking to renew its reputation for high quality research with this report. Francis Davis said that he felt encouraged by the extent to which the issues raised had been taken up by both the press and parliament, and expressed excitement about extending their work to other areas in Britain such as Yorkshire and the Midlands.

The researchers at St Edmund's College surveyed 1,000 immigrants, ran focus groups and interviewed clergy in three dioceses across London, Essex and Kent. The report emphasises the role of the Catholic Church in helping a

section of the Catholic community who are "facing tough living conditions, harsh working conditions and constant economic and personal uncertainty". One case in the report, that of 21 year-old Pavel, describes how he "ended up sleeping rough in Victoria station" before being helped by the Cardinal Hume Centre, a charity set up by the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster.

The report outlines how the Catholic Church can help by offering practical support and also by providing a social network and sense of belonging for those new to the community. Migrants have to struggle with emotional isolation as well as poverty and homelessness, and 41% of those questioned said they did not "feel at home in Britain". The research has shown that the Church serves as a first port of call, partly because of its familiarity as "a home away from home", and partly because of its disassociation with "the authorities".

"Catholic community facing constant economic and political uncertainty"

The Institute was commissioned to carry out the research by the Cardinals of the Catholic dioceses of Brentwood, Southwark and Westminster when they noticed the differences in their parishes as a result of immigration. Congregations were doubling in number and it is reported that the congrega-



The Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs DYLAN SPENCER-DAVIDSON

tion of one church jumped from 20 to 1,200 in a week when they introduced Mass in Portuguese. According to Davis, the Cardinals became aware of the difficulties their new congregations were facing and were keen to have concrete information and evidence with which to tackle this new challenge.

The research caught public attention when *The Times* ran an article about the report, suggesting that Roman Catholicism may overtake Anglicanism as the dominant religion in Britain. In reaction, Davis agreed that immigration was significantly affecting the religious landscape of Britain but emphasised that the main focus of the report is on the plight of immigrants and the role of the Catholic Church in helping them. He

felt that the research had uncovered a "dark side of the British economy" which was taking no consideration of either the actual numbers of immigrants or the reality of their situation.

The recent influx of Polish immigrants as a result of Poland joining the EU has meant that the Catholic Church is feeling an immense pressure on its resources and is "struggling to keep up with the changing pastoral reality". Between May 2004 and June 2006 the government approved 264,560 work applications from Poland, and the challenge of assimilating the 95% of Poles who are practicing Catholics is described by the report as being at the same time the Catholic Church's "greatest threat" and its "greatest opportunity".

In Brief

Cannabis garden

Following last week's arrest of a cannabis growing health shop owner, police discovered a cannabis farm of mammoth proportions in St Neots this week. The leader of the operation described the eight hours it took to clear the area of plants and equipment. The owner, Mr Chien Thang Do, is thought to have been operating a long term enterprise and had cultivated plants at various stages of growth. Do, "The Gardener", may face deportation to Vietnam. **Georgia Artus**

Addenbrooke's £85m expansion

Addenbrookes Hospital has enlarged its capacity and created a "much nicer environment" for patients by unveiling a new treatment and research centre. The building cost 85 million and includes a more defined separation between emergency rooms and those dedicated to planned care and up to date technology allowing more efficient treatments. The facility will act in conjunction with the NHS, Institute for Metabolic Research and the University. **Was Yaqoob**

Toxic gas scare at Trinity Hall

Trinity Hall fell victim to toxic gas in the early hours of the week. Drama took over the college on Sunday morning at 6am when three fire trucks arrived after a porter came across 'a toxic smell'. The area was evacuated and fifteen firemen entered the scene. Various students expressed concern but Varsity was assured that there was "no danger to any living students, or even any dead ones". The refrigerator responsible has been removed from the premises. **Esther Lousada**

Resident hugger spreads his joy

The newest resident of Cambridge market is offering not baked goods or outlandish clothing but hugs. The newcomer claims to "just like hugs". Children have been leaping off their BMXs and women leaving their spouses with the shopping for the sake of a free hug. The idea was inspired by an Australian who posted his hugging escapades on YouTube. Our own friendly neighbor seems to be quite successful; five minutes was apparently his longest interval between hugs. **Elliot Ross**



"Just likes hugs" MARY BOWERS

Southern Science

THOMAS MCGEE

Concerns have been raised that biomedical funding favours Southern research centres. While institutions such as Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge have been recognised under a recent government initiative to identify Biomedical Research Centres (BRCs) in need of funding, many Northern research centres have been excluded.

The South East and in particular the

"statistics about where money goes can be dangerously misleading"

'golden triangle' of Oxford, Cambridge and London has become the research hub of the nation and home to 11 of Britain's 14 BRC's of excellence. After its failure to qualify for funding, Manchester University became a pioneer in the struggle to close the gap between investment given to universities in the North and those in the

South. The N8, an alliance of eight research-intensive universities in the North of England, is now calling for reviews of the national distribution of Research and Development funds. Manchester was refused status as a BRC of excellence as the NHS deemed it to be of insufficient international standing in some areas. Alan Gilbert, Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, called this announcement "deeply disappointing". Researchers protest that without new funding the quality of their work is bound to suffer. Investment, they argue, is the much needed catalyst for successful research.

But while the N8 believes that better supported Northern Research Centres would strengthen the national foundation in research and increase the UK competitiveness on the global scale, their demands have met with objections in some quarters.

Dr David Grainger of the Department of Medicine at Addenbrooke's argues that "the only thing that should determine where funding goes is the quality of the work done with it", saying that "scientists should be put into competition with each other". He warns that "statistics about where money goes can be dangerously misleading" and explains that successful research applications are those that best meet the specific criteria of the funding body.



Caretaker held over letterbombs

»Cherry Hinton man questioned over explosives that injured six

DATSHIANE NAVANAYAGAM

A Cambridge school caretaker has been arrested in connection with a spate of letter bombs across Britain. Miles Cooper, 26, was arrested at 3am on February 19 and is being questioned over seven homemade explosive devices sent to companies across Britain. Five of the packages exploded and nine people were injured.

Assistant Chief Constable Anton Setchell, National Co-ordinator for domestic extremism, told press on Wednesday that "Police have been granted a further extension of 24 hours to question a man from the Cherry Hinton area of Cambridge who was arrested in connection with a police investigation into a series of postal improvised explosive devices". Some of the parcels were specifically directed at businesses with connections to forensic science laboratories, and others were sent to traffic enforcement organisations including the Head Office of the Driving and Vehicles Licensing Agency in Swansea.

Two of the packages contained the names of two animal rights activists, but police are still uncertain of the purpose of the letter bomb spate. SPEAK Political, the animal rights based political party, has been quick to disassociate itself from the attacks. Robert Cogswell, chief spokesman for SPEAK Political, stressed that, "we are not responsible for the actions". But SPEAK Political have refused to denounce the illegal acts of animal rights extremists, comparing their campaign to the events of the Holocaust and South African apartheid as a struggle that is "above man-made laws", maintaining that "in certain circumstances it can be acceptable to break them".

Cogswell admitted that, "there is a very real need to break down stereotypes of animal rights campaigners as nutters and extremists" and declared his "wholehearted condemnation" for any actions which harmed living beings. But he emphasised that he would continue to support non-violent illegal actions by animal rights campaigners as long as the "hypocrisy of the British judicial system prevented the abuse of animals in the public sphere whilst covertly

allowing for their institutional abuse within the laboratory." He added "Britain is a nation of animal lovers and there is an amazing amount of support in the public".

The Prime Minister and Home Secretary expressed concern over the attacks. Outside Parliament, John Reid stated that the events were "worrying", and at Prime Minister's Questions Mr Blair told the House of Commons that events were being monitored "very closely". The devices, which were all crudely homemade and dispatched in A5 jiffy-styled envelopes to addresses in southern England, the

"there is a very real need to break down stereotypes of animal rights campaigners as nutters"

Midlands and Wales, are currently under forensic examination.

The arrest of Cooper, who was employed as a caretaker of the Teversham Church of England Primary School, has come as a shock to Cambridge residents and those associated with the school. It was closed for two days while police searched the premises. The home Cooper shares with his mother and sister was also searched. Cooper has not been formally linked with the letter bomb sent to Cambridge Labour Party Headquarters last August, but election agent Alex Mayer has been kept up to date on the ongoing police investigations. Mr Russ McPherson, councillor of the Cherry Hinton ward of Cambridge, declined to comment on the arrest, but was keen to stress to *Varsity* that Cambridge is an "absolutely" safe region. He added, "We have one of the lowest crime figures in the country and Cherry Hinton is one of the safest regions in Cambridge".



All five bombs were sent in A5 envelopes

MIRANDA HOWARD-WILLIAMS

"Tory dinosaur bites the dust" over racist jibe

KATE O'RAGHALLAIGH

South Cambridgeshire District Councillors have been accused of making "heterosexist" and "racist" comments, and one councillor has resigned after claiming that he did not discriminate against "wogs".

A review of the council this month revealed "a clear perception amongst some stakeholders that some councillors' attitudes and behaviours are racist and discriminatory". The Council was also found by the Audit Commission to be failing to represent and cater for the service needs of its minority groups. The SCDC failed to attain Level 1 of the Commission for Local Government Standards for Equality.

At a training workshop held shortly

after the report's publication, Conservative Councillor Ted Pateman remarked "There are all different sorts of wogs here. I don't differentiate between them, but treat them all as though they were English".

Councillor Ian Nimmo-Smith told *Varsity* that he feels Pateman is "not a role model for Cambridge, where we seek to celebrate and respect the diversity of our residents". Councillor Pateman has rejected accusations of racism. "The term 'wog' is in the Oxford English Dictionary. It wasn't meant as a derogatory remark of any description, in fact I was emphasising that in Camboorne we have a mix of different nationalities".

Pateman has apologised and resigned. He said "I did not mean to cause offence to anyone and have

decided to act in the best interests of the council by resigning". Council leader Ray Manning said "His decision to resign is the honourable course and will allow us to remember him for his good work as a District and Parish councillor". Nimmo-Smith remarked "A Tory dinosaur bites the dust".

In a separate incident, Councillor John Hipkin, former Mayor of Cambridge, has demanded an apology for claims in October that he was "heterosexist". The accusation was made by the council's Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender group in response to a remark made by Hipkin during a planning committee meeting. Councillors were discussing the 'family-unfriendly' nature of one and two-bedroom Cambridge flats. Hipkin is reported as saying "People presumably start

off single or young marrieds and have children, don't they?"

Hipkin has refuted the claims of heterosexism, saying "I want to get a retraction, an apology for this false accusation. I don't want correspondence in the city council implying that I sexually discriminate". Ian Nimmo-Smith told *Varsity* that the matter has been "blown out of all proportion by Councillor Hipkin. There is no accusation for which to apologise, nor any process by which a verdict of not guilty is to be issued".

He continued "I think there are areas of awareness, particularly in relation to equalities issues, where councillors could sharpen our act". It has since been reported that training may be put in place to encourage councillors to avoid heterosexism in the future.



Resigned Cllr Ted Pateman

B

Business Manager. Be it

Applicants for the post of Business Manager of Varsity Publications Ltd are invited to contact
the current Business manager, Adam Edelshain, for an application form and a job description.
Email: business@varsity.co.uk. Deadline for applications will be March 10th.

Rethinking bird brains

»New research shakes belief that forethought is unique to humans

ELLIOT ROSS

Some birds can recognise the future and plan accordingly. New findings by Cambridge scientists have sparked speculation among ornithologists over just what else our feathered friends may be capable of.

In order to determine whether animals plan for future meals or are simply acting on instinct, Professor Nicky Clayton and her team at the Department of Experimental Psychology performed tests on the western scrub-jay. In research published yesterday they demonstrated that the birds will hoard food items if they believe that they will be in short supply in the future.

Over the period of research, eight scrub-jays were up with the lark each morning to choose between the compartment with 'no breakfast' or the

“astonished scientists by hoarding peanuts in the dog food compartment”

compartment with 'breakfast'. They were then allowed to gorge themselves all day. After several days of feasting, the birds were provided with pine nuts suitable for caching (hoarding) in the evening. In anticipation of a morning without a tasty breakfast, the scrub-jays consistently hid food in the 'no breakfast' compartment rather than the 'breakfast' compartment, demonstrating an under-

standing of future needs and no small amount of cunning.

In a similar experiment, the scrub-jays had the choice of a dog-food breakfast served up in one compartment or a peanut-based gastronomia in another. On being allowed to cache either food in location of their choice in the evenings, they yet again astonished scientists by demonstrating an understanding of future needs, and a commendable desire for a varied diet, by hoarding peanuts in the dog food compartment and dog kibble in the peanut compartment. Had they been caching merely for current hunger they would not have discriminated between the types of food or the location of the succulent cache.

Professor Nicky Clayton said, “The western scrub-jays demonstrate behaviour that shows they are concerned both about guarding against food shortages and maximising the variety of their diets in the future.” Not only committed to getting their variety of five fruit and veg a day, these wondrous creatures appear to have a “sophisticated concept of past, present and future”.

Together with her colleague Professor Tony Dickinson, Professor Clayton and her team have published a number of papers demonstrating the remarkable memories of the scrub-jay. Some forms of memory and future thinking are believed to be linked in the human brain and the scientists were interested to see if the same might be true of these birds. This could cause scientists and students alike to rethink the popular derogatory idiom “bird brain”.

Forward planning of this kind is a complex skill that was previously believed to be unique to humans. Certain other animals have been



Birds know what's coming to them

MICHAEL DERRINGER

thought to be incapable of dissociating themselves from the present and any current motivation.

Bruce Martin, bird enthusiast and former secretary of Cambridge Bird Club, was unsurprised by the news. “The more you delve into birds, the more questions you need to ask”, he told *Varsity*. He went on to outline his fascination with “how they don't hit each other when roosting” and “how the birds communicate with one

another”. A second year historian, who asked not to be identified, described himself as “positively flapping” when the news broke.

The news will come as no surprise to Cambridge's literary elite. The albatross in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* displays a similar culinary aptitude to that of the modern scrub-jays, as he “every day for food or play / Came to the Mariner's hollo!”

Funding scheme Oxbridge-weighted

»Blair's university funding scheme heavily weighted towards Oxbridge

TOM WOOLFORD

A new University funding scheme launched by Tony Blair has been greeted with reservation. Last week *Varsity* reported a scheme under which the government will give universities one pound for every two pounds raised from private sources. £200m has been earmarked for the scheme over the next three years. The prime minister has said of the initiative that it “will incentivise all universities to raise more charitable and private funding”, claiming that increasing voluntary giving is “a vital step in enabling institutions to build up substantial endowments over the longer term, so that they can improve infrastructure, teaching and student bursaries.”

Sir Peter Lampl, chairman of the Sutton Trust – the body which originally suggested the establishment

of a public-private giving initiative – described the government's financial commitment to the scheme as “not terribly generous”. The £2m cap and the 2:1 ratio agreed by the government for each institution falls far short of the £5m cap and the pound-for-pound scheme advocated by the Sutton Trust in its December 2006 report.

Members of the University and College Union have expressed concern following the launch of the scheme last week, and there have been fears that the scheme could widen the gap between rich and poor institutions. Oxford and Cambridge collect the most in private endowments of all British universities, with Cambridge last week reaching the half-billion mark in its 800th

Anniversary Campaign. They would therefore be likely to receive the maximum possible under the scheme. It is thought that other universities are less likely to benefit to the same extent. Only 75 universities nationwide will be eligible for the scheme.

Vice Chancellor of Anglia Ruskin University Professor Michael Thorne welcomed the initiative but admitted to some reservations. When asked whether he thought the scheme would improve the standard of education in British universities, he replied “No, I don't. It will improve facilities but these are one-off pay-

ments so it can't be used for staff, which make the real difference to the standard of education”. He was clear that a scheme built on private giving could not become an alternative to mainstream public funds. “We shouldn't be under the illusion that it would ever replace government funding for any but a handful of institutions”, he said.

Thorne was also unsure whether ARU would even be eligible for the scheme. “They haven't published the rubric. We're anxious to make sure we are part of the scheme. This is the unwelcome aspect of the scheme: they don't want to spread the funding too thin but it's slightly sad they limited the scheme”.

CUSU President Mark Ferguson said that while Cambridge is likely to profit from the endowment initiative, the £2m cap on each institution would mean that “all institutions who receive sizable donations will benefit.”

Raid on Curry Queen

TOM PARRY-JONES

Customers were ejected from the Curry Queen restaurant on Mill Road this Tuesday when Immigration Officers swooped on the restaurant in a large organised raid. While the owner of the restaurant has claimed that there had been “no problem” with illegal workers, the Home Office suggested in a guarded statement that one arrest was made.

The busy restaurant was entered at around 8.30pm, and diners were asked to leave immediately, leaving behind them tables of uneaten food. Among those in the restaurant at the time was a large group of students and fellows from Magdalene College, taking part in the annual Social and Political Sciences curry night, which is traditionally held at the Curry Queen. One third-year student, a veteran of the SPS Curry described the series of events.

“We had just taken our seats and ordered drinks when a couple of Police officers appeared at the top of the stairs. At first we thought nothing of it and a policeman came over and told us it should only be a couple of minutes.”

“we were escorted from the premises, and told that we'd have to find another curry house”

“However, when a waiter tried to come over and take our order, an officer blocked his way, and he was told in no uncertain terms to remain standing where he was. The room then began to fill with immigration officers, at least twelve in total, wearing heavy looking black armoured uniforms with the Home Office emblem emblazoned on them. Any initial shred of amusement evaporated at this point, and we were escorted from the premises, and told that we'd have to find another curry house.”

Varsity was able to speak to the owner of the Curry Queen, who claimed that while officers had been “looking for illegal workers” and checking papers, there had in fact been “no problem” with these at the restaurant. He pointed out that the restaurant had reopened on Wednesday evening, the night after the raid, and was continuing to operate as usual.

A spokesperson for the Home Office refused to comment on “individual details”, but gave a general statement in which she confirmed “There was an intelligence-led immigration operation at the Curry Queen restaurant ... one Bangladeshi national was arrested during the visit on the Tuesday.” But when pressed for more details on the arrested individual, neither the Home Office nor Cambridgeshire Police were able to comment.

Light bulbs go ping in college green league



Churchill College

EMILY BLAKELEY

An inter-collegiate league table revealing the environmental status of Cambridge colleges was unveiled on Tuesday by CUECS, the Cambridge University Environmental Consulting Society. The fourth report of its kind, it is part of a wider project supporting environmental improvement across the University. It ranks each college based on their contribution to eight specified areas: insulation, lighting, waste, housekeeping, kitchens and college bars, computers, printers and photocopiers, gardens,

and college commitment.

This year, 22 colleges responded to the survey and Churchill was ranked first for the second year in a row, with a score of 71.3 per cent. Clare and Queens' came in the bottom two positions, with 30.5 per cent and 41.8 per cent respectively. Emphasis was placed on their failure to implement simple initiatives such as the use of low-energy light bulbs.

As a result of the survey participants were given a list suggesting ways in which colleges could lessen the damage which they are causing to the environment. These ranged from improving the accessibility of recycling

containers to making college events more eco-friendly. It was also advised that the use of motion sensors for lights and "power down" buttons for computer equipment would both reduce bills and effectively lessen the colleges' carbon footprint.

Communication between staff and students was highlighted as a key area in which all colleges should be able to extend their "green" attitudes. Speaking at the meeting, CUSU Green Officer Aneaka Kellay explained that "strong committees are the most positive thing that can be done for the future". She added that "individuals can help themselves

through recycling, switching off lights and so forth. But the most difference is made by strong movements".

Clare Black, the report's team leader, spoke of a "real change in attitudes among students and staff to more long-term commitments", particularly in small-scale initiatives such as displaying "power down" and "switch off" stickers. University Environmental Officer Martin Whiteland praised the report for increasing awareness of college environmental issues.

The full report will soon be available at www.societies.cam.ac.uk/cuecs.

A is for Artwork, B is for Business, C is for Copy, D is for Deadline, E is for Editor, F is for Firefox, G is for Gill Sans, H is for Helvetica, I is for Interview, J is for Juggling, K is for Kerning, L is for Listings, M is for Microphone, N is for Newspaper, O is for Office, P is for Panic (on a Thursday night), Q is for Quark Xpress, R is for Readthroughs, S is for Sport, T is for Time, U is for Untidy, V is for Varsity, W is for Website, X is for Xcuses, Y is for Yelling, Z is for Zany

THE

is for Editor.
Be it

Applications for the post of Editor of Varsity Newspaper for both the May Week edition and Michaelmas term are invited to contact Adam Edelshain, the Business Manager.
Email: business@varsity.co.uk. Applications close on April 24th.



