

VARSITY

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The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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on Murray Edwards**



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CUSU ents in crisis

» Ents manager Burdus leaves CUSU and takes
two club nights with him

Martin McQuade & Michael Stothard
Varsity News

An editor of The Cambridge Student has resigned as a result of pressure from CUSU after he took over two of its flagship club-nights.

Relations broke down when it emerged that Simon Burdus, who was former Business and Ents Manager of the Student Union, had taken the CUSU nights at Fez on Sunday and Ballare on Tuesday. He is now running them through his own company, Big Fish Ents.

This brought about a breakdown in relations between CUSU President Mark Fletcher and Burdus. "It's outrageous, his actions have cost CUSU £29,000 a year in lost revenue," said Fletcher. He also accused Burdus of "stealing" the club nights.

Fez club manager Mark Kingerly,

£29k

Financial blow to CUSU as a result of
lost nights

75%

Percentage loss in predicted CUSU
revenue 2008-09.

however, claims that it was CUSU incompetence which made them want to leave CUSU for Burdus. He said that the new CUSU Ents Manager Matt Morgan, who came in after Burdus resigned this Easter, did not know enough people in Cambridge and was not right for the job.

"Matt Morgan came in without having done any preparation. He knew nothing about Cambridge nightlife, and his presentation was a scrap of paper. There is no way I would let him run our night. Once the meeting was over I called Simon and asked if he would run the night instead."

CUSU said that this statement should be "treated with a large pinch of salt" because Burdus and Kingerly are "pals." Morgan claims that he was not even given the chance to make his pitch to Fez.

Other club managers were similarly exasperated by CUSU's management of club nights. The Place assistant manager Scott Olson said "CUSU just aren't prepared to put the work in, all I've ever had is trouble from them."

Not all clubs are unhappy with CUSU's management of club nights. Andy Clarke, marketing manager of Soul Tree, which is hosting a new CUSU night, said he "would rather work with CUSU for the benefit of the students rather than just profit."

The loss of these two club nights will cut CUSU's projected profits by 75%, according to its own estimates. "We are now currently having to review what

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PATRICK KINGSLEY

**Oh Brother: Jesus unveils new
Chapman Brothers installation »p4**

Lehman Bros collapse affects rugby club

Hugo Gye
Chief News Editor

Cambridge rugby faces financial uncertainty following the collapse of the main sponsor of the Varsity Match. Lehman Brothers were two years into a four-year deal to sponsor the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge before their bankruptcy three weeks ago.

The lack of sponsorship "will not affect the staging of the match at Twickenham," according to the University rugby club (CURUFC), but "there will be some financial implications" for the Cambridge and Oxford clubs.

Ian Minto, CURUFC general manager, said that "of course we're disappointed, but you've got to remember that 5,000 people lost their jobs, which puts things in perspective."

"We're actively seeking other sponsors, but the Varsity match will continue as usual, and we want as many people from Cambridge to come as possible."

Blues captain Jon Dawson added "We are all concerned by the effects of the Lehman situation," but he pointed out the match "was played before the days of sponsorship," concluding that "the articulation may change, but CURUFC will be a constant."

CURUFC refused to confirm the size of the deal with Lehman, but it was said to be well in to six figures.

The 127th Varsity Match is scheduled to kick off at 2pm on December 11th. It has been held at Twickenham since 1921, and has been won by Oxford 52 times and by Cambridge 59 times, including in 2005, 2006 and 2007. Tickets are currently available.

State school heads and Cambridge students support Vice-Chancellor

Michael Stothard
Chief News Editor

Cambridge students and local state schools have spoken out in support of Alison Richard after her comments about government "meddling" in the

Cambridge application process.

The Vice-Chancellor was the subject of a political and media onslaught this summer after she complained of the Whitehall pressure on Cambridge to "fix problems of social mobility".

In a strike at Dr Richard, John Denham, Secretary of State for Universities and Skills, said he disagreed "profoundly" with the Vice-Chancellor's views. One inflammatory Times Online headline read "Alison Richard condemns push for state pupils."

Other Vice-Chancellors also joined the fray against Dr Richard. One said: "The Government gives me a cheque every year. I have a public duty to do what the Government says."

But many Cambridge students from

state schools agreed with Dr Richard's controversial comments. "Encouraging applications from disadvantaged students is very important, but in the end we have to let in the best applicants," said Matt Bulmer of Homerton College. *Continued on page 3*

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Your local team profiled.



Comprehensive conundrum

Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard doesn't deserve such criticism. Contrary to what one prominent commentator – no names, Barbara Ellen – has lazily inferred, Richard didn't suggest that it was “not Cambridge's place to help the poor”. She in fact simply argued that the betterment of state education would be a more meritocratic and less harmful way of redressing this university's state-school imbalance than a dumbing-down of the application procedure.

Ellen, an Observer columnist, winces at the massive difference between the number of state-educated sixth-form students – nearly 90% – and the number of state-educated Cambridge students – just under 60% – and subtly suggests that this is because Cambridge deliberately turns away state school students as a matter of policy. This is obviously untrue: Cambridge's state-school intake is directly proportional to the number of its state-school applications it receives. Sixty percent of Cambridge's 8500 applicants this year were from state schools; unsurprisingly, around sixty percent of the eventual intake were also from the state sector. The problem therefore quite obviously lies not in any anti-state school bias amongst our admissions tutors but rather in the fact that not enough state-school students apply to Cambridge.

Why is this? Crudely speaking, comps are often bad at giving students confidence in their intellectual ability. Large class sizes and mixed ability groups mean that teacher's attention is rarely focused on the intelligent students but on those who misbehave. Thus, students don't believe they could possibly be clever enough for Cambridge, so they don't apply. Harmful and baseless misconceptions – peddled by the likes of Barbara Ellen – about snobbish Vice-Chancellors don't help either.

The obvious solution is to give clever state-school students more confidence in their ability, to persuade them to aim higher and to spread the word about Oxbridge. Cambridge University, with its ever-improving outreach programmes, is doing its bit. Is Barbara Ellen doing hers?

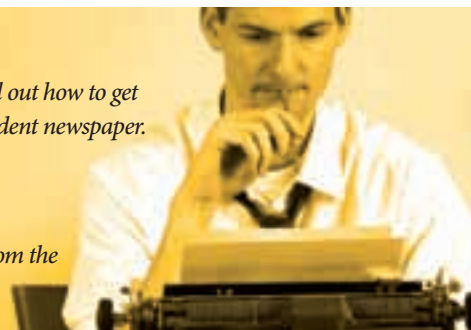
VARSITY squash

Interested in journalism?