Kambar

Everybody knows

Gents in Kambar made their toilet in an unusually sombre atmosphere this week. Male loo-goers were regaled by a dishevelled trio performing some of Leonard Cohen's better-known work inside a single cubicle. One was identified as a member of skulduggerous fraternity Ferretz International and another as an esteemed and hairy socialist. Most surprising were the distinguished choral efforts of the CUSU Welfare Officer, who is evidently taking his responsibility for student spirits very seriously.

Wetherspools

Problem of statistics

A large group of mathematicians were left counting rather than drowning their sorrows after being uncereemoniously ejected from Wetherspools and a host of other public houses as their pub crawl became more crawl than pub. After a day's hard compass-wielding, the lads decided to put the "fun" back into "functional analysis" by kicking back, chillaxing and forgetting all about their secret passion for Euclidean geometry with a few beers. Landlords were less than impressed by their boozy chat and swiftly expelled them.

Facebook

Hunting the hunters

An eager young classicist, whose various misdeeds will be familiar to regular readers, has established a support group to "share experiences of trauma, and thereby recover from the damaging exposure we have received". The Facebook group is called "Cambridge Spies is all lies: Traumatized Anonymous" and the founder invites students who, like her, feel "besmirched and betrayed". She later admitted to the veracity of our reportage regarding her. One of our readers, a beady-eyed college Dean, would do well to take note of the membership of this group.



ILLUSTRATION BY RACHEL HARDING

The college degrading game

»Year on year the same set of colleges have disproportionately high rates of degrading
»Correlation between college academic performance and numbers of students dropping back

REBECCA LESTER
Investigations Editor

An enormous disparity exists in the number of students degrading each year across the University, a *Varsity* investigation has discovered this week. Figures obtained under the Freedom of Information Act (2000) reveal that the rate of degrading at Girton was seven times higher than that at Caius between the academic years 2002-2006. Girton also had four times more students degrading than Christ's, Clare or Downing over the same period.

Statistics were obtained from all undergraduate colleges with the exception of Peterhouse, who did not respond to the FOI request. Alongside Girton, Homerton and King's recorded the highest levels of degrading over the last four years. While Girton and Caius have almost identical undergraduate populations,

"pressure to degrade entirely focussed on how my exam results would reflect on the College"

Girton has seen at least 14 students degrade each year; Caius has had no more than four.

In line with current University guidelines, all colleges contacted by *Varsity* claim to assess each case individually, only allowing students to

degrade for reasons of illness or "extenuating circumstances" which may interrupt or disadvantage them in their studies. A student considering degrading must speak to their college tutor, who will then make an appeal to the University Applications Committee with evidence of medical records, or notes from counselling sessions. The University guidelines for degrading state that supervision reports have nothing to do with the process, and it is impossible to degrade for purely academic reasons. Most students who degrade do so for a complete academic year.

Christ's Senior Tutor Kevin Bowkett suggested the intercollegiate discrepancy could be caused by the role of individual GPs in influencing the decisions taken by students and colleges on degrading for medical reasons. "Some Cambridge GPs are more ready than others to suggest the possibility of degrading as a quick-fix for difficult patients", he told *Varsity*. He believes that something of a copycat culture exists, describing how "requests for degrading can spread like a contagious disease within an individual college".

A certain correlation also appears to exist between a college's academic performance and the number of students who degrade. The three colleges at which degrading is most common all fell in the bottom half of the 2006 Tompkins Table, while the five colleges with the lowest rates were all in the top 15.

The inter-collegiate pool system seems to have some relation to the figures. While the five colleges with the lowest rates of degrading all take under four per cent of students from the pool, Girton and Homerton both rely heavily on it when recruiting new undergraduates.

Allegations have been made that

some colleges ask their students to degrade on grounds of ill health where the real underlying concern is with their academic performance. A student from New Hall, which has one of the highest rates of degrading across the University, was asked by her Director of Studies to degrade

"requests for degrading can spread like contagious diseases within an individual College"

due to illness in spite of her concern that she would be financially unable to continue with her studies if she took a year out.

"After I recovered I would have had no option other than to leave the University and find a job. In my opinion, the pressure received to degrade was entirely focussed on how my exam results would reflect on the college, with no consideration as to what would be best for me as an individual." The student praised the support of her tutor and of the college as a whole, but described herself as "let down" by her Director of Studies and confused by the "conflicting opinions" she had received.

But students from Homerton, another college at which high numbers of students degrade, have described the support given by the college as "excellent". "I did not have any trouble obtaining permission",

7
times more degraders at Girton than Caius

152
Cambridge students who degraded last year

1
day of notice given to leave Pembroke

one told *Varsity*, adding "the only thing required was my assent and a letter from my doctor". Another said "My personal tutor provided me with all the options but under the circumstances a joint decision [was arrived at] between myself, my tutor, and with advice from the college nurse and doctor, [and] degrading was thought necessary".

Colleges at the top end of the academic spectrum do not seem to be exempt from accusations of irregularities in their degrading policy. A student at Pembroke, which came fourth in last year's Tompkins Table, has described her college as making decisions in an "autocratic and unorthodox way" and accused it of being "very reluctant to consider the financial implications" of degrading. The student complained that "I didn't understand the procedure and no one was there to explain it to me". "My DoS didn't really give me a choice", she claimed. "He mooted the idea in a casual way about a week before I degraded, then enforced it later." She was forced to leave Pembroke the day after having been officially asked to degrade.

The imbalance between colleges appears to underline an innate inconsistency in the pastoral care systems across the University. CUSU Welfare Officer Sam Rose pointed to the difficulty of achieving parity between the colleges. "We're never going to have identical systems. Being in a collegiate University with separate endowments and college councils makes for inevitable differences in welfare systems between the colleges."

"In the end," Rose argued, "it depends on the group of people in the tutorial office, and their opinions will inevitably come through as unspoken policies on degrading."



My watch is set to be around 6 minutes fast. At least I think it's about 6 minutes, I don't want to be too sure. I am also unsure of how long ago I set my watch fast, having forgotten ever doing it. I am, however, sure it was my intention at the time to do so. As part of my tireless efforts to be more punctual, I often strategically set my clocks to faster times. It's important that I don't remember doing this, otherwise I'd take the extra time for granted, so I have to employ a large number of simultaneous distractions to help me forget. These include alcohol, sex and the shrill voice of my angry girlfriend ordering me to stop drunkenly fiddling with my watch while we're having sex.

The upshot is that all my clocks are now set to different times. If I ever want to know the actual time, because I have no control clock to refer to, I have to work my way back through the original setting sequence as best I can. Hence, my computer clock I know is around 5 minutes earlier than my phone, which is around 20 minutes faster than my watch, which is in turn 6 minutes faster than the actual time (although as I've said, I don't want to be too sure), meaning that if it reads 2:35pm now on my computer the actual time is... here my mathematical ability fails me and I have to ring the Speaking Clock. Last month's phone bill registered 54 phone calls to the Speaking Clock, totalling a cost of £10.50.

Despite the extra toll on my student loan and my sanity, I can't seem to break the cycle; I can't set my clocks back to the actual time, because then I'd be late for everything. Admittedly, I'm nearly always late at the moment, but I uphold my belief in the power of deliberately inefficient time-keeping to solve my punctuality problems. In fact, I think my system could have wider applications. At a busy train station, for example, if you shaved a fraction off every second during the night this would produce a time surplus that could be distributed at key points throughout the day. Late running service? No problem, just bump five minutes onto the clock.

As Time Lord, I would use time for the general good. However, time power will inevitably be abused in the future. When the marketisation of the time industry makes time a commodity, the CEOs of soulless corporations will then be in charge and the proletariat will have to give up their time to suit the needs of their capitalist oppressors. The poor will be forced to go to bed at unreasonable hours. Families will live in fear of a knock at the door from the Time Police, come to ask the chilling question "Do you know what time it is?" Men and women who have misused their time, and have run out of time, will be hunted down and eradicated. Be warned, at any time, our time could be up.

Sleeping with the enemy?



DANIEL NIXON

Since their conception, NGOs have stood as a force of good in a harsh world, offering hope to the oppressed and a voice to the unheard. They provide a humanistic counter to capitalism, redressing the moral imbalances accompanying the unconstrained pursuit of profit. But in a world where companies exploit the marketing ploy of so-called corporate responsibility, perhaps now is the time for NGOs to reconsider their foundations and explore avenues previously seen as the domain of capitalism. Could entrepreneurialism do for charity today what it has done for capitalism over the last century?

To some extent the idea isn't new – NGOs have long harnessed commercial gains via charity shops and online payments systems for donations. But no charity has so far ventured where their greatest fundraising potential lies; in the lucrative markets for morally dubious commodities where a forward-looking charity could at least partially offset the wrong doing done.

Needless to say, this would require a pragmatism that would compromise the principled foundations of most established NGOs; the thought of Oxfam selling tobacco for the sake of a few extra pounds is ridiculous. But for morally-questionable yet fundamentally harmless industries, could not a philanthropic entrepreneur – free of the reputational concerns of an established charity – steal a substantial market share and generate funding for aid projects?



ILLUSTRATION BY PIPPA CORNWELL

"for many, no amount of money, however charitably used, could justify it"

Take the unsavoury business of pornography. Whilst not renowned for its positive contributions to society, it's big business; the online industry alone

is thought to be worth at least \$750m annually. And given the difficulty of containing the spread of illicit online material, porn sites are around to stay.

But how about this. A porn site where all proceeds go to charity; women's sexual health education in developing countries, say. It would be unique and massively controversial. But then, for precisely these reasons, it would attract huge publicity which – good or bad – would translate into sizeable revenues. A market share of just 5%, plausible considering how fragmented the industry is, would generate \$35m a year even on conservative estimates.

An obvious criticism is the incoherence of attempting to derive social good from a business so seemingly unworthy. For many, in the case of ethical porn, no amount of money, however it was spent, could ever justify it. But, given that as both an industry and social phenomenon pornography is not going to disappear, wouldn't we rather see it used to raise charity funds? Furthermore, a successful philanthropist would have some leverage in marginalising the most morally abhorrent aspects of the industry. Excluding, for example, material of an aggressive, cruel or purposefully degrading nature (which is not to defend the moral standing of what remains, but merely to acknowledge that sometimes it is beneficial to must embrace the lesser of two evils).

More practically, would we really expect the unadulterated concupiscent driving demand for pornography to show sensitivity to altruistic sentiments? Many would find the notion of a "principled pervert" laughable. But this wouldn't matter were the website to secure a market position. There's also the issue of what self-respecting charity would associate itself with revenue generated by the degradation of women. But this misses the point. We don't need a charity to endorse a porn site, only a porn site to donate all its proceeds to charity.

So the idea of ethical porn is a little far-fetched, and a scrutiny of other projects in this vein would undoubtedly reveal similar moral and practical reservations. Nonetheless, if we reduce our concept of "charity" to a simple relation between affluent individuals with a compassionate agenda on one side, and those in need of assistance on the other, then taking the objective of the former group to be maximising the welfare of the latter using all available resources, it seems there is scope for more innovative (if heterodox) ways to deliver these altruistic goals effectively.

Severing ties with a bloody trade



ELLIOT ROSS

Archbishop Desmond Tutu described the arms trade as "the modern slave trade" last year. His analysis must have caused some consternation at St John's College, as preparations were made for last weekend's commemoration of the bicentenary of the abolition of the British slave trade. Adopting the theme 'Campaigning Then and Now', the event aimed to commemorate, and at a pinch, revive the spirit of the two great Johnian abolitionists, Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce.

The magnificent John's choir were joined by the similarly splendid London Adventist Chorale to sing a musical setting of the famous abolitionist slogan "Am I not a Man and a Brother?" by Wilberforce's direct descendant Richard, a current

Member of College. It would be nice to see this cross generational attachment to the famous family as an indication of the College's continued commitment to the principles William espoused. Unfortunately, one cannot.

The College is far more ready to bask in the bicentennial glow of the moral courage and humanitarian ideals emanating from the stone visages of its most celebrated alumni at the back of the chapel, than it is to actually listen to what they had to say. Whilst Clarkson and Wilberforce campaigned tirelessly for the abolition of an industry based on violence and exploitation which subjugated the poor to the financial profit of the rich, the College which schooled them continues to support its post colonial successor two hundred years later.

The Campaign Against the Arms Trade (CAAT) obtained figures which show that despite the College's adherence to an ethical investments policy against which investments are "regularly reviewed", St John's is still a major investor in the arms trade. At the end of 2006 the College held shares worth £326,000 in GKN, £479,160 in General Electric: both companies identified by CAAT as arms companies. It is time the college

"reviewed" these particular investments a bit more vigorously.

Five rich countries manufacture the great majority of the weapons in the world. In 2005, Russia, the United States, France, Germany and the UK made 82 per cent of them. Conversely and somewhat conveniently, more than two thirds of the value of all arms are sold to Africa, Asia, the Middle East and Latin America. Kofi Annan says "the excessive accumulation and illicit trade of small arms is threatening international peace and security, dashing hopes for social and economic development, and jeopardising prospects for democracy and human rights."

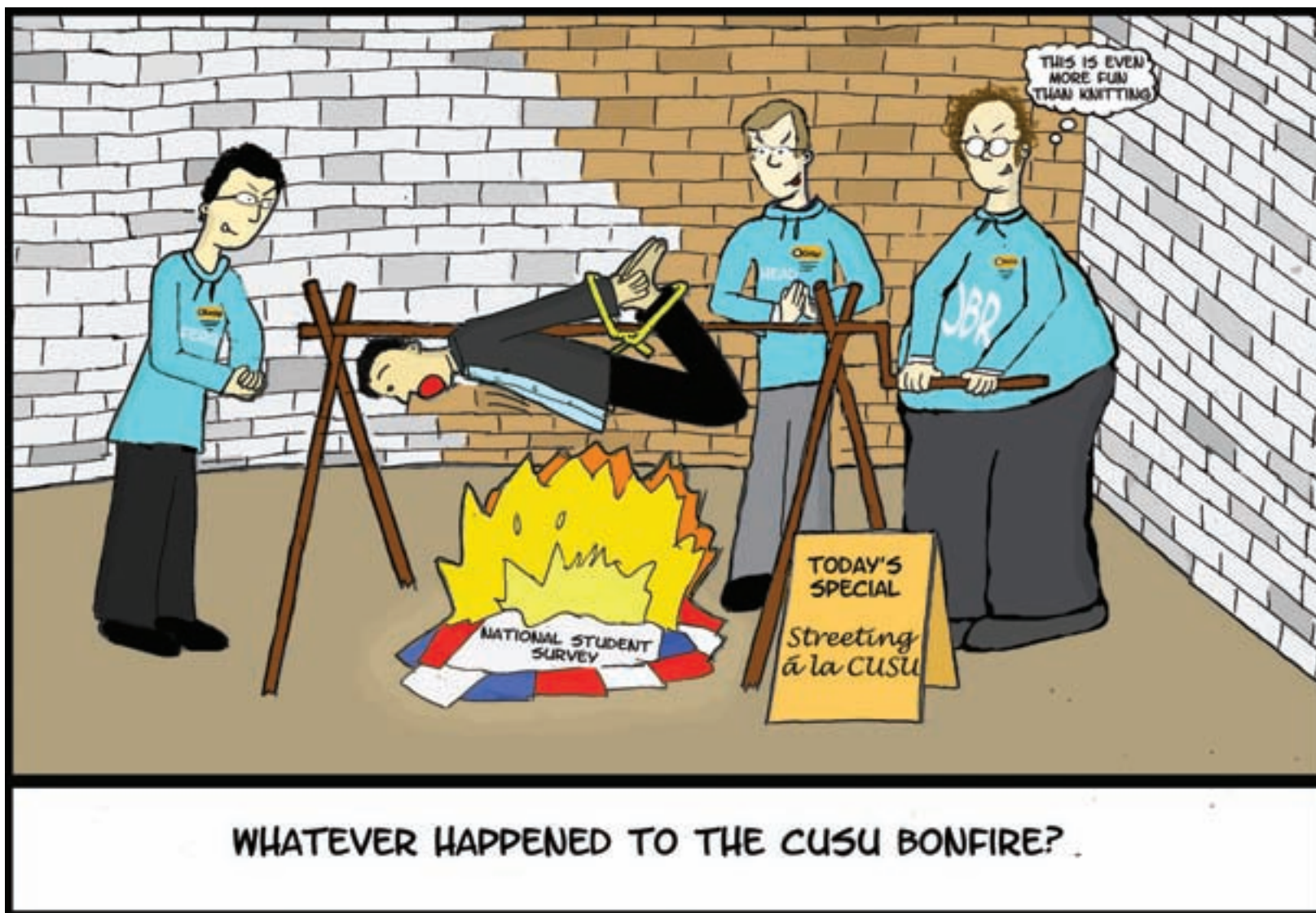
An industry which profits the rich, drains resources from the developing world and results in all kinds of human rights abuses. Sound familiar, Mr Clarkson?

Some argue that the arms trade is acceptable because those that create and export the weapons are not the ones who put them in the hands of the world's 300,000 child soldiers, nor are they the actual trigger-pullers in the Sudan genocide. Such a defence brings to mind the Malawian poet and scholar Jack Mapanje, now a fellow at Newcastle University. As a prisoner of conscience under Kamuzu Banda's despotic regime, many in the UK lob-

bied for his release. His well-made shackles were not so different from those used to transport slaves. They read "Made in Sheffield".

The conflict in Sudan provides an interesting historical counterpoint to the abolition of the slave trade. Johnian Hamish Falconer has created the national campaign 'Sudan Divestment' which aims to end the genocide through financial pressure. World Bank figures indicate that in the past few years 60 per cent of Sudan's oil revenue has been blown on military expenditure. The conflict has already killed between 200,000 and 400,000 people and created two million refugees. That Falconer's College continues to invest in the industry which arms the Janjaweed is demonstrative of John's persistent and persisting failure to learn from its best alumni.

Johnian support for the arms trade is especially perplexing because its abolitionist history means it really should know better. But it is by no means the worst Cambridge offender. If the commemoration of the abolition of one odious trade is to have significance beyond idle historical interest and saccharine self congratulation, then the University, and its constituent colleges must divest itself fully and immediately from its deplorable descendant.



Just plane-crazy

»» Why airlines cannot be allowed to dictate our leisure habits



TESS RILEY

Last year, Chinese Southern Airlines, one of China's largest aviation companies, revealed its latest cost-cutting plan. Passengers are being asked to use the loo pre- and post-flight to save energy. The company believes that the policy will greatly reduce energy expenditure, estimating that a single flush at 30,000 feet uses an entire litre of fuel. An equivalent litre of fuel can carry 40 passengers for 50km on a bus. Reducing flushing while airborne clearly offers great energy saving potential.

Some might say that Chinese Southern Airlines' news is pant-wettingly exciting. It's certainly pant-wetting. But before we get lost in a myriad of praise for the airline company, it is important to look at the wider picture. Aviation is the fastest growing source of global greenhouse-gas emissions, already accounting for eight million

tonnes of carbon dioxide annually. These emissions accentuate the already enormous and unprecedented climate change crisis that the planet is now facing. Tony Juniper, David Cameron and George Monbiot – among other highly informed decision-makers and campaigners – all recognise that climate change is the greatest threat currently facing humanity. We can do something to mitigate its effects but we need to act now and, dare I say it, at a slightly greater scale than remembering to evacuate before lift-off.

With the need to cut carbon emissions, it is slightly perturbing that Chinese Southern Airlines' proposal came out in the same week in which the head of major British airport group BAA, Stephen Nelson, spoke publicly in favour of the government's airport expansion plans. In the run-up to publication of the government's latest white paper on the aviation industry, Nelson claimed that the government must push forward with their proposals, made three years ago, for the third runway at Heathrow by 2015 and a second at Stansted by 2020.

Likewise, Willie Walsh, British Airways chief executive, was quoted as saying that the environmental argument against expanding Heathrow was "short-sighted doom-mongering". These two men claim that the new runways will bring an added £13 billion a year to the British economy. More likely they mean their own wallets. Walsh and Nelson are not taking into account the much greater

price that airport expansion, bringing an increase in flight numbers, inflicts not just on the British economy but on the well-being of the global population.

On December 14th the White Paper was issued. Plans remain in place for second runways at Stansted and Gatwick, a third at Heathrow and new runways at Birmingham and Edinburgh among others. BAA owns and operates seven UK airports, including Heathrow and Gatwick, and unsurprisingly are the main players pushing for expansion. Chris Mullins, former aviation minister, explained, "I learnt two things. First, the demands of the aviation

"The question now is whether we take the challenge seriously or not"

industry are insatiable. Second, successive governments have usually given way to them. Although nowadays the industry pays lip-service to the notion of sustainability, its demands are essentially unchanged. It wants more of everything – airports, runways, terminals.”