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Meet the editor and his team and have a half-price Varsity Cocktail

from 7-9pm upstairs at the Maypole pub on Portugal Place (down the road from the ADC) on **Friday October 10th**. All years welcome.



letters@varsity.co.uk

The Dangers of Evangelism

Sir,

My son, who is studying this year at Cambridge, has been the victim, from my perspective, of an aggressive evangelical



proselytising campaign. I feel he has been brainwashed into adopting fundamental beliefs from a group associated with a church in the city and was converted within a few months. We, as parents, were helpless to convince him to slow down and take due process. While it's too late for us to warn our son about groups that prey upon vulnerable students, I wanted

to at least be able to raise awareness of this issue among students.

Yours faithfully,

Name and address supplied

STA Treatment

Sir,

Last week, my house was burgled. Amongst the items stolen (which included iPods, phones, cameras and laptops) was my passport. I was due to fly to South Africa the very next day. The Passport Office was on strike and I would have to have an interview for a new passport as it was stolen.

I called my travel agent, STA Travel, to let them know what had happened and to discuss options with them. My

flights were unchangeable. I had hoped to use the return leg and book a new outbound flight on receipt of a replacement passport. When I called STA again the following day, I was told that I would not be able to claim a refund on the flights, that my return leg had been cancelled due to my 'no show' and that I was to be charged £100 for 'not turning up' to the flight. I thought that this might be of relevance to the student body as STA Travel market themselves as a student friendly travel agency but appeared to make no attempt to help me out. I am left with no holiday, friends in South Africa who I won't be able to meet, and I am £700 out of pocket on flights.

Yours faithfully,

Kate McAllister,
Queen's College

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

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Support for Vice-Chancellor grows

» *State head teacher: "John Denham is wrong to put pressure on Cambridge"*

Continued from front page

"If you came to Cambridge from an underprivileged background, there would be nothing worse than feeling like you were filling some sort of quota, like you haven't earned the place," said Jesus student James Moran.

The head teacher of one local state school, who did not want to be named, said: "John Denham is wrong to put pressure on Cambridge. Naturally Cambridge should encourage access, but we want our students to get in on merit. And they will."

"She has been misrepresented by the media," he added.

In a speech at the Universities UK conference in Cambridge three weeks ago, Dr Richard said elite institutions were not "engines for promoting social justice" and should be given the freedom to get on with their work of education and research.

"We try to reach out to the best students, whatever their background," said Dr Richard. "One outcome of that is that we can help to promote social mobility. But promoting social mobility is not our core mission. Our core mission is to provide an outstanding education within a research setting."

"We agree that we have a duty to help disadvantaged students, but this is not our primary goal," said Geoff Parks, Cambridge Head of Admissions.

Heads of private schools also defended the Vice Chancellor. "It is the most extraordinary get-out clause for the government to avoid the question: why after thirteen years are these young people needing the books to be fiddled to get them to university?" said the headmaster of St Paul's School in London.

Under Government reforms, universities have been encouraged to target sixth-formers from state schools and disadvantaged homes. Although there is no direct involvement in the Cambridge applications procedure, extra money is received for bringing in recruits from non-traditional backgrounds. There is also ministerial pressure, such as Denham's recent



Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard's comments on state school admissions sparked outrage

comments.

Lee Elliot Major, from the Sutton Trust, which provides educational opportunities for young people from non-privileged backgrounds, argues that universities do have responsibility. "Universities do have a role to play in addressing the problem, but cannot themselves solve the ills of society."

This debate between interventionist and non-interventionist government policy comes at a time where Cambridge is increasing the number of students admitted from state schools.

In 2008 the highest number of main-tained-sector students was admitted since 1981. This year, 59 per cent of new Cambridge students will have come from state schools, compared to 55 per cent last year.

But this is still far below the 69 per cent of Cambridge students from state school in 1980.

Dr Geoff Parks, Director of Admissions said: "We believe this is an example of Cambridge efforts over many years to raise the aspirations and attainment of younger children in state schools finally

bearing fruit."

This was partly to do with targeting children a great deal younger, two years before GCSEs. "We started it four or five years ago, and I think we are now beginning to see a build-up factor," said Parks.

In an effort to encourage even more state school students to apply, Cambridge has now scrapped the special application and the fee because it was judged as too "scary." It also dropped its requirements for applicants to have a language GCSE, largely because less than half of state schools students have a foreign language GCSE.

Dr Parks warned, however, that it would be difficult to get past the 60 per cent mark for state school students. This is because there are normally about 28,000 students who score the three A grades necessary for Oxbridge. 22,000 apply to Oxbridge already, which leaves only a few thousand, many of whom might not want to go.

"We'd be very disappointed if it didn't go up next year, given what we've done. We're not sure though. Pushing beyond

that point [60 percent] is going to need concerted long-term commitment by everybody."

The most recent of these efforts is a proposed one year programme to give potential Cambridge undergraduates who failed to get top marks at A-level a second chance by enabling them to retake some of their exams with the university's aid.

"This is about trying to break the 60% mark," said Parks. "If there are more state school students with the necessary grades and education realistically to apply to Cambridge, then we will get more state school students. All too often we see students who have that spark of genius, but have for example not done Chemistry A-level when applying for Natural Sciences. We know they would never be able to catch up, but we always feel it is such a shame."

"With this new programme, we should be able to get another thirty students here from disadvantaged backgrounds who would not have been here otherwise. That may not seem like a lot but it is one percent of our admissions," Parks concluded.

In Brief

Cambridge top again

Cambridge is the best university in the country, according to the Sunday Times. The University has topped the University Guide every year since its inception a decade ago. The Guide is based on a variety of factors such as teaching quality, student satisfaction, peer assessment and research quality. Oxford came second, followed by Imperial and LSE. A Cambridge spokesman welcomed the achievement: "While all league tables oversimplify the range of any university's achievements, this is an indication of both the excellence and efforts of our academic staff." Cambridge tied with Oxford for second place in last year's THES-QS World University Rankings, the latest results of which are announced next week.

Paedophile don sentenced

A Caius don has been given a twelve-month suspended prison sentence, after detectives found more than 1,000 indecent images of children on his computer - some featuring babies of two days old. A modern French theatre specialist, Nicholas Hammond, 45, pleaded guilty to twelve charges of making, one charge of possessing, and two of distributing child pornography. Police found thirty Level Five images and 151 Level Four images among the photos on his laptop and memory stick. Level Five refers to images featuring bestiality and sadism. Hammond said that he never intended to view level five images, only images of teenage boys. He also said that he had never acted on any of his urges. Michelle Elliot of Kidscape called the sentence a "sickening betrayal of justice." She said: "Had he been a ordinary working man he would've been sent straight to prison."