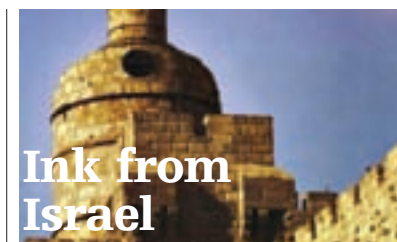
I am not suggesting that aviation is the sole cause of climate change. There are many things that we can,

and should, be doing to mitigate the crisis as much as possible. However, with the proliferation of travel magazines, cheap flights, and TV travel programmes currently on the scene, aviation is becoming an enormous contributor to carbon emissions. It becomes easy for the consumer to overlook this when booking holidays. There are other ways to travel and other places to visit closer to home, such as the mountains of Scotland or the energising shores of Cornwall and Devon;;think sexy surfers by day and fish & chips by night.

The World Health Organisation suggests that climate change is already directly responsible for an estimated 160,000 deaths a year. Many factors are taken into consideration when calculating this figure and the number is growing exponentially. Those living in less economically developed countries suffer the most but this is something that is going to have an enormous impact globally. Airport expansion encourages greater flight numbers at cheaper prices and so it is our turn to take some control back from the industry and opt out of such commercial blindfolding.

Chinese Southern Airlines' proposal to stop in-flight flushing is just a drop (or not, as the case may be) in the environmental ocean. In the aviation world, it is the airport expansion proponents who are talking the real shit.

For more details, please see
www.w.planestupid.com
travel.guardian.co.uk/tag/green



EDAN SHERTZER

אני מבלה את הקיץ באזור
בנייה, מסתכל על אנשים
בונים מגדל ענק לשמיים. זה
מוזר מפני שהם לא מגיעים
רחוק. נראה שאף אחד לא
מבין מה שהשני אומר.

כל המלוונות מלאים אז
בינתיים אני נשאר בבטן של
דג גדול. קשה קצת לקרוא פה
אבל בקרוב נגיע לחוץ של
ניווה. אני חושב שלעבל הבית
יש קצת בעיות עם גז.

אני מבלה מחר עם שאול
המלך. הוא משוגה. שמואל
הנביא בא אלינו לפני קצת
זמן ואמר משהו בקשר
לכבשים. נראה שזה קורה
הרבה בתורה,
באאאאאארוך השם.

אני מרגיש די רעב בשבועיים
האחרונים והצמחים לא
גודלים כמו שצריך. אני הולך
למיצריים עם איש נחמד
שקוראים לו יעקב ואחד-
עשר בנים שלו כדי למצוא
אוכל. יש להם נזיר גאוני
שתמיד לובש מאיל צבעוני.
חלק מהאנשים קוראים לו
"סיגמונד" מפניי שהוא ממש
טוב עם חלומות.

הכל קצת מוזר בארץ הקודש.
רק אתמול הלכתי לשחות וכל
היום נפתח בחציץ אני מניח
שזה לא מפחיד כמו עשר
המכות שהיו לנו קיץ שעבר.
הצפרדעים לא היו בעיה אבל
מת הבכורים היה קצת
הרבה. גם לא שמעתי מהאח
הבוגר שלי כבר הרבה זמן.

”אחד לא מבין מה
שהשני אומר”

אני מקווה לראות שנה בואר
שבוע הבא. דברתי עם מספר
רעוי צאן בקשר לזה אבל הם
לא ממש עזרו לי. איש אחד
אמר שהוא מדבר לעיצים
הרבה שנים אבל הם אף פעם
לא דיברו חזרה. אבל הוא היה
גם קצת משוגע.

אני כותב את הימן הזה על
גב של גמל. אם מצאתם איזה
שקם טעויות. כל הכבוד!

Varsity

Surveying the situation

It is doubtful as to whether many Cambridge students will worry greatly about their failure to fill in the National Student Survey when they look back on their final year. The majority will, with MA (Cantab) firmly attached to their name, be seeking to carve out destinies for themselves outside of the narrow confines of student politics. It can hardly be argued that taking the five minutes necessary to fill out the form would have been particularly detrimental to their panicked last minute revision, and the majority would undoubtedly have been perfectly capable of dealing with any persistent NSS call-centre attention.

Yet the campaign to boycott the NSS has become something of a cornerstone of CUSU policy this term. Alongside Ferguson's laudable defence of Portuguese within the University, the campaign will serve as a legacy of his presidency, just as Iraq will define any history of the Blair ministry. It seems something of an anticlimax to end the 12 months since his election to the CUSU presidency over what is, to be honest, a rather routine student survey. Yet against a clamour of support for the survey from Vice-Chancellors, government departments and even the campaign's grandfather, Wes Streeting, Ferguson and his Executive have remained defiant.

The amount of weight that many prospective applicants will attach to the results of the survey is very much debateable. How students choose their universities is far from rational and, although the aims of transparency and increasing the availability of information are praiseworthy, the fact that one institution got three points more than another in a government survey is hardly likely to sway the decisions of many potential applicants. Yet the survey seems a strange choice for such a major campaign. It surely cannot do any harm to garner the opinion of students from around the country in the hope of providing better government provision for higher education in future. Ferguson's argument that the survey is irrelevant to the higher expectations of a Cambridge education could be difficult to interpret in any other way than Oxbridge elite aloofness for some.

The 'one size fits all' stance of the NSS is far from ideal and comes from the same stable of government policies as the HEFCE governance guidelines discussed last week. Yet the national embarrassment of being the only university in the country not counted in the survey seems a heavy price to pay for what some will undoubtedly describe as the strange moral smugness of CUSU's resolve, and Ferguson's wish to leave a legacy of defiance.

Varsity

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and ARU weekly. Varsity is proud to be the holder of numerous student media awards and a vast number of alumni now working in international media. Varsity also publishes BlueSci magazine, The Mays, and an online edition at www.varsity.co.uk.

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letters@varsity.co.uk

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Sir,

Reading your article about Cambridge reforms, one is reminded of Dr George Corrie, a former Master of Jesus College. He opposed change of any sort, especially that imposed from outside. In 1850, shortly after he became Master, a Royal Commission was established with the aim of reforming the statutes of Oxford and Cambridge. He professed himself 'obliged by a sense of public duty to decline answering any of the questions which [he] had the honour to receive'. In 1877 a new Royal Commission was

formed; he wrote to them, saying "I trust that the Commissioners will excuse me for stating my opinion that the present chief want of the University is exemption from the disturbing power of Royal or Parliamentary Commissioners." He was unsuccessful, however, and in 1882 new statutes were imposed at Jesus that, among other changes, abolished the requirement of celibacy among the Fellowship and granted the power to elect the Master to the Fellows (previously the Bishop of Ely held this responsibility).

While some change is to be encouraged, it is best that the University come to this on its own terms, rather than accept the

well-intentioned but meddlesome criticism of HEFCE and other bodies. There is a happy medium between the stance of Dr Corrie (of whom the Cambridge historian D.A. Winstanley said "the last ditch was his spiritual home") and a senseless and spineless attempt to appease the Government. Let us hope that we can find it.

Antony Burnham
Jesus College

Tell Varsity what's on your mind - each week, the best letter will win a specially selected bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



Dear Sir,

Following Andrew Zurcher's lyrical letter condemning 'the vandal acts of uncouth creatures', I would be much gratified if you would publish the Nymph's Reply:

We all know books are to be treasured/ but what's a book not read aloud nor used?/ And if, once thumbed, it never were recovered/ untamed, untended, love surely is abused./ So why let your 'Faerie Queene' lie disused?/ When once a year a book may be reborn/ in fanly form. I cannot be accused:/ a page ripped from a book may lie forlorn./ but Spenser's leaves, once read, from minds shall ne'er be torn.

Laura Kilbride,
Vandal-turned Sonneteer
Queens' College

Miss Kilbride's original lyric is reproduced here in prose due to space constraints, apologies to Dr Zurcher for the problems publishing his Spenserian wonder last week.

Dear Sir,

Olivia Day's article on the UL suggests an obscure "1905 tome" entitled 'The University Library, Cambridge' for further reading. Whilst I've neither the time nor inclination to search it out (the Victorian pornography is of far greater interest), it is evident from the date of publication that anyone following up this reference will be disappointed: the

Stalinesque phallus was built between 1931-34. I assume the Sayles book that she mentions describes what is now Caius library, and which was previously the University Library (passing through a brief incarnation as the Law library).

A more famous work thought to be set in the UL, M R James's 1911 ghost story, 'The Tractate Middoth', must also refer to Caius library. It appears that the epic of the present University Library is yet to be written.

Chris Fenwick
Queens' College

Dear Sir,

In response to the article "Blood, sweat and a few beers," I have some concerns to air. Cambridge has long been overzealous in making distinctions between a sport and a game; contemporary linguistic technicalities make such a line difficult to draw. My own attempt at definition, that a sport was based on skill whereas a game was based on luck, was proven to be inaccurate when a friend observed that by my reasoning noughts and crosses could be considered a sport. The conclusions of the article fall similarly short. The emphasis on strenuous activity and perspiration levels as a means of defining such activity was misplaced. Shooting is rightly considered a sport, yet I doubt that any shooter undergoes such strenuous activity as to sweat, part of the skill being to keep your body as still as possible. I found the article's use of darts as a controversial

sport amusing given such a definition; anyone who has ever watched Andy Fordham play will know just how much a darts player can sweat! Furthermore, the article displayed an elitist sporting mindset which has long prevailed in Cambridge, which remains one of the universities most reluctant to react to change, particularly in the field of sports. There still exists the traditional sporting hierarchy, nowhere more visible than in the Blues system. The fact that an athlete may train as hard as any rugby player yet not receive the recognition they would elsewhere is a gross injustice. That they would, in all likelihood, not behave like an idiot either on or off the pitch is no small matter either.

Sadly Cambridge's sporting elitism is as prevalent as ever; the fact that the majority of the university's members had never even heard of Eton Fives apparently of no consequence to the Blues Council. The article ended with the statement "you can get a half-blue for Korfball. Ultimate Frisbee will be next." I for one would welcome such a move; it would redress an imbalance that is ingrained in the university's thinking. It is time that Cambridge abandoned its traditional distinction between games and sports and displayed some of the liberalism it prides itself on in other areas. Ending the domination of rowing, football, hockey, rugby, lacrosse and others is the first step, one long overdue.

Mark King
Jesus College





For this weeks sermon the Bishop calls his flock to take note of the words of St Augustine: "Now take heed, Holy and Beloved, how this question may be solved. Whatever an evil man brings forth from himself, is evil".

Recently an outwardly wholesome young gentleman seems to have fallen, causing the 'bringing forth from himself' of some utterly unholy things. Who could this man be, expelled from his last relationship when he awoke to find everything he had consumed the night before had been violently brought forth onto the female with which he was lying? Despite confessing, his sinful acts were compounded one winter afternoon when he was caught in a college public space performing a truly debauched act; not only was he in a state of considerable undress, he was getting to intimately 'know' a close family member of his.

Lest this not be enough to incur the Lord's wrath, his actions of the past week have truly sent him beyond redemption; after a particularly merry formal he proceeded to treat a number of his friends to a special sort of 'shower'. Somehow this attracted a willing young female, and he was able to lie in sin with her nearby on an extremely large and costly piece of modern artwork..

The dark clouds continue to gather over our parish...

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Charity

In the run up to National Student Volunteering Week, *Varsity* sets out to discover the nature of giving, and whether charity really begins at home

In the last week, we've heard a lot about gun crime and, in suitably moralistic terms, the 'breakdown of society'. What, we may ask, is the cure for the cancer that's sweeping our cities? Apparently it's volunteering. As Jerry Springer might say, it puts people back in touch with themselves, and each another.

Charity work equals political capital. In 2005, Gordon Brown launched a scheme to lure a million young people into volunteering; David Cameron wants all of us to do four-month community service boot camps upon leaving school. Ethical national serv-

ice, if you will. This all seems less voluntary, more mandatory. And this, according to Peter Osborne of the *Daily Mail*, goes to the heart of the current debate. Politicians are trying to "reclaim the moral legitimacy of the voluntary sector," with the idea that rather than being a state-sponsored exercise, charity should be placed firmly back in the bosom of the philanthropist. "The state just isn't very good at understanding society, yet individuals are paying for it to do so with their taxes," he says.

This all seems rather removed from the aims of National Student Volunteering

Week; raising awareness, encouraging participation and so on. Those of us lucky enough to attend this University are fairly unexposed to the kinds of issues that have been making headlines this week. As a *Varsity* survey revealed, virtually all students believe that volunteering has positive outcomes for society. Yet only 3 percent actually spend significant time doing it. Awareness of how we can help can and should be raised, but it is only when we have a real imperative to act that we will do so, whether the state demands it or not.

Robin Haworth

3%
of students
volunteer for
more than
3 hours a
week



1 in 3
students
buy the
Big Issue

Monday morning, bright and horribly early, I turned to the guy in line behind me at EAT, did my best to smile sweetly, and offered to buy him a cup of coffee. His response? "Sorry love, you're not my type." No, this was not me having my amorous advances brutally shot down. It was the first in a series of attempts to carry out acts of kindness for total strangers, as part of National Student Volunteering Week.

The second recipients of my aggressive friendliness were the refuse collectors in Market Square. Ok, so I didn't have the right kit, but I'd donned a pair of marigolds, grabbed a bag and tried to join in. Apparently this is not the "done thing". Not only is it against Health and Safety to participate in council activities without authorisation, but my actions implied they weren't doing their job well enough.

On the other hand, not all gestures of kindness are unwelcome and if they do

help the recipient in some way, does it matter if the motivation is not completely selfless? Hugging Porters meets with varying degrees of success, but by far the most well received act of the week was handing out home-baked cookies to road crews, policemen, big issue sellers and anyone else I could pester.

The levels of mistrust random volunteering appears to elicit is surprising, but are people necessarily wrong to be suspicious? Is it, in fact, actually even possible to do things for others without getting something in return? In a paradoxical way, my acts of kindness were not random. I was, after all, trying to get a story. And being told I was a star by Mark the road sweeper made my week. Even if we help someone by doing something we didn't really want to, none of us can entirely escape the self-satisfaction that massages our ego when we feel we've 'done the right thing'.

As a student body, we seem to make a

conscious effort to get involved in 'bigger' issues, be it sitting in an Amnesty cage, collecting and donating RAG money or simply signing a petition. But there is a hideous irony in that fact that we can be passionate about the wages of strangers and yet we won't even smile at them in the street.

People have responded to my evidently sparkling efforts by being offended, freaked out and grateful, but mostly they were surprised. The lady I had lunch with thought it was so unbelievable she phoned her daughter. Perhaps they were merely surprised by how much free time Cambridge students clearly have, but I'd like to think that actually it's because somebody bothered to notice them. This week, try making a difference to someone's day. Do something even if unseen; pick up a fallen bicycle or do someone else's washing up, only try not to feel too smug about it.

Gianna Vaughan

Case

THANK YOU

58% of students have given to charity this month

1 in 10 of us know it's Student Volunteering Week

Christian Aid

By their own admission, "Christians get a bad press". But despite the pious implications, Christian Aid in Cambridge is composed of just 15 students of varying religious belief. Christian Aid organises speeches, debates and forums to highlight the issues of Fair Trade, including a speech by a Pakistani farmer later this term. They also aim to pressure EU governments into trading more fairly, and bribe students to show compassion in exchange for cake. campressureworks.co.uk

Campus

Working with Social Services, Campus Children's Holidays provides breaks for Liverpool's inner city children. Projects for pre-teens are held in the countryside and provide a glimpse of the rural idyll to urban kids. They enable children to perform the usual outdoor activities. Last year, 100 students helped them do it in safety, but never fear. Volunteering for Campus "doesn't take up much time", all you need is a spare week in your crammed summer holiday and enthusiasm by the bucket-load. campusholidays.org.uk

EWB

Engineers Without Borders is not actually a supranational pressure group, but exists to promote Third World development. The icing on their structurally sound cake is the Overseas Summer Placement, annually sending students to apply their skills for real in the developing world. EWB also pressure engineers to conduct research towards disaster relief, rather than doing the projects that will make them vast amounts of cash, or becoming management consultants. ewb-uk.org/cambridge

U8

The U8 aims to "inspire shared learning" amongst students. If you were wondering, the "U" stands for "University", and its members include Kyrgyz National University in addition to Cambridge and Harvard. Unlike the G8, it has 20 members. This March's annual meeting will see the "research volunteers" convene in Warwick. Better there than, say, Nepal because at least the British delegates won't have to worry about the carbon footprint of that source of hot air. u8development.org.uk

Amnesty

4000 Cambridge students are on the CU Amnesty email list. Trumped only by the number of letters they manage to write each week, it speaks volumes for their visibility at Freshers' Fair. Various unpleasant characters across the world are pressured for human rights abuses, and it also arranges the ominously-named "cage". Here, volunteers sit outside King's for hours at a time to raise awareness of prisoners of conscience. The current campaign is to promote the rights of refugees. cuamnesty.org

RAG

Cambridge RAG (Raise and Give) consists of warm-hearted students from every college dedicated to raising money for a variety of charities through the medium of "fun". Blind dates, bungee jumps, pyjama pub crawls and the famous jailbreak are all included. RAG is probably the most visible charity in Cambridge, which can only be helped by their encouragements for you to "Get Spotted" in "wacky or unusual situations". This year they are on course to raise a record amount of money. cambridgerag.org.uk

Apathy Lad

On charity muggers



Ah, the self-righteous prattle of the charitable. Doesn't it make you feel wonderful to know that people are out there saving the world by collecting coppers for cancer and having blind dates for the blind? For some, perhaps. For others, definitely not.

There is an ever-increasing trend for smug gap-year students to spend a few hours of their otherwise alcohol-fuelled extended package holidays, painting a wall for some noble purpose. Just like other volunteers, having successfully completed their "project", they return to their normal lives with a passionate mission to convert others to the philanthropic lifestyle.

'Shopping on an English high street on a Saturday afternoon feels like running the gauntlet from hit 90's game show Gladiators'

I respect people's right to make themselves feel good doing things they believe to be furthering a cause, just as I respect people's right to make themselves feel good engaging in a solid round of pub golf. However, to use a charitable cause to make people feel bad for some of the things they choose to spend time and money on is absurd.

Charities are businesses and are run as such. For example, RAG executives are careful to recruit only the most attractive collection box shakers. Street collectors play on the rather British tendency to, when rudely confronted by a stranger, feel a bit uncomfortable yet at the same time strangely obliged to be polite. This tendency has been exploited to such an extent that shopping on an English high street on a Saturday afternoon feels like running the gauntlet from hit 90's game show Gladiators. Even if you do manage to dodge the garish, green-clad hospice representatives with their oversized smiles and bouncing energetic approach, I am sure that at some point you will be tripped up by the question, "do you have a minute to spare for the blind?" It is such a simple question, to which an answer of "no" will likely lead others to believe that you are a stingy individual with no care for anyone except yourself. A "yes" answer, on the other hand, will likely leave you agreeing to a rather hefty direct debit.

Lets face it, volunteers are just as pleasure-seeking and self-motivated as the rest of us. Only they have managed to create for themselves a monopoly over the legitimate pursuit of hedonistic principles. So next time someone politely refuses to donate his time or his money, do not judge him, for he is just like you.

Joe Rinaldi Johnson

Tom Smith

Mixing Business with Pleasure



I was recently sent, via my college JCR newsletter, a remarkably kind and generous offer. A certain organisation was “looking for business leaders of the future”, and “asking” students to nominate talented peers; furthermore, an acquaintance of mine in the year above was willing to put me and my friends on their “one to watch” list – and wanted nothing in exchange! Another friend, whose name recently appeared on this newspaper’s list of Cambridge talent, has recently begun compiling a talent list of his own: the same recruiting agency is paying him £100 to collect names of people who he thinks have “potential”. Would I like him to mention me, he asked?

“is it analogous to pimping: selling your friends for cash?”

Suddenly this recruiting tactic has become common. Many people come back from their summer placement under instructions to hunt for the next batch of interns; or in some cases the task comes attached to a job offer. And it’s very lucrative: rumours abound of four-figure bonuses for a successful recommendation. But as with the above examples, not all these amateur headhunters make it clear that they’re getting paid.

Is this a decent way to make money? a straightforward economic transaction? Or is it analogous to pimping: selling your friends for cash? It’s a hard question to untangle. Certainly the transaction makes perfect economic sense. Everyone, in theory, benefits. Big companies find it easier to hire people; the recruiting agency profits; your friends pick up a little more pocket money; and you get a job.

But there is something rather repulsive in the idea of treating your friends as a commodity to be bought and sold like cabbages – even more so if you keep your profits a secret – and there’s also something unpleasant in the pervasiveness of it. This university already sometimes feels like it’s at the mouth of a giant funnel, which sucks students relentless into city careers. If even our friends are pushing us down the chute, how can we escape? And if every buttery, bar and bop is permeated with recruiters, where can we avoid the corporate touch?

For people who aren’t overly troubled by scruples or consciences, the corporate recruitment frenzy is a goldmine; there’s an endless supply of freebies to Hoover up, champagne to drink, lunches to go to, and even money to be made. If on the other hand you’re bothered by having company logos plastered across your possessions, your clothes and (metaphorically speaking) your soul, there doesn’t seem to be much you can do except tut disapprovingly. Luckily for me, some robust threats seem to have dissuaded my list-making friend from using my name for his gain. As for the rest of you: next time someone offers you careers advice or a helping hand, ask first what’s in it for them; and make sure you get your share.

John Gildersleeve

Jossie Clayton meets the king of the high street to discuss Churchill, chess and the kudos of your degree

The media will have us believe many things about the retail world. We are apparently both destroying the planet by using supermarket petrol or putting the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker out of business by buying their cheaper produce. So who are the brains behind the brands?

John Gildersleeve. A name you might not know, but a man whose influence has affected some of the greatest names in retail history. Having joined Tesco Plc. as a trainee manager in 1965 (he spotted the

“initially, he knew two things about food retailing, “that cheese is yellow and meat is red””

advert in an evening paper), John went on to be closely involved with its international expansion and joined the board for both Lloyds TSB and Vodafone Group Plc. He is currently non-executive chairman of both EMI Records and Carphone Warehouse. Awe-inspired, and desperate to brag myself a free phone or date with Robbie Williams, I met with John to discuss the relevance of degrees and the possibility that corporate success need not rely on a system so many of us believe means selling our souls.

What immediately strikes me about John is his lack of pretence. When talking of his initial experience of food retailing he told me that he knew two things, “that cheese is yellow and meat is red.” Amazed at the informal manner of someone who admits he “cannot live without a blackberry”, I ask him what it’s like to be cited as a mentor by some of the most powerful people in international retail. “This will sound too pompous but as a leader, you have to be able to inspire people

to do things.” We talk about the current popularity of management degrees and I am told that despite their educational intentions, “the stardust that differentiates one leader from another is in the DNA.”

Given this idea that it is our genes that differentiate between the Chiefs and the Indians, what is the point of a degree? John left school with few qualifications and has risen to the top of a field that graduate schemes can only dream of accurately representing. “Well, if you send in a CV and it says that you’ve got a 2:1 in Chess, it will go in the bin. If you send one in that says you have a 2:1 from Cambridge, the subject is almost irrelevant. All that a degree does is get you the interview...it’s a life qualification.” This pleases me; fifth week blues are finally looking worthwhile and John’s thesis that “it is the individual that gets the job” seems fair. I make a mental note to read up on what my faculty refers to as “transferable skills.”

Retail is a commercial world where everything is “just business” and John’s particular achievements rely on his renowned knowledge of consumer trends. As he tells me, “every business has a customer by one definition or another.” When he was working at Tesco, the entire board were obliged to spend every Friday on the store floor, asking customers what they thought and trying to gain an insider’s view of where the competition lies. Is the customer always right? I mention the fact that during my brief stint at working on the wrong side of a till, it was difficult to remain tolerant. “Yes, they are always right...at the end of the day it’s the customer who pays the bills.” In contrast to our assumptions of supermarkets as ruthless, unfair corporations we have to accept that they provide us, the customers, with what we want. As John confirms, “at Carphone Warehouse, rule number 1 is that the customer is always right. Rule number 2 is refer to rule number one.” Perhaps we should stop com-

plaining, when, at the end of the day, it is our shopping interests that ensure corporations to succeed. The music industry is, surprisingly, much the same in terms of what we want. John likens it to fashion as “probably the most in flux of all consumer trends” and this makes it a dynamic and challenging business to work in.

Wrestling with the temptation to ask for Robbie’s number, I stay on the more tentative side of celebrity. This is only the second media interview that John has ever given and I ask him why programmes such as *Dragon’s Den* are yet to appeal to big audiences. “I like to keep my private life private. I don’t consider myself to be famous; programmes like *Dragon’s Den* would just invade my privacy.” Fame does not mean fortune, then, and John’s phenomenal example shows how we need not sell our souls to enjoy the dynamics of commercial industries.

On my way out I remember my final question: will he ever retire? After such an influential career littered with amazing people, insight to consumer tastes and ground-breaking statistics, I conjure up pictures of golf courses and empty timetables. “Never,” he winks. ‘Just remember what Winston Churchill said – “Never give up, never give up, never give up.”’

ONLINE

➔ Charity abroad - Caroline Copley

➔ Sarika Thanki on the downsides of volunteering



Sitting On The Dock of eBay

From collectible sickbags to less salubrious wares, **Henry Donati** explores sellers' dedication to customer service in the weird world of the online auction

The thing about procrastination is you can't put it off. All Facebooked out, and at a time-waster's spiritual nadir, I saw something on eBay that changed my life. It read simply: "Full prosthetic arm set; child's size". This could be interesting, I thought - what other bizarre items could I find? Lots. Prosthetic breasts for example.

"It's used (however, age unknown), and used to be my mother's." It reassuringly added: "all our items come from a smoke free home - no bad odours unless otherwise mentioned :-)." I was glad they were wary of the influx of foul smelling products into the already overcrowded UK fake tit market. Tiring of prosthetics, I broadened my search, discovering a subset of human beings I never knew existed: those who collect airline sick bags.

In all seriousness, this is a budding trade in the online world. Virgin, EasyJet, Swissair - all the major airlines are resplendent in their regurgitative glory. My favourite listing was from "chanonpat27", all the way over in Thailand. It reads "Thai airways sickness bag. Now hardly to find in good condition. Is new old stock (unused) for collectable, don't have any folds and dustlines." Adding, in his elegant prose, "Bag size: standard air sickness bag (240 x 125 x 70mm)," for the benefit of those of us not wholly familiar with the EC's dictums regarding puke bag dimensions. He added a postscript: "Sorry, we do have not ship to Italy, because there was custom problem." I rather liked the image of the worldwide sick bag collec-

bag smuggling ring. I fear Interpol will be onto them soon.

My searches became a bit more risqué. "Martin's Pleasure Palace" do a lovely "high quality black leather gimp mask" made of "soft luxurious lamb's leather", boasting "superior quality stitching." Though impressed, I wasn't entirely convinced this

isn't overly thick, but it's still strong enough to last a long time. You should not have a problem with breathing using this one. Regards, Martin".

I resisted the "romantic restraint bondage kit", though severely tempted by the blurb - "Everything you need for a quiet evening in, or for theatrical productions and such like."

if he was an appropriate Valentine's gift for a girlfriend. They haven't replied yet, but to be honest I'm not convinced the look of sado-masochistic pleasure on the teddy

'Probably better to go for the edible thong'

bear's face would set a great tone for a romantic evening. Probably better to go for the edible thong.

I was impressed with how these products combine sordidness with practicality. For example, the "kinky ball gag" is "fully machine washable...there's no reason why it couldn't be run through the dishwasher either." Clearly the inspired manufacturers had helpfully managed to combine those two chores of daily life: sordid sado-masochistic bondage, and doing the dishes.

"Dr Johnson's Japanese Bondage Rope" can be "reused time and again." I'm not entirely convinced the esteemed man of letters would appreciate being associated with this product, even if "unlike other ropes, it will not burn rub or chafe skin." However, being a practical man, my key concern was its versatility. I wrote "My partner and I take kinky sailing trips together, but sometimes get carried away; I forget to moor the boat up and we find ourselves drifting into the ocean. Could your rope tie up my dinghy, and then my girlfriend?" Surely I thought, this won't be taken seriously. Within ten minutes, the verbatim reply came: "Hi, join the club! We sail too so I can say with some authority that yes, this rope could indeed be used to moor your dinghy. Hope this helps...Ian & Cherie". Unbelievable. Almost immediately, another email arrived: "Oops, sorry Henry, should have added that the rope probably wouldn't last as long as nylon or terylene in salt water, but apart from that can't see any reason not to use it onboard." Ever since, my dreams have been haunted by visions of Ian & Cherie on holiday: "Have you got the towels, the sun cream, the ropes? This one's for tying us up to the harbour, this one's for bondage, but Ian dear, don't get muddled and use the terylene for your asphyx-wank this time, you know how the salt water gives you an awful rash."

Searching for bizarre things on eBay is rather fun, it might even overtake google-whacking. But I don't think I'm ever going to be able to look at seaside holidays in the same way again.

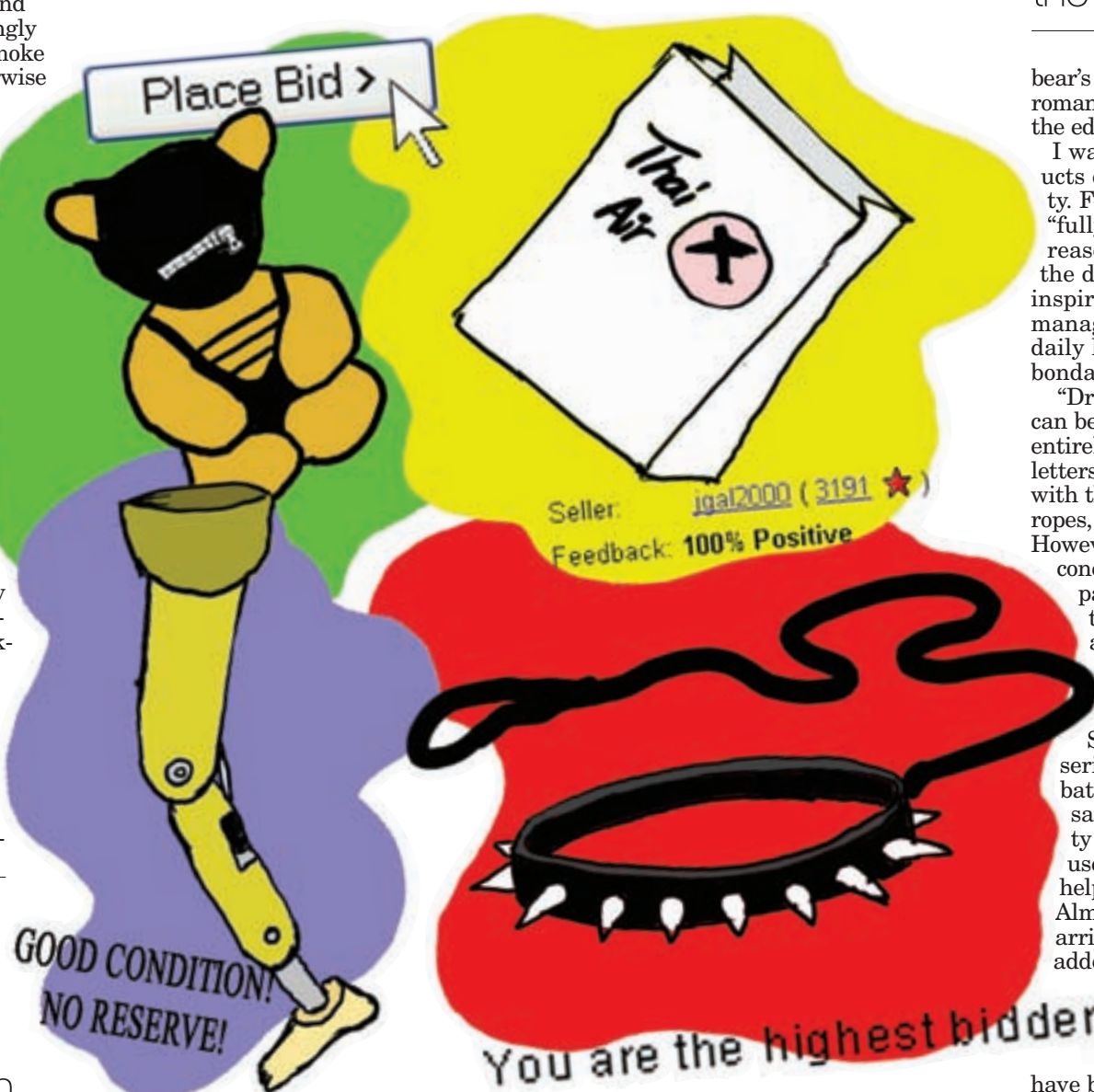


ILLUSTRATION BY LUKE SURL

'I fired off a quick question - "Hi, I've tried these before but found them hot, sweaty and chafing on my bald patch. Will this do that?"'

tors' club Italian branch sitting forlornly bagless at home, thanks to the zealous customs officials who ignored the vast amounts of cocaine and marijuana leaving Thailand, instead choosing to crack down on poor chanonpat27 and his illicit sick

was exactly what your typical gimp mask punter looks for; quality stitching tends to be my mother's adage for shopping, rather than your average S + M aficionado's. And I don't think the two have much in common.

I fired off a quick question- "Hi, I've tried these before but found them hot, sweaty, and chafing on my bald patch. Will this do that?" Unbelievably, he took it seriously. The reassuring reply coming: "the leather

Evidently the seller has seen a different production of *King Lear* to me, and I'm intrigued. Perhaps the ADC is interested. Anyway, I'm sure they could use an "iron female chastity belt". Bear in mind that, "used only once," it's apparently "more of a novelty conversation piece". Ideal material for the dinner table I'm sure.

I was more tempted by "Roger Rope the Bondage Bear." I hastened to email asking

Anarchy in the UK

Varsity looks for those bending the rules in CB1 and elsewhere

THEATRE RAVES

You wouldn't expect to find much anarchy in Cambridge theatre. However, in a small dark corner of the English faculty, a group of students are trying to push the boundaries of theatre to its furthest limitations. Based on the Greek tragedy *Antigone*, the production in development promises to be reflective of the multi-media world in which we live. Director Lucy Beynon explains it as "putting something on in a space where there is a tension between anarchy and commercialism". The company are "taking the play and re-thinking it, re-contextualising it into a kind of club scene influenced by rave culture."

They have held a series of events at the English faculty drama studio to aid the project's development; the ultimate goal being a production at the Edinburgh Festival. The first of the experiments, Beynon explains, was difficult - "It was a continual effort to get people going, trying to get people not to think of the space in context was difficult. We realised we needed to change the perception of that space." The second experiment, with a larger crowd and louder music, went surprisingly well. "Nobody said 'hello', they just came in and danced. People even started robing. A

lot of the girls took off their bras, the really weird thing is that they asked my permission first. I never expected people to get naked but that the fact that they asked for my permission is even more unusual."

Beynon isn't a wanky art student; she doesn't think she's causing a revolution, freely admitting that with the nudity "there was certainly a sense of the naughty school culture" that "I'm such a public school girl, it isn't really my field". Luckily, others around her are part of the scene. The lack of experimentation in Cambridge is what astonishes her most. Conservatism in theatre isn't a new thing and Beynon believes it's been "killing people inside for 50 years. Look at people like Artaud; he would have hated theatre in Cambridge, we're still stuck in what he calls 'psychological theatre'. The idea of spectacle doesn't really happen in here". Beynon feels "a responsibility to use the artistic freedom we have as students" and will not allow herself to be trapped by thinking about money. The rebel in me is certainly intrigued, whether I'll be stripping off in the depths of a department faculty is another question.

Osh Jones

PEOPLE'S POETRY

Poetry is not normally associated with anarchy. While the thoughts and ideals it expresses can be radical and even revolutionary, poetry is something to be read and mused over. But in some form, expression is in the strangest places. If you look at the road works opposite King's there is a black rubber coating snaking its way between the two work sites. People have written all over it, in many different languages. The messages and poems range from the friendly to the crude; but at least a sign of life. Poetry need not reside in the pages of a dusty tome. However, for some performance poets, the written word is a tame friend of the spoken. It can be heard, wildly or not, in Cambridge. The

Tom Stenhouse

Live Poets Society meets on the first Wednesday of every month at 8pm in the CB2 cafe. Members of the society read their latest poems to the public taking advantage of the free entry. The Joy of Six is a group of Cambridge-based poets who perform their poems in their own show. The format has been highly successful in both Britain and the US. All you need to do is turn up and see what happens. And if you find yourself on the King's Parade, do read the impromptu collection on the work sites—it provides a refreshingly flicker of common humanity.



NOT-SO-SILVER SCREEN

Film is most controversial when it brings us face to face with an uncomfortable aspect of ourselves. In the age of YouTube and digital cameras, it seems that directors are eschewing the comfortably offbeat, creating huge political and moral controversy on its release. Taking the day of the Columbine High School massacre as the subject matter for art-house entertainment was bold enough, and yet the most troubling aspect of the film was the slickness of its production. It conveys a creeping dread as the storyline becomes more sinister and finally renders the meaningless, horrific violence of the film's conclusion all the more disturbing. Whether it's grainy student Super8 or big-budget Van Sant slickness, then, truly controversial cinema depends on a will to allow the camera to intrude and unsettle as much as possible.

The most recent symbol for controversial realism is the Dogme movement, championed by the likes of Lars Von Trier. Directors adhere to a strict code by which everything must be shot using a handheld camera and without any light or sound which would not be experienced by the audience if they were in the scene themselves. The feeling

Isabel Taylor

MOBS AND MUSIC

Brothers and sisters, do you see a revolution out there? We are in danger of losing intimate music making, with friends picking a line each to perform and putting in as much effort as desired. In recent decades concerts have developed into huge stadium-set monsters, selling out six months in advance, and even buying a CD feels like selling your soul. Especially in the past few years, however, technology and the tenacity of those refusing to be homogenised are showing the big guns that things can be different. We're regaining the spontaneity, the intimacy and the innovation that can make music so inspirational, and, whether it's through guerrilla gigging or flash-clubbing, the man in the street is using his own environment as the stage.

Guerrilla and flash-gigging in recent years have created quite a buzz, with the Others performing on the tube, Jane's Addiction busking in Covent Garden and dubious impromptu gigs chez Pete Doherty. Special Needs' desire to play every laundrette in Acton was, criminally, never fulfilled. The U.S. too, has seen similar action, although with greater political motivation, including Reverend Billy's anti-capitalist choir serenading unwary tourists in Disneyland.

But how to get in on the action? Ironically, it takes a lot of

effort and, sometimes a reliance on the dreaded Murdoch-owned Myspace. Get out of the town and head to the city: membership to www.buttoneddowndisco.com sends day-in-advance warnings and invites to secret club nights full of friendly crowds and catholic playlists in the big smoke. You'll find that even the bigger acts enjoy doing the odd secret gig, as the Arctic Monkeys have recently shown. But the moment this happens, it is in danger of being hi-jacked as a trend by the very companies and record execs which are supposedly being defied. Lest we forget, the image of anarchy in the UK, The Sex Pistols, were essentially a manufactured boyband.

These days, anyone with an MP3 player can become an average indie DJ, but what makes an atmosphere is big crowds no sense and loud music. Cambridge may have seen flash-mobs, but flash-gigs are still MIA. London remains the hub. Last autumn, Liverpool Street station was brought to a standstill by thousands of people dancing to their iPods. The recent increase in student activism is surely a perfect time for spontaneous music making. There's nothing a like a verse of "When the Saints go Marching In" to make your rally go with a swing. We've got the technology and the talent: we need the testimonial.

Rhiannon Easterbrook

BANKSY OR BUST

There's a University myth that gets flogged regularly to boggle-eyed first years during freshers' week. Two mathos scrawling an elaborately-detailed double helix on the front quad of Johns' college, overnight, guerrilla-style, after you heard it, it was at Trinity and involved NatScis, but who cares? The Roman Soldiers correcting the grammar of Monty Python's Brian, ordered that they wash it all off. They probably did not even get sent down. Graffiti culture in Cambridge town centre amounts to little more than the odd tag sneaked by a Hills Road Sixth-Former in a Green Day hoodie. Last weekend, minor consternation was caused by the nonsensical scrawlings of some chalky-fingered self-styled poet on the pavement outside Senate House: "If you step here a song you sing" and "If you step here to violence you turn". Passers-Sainsbury's bags" trying to read it. Carnage. What can be said about a town whose graffiti culture finds its apotheosis in a sign saying "To the river" which gets washed away every time we have a light rain shower?