Brian Pippard dies aged 88

The first President of Clare Hall has died. Sir Brian Pippard, Cavendish Professor of Physics during the 1970s, was 88. Pippard was born in 1920 and educated at Clifton College, going on to graduate from Clare in 1941. The majority of his work was concerned with superconductors, a phenomenon observed in some metals at extremely low temperatures. He was made Clare Hall's President on its foundation in 1966, and served for seven years. One of his lasting contributions to the College was to insist that the President's apartment should incorporate a concert room and grand piano. He was knighted in 1974.

Tompkins Table 2008

1. Selwyn College (last year 4)
2. Emmanuel College (1)
3. Trinity College (6)
4. Gonville & Caius College (10)
5. Magdalene College (13)
6. Churchill College (15)
7. Jesus College (9)
8. Christ's College (2)
9. Corpus Christi College (8)
10. Pembroke College (7)
11. St. Catharine's College (5)
12. Downing College (3)
13. Clare College (17)
14. Sidney Sussex College (12)
15. Trinity Hall (16)
16. Queens' College (11)
17. Robinson College (20)
18. Peterhouse (25)
19. King's College (18)
20. St. John's College (19)
21. Fitzwilliam College (14)
22. Girton College (21)
23. New Hall (23)
24. Newnham College (22)
25. Homerton College (26)
26. Hughes Hall (29)
27. Wolfson College (27)
28. Lucy Cavendish College (24)
29. St Edmund's College (28)

Surprise as Selwyn tops Tompkins Table

» *Students deny Peterhouse rise is a result of May Ball cancellation*

Hugo Gye
Chief News Editor

Selwyn have come top of this year's Tompkins Table. The table, published in July, ranks the Tripos success of all the Colleges. Selwyn beat Emmanuel, who were first in 2006 and 2007, to the top spot, following several years of rising in the table. Other Colleges to have improved significantly this year include Magdalene, Churchill and Peterhouse.

The Tompkins Table was devised in 1981 by an undergraduate named Peter Tompkins, and is compiled annually for the Independent. It takes into account all published degree results, and expresses the Colleges' performance as a percentage of their maximum possible.

Selwyn's success comes despite their relatively modest financial position and low profile. The College's Senior Tutor,

James Keeler, commented that "perhaps what this shows is that a College's greatest resource is its students and those who teach and care for them." He also expressed pleasure that "all this has been achieved without making the College into an academic hot house."

This attitude was echoed by a second-year Selwyn student, Sian Tomlin: "It doesn't really seem hard-working at all, at least until the summer term. People probably felt pressurised by themselves more than by the College."

Indeed, Selwyn outperformed other institutions with a reputation for hard work, such as Christ's, which until recently had showers in its library building, or Peterhouse, whose May Ball was cancelled last year, partly in order to boost academic achievement; the College is holding a Ball this year.

Peterhouse did in fact rise seven

places in this year's table, but a third-year student there dismissed the idea that the two facts are related. "The May Ball had nothing to do with it," he claimed; "it's just that the calibre of students has gone up." Peterhouse declined the opportunity to comment.

Churchill, another comparatively poor and untraditional College, came sixth in the table. However, their Senior Tutor Richard Partington, while declaring himself "naturally delighted", warned against overrating the table's importance. "We're very aware that the Tompkins Table can give the false impression that there are substantive differences between the Colleges in terms of academic performance. In fact, most Cambridge students do really well."

As has been the case for some years, mature-student Colleges came near the bottom of the table, as did the two all-female Colleges.

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and proof of student status



Jurassic Jesus

Three Dinosaurs, the work of Jake and Dinos Chapman, will be residing in Jesus College's Library Court for the next six months. The set of sculptures, titled *The Meek Shall Inherit The Earth (But Not the Mineral Rights)*, were first shown in the Royal Academy's Annenberg Courtyard in the Summer of 2007.

The Jay Jopling and White Cube press release explains that "although made with corten steel, the work recalls the use of schoolroom materials used by children in the construction of cardboard and papier mache dinosaurs. It reflects the artists' ongoing preoccupation with the unbridled creativity of the youthful imagination."



John's Hall ban booze

Chris Robinson
Deputy News Editor

St John's has banned students from bringing alcohol into Formal Hall. In a controversial move, those wishing to drink with their meals will now be required to buy more expensive tickets, and will then be restricted to two glasses of a wine chosen by the College.

New 'non-drinking' tickets will cost £4.36 for College members and £5.36 for guests, while Johnians and guests wishing to drink will have to pay £6.97 and £7.97 respectively.

The College Council said it "wishes to enhance the experience of dining in Hall and to emphasise its importance as a collegiate event involving both Junior Members and Fellows." Guest tickets will be more expensive since they do not pay the kitchen fixed charge. The Council has provided two free tickets to each student "in order to encourage Junior Members to dine in Hall and to experience the new procedure," and there are plans to review the new rules early in the Lent term.

A Facebook group has been established in protest, and there are rumours that College-wide boycotts of Hall will take place.

Third-year student James Nellany captured the mood in St John's when he said he was outraged: "In a two-hour meal, the College are telling me

that I'm not responsible enough to manage my alcohol consumption.

"Health is a private matter... the College don't feel they have a right to regulate how many chips we eat in the buttry or how much exercise we do."

He believed the new system also posed practical problems, asking, "do I buy a £7 ticket on the off-chance that I might want a drink at dinner next week?"

Many students believe the new rules, as well as reducing the number of people in Hall, will create more dangerous drinking patterns within the College as students drink more before meals on empty stomachs, or smuggle alcohol into Hall illicitly.

There are also fears that the new rules will damage John's 'Hall Swapping' tradition. Second-year student Adam Rimmer, president of the TODGERS drinking society, was particularly concerned about the effect the new rules would have on freshers. "I can't even say how much Hall Swaps shaped our first year at Cambridge, and they've just ruined it at a stroke. They've robbed the new freshers of that experience."

It is believed the Council's decision reflects St John's poor performance in the Tompkins Table this year. Last year the College introduced room ballots based on academic performance; this latest action may similarly hope to raise academic standards. "These measures are massively unimaginative and short-sighted," Rimmer said.