It is not as if the future of graffiti culture nationwide is looking any more colourful. Less than two weeks ago, a Banksy work involving three grannies bowling bombs was sold at Sotheby's (doubtless over tea and crumpets) for just over £100,000. Paris Hilton has turned from Banksy victim in 2006 to Banksy owner in 2007. The artist's real identity is

hidden, supposedly for fear of his arrest, though the BBC website, (along with, no doubt, half the barmen in Hoxton) are pretty certain his name is Rob Banks and he's from Bristol, meaning that it should not take Scotland Yard long to seek him out if anyone really took his subversion seriously. Banksy at first amused us with impressive stunts, from painting 'We're bored of fish' in seven-foot high letters on the penguin enclosure in London Zoo, to daubing satirical images of life on the other side of the wall of the Israeli Left Bank Barrier. Now, he paints cows in the presence of RSPA inspectors and invites Jamie Oliver and Kate Moss to parties to celebrate. When he installed a telephone box in Soho, sliced in half by a pick-axe with a puddle of blood oozing from beneath it, Westminster Council may have confiscated it, but BT adopted the stunt, calling it "a stunning visual comment on BT's transformation from an old-fashioned telecommunications company into a modern communications services provider."

Banksy might once have been edgier than a hedgehog smoking crystal meth on a cliff-face, but now he has little more street-cred than a schoolboy getting caught feeding his tamagotchi in the back of double R.E. Or even, an Amnesty rep working late into the night on King's Parade with a bit of chalk. Graffiti culture poses as little a threat to Cambridge as it does to Camden Lock at the moment: a bucket of soapy water and a sponge and all will be as right as rain.

Mary Bowers

Patrick Wolf

Giovanni Menegalle talks to the effervescent songwriter about being in love, sequin leotards and sending “noise” to Yoko Ono

At only 23, Patrick Wolf is set to convert the world to his unique blend of ukuleles, Theremins and sequin leotards. With two albums already under his sheepskin belt, the release of a highly anticipated third album, *The Magic Position*, demonstrates the wealth of his talent that does little to hide behind his new haystack of red hair. He explains energetically, “the album is like when you’re walking down the street and you fall in love, and everybody starts singing, and life turns from the mundane to the magical, like in one of those fifties musicals where the chip-shop man pops out and starts singing to you.”

However, the current loved-up chirp is a long way from what most fans remember as a much darker Wolf. He himself admits, “I’m not somebody who does repetition very easily.” It was at a gig at the Bloomsbury Theatre last March that he skipped back on stage after an interval to perform his new songs and to show off a mysterious change in hair colour. “That one will be a kept a secret”, he tells me. This ritual marked the significant shift in tone from the “dark winter songs” of his last album, *Wind In The Wires*, to his reinvention in recent months as a universal love-spreading jester. “I was having so much fun, falling in love left right and centre, just having a great year touring, and I wanted to share that. I was singing my songs so much from the heart that if you have to enter that mode every night then it can bring you down, and I didn’t want to be brought down anymore, not by my own music.”

Classically trained at the violin and singing from an early age, Patrick Wolf, was born into a family of artists and musicians and started young by sending off tapes of ‘noise’ to Yoko Ono. At the modest age of thirteen he joined the infamous London art-collective Minty, only months after the death of its notorious chief-provocateur Leigh Bowery. “It was as though the Buddha had died”, he comments. He was then mentored by Matthew Glammore who replaced Bowery and who would later go on to lead cult club-kids night Kashpoint. “Through my most difficult years, when I was being bullied and I was moving from school to school, Matthew taught me not only how to put make-up on, but how to have grace and dignity instead of fighting back. It was very interesting in London at the time, so many amazing characters; it was like joining the circus. I was really lucky. I mean, it’s all been disparaged now. I was so young, it was very scary. We used to come together in pubs and small venues, with synthesisers and Theremins and just make noises.”

The originality of his work is never-



The newly-flame-haired singer explains how being in love has caused an upturn in his sound, moving from the darkness of *Wind in the Wires* to the more playful and exuberant sounds of *The Magic Position*, released February 26th

theless not something to be fetishised. He emphasises, “I don’t like the limit of things being cult. My music isn’t just for cool club kids who happen to know the right music magazines. It’s not just one type of person I write for, in the same way that there isn’t just one type of person that I would go to bed with.” But when asked to explain how he comes to formulate the highly idealised world of his songs, he admits, “You know how people create their Myspace, and they want to make that the most exciting

‘The originality of his work is not something to be fetishised. He emphasises “I don’t like the limit of things being cult. My music isn’t just for cool club kids who happen to know the right music magazine.”’

and flashy representation of themselves, that’s kind of what my records are in a way, how I display myself to the world. I package myself up and leave out the boring bits, I guess that can come out as quite idealistic.”

Without needing to interpret this as a highly cynical turn for the artist, it is clear that Wolf has matured from the dreams and nightmares of his first two albums into a self-sufficient fully dazzle-operating pop-star. Beyond his music, this is a re-dimensioning that distances him from the many fairy legends and mystifications previously created around his figure. I ask him about one of my favourite rumours, had he really been raised in a lighthouse? “I never said that. But if I’m bored in an interview or if someone starts asking me who I had sex with the previous night then I have a bad habit of telling naughty tales, but it’s happened less and less recently as people have started listening to me.”

What is certain is that he really does want to see his songs in karaoke catalogues and being crooned on *Stars In Their Eyes*. “You know, I really would love to see my music in the charts”, he sighs, almost in the manner of someone surrendering a stolen item. Yet, always riding on the healthily self-declared subscript that would cut through any magazine-sponsored cultural zeitgeist, he declares, “I’m a bit Walt Disney.”

Hot Fuzz

Dlr: Edgar Wright

★★★★★

The first cinematic outing of Wright, Pegg and Frost, *Shaun of the Dead*, was a great success both here and across the pond, where the coffers of gold lie. No surprise then that the *Spaced* boys are back, this time with a noticeably bigger budget. After an intro reminiscent of *Infernal Affairs* during which Pegg's character, Sergeant Angel, is established as a hard-as-nails over-achieving officer in the London Met, the film is brought back down to earth by Martin Freeman's desk sergeant. Angel, it seems, has been making the rest of the police force look bad - his arrest rate is 400% higher than average. To save face, he is shipped off to the quiet village of Sandford.

Upon his arrival in Sandford, the clichés of cop action-thrillers are contrasted with rural Britishness and the earthy folk of the village. The most serious crimes Angel has to deal with here are underage drinking in the local pub and graffiti on the fountain. Pegg's performance is excellent; he takes on the role of the straight man, and much of the film's humour is derived from the juxtaposition of his straight-laced hard-line cop with neatly surreal comic touches.

Nick Frost plays PC Danny Butterman, a naïve young plod who becomes Angel's partner. At first, Angel dismisses Danny's dreams of action-packed police work as ridiculous. However, blood soon begins to flow with abandon as a string of grisly deaths unfold. By the end of the film, Danny's fantasies of gunplay and heroism have been fulfilled.

It seems as though in making *Hot Fuzz*, Pegg and Frost set out to simply have a great time starring in the kind of film they've always loved. For the first



hour however, *Hot Fuzz* promises more; a self-deprecating look at the British obsession with US culture. The comedy arises from the clash between the kind of things Pegg and Frost's generation have grown up watching and aping, and the stereotypes of rural British life. Towards the end of the film this is abandoned in favour of an action-packed climax. The sud-

den change of pace is surreal and hilarious, but leaves the film as a whole slightly unsatisfying.

Despite this, *Hot Fuzz* is a truly excellent film; extremely funny and worth the entrance fee even if only to witness the finest use of the phrase "By the power of Greyskull!" ever committed to celluloid.

Joe Hunter



Summer Internships

For application details and more information visit baillieghifford.com or apply by email with CV and covering letter to summerinterns@baillieghifford.com

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VIEW FROM THE
GROUNDLINGS

**Ed Blain &
Moya Sarner**
On pleasures

Groping on stage was met with groaning from the stalls this week; we groundlings sighed with pleasure and with pain as four different productions took us to new highs and lows.

Never have we sat through worse theatre than *Waiting for Guagua*. It was the most awkward sort of one night stand; the kind that couldn't get it up but spent an excruciating hour trying nonetheless. It tried everything: Beckett, Pinter, and not a little Lorca, but in so doing did nothing but accentuate its own shortcomings. The narrator told us that what this story needed was "a decent story teller...Someone who can really handle the material". With a play full of lines like "the monkey of your pleasure", however, the story teller didn't have much to go on. Interminable scene-changes provided some respite from the laboured pretension. Sitting in darkness, listening to the sound of snoring on stage, the thought was unavoidable: 'how apt'.

But fear not. Although the ADC's new love affair with student writing did not take us anywhere near climax with this disappointing night of frustration, *Staggered Spaces* brought us to the brink. Nadia Kamil and Luke Roberts' play is witty, touching and thought-provoking; a definite must-see. The structure of the play occasionally left it feeling like a smoker, but we're not complaining; if only all smokers were this good. Self-indulgent it may be, but do we care? These groundlings certainly didn't.

The Mechanicals in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* showed *Waiting For Guagua* how nihilism ought to be done. Ade O'Brien's delectable Bottom, winningly illuminated by Amy Hoggart's Moonshine, gave a far better commentary on the basic absurdity of theatre in five minutes than *Guagua* managed in its painful sixty. Sadly, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is not Shakespeare's masterpiece, and David Ralfe's use of ballet did little to salvage this boring comedy.

If it's a comedy double-bill you're wantin', you're better off at 7.45pm with Conor McPherson than William Shakespeare. *The Seafarer* has weighed anchor at the National, and this week it sailed to the Cambridge Arts Theatre leaving groundlings awash with pleasure in its wake. Superb acting, a hilarious script, and deceptively libidinous Irish accents left us trembling with delight. Banter and brouhaha abound as we joined the Harkin brothers (Jim Norton and Karl Johnson) and their 'friends' for a Christmas Eve replete with Faustian undertones. Out of season this may be, and out of pocket it will leave you, but go anyway; it's orgasmic. Merry Christmas.

A Midsummer Night's Dream
ADC

★★★



A Midsummer Night's Dream is often a nightmare both to perform and to watch. Many audience members have already seen the play, and are therefore elevated to the dazzlingly lofty status of 'critic'. Before the show I walked into the lavatories to find the room awash with debate as people dug up the bones of past Oberons, or extolled the merits of former Helenas. I listened with a wry smile, asking same question; what will distinguish this production?

Almost immediately we had the answer:

director David Ralph was going to attempt to build a bridge to the 'ballet world'. Graceful fairies in beautiful woodland costume leapt, darted and glided across the stage. Enthralling to watch, their speech generally lacked the same colour. A hauntingly energetic Puck (Sarah Wilkinson) tried valiantly to alleviate the heaviness of Oberon's (Oliver Evans) versifying, but was unable to intervene in the rather lifeless interactions of the Fairy King and his Titania (Josephine Price). The latter moved

regally about the stage, but, along with Evans, did not seem engaged with the text.

The four lovers handled their roles with differing degrees of success. Lizzie Crarer gave a strong performance as Helena; sharp, shrewish and awkward of gait, abused by all onstage but loved by an admiring audience. Rebecca Pitt's Hermia was equally poised, carefully balancing quiet seriousness with liberated charm, and winning pity for her more tragic moments. Less charismatic were the male lovers, Lysander (Ricky Power Sayeed) and Demetrius (Adam Lenson), whose wooing and love-making seemed at times strained.

Also roaming the woods were the troupe of mad Mechanicals: a phrenetic Peter Quince (Jess Crawford), a psychopathic Starveling (Amy Hoggart), and a doped up Snug (Lizzy Barber) were superbly led by a charming and loveable Nick Bottom (Ade O'Brien). The group's mad energy injected pace and laughter to the production. They also supplied moments of pathos, through the simplicity of the quieter members Francis Flute (Edward Rowett) and Tom Snout (Alice Tarbuck).

Overall, I thought the production lacked unity. The element of dance clashed with the naturalism of the acting, leaving some strong performances hampered by the play's weaker aspects. I was pleased to find my opinions challenged in the debate that resumed in earnest in the lavatories after the show: in a celebration of brotherhood I exclaimed 'Give me your hands, if we be friends', then I realised where I was, buttoned up and left.

Thomas Yarrow

Staggered Spaces
ADC

★★★★★

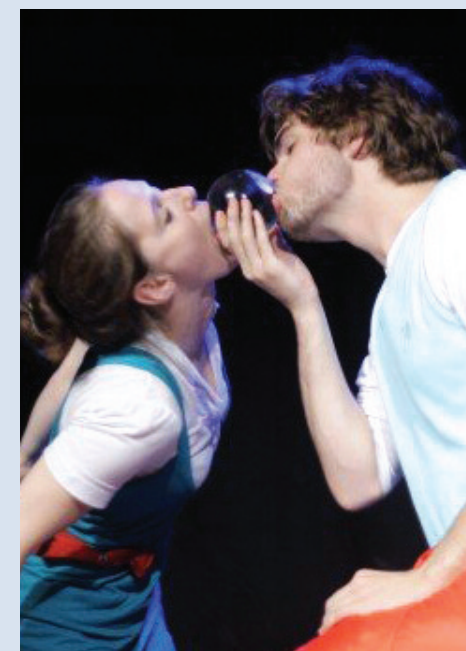
People tend to act badly when relationships end: Nadia Kamil and Luke Roberts decided just to act. On stage. It's not a strategy many would adopt, except the masochistic and narcissistic; Luke and Nadia recognise the absurdity of their project and both of them send themselves, and the other, up in this loveable piece. Like most break-ups, this one involves the anthropomorphic involvement of inanimate objects. In this case, Luke has to ventriloquise his cheese and ham sandwich to try to get Nadia to talk about it.

Nadia, however, doesn't want to talk about it. Luke, uncomfortable about the undefined nature of their relationship, is standing on uneasy ground given that he left her (by employing a heart-breaking shoe metaphor). Nadia attempts to distract Luke from the question by dragging him into a series of clever fantasies that may or may not reflect the relationship. First she ties herself up with blue string, contorting her face and getting her toes caught until she falls over. That's just like love. They become a twisted Austenite courting couple, consisting of Lord

Frumm (Frumpy) and the ever-so-persuadable Miss Oroonoko. Frumpo persuades her to marry him by claiming he's already told his mother they're engaged: she has no choice. Out of the fantasy things aren't so simple, although Luke is able to ring his mother when he needs reassurance that he isn't needy.

This switch between the reality of their conversation and the fantasies Nadia inhabits is adeptly shown through slick lighting changes and excellent use of a striking red bean bag to represent taxi car, sofa and, triumphantly, Luke. However, the fantasy conceit leaves the framing narrative occasionally weak as Roberts and Kamil reassert their faux-naturalist neutral mode. Some of the jumps seem contrived, as do the more energetic acknowledgements of the audience. Nudges in our direction need to be very clever, and not all of these are. These winks would work better in the smaller spaces which first housed the play.

Luke struggles to remember whether Nadia or another ex accompanied him on that amazing trip to Paris. After this engaging play, you'll think you went too.



Staggered Spaces won't tell you everything you need to know about love, but it's funny and their story is moving in spite, or perhaps because, of its knowingness.

Jeff James

NME Awards Tour The Corn Exchange

★★



I arrived at the Corn Exchange to the strains of openers Mumm-Ra's most recent single, "What Would Steve Do". It was humble indie-pop which ended in an enjoyable reverb-laden crescendo as the band departed. Nothing about Mumm-Ra is particularly interesting or edgy. This was only reaffirmed when the next band took the stage.

The Horrors are the current darlings of music and fashion press. In 2006 they were featured on the covers of both the NME and Italian Vogue, and it's easy to see why. They dress like Victorian undertakers sponsored by Chanel, and their look suits their sound: a shameless resurrection of 60s garage rock.

The band walked out onto a dark stage, lit only by flashes of red strobe lighting. Organist Spider Webb, stood at the edge of the stage, with his back to the audience, and spread his cloak (yes, cloak) to creating a black silhouette in a mist of red. Lead singer Faris Rotter jerked backwards and forwards with captivating menace as his band behind him struck up a soundtrack of white noise. At last a band that understood the power of theatrics. To be truly thrilling, the Horrors had only to launch into one of their singles right then, but they didn't. They gave us white noise for five minutes, which didn't build tension, it bored. When they finally did

start, it was with a slowed down version of "Jack the Ripper" which reached breakneck speed at its climax. This was followed by "Count in Fives", which worked the audience of fourteen-year-old girls into a frenzy.

Now, it must be said that the Horrors do not write good songs. They write awful songs. You will never find yourself singing their singles in the shower, because they don't do tunes. It is the spectacle and the intensity that makes them special. Watching them live is like watching an ancient film of Dracula or Frankenstein. Faris, six foot five, hunched-backed and with black birds nest hair is indie's very own Lurch. In an instrumental break down he climbed up the Corn Exchange's monitors to the balcony above the audience's heads, hopped into the royal box and disappeared from view only to reappear on stage seconds later to complete the song. It's nice to see someone make an effort.

The View were up next with a hard act to follow. The band of nineteen-year-olds from Dundee play the same sort of chugging pub rock as Jet or Oasis: outrageously sloppy. Kinder critics would call it loveably ramshackle; I call it poor. Despite eighty gigs in three months, practice has not made perfect. The drummer lost time constantly and the lead guitarist regurgitated tired pentatonic solos at every opportunity. They played their best song "Wasted Little DJs" three songs in and there was no longer a reason for me to stay, so I didn't.

Simon Scheuer



Liz Bradshaw and Richard Braude

FFWD →

Quadrageinta, The Round Church, 24/2, £8/£6. Forty of Cambridge's finest singers come together for one night to perform Tallis's "Spem in alium" in the oldest Round Church in England. Eight choirs will sing from all sides of the main dome, while you get to walk around and listen to them. Which only takes about four minutes, so you might as well. Just think of the tales you'll have to tell. All seems a bit High Church, so maybe someone will burst in and start smashing up the altar in protest. Oliver Cromwell wouldn't have approved, anyway.

S.U.A.D at The Union, 23/2, £3/free King's Cellar resident DJs in association with "A little less conversation, a bit more action", a new campaigning student organization, take over the most appropriately named student night they could find, *Shut Up And Dance!*, for one night only. Promises cheap drinks and music to do just that to, with tunes from Depeche Mode and Le Tigre to The Jam. Slapdash but with their own inimitable style, this will be unpretentious fun, if potentially messy.

← RWD

Her Daddy Is A Guru, King's Bar, 14/2. Valentine's Day loving with this confident and cheery four piece. Jangly folk pop with the enough occasional upbeat clicks on the drum kit to get the couples dancing every now and again, Her Daddy's highlight was probably a rejigged version of "Mercedes Benz" (yes, from the advert), though their own "You May Be Thinking About Love" gave a folksy authenticity to what can sometimes be just a saccharine excuse for heart-shaped chocolates.

Fairport Convention, Corn Exchange, 16/2. I'm afraid to say that though they have been going for forty years, Fairport haven't gone anywhere with their music. There were some new songs, and judging by the inter-song banter/merchandising, some original concepts going on in the lyrics – as in "Sir Patrick Spens" – but everything became muffled under a boom and twang of violin and too-heavy bass. We brought the average age down quite a few notches and the usher's attempts to make a blind lady give up her seat for us didn't make a great impression either. Tut-tut.

Hansel and Gretel West Road Concert Hall

★★★★

CUOS's production of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* is a staggering series of captivating and excellently executed scenes, commanding the audience's attention from the very start. The first half of the opera sets up the characters and situation, with Hansel (Lila Palmer) and Gretel (Ruth Jenkins) carrying off the lengthy opening domestic scene in their cottage to perfection. The second half picks up the action, with a seductively sinister performance from the Witch (Madeleine Bradbury Rance) and enjoyable dancing acts from the other witches who inhabit the forest. The traditional set evoked a familiar sense of childhood, and the gingerbread house looked good enough to eat, though offset by the giant eerie man-sized cage beside it in which Hansel is eventually held captive before escaping to destroy the witch at the end of the opera. The standard of the orchestra is incredible, and listening to their perfect-



ly controlled swellings and dyings away it was easy to forget that this is a student production. Despite the potentially dark and disturbing nature of the story, Humperdinck's score remains positive in tone, and the beautiful 'prayer' theme lingers hauntingly in the ear long after the performance. This was a thoroughly prepared and brilliantly performed piece.

Lizzie Briggs

Cambridge Jazz Kettle's Yard

★★★★

People were chattering in the line for the first Cambridge Jazz gig of term. It was the cold aftermath of a long Friday, but there was enough music in people's voices to suggest what we wanted to listen. Django Bates and the Soren Norbo Trio treated us with those warm beats that get feet defrosted and numb brains racing ever faster to keep up with the rhythm.