SPS to become PPS

Martin McQuade
Deputy News Editor

The SPS Tripos has been renamed PPS. The Faculty of Social and Political Sciences is to become the Faculty of Politics, Psychology, Sociology and International Studies on the 1st January 2009. The undergraduate degree taught by the Faculty has changed from SPS to PPS (Politics, Psychology and Sociology).

According to faculty spokesman Dr Glen Rangwala, "The old name of the Tripos left the field of Psychology mostly invisible to potential applicants. One of the faculty's constituent components is a thriving department in social and developmental psychology...the change of name increases our ability to attract students to Cambridge with this interest."

Other tutors are reported to have said that the course name is to avoid the misrepresentation of offering a Social Sciences degree without any course

study in economics.

Student response to the name change has been mixed. James Taggart, a PPS student at Trinity Hall, claims that "it's a bit trivial. Many are seeing it as a ploy to sound more like PPE at Oxford. But the take-up of psychology in second year really is tragically low. It's a good idea in theory, but I'm not sure it's going to make much difference in practice."

Other proposals involve introducing greater choice in Part I of the Tripos, and include making available options in economics, education, anthropology and computer science. Critics of this proposal have argued that unpopular papers from other courses are simply being dumped onto the new PPS course without any real justification. One second-year PPS student says "I resent the fact that the faculty is now offering random papers for no reason: British Economic History and Introduction to Computing don't really have anything to do with the SPS course I applied for."

CUSU ents furore

» CUSU pressure on The Cambridge Student Board of Directors leads editor to hand in resignation

Continued from front page

welfare services we can continue to offer students," said Fletcher.

Burdus claims that following the row he was effectively forced into resigning as The Cambridge Student (TCS) editor: "I was told that if I didn't step down, CUSU funding for the paper would be withdrawn and it would struggle to survive for long."

Burdus added that the loss of his job at TCS was nothing to do with his skill as an editor, but was part of a "personal vendetta" CUSU had against him. He denied "stealing" any club nights.

CUSU refuted the accusation that any financial pressure was put on TCS, saying that it was simply impossible to

maintain a professional relationship with Burdus after what happened: "the officers had lost all confidence in Simon as a result of his conduct over Ents," said Fletcher. "A professional working relationship would have been impossible."

Burdus argues, however, that "there should not need to be a 'working relationship,' whatever that means, between TCS and CUSU. It would be ideal to have a dialogue with them in order to get stories, but the idea that the editor of TCS always has to get on with CUSU is ridiculous, and goes against TCS's editorial independence."

CUSU took the unprecedented step of writing a letter to the TCS directors, signed by the six sabbatical of-

ficers, requesting that they ask Burdus to step down. "We are strongly urging the Board of Directors to ask Mr Burdus to step down from the position of co-editor of The Cambridge Student. This request stems from unprecedented circumstances which necessitates unique action," the letter said.

The editorial independence of TCS is enshrined in the CUSU constitution. However the production costs of the paper are funded by CUSU, and CUSU also have two places on the TCS Board of Directors. It is within the rights of CUSU to put pressure on the board about the choice of editor. Investigations Editor Jonathan Laurence also stepped down soon after Burdus.

Cambridge seeks soap coverage

» University tries to shed elitist image with bid to feature in popular TV soaps

Michael Stothard
Chief News Editor

Forget access schemes and open days. Cambridge wants to shed its elitist image by featuring in the major soaps.

Tired of being associated with the toffs in *Chariots of Fire* or the new *Brideshead Revisited*, Cambridge has approached the producers of *EastEnders*, *Coronation Street* and *Emmerdale*, asking if they could fit the university into their storylines – somewhere between the sex, interrupted weddings and long-lost murderous twin brothers.

There is already a storyline in *EastEnders* about Oxbridge, where working class teenagers Tamwar Masood and Libby Fox are considering applying to Cambridge and Oxford respectively.

Geoff Parks, Head of Admissions at Cambridge, contacted *EastEnders* to encourage them to pursue the story and to make sure that the admissions process was portrayed accurately. From this came the idea to contact all three of the major soaps. "It's a very happy coinci-

dence," said Parks.

There are no firm commitments from TV producers for the story to continue, but one *EastEnders* crew is planning an exploratory visit to Cambridge.

EastEnders is set around West Ham and Dalston, East London, *Coronation Street* in Salford, Greater Manchester, and *Emmerdale* in a West Yorkshire village – just the kind of people to shed the image that Cambridge is "not for people from ordinary backgrounds," said Parks.

The University has also contacted *Top Gear* to suggest it recreates the 1958 stunt where undergraduates hoisted up a vintage Austin Seven onto the top of Senate House. Furthermore, Cambridge has approached sci-fi series *Doctor Who* about filming in the Colleges.

This 'thinking outside the box' publicity idea comes as government pressure mounts for Cambridge to admit more students from disadvantaged backgrounds. It also coincides with the 800th anniversary of the university next year, an event that Cambridge is using to re-brand its image.



Tamwar Masood: Eastenders character seeking Oxbridge place.

"There's a perception gap between reality and how we've been perceived previously and that takes time to change," said Gregory Hayman, the University's Communications Officer. "We're very keen to attract the brightest and best students regardless of their background. One of the better ways of communicating directly with potential students is

to talk to them through the soaps and other programs they watch."

An episode of the ITV drama *Kingdom* with Stephen Fry about a student applying to Cambridge got the admissions process so wrong, said Parks, that they now use the tape as training for the admissions staff, pointing out the errors.

Time for change

» Corpus unveils £1 million new clock

Chris Robinson
Deputy News Editor

A million-pound clock has been unveiled in Cambridge.

The clock was designed by Corpus Christi alumnus John Taylor, who donated it, along with £2.5 million, to the new Corpus undergraduate library, the Taylor Library, off King's Parade.

It took a team of eight engineers and craftsmen five years to mould the 24-carat gold-plated clock face, which enthrones a haunting creature known as the Chronophage or time-eater. Dr Taylor said he wanted to remind students that time was being eaten up.

"I wanted to make timekeeping interesting, but also to depict time as a destroyer – once a minute is gone you can't get it back," he said. "It is terrifying, it's meant to be. It's not a bad thing to remind students of. I never felt like this until I woke up on my seventieth birthday, and was stricken at the thought of how much I still wanted to do, and how little time remained."

The clock has attracted international news coverage since Stephen Hawking unveiled it on September 19 and has proved a talking point in Cambridge, drawing crowds of tourists, locals and students. Dr Taylor said the Chronophage "hypnotises the watcher with its perpetual motion, punctuated by an extraordinary repertoire of slow blinks, jaw-snaps and stings from its tail."

The clock, which has no hands or numbers, uses LEDs to tell the time, although it is powered by traditional clockwork. It contains six patented inventions. Rumours that the clock only tells the correct time intermittently are untrue.

On the hour, a chain drops into a wooden coffin behind the clock. The Latin inscription declares that "the world and its bodily pleasure will pass."

The rippling gold-plated dial was made by exploding a thin sheet of stainless steel onto a mould underwater: none of the team actually saw it happen because the only place in the world which could make it was a secret military institute in Holland.

The clock has received mixed reactions, from adoration to disgust. Corpus student Lucy Hunter Johnston said, "I actually quite like it... I think it looks like a shop window at Christmas."

St Catherine's student Nicholas Ford was less impressed, however. "I think it's an eyesore to be quite honest. It might be good as a display for six months but I think it will date very quickly. Frankly, I am repulsed by it," he said. Taylor Librarian Iwona Krasodomska-Jones believed the mixed reception was to be expected. "It is as with all art, Picasso, the pyramids... some people love it and some hate it. But I think it is amazing. I have never seen anything made so beautifully and so smoothly," she said. She dismissed rumours that Taylor had refused to donate money for the library unless the clock was accepted, and did not believe the £1 million was a waste.

"John Taylor has been a generous benefactor of the College for years, and has also established a fund from which the library can draw each year for new resources in the future."

"It might seem like a lot of money but it is his dream and I am happy for him. Also, it is nice for Corpus, which is a small College, to have some publicity."

Dr Taylor made his fortune by inventing the thermostat switch for electric kettles. He studied at Corpus in the 1950s.

MythBusters

What Scudamore's don't want you to know



Week 0: Prince Charles went to Trinity, and got a 2.ii. Whilst his bodyguard received a 2.i.

Prince Charles did go to Trinity College, Cambridge from 1967 to 1970, graduating with a 2.ii in History. So the myth is grounded in fact.

It is also true that he had a bodyguard, who lived in a nearby Trinity room and followed him around discreetly. Although this guard did go to lectures he, sadly, did not take the exam. He therefore had no opportunity to get a better mark than Charles.

What is true about Charles's undergraduate life in the swinging sixties is that while the other kids were discovering pot, Charles was indulging in a secret pottery class, down the road at the Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology (now ARU). Fact.

Did he think he was trying this 'pot' thing that all the cool kids were talking about? Did he go around talking about his 'pot' class? Was he confused when the other kids just said they simply taught themselves?

"Everyone knew that Prince Charles, when he was an undergraduate, either in his first or second year, did an evening class for one term and it was in pottery. For security reasons it was asked that it should be kept quiet," recalled Ian Gordon, then an English lecturer at the College of Arts and Technology.

Do the corgis at Buckingham Palace sup happily from a slightly wonky bowl? Or do they drink out of the bodyguard's bowl, just that bit better made? Does Charles still give rocking mugs and inefficient toast racks – all made with organic clay from his local clay farm – to the family for Christmas? Is there a secret room where all this is stored, known in Balmoral as "the bad place"? So many questions. The Palace declined to comment.

All MythBusters have dug up is that Charles was riding the crest of the 60s zeitgeist, when his youthful vigour hurled him into a riotous affair with the arts and crafts movement. An affair so shocking, it had to be kept secret from all mankind.

Michael Stothard



PATRICK KINGSLEY

In Brief

New exhibitions at the Fitz

Two new exhibitions opened yesterday at the Fitzwilliam Museum. *From the Land of the Golden Fleece: Tomb Treasures of Ancient Georgia* is on an international tour organised by institutions in New York and Tbilisi. The exhibition shows jewellery and sculpture from the ancient kingdom of Colchis and dating back to the fifth century BC. Colchis is known in mythology as the home of Jason, who set out with his Argonauts to find the Golden Fleece. Complementing the main exhibition is *Bordering the Black Sea: Greeks, Barbarians and Their Coins*, drawn from the Museum's numismatic collection. Both exhibitions run until January 4. Admission is free.

Dojo shut down over summer

A police raid on the noodle bar Dojo discovered seven illegal immigrants working on the premises. Police surrounded the building while immigration officers checked staff documents. They found seven of the staff were failed asylum seekers – six men and one woman aged between 17 and 45. Dojo now have to provide evidence that the correct checks were carried out before they were employed. If not, they will be fined £10,000 per illegal worker by the UK Border Agency. "As long as there are illegal jobs, the UK will be an attractive place for illegal immigrants. That's why we have to put a stop to employers who don't play by the rules," said Gail Adams at the UK Border Agency. Dojo was temporarily closed following the incident in July due to "maintenance problems."

Regius Professor appointed

Richard J. Evans has been appointed Regius Professor of Modern History. He succeeds Quentin Skinner, who had held the Chair since 1996. Professor Evans is renowned for his work on modern German history and on historiography. He was educated at Oxford, and taught at Birkbeck College before becoming a Fellow of Caius in 1998. He came to public attention as an expert witness defending historian Deborah Lipstadt against controversial writer David Irving. The Regius Chair was inaugurated in 1724 by George I, and its incumbent is still appointed by the Queen. Previous Regius Professors include Thomas Gray and G.M. Trevelyan.

Illegal immigrants escape

Seven illegal immigrants have escaped from a nearby detention centre. Four Vietnamese men are reported to have left the building by the air conditioning system; it is not known how the other three men escaped. Oakington Immigration Removal Centre, near Gorton, has long been controversial. In January, it was named as the country's second-worst detention centre by the Border and Immigration Agency. In March, 150 detainees went on hunger strike. The Home Office has said "There is no long-term future for the centre." Authorities believe that the escapees pose no threat to the public.

A group of protestors outside the proposed site of Tesco on Mill Road



KATY KING

Mill Road Tesco campaign continues

Ellie Humphry
News Reporter

A crowd of protestors took to the streets amidst renewed plans to build a Tesco on Mill Road.

On September 29, the campaigners arranged themselves as a human lorry to demonstrate the congestion they fear the opening of the supermarket would cause. They claim that lorries each taking forty minutes to deliver to the new Tesco would cause chaos on the narrow streets.

The public inquiry at the Guild-

hall is currently ongoing. It has seen protestors arguing that the store would place excessive strain on Mill Road traffic. Tesco say that their vans would make little difference.