Set in the artistic residence of Kettle's Yard, now certainly the best venue for professional jazz in town, it echoed the mood of optimism and abstraction frozen in the modernist sculptures by Brzeska and Brancusi. At one stage, when inspiration was sought in the odd solitary bin, it even looked liked the art itself might become the performance, the drummer taking to playing anything in his vicinity in order to keep our interest glowing, to the point of finding a note in one of the sculptures. Thankfully nothing was broken, not even a beat, as the music echoed a zoo of whistles

and soft lyrics around the white washed gallery.

Django is a great name. I wish I were named after a musician reputed to have the fastest hands of any jazz guitarist. This mantle is safe in the hands of Django Bates: peck horn player and one of the outstanding improvisers on the British jazz scene. It was a pleasure to have heard him alongside the Soren Norbo Trio whose humour bubbled over with the music. An album aptly entitled *Debates* has been produced to coincide with the meeting of the avant garde players, and at times the compositions by Norbo hardly indeed had the sense of being performed for an audience, and seemed rather the outcome of improvisation and conversation that one might overhear in a recording studio. The immediate pace set by the trio was picked up in the solo of the peck horn, wrapping up the audience for their long walks home.

James I. Green

PICK OF THE WEEK

FILM

Bamako
Arts Picturehouse
Anderrahmane Sissako is one of the most distinctive directors now working in Africa. *Bamako* sees the International Monetary Fund and globalisation itself put on trial in a courtyard where the rituals of justice comingle with the rituals of everyday life, combining a critique of entrenched inequality with a powerful assertion that it is not enough to point and blame. Suffering requires immediate recompense not sweeping gestures. Avoids the pitfalls of appropriation. And righteously shits on *Blood Diamond*.

All films showing at Arts Picturehouse unless stated otherwise. Also not all films being shown are listed.

THEATRE

Intercontinental
Tuesday 27 Feb - Saturday 3 March
ADC, 19.45



This will apparently be very funny

MUSIC

Nicholas Daniel: Masterclass Recital
Pembroke College, 20.00, £5
Friday, February 23
At his debut at the Proms, the *Sunday Times* described him as one of the greatest oboe players in the world. Today Nicholas Daniel is one of the UK's most distinguished soloists and an increasingly successful conductor. He will be presenting a recital with Pembroke's 'College Musician' Joseph Middleton, including works by Mozart, Schumann, John Woolrich and Britten. Cheaper and more laudable than watching some terrible rock band soak their guitar strings in crocodile tears

OTHER



'War Photographer'
Monday 26th Feb
Grad Union, 17 Mill Lane, Free
Nominated for the Academy Awards Best Documentary Feature - an intimate insight into the work of renowned photojournalist James Nachtwey - video micro cameras attached to his camera as he works in Indonesia, Kosovo and Palestine. You love seeing stuff that presupposes an ethical disposition in you

GOING OUT

A Little Less Conversation, A Little More Action



Union, 21.00-01.00, £3
Incredibly cheap vomit-frenzy. Indie/electro/new-wave DJs. WHAT ELSE WOULD IT BE

23 FRI	Bamako 12.00, 16.20, 20.45 Dave Chappelle's Block Party 23.15 Future Shorts 23.10 Devil Wears Prada (Caius) 20.30 The Science of Sleep 21.15	Anja & Esther Newnham Old Labs, 19.30 The Seafarer CATS, 19.45 Midsummer Night's Dream ADC, 19.45 Boston Marriage Friends of Peterhouse, 20.00 Staggered Spaces ADC, 23.00	Athena Junction 2: The Shed, 19.00, £11 Meshes jazz, contemporary (?) and classical music with sparse vocal melodies. The performance is seated. An insomniac's wonderland then	Science Film Festival Grad Union, 18.00-20.00, free SCINEMA screening two films from the program 'Adaptation' - ancient survivors surviving in the extremes. Mental	A Little Less Conversation, A Little More Action Union, 21.00-01.00, £3 Squeaks, Beeps and Filth King's Cellars, 21.00-12.45, £2 Rumble Queen's, 21.00-12.45, £2 Theme: usually hell
24 SAT	Bamako 12.00, 16.20, 20.45 Dave Chappelle's Block Party 23.15 The Science of Sleep 22.00 Met. Opera: Eugene Onegin 18.30 Match Point 23.10	Anja & Esther Newnham Old Labs, 19.30 The Seafarer CATS, 19.45 Midsummer Night's Dream ADC, 19.45 Boston Marriage Friends of Peterhouse, 20.00 Staggered Spaces ADC, 23.00	Fell City Girl + Fonda 500 Portland Arms, 20.00, £6.60 about as blistering as a moisturising shower gel. think Keane do post-rock and you're there. you probably love that	Fair Trade Petition Market Square, 10.00-15.00 Take a break from supping the blood of developing world workers or whatever, and sign the Oxfam Fair Trade petition.	Subculture Cellar Bar 8, 20.00-02.00, £3. Cambridge's only Dubstep, 2step and Grime night unleashes darkness. Junglestep collective Harmitage play live
25 SUN	Natural Born Killers (Johns) 19.00, 22.00 Savage Messiah 15.00 Lord of War (Robinson) 20.00 Bamako 16.20, 20.45 Notes on a Scandal 17.00, 19.00	CU Musical Theatre Society presents Songs from the Musicals ADC, 19.45, £5 Sells out, inexplicably. So book now if you can bear the pain	Live Music for U8 La Raza, 21.00-12.30 £3/5 In aid of U8 International Development Student Partnership. Seamlessly integrate altruism with schmoozin'	Henri Gaudier-Brzeska Kettle's Yard, Tuesdays - Sundays, 11.30-17.00, free Despite the tragic brevity of his career, Gaudier contributed greatly to the development of modern sculpture. Go you knob	The Sunday Service Club Twenty-Two, 22.00-01.00, £3 a theodicy is an attempt to reconcile the existence of suffering in the world with that of a benevolent God
26 MON	Bamako 12.00, 16.20, 20.45 Notes on a Scandal 19.00 The Science of Sleep 16.30, 21.15 Orchestra Seats 18.40, 21.00 Last King of Scotland 16.15			Fair Trade Debate Keynes Hall, King's College Is Fair Trade a moral obligation because it supports producers in developing countries? A somewhat leading question	Fat Poppadaddys Fez, 21.00 - 03.00, £4 pleasingly generic, like Morgan Freeman dropping some sick beats at a CICCUC social
27 TUE	Bamako 12.00, 16.20, 20.45 Notes on a Scandal 16.30 The Science of Sleep 16.00, 21.15 Orchestra Seats 14.20, 18.40 The Queen 14.20, 18.45 Persona 21.15	IntercontiMENTAL ADC, 19.45 French Without Tears Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45 Sexual Perversity in Chicago Corpus Playroom, 21.30 Footlights Smokers ADC, 23.00 Sells out faster than free money	Junction Fiver Junction, 19.00, £5 Big 10 + Pilots of the Sixth + Space Cadet Steve + Stringray + Running Mayfairs. five bands for a fiver. uh oh	No Straight Lines: Maggi Hambling 1963-2007 Fitzwilliam Museum, free Exhibition of 20 drawings by the distinguished painter and sculptor. An excuse not to work	Precious* LBGT Night Club 22, 22.00-02.00, £3 pigeonholed Between the Sheets The Castle, 20.00-01.00, free Kinki Ballare, 21.00-02.00 "Free people, remember this"
28 WED	Bamako 12.00, 16.20, 20.45 Notes on a Scandal 16.45, 19.00 The Science of Sleep 21.15 Orchestra Seats 18.40, 21.00 The World's Fastest Indian (Caius) 20.30	IntercontiMENTAL ADC, 19.45 French Without Tears Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45 Sexual Perversity in Chicago Corpus Playroom, 21.30	Air Traffic Soul Tree, 20.00, £7.70 Favourites of Snow Patrol. It's like we're being punished for getting to see so much good music earlier in term	Treasures of Today Fitzwilliam Museum, free Goldsmith's collections of silver from the past two decades. This has notified many that the end is quietly nigh	Rumboogie is killing Cambridge 21.00-02.00, £3 Melamondo Fez, 22.00-03.30, £3/4 sterilised cosmopolitanism
29 THU	Children of Men (Johns) 21.00 Raging Bull (Christs) 22.00 Bamako 16.20, 20.45 L'Amore Molesto 17.00 Notes on a Scandal 12.00, 19.00 Orchestra Seats 18.40, 21.00 The Science of Sleep 21.15	IntercontiMENTAL ADC, 19.45 French Without Tears Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45 Sexual Perversity in Chicago Corpus Playroom, 21.30		Dancing in the living room because of the proud return of having nothing better to do pathosville, free	Urbanite Club Twenty-Two, 21.00-02.30, £3 the week, and your social legitimacy, is over

GOING OUT



Dave Chappelle's BLOCK PARTY

Arts Picturehouse,
Fri 23 - Sat 24
February

Famously Dave Chappelle's first project since his show on Comedy Central - and the one that attracted so much popular and critical attention that it led him to flee to Africa to escape. The concept is simple. He sets up a

secret concert in Brooklyn with stellar acts including Erykah Badu, the Roots, Dead Prez and Common. But he doesn't just film the show, he wanders around his neighbourhood handing out free tickets, interacting with people he meets and you know, generally fucking around. Relaxedly exuberant and effortlessly cool.



FILM OF THE WEEK

Persona
Arts Picturehouse
Tue 27 Feb 21.15
Bergman's 1966 film sees famous actress Elisabeth Vogler struck dumb, and put in the care of inexperienced nurse Alma - entering an intimate and difficult relationship that provides an unnerving and deeply existential portrait of how we interpret others. i.e. we cannot know another person. In Bergman's eyes, our greatest tragedy. He wants us all to hang from the rafters. Essential

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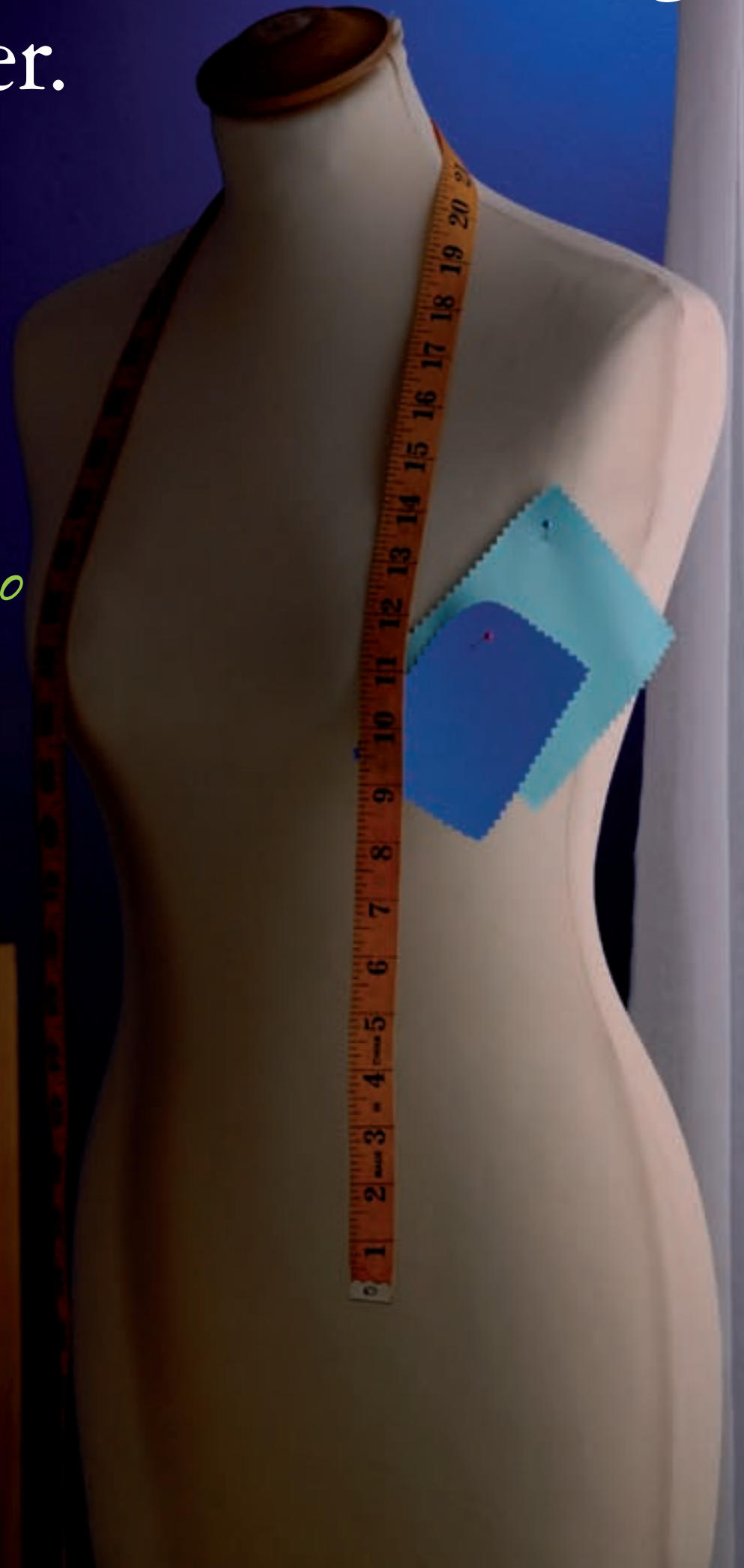
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In the wake of London Fashion Week, **Lauren Smith** discovers that black is back and angrier than ever, as designers take fabric and form to new heights.

As the Autumn/Winter Collections rolled out of London last week, the manipulation of fabric and structure, and the dark cloud of rich tones that descended on the catwalks were, for me, far more exciting than the wisps of spring chiffon currently cluttering up our shop floors. A city normally noted for creativity rather than commercial viability, London designers managed to send out some experimental, but wearable pieces that will inject the high street with a fresh mood in time for autumn. This 'wearability' has been attributed to Marc Jacobs gracing our capital with his Marc diffusion line and transforming the front row into a social spectacle of trend-hungry celebrities. His 'youthful idyllic army' was a mischievous mix of a little girl lost in a skating rink, complete with booties, berets and long gloves, and geek chic, with the boys draped in Fair Isle scarves and Harry Potter specs. Whilst it was young and covetable, especially the party dress and paper crown combo, fit for a sixth birthday party, there were much more interesting 'armies' on show.

Far from playing games with girlish proportions, the rest of the collections took on a fiercer, more aggressive tone, as designers created their own versions of body armour. Christopher Kane and Marios Schwab, two designers praised for their previous forays into the neon, body con depths of the late eighties, sent their own version of a warrior princess strutting down the aisles. Taking *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark* as his inspiration, Kane's dresses sculpted the female form

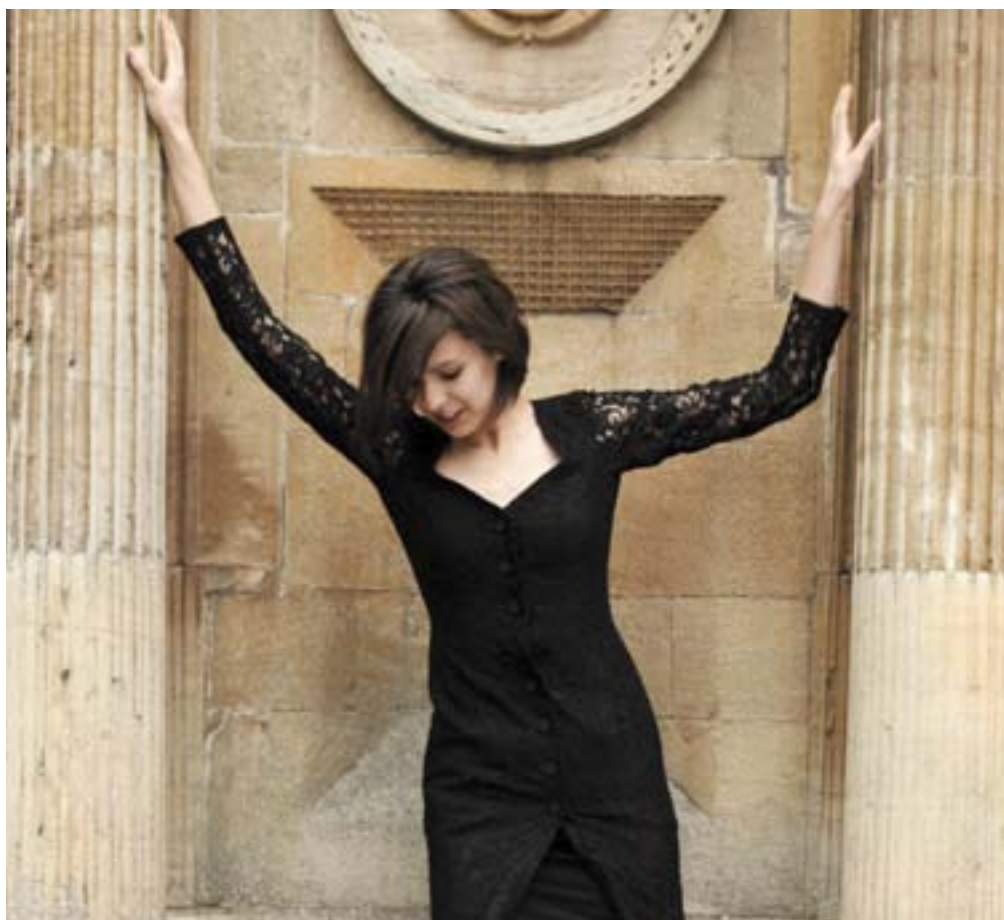
into a vindictive Goddess, complete with corrugated arm bands, crushed blood-red velvet, and leather crinkled and pleated to within an inch of its life. Schwab played to his form-fitting strengths, and managed to manipulate the Puffa, (yes, the Puffa, the noble dinner lady's jacket of

choice) into a zipped, clinging coat dress. If you're a fan of cutesy, whimsical design, it's probably best to stay inside this winter, as designers veered more and more towards darkened extremes. Tough, heavy fabrics; leather, jewel-encrusted velvet and zips have been pinched, draped and

pulled to exhibit the body in all its glory; contrasted with knitwear from Giles so chunky it smothers the models in its thick rolls. Colour-wise, fashion indulged her Gothic side yet again, from black lace pop-socks at Nathan Jenden to Roksanda Illincics' taffeta shrouds.

This all sounds terrifying, and a little bit painful, especially upon learning a trip to the Preen show rewarded eager fashionistas with a swift blinding with its neon lights. But the good news is that the aggressive and extreme designs were often matched with more muted pieces for the timid among us. Even Gareth Pugh, who used hair and makeup that made bondage look like 'a bit of a joke', produced simple fur wrap coats and striped dresses, whilst maintaining his club kids aesthetic. For every sculpted body suit, there was a sparkly mini shift, screen-printed satin, or a pair of mint green tights to lift the sombre mood.

And the best thing about the collections? A focus on showing off the body, but being body-conscious, without zipping your neckline down to your navel (take note, Roberto Cavalli, and all you Italian masters of sleaze). So whilst you may not be itching to strap yourself into those velvet high-waisters just yet, you can at least wave goodbye to any shapeless smock/sack you have been kidding yourself was chic, (it's a sack, and it sags in all the wrong places, for the love of God). If the new collections have shown me anything, it's that next winter, fashion is going to get a lot more angry, a lot less girly, and finally do some growing up.



» While away the last of the dusky days with a to





Far left: Ellie wears Black Dress, £5, Save The Children.
Above: Black Dress, £35, Miss Selfridge.
Below: Black Polo Neck, £10, Miss Selfridge; Shorts, £30, Topshop; Bustier, £35, Topshop.
Photographed by Michael Derringer at King's and Gonville & Caius.
Styled by Iona Carter.



uch of classic black



RIP WHAT YOU SEW

On the childlike

Halfway hall is about college corridors getting festooned with jolly second years (and their sick, apparently). To every third year worth their stress-induced stomach ulcers, the inebriated laughs of the second years sound a knell. For us, there is only paperwork to shroud ourselves in until May Week. This makes it frustrating, therefore, that this is the time of year designers show next autumn's fare, making our future summers into recent (outdated) pasts. Electroclash neons? 'That's so next summer'. You'd think that would be a good thing, but fashion houses have already obliterated them in favour of next winter. Who wants to bother investing in a floaty sunshine-yellow Calvin Klein mini-dress when you know that it'll be oh-so-summer-07 six months after you have raped your wallet to pay for it.

But, such is life and, in the same way I transformed my architecture project into a fashion centre to keep work mildly interesting (fun until your tutor tells you the front-row fashion editors will need an advanced ventilation system – high maintenance indeed), one must look to next season as a handy tip-off for wise investments.