Protestors claim that if Tesco is successful, then it is because the council have been either ignorant or deliberately inconsiderate of the city's feelings.

One man said, "Tesco on Mill Road would significantly affect the independent traders. What are they going to be selling? Ready meals and sandwiches. Tesco haven't really done

their research...They don't listen to the community and what the community want. That seems to count for nothing to Tesco."

The angered campaigners were muttering of a "democratic travesty," although some passers-by questioned whether the community as a whole is as anti-Tesco as was being claimed. One man stated, "I've lived here for my whole life, and I don't think Tesco is going to do any damage to Mill Road. Not at all."

He argued that the protestors would prove to be hypocritical: "We'd like to

have the greengrocers, we'd like to have this, we'd like to have that – I'm sure they would, but all these people are going to be shopping in Tesco in the next couple of months. They will be."

Some have suggested that the opening of Tesco on Mill Road would provide much-needed competition to the Sidney Street Sainsbury's. That shop currently has a monopoly over the student market, and is often too busy as a result. Tesco's supporters believe that the convenience of a new supermarket will cause many of its current opponents to change their tune.

Retired don in race row

Hugo Gye
Chief News Editor

A Cambridge academic has caused controversy with his views on race. George Steiner, an Extraordinary Fellow at Churchill, said that mankind was "essentially primitive" and that racism was inherent in society.

The remarks came in an interview with Spanish newspaper El Pais in late August. He has been widely condemned, but some academics have leapt to his defence, saying that his arguments are ones that should be heard.

In addition to asserting that "if you scratch beneath the surface, many dark areas appear" he created a furore with his remarks on contemporary Britain.

"It's very easy to sit here, in this room, and say 'racism is horrible,'" he said. "But ask me the same thing if a Jamaican family moved next door with six children and they play reggae and rock music all day. Or if an estate agent comes to my house and tells me that because a Jamaican family has moved next door the value of my property has fallen through the floor. Ask me then!"

This statement was criticised by Oxford neurologist Tipu Aziz, who said that "that sort of attitude is unacceptable and

if it's what he said then I would say that it makes him a racist."

However, other academics have supported Steiner. Chris Brand, who was sacked from Edinburgh after allegations of 'scientific racism', said: "of course George Steiner has a right to say that. To suggest that he doesn't have the right to say it is a terrible indictment on society."

The response from within the University was mixed. John Allinson, a Law lecturer and Fellow of Queens', has said that "there are subtle forms of racism and less subtle forms, but anything that provokes debate about the issues and gets them into the open is a good thing." But the head of CUSU's Black Students Campaign, Soban Khawaja, said, "I have qualms with his readiness to believe sloppy stereotypes," adding that "we aren't born racist but are taught to be so." However, Khawaja also said that "Steiner touches upon an important point" despite his "provocative" words.

Steiner, who is 79, is renowned as one of the twentieth century's greatest critics, and is also a novelist and translator. He has held professorships at Oxford and at Harvard, and has lectured extensively on the Holocaust.

Steiner declined to comment, but he has told the Daily Telegraph that he does not regret his statements.

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Cambridge to scrap law admissions tests

» University unilaterally abandons LNAT after four years

Chris Robinson
Deputy News Editor

The Law Faculty is to abandon the Law National Admissions Test (LNAT) next year. This year's applicants will be the last candidates expected to sit the two-hour test, which includes multiple choice questions and a timed essay.

Geoff Parks, Director of Admissions for the Colleges, said the LNAT was no longer considered useful in Cambridge's admissions process. "The studies we have done show that there is no statistically significant correlation between performance on the

multiple choice questions and performance on the Law Tripos," he said.

Future Cambridge applicants will still be expected to write an essay under exam conditions in conjunction with interviews, in order to demonstrate their command of written English and their ability to advance a logical argument.

The decision will also mean that future applicants will not need to pay the £40 test fee, although it is uncertain whether this will widen access. The cost of the test is currently shared between candidates and the Universities they are applying to and the fee is

waived for low-income families.

Dr Parks believes the decision could increase applications: "Application numbers for Law have fallen steadily since we started asking applicants to take the LNAT so one might reasonably expect them to increase next admissions round.

"If the LNAT was deterring students from non-privileged backgrounds from applying to Cambridge then obviously this decision will have a positive effect on access. Ultimately we won't be admitting significantly different numbers of Law students, so the only effect will be in application pat-

terns," he added.

Second-year law student Andrew Wheelhouse was unmoved by the decision. "I guess I'm relatively indifferent... I mean, the test is not too arduous. But I don't know how applicants are going to be hit by the fact that Cambridge is separating from a scheme that other top universities endorse," he commented.

The decision marks Cambridge's exit from the LNAT Consortium, of which it was a founding member. The move is thought to be unrelated to February's scrapping of the £10 fee for general Cambridge applications.

Cambridge Spies



Clare

Mahiki madness

A brigade of yuppie ruffians, seemingly unaffected by the credit crunch, decided to partake in a post-work tipple at a Hawaiian-kitsch central London club. Boogying late into the night on their private table, one of the larger fellows in the team tumbled from his secure perch. So engrossed was he in hedonism, his limbs provided no intermediary between his head and the liquor-laden table. "Face-planting into half a G's worth of booz was a *big call*," remarked one onlooker.

Trinity Hall

The Book of Tits

A dapper young lad thought he had struck gold when he managed to coax his way into the abode of our superlatively endowed harlot. Imagine his glee when she brought out a photo album of herself wearing none too many vestments, which she promised had never before come under the glare of any man. Supping at the watering-hole with his comrades the next day, he swiftly broke his pact of secrecy, only to encounter wry chuckles. He may not have been the only voyeur.

St John's

International relations

A blue-blooded gent was swept off his feet by an Oriental potentate, taking time out from Toryism and Tatler to experience a hazy Arabian (k)night of passion. We can only applaud him for doing his bit for cross-cultural diplomacy.

Trinity

Back in the game

Detained at a house of medicine for failure of some vital organs, our high-liver was instructed to end his raucous lifestyle, and spend the week in hospital to stave off imminent mortality. His organs could not have betrayed him at a worse time, because that night there was a scrumptious party to attend on a very sacred lane. The resuscitated debauchee waited for his loving mother to relieve herself, tore forth from his drip, and hurried down the hospital corridor with buttocks exposed. He received a champion's welcome. "You look like death," remarked one party-goer, to which our organ-less protagonist could only chuckle knowingly.

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MAGAZINE



FEATURES, INTERVIEWS, REVIEWS & LISTINGS // ART, FILM, MUSIC, BOOKS, FASHION & SCIENCE
THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: NICHOLAS SEROTA, DIRECTOR OF THE TATE GALLERY /
ALTERNATIVE FRESHERS' GUIDE / ALAIN DE BOTTON'S SCHOOL OF LIFE / FRINGE REVIEWS



KATHERINE SPENCE

Pamphlets, Politicos & the Porterhouse Blues

STUFF THE ILIAD AND BUGGER THE CUSU FRESHERS' GUIDE. INSTEAD, FOLLOW LIZZIE MITCHELL'S ALTERNATIVE READING LIST THAT WILL SEE YOU THROUGH THE MINEFIELD THAT IS CAMBRIDGE LIFE.

There is quite a considerable weight of books in Cambridge. In a time of severe national need, the reserves of unread PhD theses in the UL could probably supply the energy needs of the United Kingdom for a fortnight.

Obviously, something has to be done with all this paper. And so a complex and curious game has been devised. Year by year, new flocks of fresh young undergraduates and researchers are shipped in to colleges and faculties and libraries all over Cambridge, with the express purpose of reading every single book ever written.

To the furtherance of this worthy aim, you will spend three years of your youth being recommended books by your supervisors, lecturers, directors of studies, perhaps even in some anomalous cases by your fellow students. Long books, canonical books, maverick books, mind-expanding books, lists and lists and lists of books.

You can of course be very sure that you will derive useful benefit and entertainment from the many reading lists which Cambridge has to offer. Don't pretend you aren't looking forward to them.

And so, with all this firmly in mind, I'd like to suggest a few books to be getting on with. Some pre-term reading,

so to speak.

A good starting point for any new student is *The Fresher's Don't*. Unlike the CUSU Fresher's Guide, *Fresher's Don't* has the good solid weight of age behind it (first published in 1896) and was written, one is relieved to find, by A Sympathiser. This handbook will save you from the frequent pitfalls encountered by new undergraduates. It

"IF YOU EVER FOUND YOURSELF DEFICIENT IN IRREFUTABLE ARGUMENTS FOR DOING NOTHING, LOOK NO FURTHER"

offers such useful advice as "Don't buy dogs from itinerant vendors" and Don't speak disrespectfully of a man "Who only got a Third in his Trip.", and so can't be very good." Before you go down your opinion will be "That a man must be rather good to take the Trip. at all."

Having mastered the art of student relations you may find yourself yearning for the literature of loftier spheres. For one theory on how the college hierarchy actually works, turn to Tom Sharpe's *Porterhouse Blue*. Porterhouse is a Cambridge college well known for sporting prowess, elaborate feasts, academic deficiencies and dubious admissions procedures. *Porterhouse*

Blue will give you a good grounding in everything you ever needed to know about college reform, sebaceous senior tutors, student-bedder relationships and the serious perils of getting on the wrong side of the college porter.

But if you only intend to read one book over the course of your degree, here's a serious contender. With student and college protocol under your belt,

it's time to move on to the hard stuff, to fully immerse yourself in the nitty-gritty of the workings of the University.

Two-thousand-and-eight marks the centenary of a short pamphlet written by a Junior Research Fellow at Trinity. The title is *Microcosmographia Academica*, and the author is one F. M. Cornford (see the column on the right). It's an unassuming volume, and it takes about fifteen minutes to read. If you Google it you can find the text online. It is, arguably, one of the most enduringly pertinent texts ever written by a Cambridge academic...

"My heart is full of pity for you, O young academic politician" is the opening cry. And over the pages that follow

Cornford delivers a grave treatise to whoever would be rash enough to get involved in the very tiny world of Cambridge institutional politics.

This is the 1908 Cambridge version of *How to Make Friends and Influence People*. In *Microcosmographia* you will learn how to acquire political influence: "in exactly the same way as the gout; indeed, the two ends ought to be pursued concurrently. The method is to sit tight and drink port wine". If you want due warning of the dangers ("O young academic politician, know thyself!") of being a Young Man in a Hurry, a frustrated breed who "meet, by twos and threes, in desolate places, and gnash their teeth" over the ills of the universe, then read *Microcosmographia*. And if you ever found yourself deficient in unique and irrefutable arguments for doing nothing, you need look no further.

And finally, having navigated the minefields of student, college, and university protocols and peculiarities, a brief note on academic scholarship:

"The best way to protect the young from books is, first, to make sure that they shall be so dry as to offer no temptation; and, second, to store them in such a way that no one can find them without several years' training".

The UL anyone?