The problem is that next winter is terribly, well, wintry, and rather adult. Giles, Christopher Kane and Donna Karan may have all produced masterful collections, which I suppose can be fun in a grown-up way, but is there really such a thing as grown-up fun? It may be the skinny model debate, or it may be the overdose of kiddie chic (bright colours, exciting but unsubtle shapes), but fashion houses chose to send out fully groomed, dressed-up women rather than girls. True, the skirts were A-line and eye-poppingly short, and girls should definitely hang on to their black opaque tights and leggings. But the silhouette was demure (slim but not skinny), the colours muted (deep reds, plums, forest greens, all against black) and the tone less loud and impulsive. In brief, the collections suffered from a version of the fifth-week blues.

My most stylish friends dressed the way I did when I was eight. My wardrobe was like a dressing-up box; giant sunglasses would go perfectly with my ski-pants and t-shirt combo, shielding my eyes from those weirded-out schoolyard-stares. Then one day, years later, my friend took me to Prada and handed me the forbidden fruit, and I hid behind more restrained choices at school. Although one can't be a child forever, I know I'll see May Week bouncy castles and long shapeless 'princess' dresses that will beg to differ.

Benj Ohad-Seidler

THE
RESTAURANT
COLUMN

Tom Evans
Peking

★★★★★

The first chilli I ever ate was from the chippy outside my secondary school. It was a yellow, torpid dollop of a thing festering amongst half-cooked chips and a tapeworm nest of kebab. Once the kebab was gone and the chips had been ushered down with a tub of taramosalata (I can't recommend this combination highly enough), I had the chilli for pudding. It had no taste. Now I don't know what sort of chilli my florescent friend was. No doubt the *Guardian* in its frankly Victorian endeavour to categorise everything in the universe on wallcharts for the bourgeois playroom has published a taxonomy that could help me.

One thing I can be sure of is that it was not a 'birds eye'. These were the little buggers served in the Hu Nan prawns at Peking and were, in the words of my guest, "hotter than the sun". According to the "Scoville Organoleptic test", they are the ninth hottest chillies in the world, 23 places above the suggestively named Hot Wax chilli. And yet in asking for "something hot", it was my own chilli-arrogance that brought on the whole episode: but the Hu Nan was well worth it. The prawns were enormous and fresh, and the platter artful. The other main dish was sweet and sour pork on crispy rice, also delivered with sizzling aplomb. While the lumps of pork may have been a little over-generous, our host claimed that Peking is the only restaurant in Cambridge where the sweet and sour is made in-house. Given the complete absence of that dubious saucy residue so common in lesser Chinese restaurants, it wouldn't surprise me. Peking is fantastically unique. The décor is reminiscent of a 70s ski chalet and you are fairly exposed to the furore of the kitchens. Don't let this deter you; the stringy-toffee banana tasted even better once we had entertained the sound of it cooking.

Part of what you get is charming service, and our host had a few words for us before we left. "Three rules". First, "we are a club, people come back". Second - to come here, you must have money." With prawn toast costing £11 and main courses around the £15 mark, she's right. Rule three is "that we cannot cook with things that are poor quality. We get in something that is not exquisite, and the chef will throw it out." But you could hardly say wastefulness is a habit at Peking - the remains of our gargantuan portions were packed up for us to take home. And it's certainly not the sort of place you go to order novelty fortune cookies.

Peking, 21 Burleigh St, CB1 1DG



MIKE YUE YIN

The Earl of Sandwich

» Lunch fanatic **Adam Kessler** goes all the way to the top in search of the snack of his dreams

The first term of a Cambridge career is a time filled with strange delights and pleasurable discoveries. However, none thrilled me more than finding the Duffy Club Sandwich, a pinnacle of sandwich technology which can be found in the King's College dining halls. This unacknowledged wonder of the modern world comprises succulent chicken breast,

"despite its apparent fame, I had never heard of Duffy sandwiches nor the world famous club sauce contained within"

smoked bacon, mixed leaf, and a "world-famous club sauce", which all meld together in a kind of pinkish beauty. This combination intrigued me. First, putting chicken and bacon together displays that superhuman level of intellect which had been sorely missing from my recent philosophy essays. Secondly, despite its apparent fame, I had never heard of Duffy sandwiches nor the world famous club sauce contained within. Where did it come from? Why is it famous? How does it achieve such radiant pinkness? These questions began to obsess me. Deceased animals chased me through my dreams, their sleek hides coated in a beautifully pink sauce, slaving mouths chomping on mixed leaves. It became increasingly clear that I

needed to solve the mystery, or at least go to a qualified therapist. Choosing the former course, I phoned the company.

"You have to help me", I pleaded. "I've been dreaming about your club sauce. Please tell me - why is it famous? What has it done? Was it invented by Napoleon to ward off sickness in his troops? Did the Pope promote it as an unending route to God?"

There was a brief, pregnant pause. "I'll put you through to the managing director", the receptionist said. So Matt came on the phone. During the brief wait I'd composed myself, and only the occasional, inadvertent, squeak revealed my excitement as I asked him why Duffy Club Sandwiches were so famous.

"Well," he said hesitantly, "I guess they're not famous at all, really."

All my expectations and hopes were suddenly crushed. My excited squeak dropped to a heartbroken moan, life seemed pointless and empty. It was like going through puberty again.

"Of course," Matt added, sensing my mood, "it does contain our own secret ingredient."

"Secret ingredient?" I said, with rising pitch and enthusiasm. "What is it? Eye of newt? Rat cerebrum? Sweet Mother of Moses, do you use locusts too?"

"Um, no," he said, slightly unnerved, "We use anchovies. You see, all great sauces have five elements. Sweet, sour, salty..." - there was an impressively weighty pause - "the other one, and, finally, umami. It's a Japanese word, meaning a meaty, dense flavour. Imagine the taste of miso soup - and then imagine that in a sandwich. That's what the anchovies add."

Intrigued, and recognising a fellow enthusiast, I probed further into the story behind the sandwich. How does he discover what sandwiches will work? "Well, we sit down with our suppliers," he told me. "They bring us their beautiful new ingredients; we throw them together and see how it tastes. There are certain physical limits; rare beef would make the bread bloody, thinly sliced ham is impossible to portion properly. Cost, of course, is the major restraining factor." I asked about the more artistic, creative side of the process. "Well, any sandwich has certain physical attributes you just can't deny," he told me. "The sandwich has to be moist and robust." I couldn't agree more. But has he ever had any failures? "Definitely," he said. "We tried a black pudding filling. Nobody liked it apart from me. We made five thousand, and sold about five. The world just isn't ready for a black pudding sandwich." We paused in mutual contemplation of the

"We tried a black pudding filling. Nobody liked it apart from me"

tragedy of humankind, and, as I heard him sigh, I felt I'd found someone who understood. "Well, I've got to go," he said eventually, breaking the companionable silence. "Sandwiches won't create themselves. You know how it is." And just for a second, I truly did.

Polished Off

» Polish drink is making headway over here, so **Andy Ryan** sets out to explore the cuisine and discovers that it's not just about cabbage

Since Poland's accession to the EU in 2004, thousands of Poles have come to Britain in one of the largest migrations in the UK's history. Some have spoken of the wonders of their crisp, malty lagers; these days available in any good pub. Others have waxed lyrically about the vodka, at least until it kicks in. Yet the Poles are bringing more than just their drink;

"Sledzie is made from pickled herrings, onions, apples and sour cream. It sounds eclectic, but the combination of flavours is explosive"

they are bringing their culture and, as any Pole will tell you, food is just as crucial. Does this new arrival have anything to contribute to Britain's already crowded culinary scene?

Frankly, Polish food does not have a good

reputation. In most people's minds, it evokes images of tasteless, stodgy stews accompanied by copious amounts of cabbage and potato. There is an insistence on using the adjective "hearty" which, whilst not necessarily derogatory, implies that Polish food is heavy and unrefined in comparison to the more delicate dishes of Western Europe and Asia. In reality, a history of repeated invasions has turned Polish cuisine truly international, reflecting German, Russian, French, Italian and Jewish influences. The synthesis of these various flavours with what some have referred to as the 'robust Polish national character' has created a cuisine worthy of attention.

Sledzie is a cold dish made from pickled herrings, onions, apples and sour cream. It sounds eclectic, to say the least, but the combination of sweet, sharp and sour flavours is explosive. Kotlety are fried pork cutlets coated in breadcrumbs; indecently large and wonderfully juicy, encapsulating that trademark heartiness. Pierogi are Polish ravioli, made with a vast assortment of fillings including sauerkraut, cheese, mashed potatoes, cabbage, onion and any number of different types of meat; there's even a fruit-filled vari-

ety for the sweeter tooth. Having just dismissed that stereotypical Polish stew as being an unfair approximation of the national cuisine, don't overlook Bigos, the Hunter's Stew; the sour cabbage packs a sharp punch and the Polish sausage, known as kielbasa, has a smoky flavour that really sets it apart. Barszcz is beetroot soup, instantly recognizable due to its deep purple colour, and proving that veggie soups don't have to be tasteless.

Now let's turn to the weird stuff. Galareta is a dish of pig's feet, vegetables and spices coated in aspic and served cold – not the most appetising of dishes and certainly only for the adventurous; it's a demonstration of the Polish maxim of "if it's there and it looks edible, let's see what it tastes like". Czarnina ("black soup") is made from either duck, goose or pig blood, normally with added vegetables. It is apparently extremely good for you, if you can look past the vaguely ritualistic connotations of drinking blood. Then there is the peculiar Zupa Nic, literally meaning "nothing soup"; after some of the more exotic options this is in fact a rather tame concoction of eggs, milk and vanilla extract.

So are there any signs of Polish cuisine

establishing itself in Britain? There are currently about eighteen Polish restaurants in

London, and a growing number of Polish supermarkets, which does suggest that the cuisine is starting to find a clientele beyond the

expats; it'll be interesting to see if it continues to prosper over the coming years.

During the last two centuries of world history, Poland has been invaded more times than any other major European nation. And, according to those who are members of a certain 'political party' led by a former Downing lawyer, we are currently under threat of invasion from their skilled craftsmen. But, politics momentarily aside, allowing a little Polish cuisine to invade your diet this week may not necessarily be such a bad thing.



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NOTES ON A SCANDAL (15) (1h55) Daily
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 (1h55) Daily 10.15 (Sat/Sun Only) 12.40 (Not
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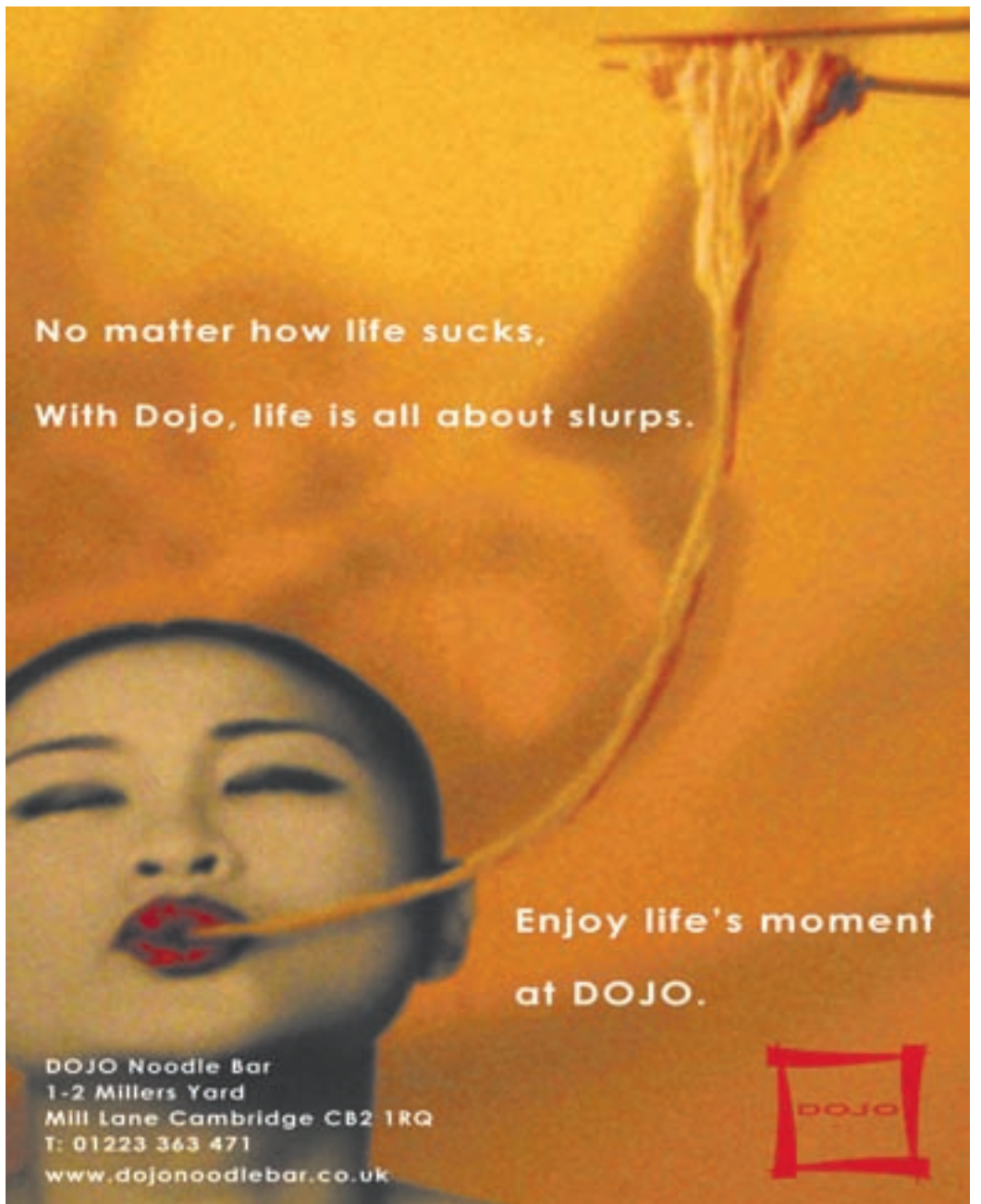
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Blues Bruise Bedford

Varsity Reporter

Cambridge	34
Bedford	0

Wednesday saw the Cambridge women come away with a great win in a return match at Bedford. Despite a relatively poor opening twenty minutes, the Blues stepped up several gears to register a convincing win with the Varsity match just around the corner.

Watching the start of the game though, the Blues looked far from convincing. A start that even the kindest of fans would have described as 'sluggish' had the Blues playing in Bedford's half, but without much inspiration. Several handling errors and knock-ons stopped the Blues from pushing for the line, and a defensive Bedford forced the ball repeatedly into touch, breaking up the play.

Midway through the first half, it all changed as hooker Jo Bradley managed a try after a series of strong forward punches. Cambridge continued to dominate in the forwards as Bradley turned over half of their scrums. Despite hard work from the forwards and some great running from number 8 Hannah Batty Cambridge failed to add to the score until a minute before half time. Amy Teal ran through the defence for a

second try after some terrific phases of play from the backs.

The Blues were fired up in the second half with a try scored moments after the kick off. The restart saw the ball land just past the Bedford 10m line and, after a little pressure from Cambridge, the ball was recovered and winger Keo Shaw swept over the line.

Minutes later, Hannah Batty ran through the Bedford defence after picking up the ball from the back of the scrum, scoring the fourth try of the match.

Sensing defeat, Bedford momentarily came to life forcing the Blues to protect their line from the Bedford number 8 and centres. Fly half Emily Riehl put the Blues back in control with an excellent kick. Bedford's hopes appeared to be dashed and Cambridge, and then scored a fifth try. Riehl intercepted a fly-half centre pass and ran the ball well into Bedford's half before kicking it ahead. This allowed outside centre, Laura Britton to pick up the ball two meters out and touch it in under pressure.

The Blues continued to dominate the game with another try for Amy Teal under the posts as a result of an overlap to give a final score of 34-0.

Hannah Batty was named forward of the match and Emily Riehl was named back of the match for great control of the game. The Blues are now in an ideal position in the lead up to the Varsity match against the Oxford on March 10.



Cambridge dominated in all areas of the pitch ANNE ROMEO

Varsity Vase

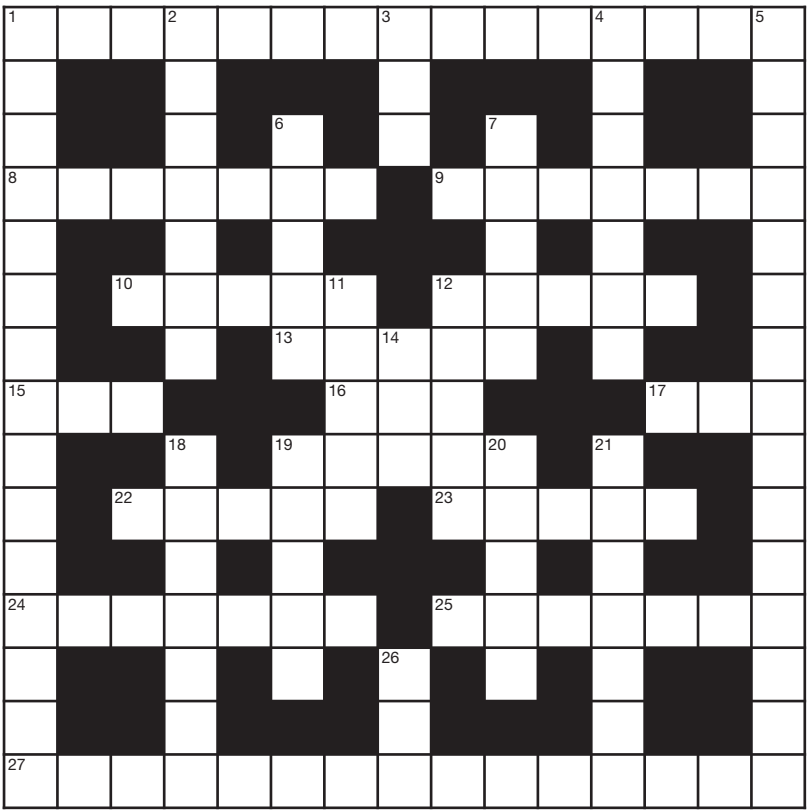
I imagine you were hoping for a match report of the remaining three quarter finals, given that you've had to put up with my ranting for the last few weeks. I'm sorry to disappoint.

No games have been played this week, AGAIN. In fact, I haven't told the captains yet but I'm going to give them an ultimatum. All games must be played by next Thursday or both teams are out. How does that sound? A little authoritarian perhaps? Well, it's about bloody time really.

Queens' vs Homerton will be played this weekend, apparently. We'll see. I haven't heard from Girton or St Catz since the match they organised earlier was called off. Its almost certainly a formality given St Catharine's' superiority on paper, but maybe some cup (or vase) magic will lift Girton to the semi finals. Meanwhile, I haven't heard a peep from ARU or Pembroke. They don't answer my calls or my emails, and I wouldn't be surprised if they had already played but couldn't be bothered to tell me the result. Well, they have until Thursday to let me know, otherwise Girton v Catz has just become a semi final!

Games and puzzles

Varsity crossword no. 464



ACROSS

- 1. Hens I let hum in church. Man, these are an evolutionary advantage! (10,5)
- 8. See 1 Down

- 9. Note (least) hesitation (7)
- 10. Hurry! It's not cryptic (5)
- 12. Skeleton discovered in hydrocarbon estuary (5)
- 13. Keen to show age in ER (5)
- 15. Eat reconstituted meal (3)

- 16. Scrap endless rage (3)
- 17. Tupperware top placed backwards (3)
- 19. Ash often found at the end of a month (5)
- 22. Half a crown to fix Atari (5)
- 23. Wait for something like bitumen (5)
- 24. Oxford University leads changing tides in open air (7)
- 25. Bird initially pretends everything is normal when hiding disorderly wildebeest (7)
- 27. Reorder entrée, located in treaty with French (7,8)

DOWN

- 1. (and 8 across) Accountants: value fishtank barrel maker (5,10,7)
- 2. Record in the heart of the full cooperative (7)
- 3. Something to write with in the middle of thinking (3)
- 4. He's hiding lice spirals (7)
- 5. Admiral be urgent: mess up and things get lost at sea here (7,8)
- 6. Prepare for a pair (5)
- 7. Sounds like an insignificant collier (5)
- 11. Gun found in small Ford - that's payback (5)
- 12. Request alien spawn (5)
- 14. Mugabe conceals oratory ability (3)
- 18. File about International Space Station is radioactive (7)
- 19. Reduce? Oh dear, I hear, that's confusing (5)
- 20. Headless depraved bird (5)
- 21. Fold paper or I return unfinished image (7)
- 26. This'll keep you dry as you go up Cam (3)

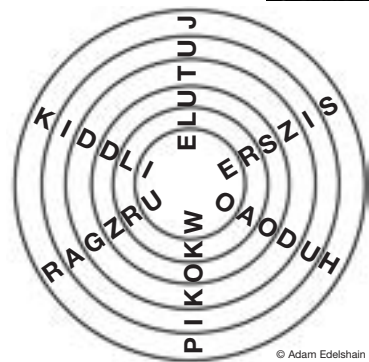


rotations

COMPETITION

Win a pair of tickets to the Arts Picturehouse

Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk



Sudoku

The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once.

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

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accenture

High performance. Delivered.

Kakuro

Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

	12	24		23	10	
9			16			
			20			
32						
13					22	14
		24				
		17				
	19					
	13			16		

Hitori

Shade in the squares so that no number occurs more than once per row or column. Shaded squares may not be horizontally or vertically adjacent. Unshaded squares must form a single area.

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

Gamblers Unanimous

Joe Powell and
Oscar Brodtkin



Kay Burley duly obliged and was kicked-off *Dancing on Ice* last week but our profits remained frozen as Derby succumbed to a combination of refereeing errors and 'Pilgrim' prowess at Home Park. With three weeks of term to go we will now be aiming to smash the £100 barrier and catapult ourselves into the tipstering pantheon.

Indeed, much of gambling's history is deeply rooted in Ancient Greek society. They favoured dice games, likening it to warfare when 'winner takes all' was the mantra of the day. Soldiers were even known to have divided the spoils of war over a game of craps. Cock fighting and sporting events, such as chariot racing, were also popular to bet on and drew massive crowds of punters to venues like the Circus Maximus.

Gambling also has religious roots, which is ironic considering the stance taken by so many religions today. Lots were even cast for Jesus's garments after his death, as foretold by the Prophet Isaiah. Although in this day and age they'd be straight on ebay, those lucky people bagged themselves a lifetime of peace and prosperity. We'll be hoping for similar divine intervention this week.

The Carling Cup final looks a prime betting opportunity for the 'Porters' tip' this week. Arsène Wenger has played his kids all the way through and they have proved themselves to be of the highest quality. Chelsea have been far from indestructible this season and 3.6 (around 5/2) to win in 90 minutes rates great value about the 'Gunners'. £5 goes on to win £13.

The 'Long Shot' runs in the Racing Post Chase at Kempton this Saturday. 'Limerick Boy' has a great record at the track and with Venetia William's horses hitting form towards the business end of the National Hunt season, this looks the one to back. We've put £3 on tasty odds of 7/1 (8 on Betfair).

For the 'Bank Job' this week we travel to Vicarage Road for a scintillating encounter between Watford and Everton on Saturday. The 'Toffees' are no slouches on their travels having notched up 12 goals and with Watford desperate for points this is sure to be a goal fest. Over 2.5 goals is at the staggering price of 13/10 (2.34) and £12 is sure to bring you back a 'pony' – a gift

Running total: £32.68

The Bank Job

Watford vs. Everton more than 2.5 goals
Stake: £12

The Long Shot

Limerick Boy to win the Racing Post Chase at Kempton
Stake: £3

The Porters' Tip

Chelsea to win the Carling Cup final
Stake: £5

betfair.com

Blues lose at the death

»Men's Lacrosse Blues take Grinstead down to the wire

CHRIS JONES

Cambridge Blues	11
East Grinstead	12

The Blues approached this semi-final Flags game confident that they could go one up on last year. Having lost an extremely close game in the East Grinstead swamp before Christmas, the Blues were relieved to see that Grinstead had elected to play this cup game on astro-turf. The fast-paced playing surface should have allowed the better team to really stamp their authority on the game. However, it did little more than demonstrate the minute gap in ability between these two teams.

The early exchanges were tight, with both sides struggling to find a chink in the armour of the opposition's defence. It was East Grinstead who broke the deadlock, and went into the first break a goal up. Cambridge however, rapidly fought back in the second quarter leaving the teams all square at half time.

The game opened up dramatically in the second half. Passes became more frantic with mistakes being made by both teams. It was at this point that the Blues, working hard under pressure, took the lead for the first time in the game, and by three quarter time had stretched it to a two goal advantage.

Grinstead quickly retaliated, drawing the scores with 10 minutes to go and another quick goal gave Grinstead a decisive lead. However, as the last few seconds disappeared off the clock, the Blues stuck in another goal to take the game into extra time.

As the floodlights began to warm up, the game continued at a frenetic pace, the Blues' fitness sessions clearly paying off. But Grinstead midfield was equally unrelenting as they made the first penetration, ending the first



A tangle of legs and a clash of sticks in front of the Cambridge goal

JOHN JAMES O'BRIEN

10 minute period a goal up. Grinstead came out strong again, adding another goal early in the second term of extra time as the prospective final appeared to be slipping out of the Blues' grasp. Cambridge clawed back the deficit, making it only a single goal, and setting up an anxious end to the game. The Blues managed to claim the ball off Grinstead and Blues attacker Dave Haines popped open on the crease,

received the ball and got the shot away. However, on this occasion, he could not avoid the goalie's body, and the game ended with Cambridge falling at the penultimate hurdle.

Although disappointing, there were many positives to take from this game, and if the Blues can maintain their standard of play, then Varsity in two weeks should be a thrilling encounter. The Blues will only have to wait a week

for their chance of revenge, as they play East Grinstead in Cambridge this Saturday in the league (2pm, Queen's Pitches). Expect a big performance from the Blues in their final game of preparation for Varsity on March 3.

The Mens, Mixed, and Women's Lacrosse Varsity, is taking place on 3rd March at Parker's Piece, with the Women's Blues match finishing the day at 3pm.

Karate Varsity

IAN MACLEOD

Coming back from three years of defeat, Cambridge University Karate club came back to complete a total whitewash of Oxford in this year's Varsity match last Saturday.

The match kicked off with the kata competition (prearranged sequences of strikes and blocks). Strong performances from Simon Picot and Tom Johnson won both the A and B team competitions. This significant points advantage was topped off by two fantastic team kata performances by both the men's A and B teams. The Cambridge women were initially put on the back foot by a number of experienced Oxford girls but a superb team kata by Madeline Wood, Charlie Gray and Libby Boyd edged Cambridge in front before the fighting half of the competition.

However, Oxford were still dangerous, even when behind. But Steph Mctighe opened the fighting for the Cambridge women against the Oxford captain and Mctighe's skilled, strong fighting overpowered the far more experienced Oxford fighter to record a vital first win for Cambridge. This was followed by a

win for Charlie Gray and in the second round of fighting Steph, Charlie and Madeline Wood all won to complete a fantastic victory for the women's team. Cambridge's Captain was up first for the men's A team against the Oxford captain and comfortably out-fought him to get the men off to a great start. This was followed by solid wins for Nick Smith and Tom Johnson before Paul Worth rounded off the first round of fighting with the move of the match, surging forward, he knocked his opponent's front hand down and, with lightning speed, scored a perfect punch to the face, rewarded with an ippon (full point). The superiority of the Cambridge side was now truly apparent and the men's B team confidently defeated the Oxford B team with wins for Tom Auld, Gareth Bradley and Thomas Holroyd. The match finished with the second round of fighting for the men's A team who controlled every bout resulting in a 9-1 thrashing of the Oxford fighters. The final scores saw a clean sweep of Cambridge victories for the men's A team who won by 102-28 points, the women's Team won 60-42 and the men's B Team won 90-40.

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Men's Football



Alex Coleman

How long have you been playing football?

I joined my first club at six years old and have been playing weekly ever since. During school I played for Wycombe Wanderers youth team and played in semi-pro youth and reserve teams before coming to Cambridge.

How often do the Blues train each week?

We generally train twice a week with one or two games each week. We also have a circuits session on a

Sunday night at Fenners. During the second term things become a bit less structured as we aim to play our traditional fixtures and BUSA matches in time to leave us a good run up to Varsity.

Is it difficult to balance the work with training?

It sometimes can be - I've played for the Blues ever since my first week at Cambridge so I don't really know it any other way. Generally my method is to play football for two terms and catch up with work in the third. It's worked ok so far touch wood.

What are the Club's chances this year for Varsity?

We're quietly confident. We've worked very hard at all aspects of our game this year, and results have started to go well for us. I'm very pleased with the way the team's shaping up, especially the development of the squad since the La Manga tour in January. We're playing some excellent football and have strength in depth in every area of the pitch.

When and where is the varsity being held this year?

The match is at Loftus Road (QPR, Shepherd's Bush) on March 17th, k.o. 2.30pm. Tickets are on sale now at £8 each. On that note, the Second team Varsity is at Grange Road on March 3rd (k.o. 3pm)

Henley Strait to Henley

»CUWBC talk about their season and the upcoming boat races

**ANITA DAVIES &
LUCY WORDLEY**

The members of the Cambridge Women's University Boat club might justly get the title of the invisible athletes of Cambridge. Unlike their male counterparts they are not easily spotted by virtue of the fact that they are about two feet taller than anyone else. They vanish from college at the almost non-existent hour of five in the morning to go and train at Ely, where they are out of sight and, to many, out of

**"Trialling is over,
now the real
work begins"**

mind. They turn up at lectures at 9.00am leaving a slight trail of damp kit but otherwise looking unexceptional. They then vanish in the evenings to do ergs or circuit training. But this façade of quietly getting on with it masks a steely determination, an absolute desire to push to the limit, and one of the most gruelling and demanding training schedules of any university sport.

Now, after five months of twelve training sessions a week, freezing winter mornings in Ely, gale force winds, countless ergs, and a greater overall

Women's Blue Boat

Cox: Jimmy Appleton (Girton)
Stroke: Guen Bradbury (Jesus)
Anna Simpson (Corpus)
Lucy Wordley (Caius)
Jen Reid (Newnham)
Rachael Jefferies (Newnham)
Elselijn Kingma (Trinity Hall)
Sonia Bracegirdle (Caius)
Bow: Hannah Stratford (St John's)



The Cambridge Women's Lightweight crew complete another gruelling morning outing

JIMMY APPLETON

pasta consumption than the entire Italian nation, the crews for the 2007 boat race crews have been selected.

The Blue Boat features three returning Blues in Elselijn Kingma, Jen Reid and president, Lucy Wordley. The line up also includes two returning Blondie rowers, as well as GB squad member Rachel Jefferies, who has just dashed back from the Youth Olympics in Sydney where she won two gold medals. They are coxed by last year's Blondie Cox, Jimmy Appleton. The lightweight crew also has as strong contingent of returning rowers, three having rowed with the squad last year. The Blue boat is being backed up by a strong Blondie crew, who will be stroked by Kat Lange, who stroked the Cambridge crew to victory in the first ever sprint race against Harvard at the Head of the Charles last autumn. With the crews

selected, the stage of trialling is over, but now the real work begins. Each crew must work to become a single unit that will push for each other, as much as for themselves, come race day. Every outing counts in the final run-up to the boat race, and

Women's Lightweight Blue Boat

Cox: Eleanor Goodfield (Fitzwilliam)
Stroke: Fran Rawlins (Trinity)
Claire Hansell (Fitzwilliam)
Lilie Weaver (Trinity)
Lucy Rackley (Pembroke)
Tosin Farinre (Newnham)
Helen Ralston (Trinity)
Jen Gulliver (Girton)
Bow: Sarah Rose (Lucy Cavendish)

hopefully victory.

All three crews were out in action in Nottingham at the weekend where they raced over the 6km course of the Head of the Trent. The Blue Boat finished head of the women's eights division, bringing home the Robin Haslam trophy for the fastest women's crew in the event. Everyone is now building towards the Women's Eights Head of the River Race which takes place on the Tideway in London on March 17. This event will be attended by all of the top national and European crews and is a chance to pace the crews against Olympians and Internationals, as well as the girls in dark blue. Whatever the outcome in London, there are then only two weeks left to put the final preparations in place for the one that really counts, at Henley on Sunday April 1.

Sport In Brief

Trampolining

The trampolining Varsity match on February 17 saw the closest result in recent years. After good performances at BUSA, the team was confident that they could repeat last year's win. The A-team of Lee Meakin, Charlotte Pocock, Chloe Purcell and Andy Edge all performed very well, with Meakin and Purcell taking second and third places respectively, and Edge's routine gaining the highest form marks. Despite this, Oxford narrowly won. In the B team competition, some unfortunate mistakes cost Cambridge a heavier defeat, despite Zoë Leake taking first place. The C-team competition was a convincing Cambridge victory, with a clean sweep of the top three places.

Overall, the final result was Cambridge 412.7, Oxford 416.3. Perhaps disappointing, but such a close result could have gone either way and Cambridge look forward to avenging their defeat next year.

Gymnastics

Sunday saw the 20th annual Varsity gymnastics competition take place at Marriot's Gymnasium, Stevenage, with a number of breathtaking displays from both the men and women's teams, and some impressive individuals performances.

The men's competition comprised team members competing on floor, pommels, rings, vault, parallel bars and high bar. Some strong performances on floor put Cambridge right in front from the start, and the winning streak continued throughout the day, with Oxford coming a definitive second on every piece of apparatus. And for the second year in a row, the Cambridge captain, Alex Hedges, took the men's individual gold. The women were less fortunate, a combination of harsh judging and a strong Oxford team led to a Dark Blue victory. Nevertheless, Cambridge put up a good fight, with memorable performances from the team on floor, and an impressive bars routine by Sophie



Skillen who picked up bronze in the individual competition, whilst Josefin Larsson secured a well-deserved gold in the B team individual competition.

At the end of the day, the Men's team just won by 273.1 points to 270.7 whilst the Women's teams lost by 180.4 points to 148.1 giving Oxford an overall victory. Despite this, it was a commendable performance and a fine display from everyone in the teams.

Cuppers Rugby

Caius met a strengthened St. Catz side in the first round of Cuppers last Thursday. The 1st division side welcomed back Blue Chris Lewis and U21 back-rower Charlie Rees, the latter securing a well-earned Man of the Match with superb work in the loose throughout.

After initial early pressure from Caius, Catz took the lead through Jack Barret who took a quick penalty to score. Despite Caius hitting back instantly, Catz's scrum began to dominate with Wallace, Clarke and Rueben in the front row winning a lot of ball against the head. With Lloyd and Calvey running the game from 9 and 10 respectively, good tries were scored from Parkes, Lewis and Rees, when the ball was spun out wide as Caius began to tire. Although the away side did hit back in the last five minutes with a well-deserved try after Catz went down to 14 men, but they still won the match 24-12.

Sports Round Up

Upcoming Fixtures

Saturday February 24

Men's Lacrosse Blues v East Grinstead, Home.
Women's Hockey I v Wisbech Town I, away 1:00, Wisbech Hockey club
Women's Hockey II v Lowestoft I, Home 12:30, Wilberforce Road
Women's Hockey III v Ely I, home 11:00, Wilberforce.

2nd VIII Varsity and 3 position Varsity, Small Bore Club, home.
Men's Hockey Blues v West Herts, home, 2pm, Wilberforce Road.

Sunday February 25

College cross-country league, Selywn Relays, Wilberforce Road.

Wednesday February 28

Women's rugby v Leicester, away
Women's basketball v UWIC I, away
Women's Lacrosse I v UCL, away, BUSA Cup
Women's Lacrosse II v Newcastle II, home, BUSA Cup
Men's Table Tennis v Oxford, away
Men's Tennis I v Warwick I, away
Women's tennis I v Nottingham I, away
Men's Volleyball v Bournemouth, home
Women's Volleyball v Kent, home

Upcoming Varsity Matches

Saturday February 24.

Fencing varsity, Fenners Gallery, Kelsey Kerridge Sports Centre, 11-5.
Table Tennis Varsity, Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens, 11am.
Rugby Fives varsity, St Pauls.
Sunday February 25.
Eton Fives Varsity, Eton College.

Results

Gaelic Football

Cambridge v Aston, won 21-11

Badminton

Men's I v Cardiff, lost 3-5

Women's I V Gloucester, won 6-2

Basketball

Men's I v Newcastle, lost 69-74

Men's II v Nottingham II, won 72-42

Men's II v Oxford, won 90-65

Women's I v Oxford, won 54-43

Men's I v Oxford, lost 62-65

Fencing

Women's I v Imperial, won 124-111

Hockey

Women's I v West of England, won 6-0

Women's I v St Alban's II, won 5-3

Women's II v Lancaster, lost 1-5

Netball

Women's Netball I v Oxford, lost 36-25

Women's Netball II v oxford II, Won 39-31

Rugby

Men's Rugby League I v Sheffield I, won 24-8

Women's Rugby v Nottingham, won 32-5

Women's Rugby v Deeping, won 8-3

St Catharine's v Gonville and Caius, 24-7

Trinity v Jesus 13-5

Tennis

Tennis men's I v Oxford Brookes I, won 10-0

Tennis Women's I v Imperial, won 10-0.

SPORT

Upcoming Rowing
Varsity looks at what's
to come on the river
[Page 31](#)

Women's Rugby
Blues take on
Bedford
[Page 29](#)

Cambridge fail to reach heights of Oxford

»Seconds netballers emerge victorious but Blues defeated

SIAN FOLLEY
Netball Correspondent

Netball Blues Oxford	25 36
Netball 2nds Oxford	39 31

Sunday February 18 brought with it a battle of the Blues, or at least blue shades as Cambridge's mint-green netball ladies took to the court for this year's Varsity match. First up were the Second teams. After an energising warm up, Cambridge captain Hannah Kaye led her team out to face the Oxford Roos. Cambridge were more than up to the task. With a superb interception from newcomer Sarah Stefanini at Wing Defence, and some fast movement from Centre Kaye and Wing Attack Ania Dean, Cambridge finished the quarter 7-8 down, but with the momentum very much in their favour.

The second quarter saw the scores remain fairly equal at 14-15, as neither teams' shooters were about to miss a single opportunity at the net. The physicality of such a close-run game began to show by the third quarter, however, and it was Cambridge that came out on top, thanks largely to some seriously strong defensive skills from the circle pairing of Alex Godlee and Zoë Pelter.

Tactical substitutions at half-time of Jo Nicholson and Amy Scorch provided an extra dimension to the Cambridge side and they dominated the final quarter with some impressive goals from the unstoppable Goal Shooter Rebecca Crawshaw and Goal Attack Laura McIntyre. McIntyre's shots from all over the D earned her huge cheers from the crowd, and the player of the match award. Oxford worked hard throughout the match, but it was not enough to match their opposition, with the full-time score a deserved 39-31 to Cambridge.

Now it was the Blues' turn, as they sought to avenge the 29-40 battering they had received the previous year. The atmosphere was light during the warm-up, but the players knew the pressure was on; the BUSA league had produced one win for each team, but Cambridge

were nevertheless the marginal underdogs, finishing one position below Oxford in the League.

Having lost the first quarter of last year's Varsity match by so much, the Cambridge Blues were conscious that they had to start the game more aggressively this time.

Thankfully, this is what they did. While both teams fought hard to dominate play, the skill and strength of Cambridge's centre court combination impressed itself on the game. Jesus' Harriet McGrath in particular rose to the immensely hard task of eliminating Oxford's skilful Centre from the game. By frustrating and riling Swarbrick to an impressive extent, Cambridge's defensive strategy of keeping the feeders from the corners of the D proved highly effective. An air of brutality was established and Cambridge finished the quarter with a promising 9-5 lead on the dark blues.

In the remainder of the match, though, this promise seemed to waste away. The physical effort of the first quarter caught up with the Blues, and Oxford came out determined to level the score. Cambridge's defence set up a rotation that meant the Oxford Goal Shooter, renowned for her height and penchant for being static, was highly unsettled and forced to work very hard. But the tables were turning, and Oxford left the court 17-13 up at half time.

Cambridge could have recovered from this margin, stepping up their game from a solid first half performance. Cambridge Goal Shooter Kate Yateman-Smith's trademark dodge gave some cause for hope, keeping Oxford's gigantic keeper guessing, but from the offset of the third quarter Oxford upped their pace. The result was some pretty ferocious collisions from both sides, and a further increase in Oxford's score line.

But continued pressure from the Cambridge side, and some great interceptions from Wing Defence Rachel Smith, was not enough to hold Oxford off, as their height advantage at both ends proved too much. Despite the tireless efforts of every Cambridge player, right up to the final whistle, and the experience of their attacking trio, the light Blues were unable to close the gap. Oxford ran out 36-25 winners, leaving Cambridge to commiserate themselves with the knowledge that it was a tough-fought contest and a gripping spectacle.



Despite some good periods of pressure, Cambridge fail to convert possession into points

SOPHIE PICKFORD

Saw the game? Read the report? Think you could write it? sport@varsity.co.uk