From the Archives



Week 0: *Microcosmographia Academica*

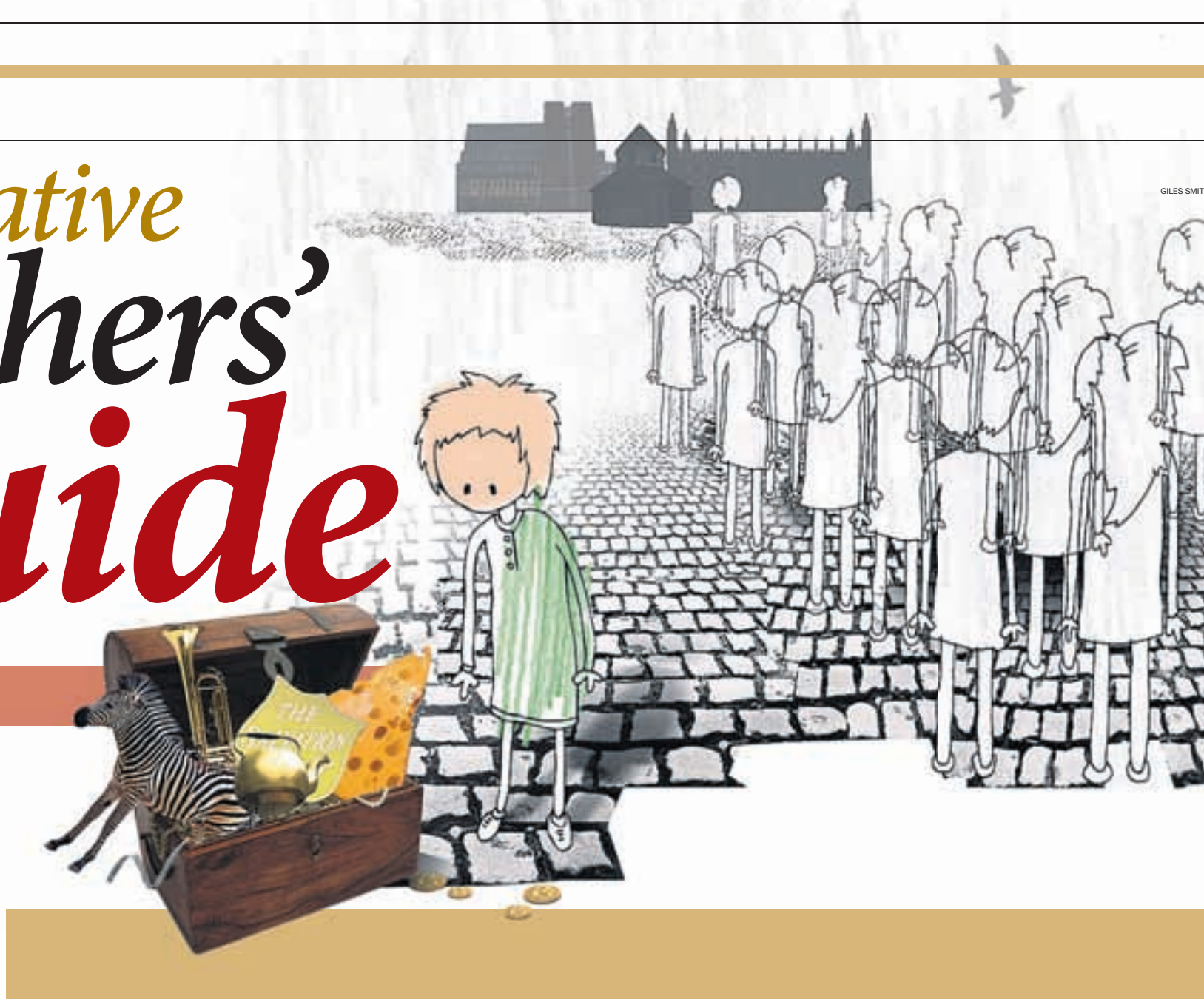
F. M. Cornford's 1908 satirical advice for Cambridge University's aspirant politicians.

Squaring: This most important branch of political activity is, of course, closely connected with Jobs. These fall into two classes, My Jobs and Your Jobs. My Jobs are public-spirited proposals, which happen (much to my regret) to involve the advancement of a personal friend, or (still more to my regret) of myself. Your Jobs are insidious intrigues for the advancement of yourself and your friends, speciously disguised as public-spirited proposals. The term Job is more commonly applied to the second class. When you and I have, each of us, a job on hand, we shall proceed to go on the Square.

Squaring can be carried on at lunch; but it is better that we should meet casually. The proper course to pursue is to walk, between 2 and 4 p.m., up and down the King's Parade, and more particularly that part of it which lies between the Colleges of Pembroke and Caius. When we have succeeded in meeting accidentally, it is etiquette to talk about indifferent matters for ten minutes and then part. After walking five paces in the opposite direction you should call me back, and begin with the words, "Oh, by the way, if you should happen ..." The nature of Your Job must then be vaguely indicated, without mentioning names; and it should be treated by both parties as a matter of very small importance. You should hint that I am a very influential person, and that the whole thing is a secret between us. Then we shall part as before, and I shall call you back and introduce the subject of My Job, in the same formula. Remember this: the men who get things done are the men who walk up and down King's Parade, from two to four, every day of their lives. You can either join them, and become a powerful person; or you can join the great throng of those who spend all their time in preventing them from getting things done, and in the larger task of preventing one another from doing anything whatever. This is the Choice of Hercules, when Hercules takes to politics.

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS HERE): It's just before bedtime, and you're off to make a cup of tea. 'Woah,' says your friend Pat, 'What are you doing?' 'I'm trying to get into the kitchen, Pat, if only you'd let me,' you reply, because Pat is blocking the door. 'You'll never guess what's inside the kitchen,' says Pat. **p10** And you never will. **p11** You've realised it's probably going to be a whale.

FRESHERS' SPECIAL

Alternative
Freshers'
Guide

GILES SMITH

Shops

Sally Ann's (44a Mill Road)

We don't really want to tell you about Sally Ann's. Situated half-way up Mill Road, it's the Aladdin's den of Cambridge. Thesps, locals and devotees rummage through clocks, sofas, old board games ('Bibleopoly', anyone?), cameras, hockey sticks; odds and ends galore. Please don't go there, it's just too good.

First Class Teas (3 Peas Hill)

Set up by a Cambridge graduate, this independently run specialist teasop is a beautifully designed place, with a quiet downstairs seating area, great for an intimate chat or writing an essay. From lapsang souchong to black vanilla, the selection of teas is phenomenal and no more expensive than Starbucks. With loose tea stored in apothecary-style drawers, and served in stylish glass teapots with plungers, it's a perfectly relaxing place to spend an afternoon.

Tom's Cakes (Market Sq, Sundays)

Last year, Tom's Cakes was named one of the best cake shops in Britain. Much of its appeal is in the attention given to seasonal ingredients – depending on the time of year you may find lavender cake, or lime and elderflower. Unconventional options like Earl Grey Teabread sit alongside dependable classics like lemon drizzle. Best of all, most of the cakes cost less than £3.50.

Cheese Shop (4 All Saints Passage)

Tucked behind All Saints' graveyard is a gem of a shop: the recently reopened Cambridge Cheese Company. Decorated with vintage wall furnishings, it's filled not just with fromage but also all sorts of other charcuterie delectables. The cheese selection is small but wide-ranging, filled with independently-produced artisan cheeses from both local and continental sources whilst they also have a good line in olives, pâtés, honey, meats and reasonably-priced gourmet sandwiches.

Within twenty-four hours of arrival, freshers will no doubt be well versed in the pleasures on offer at the ADC, The Eagle and Cindie's. A first stroll down Regent or Bridge Street will reveal that, like any other town in Britain, Cambridge has its full complement of identikit High Street stores. But do not be disparaged. Tucked away between the looming tourist attractions and chain restaurants, there is a cornucopia of peculiar and idiosyncratic institutions. So, where previous freshers have had to waste many a precious hour with their ear close to the ground before discovering Cambridge's hidden gems, we bring you the best of Cambridge's greasy spoons, nights out, beauty spots and vintage shops. This is the Alternative Cambridge guide.



Cambridge Cheese Company

PATRICK KINGSLEY

Food and Drink

Tree Hugging Hippy Juice bar (13 Norfolk Street)

Death and fruit are both well catered for on Norfolk Street. Opposite Sally Ann's, through an eerily quiet but quite wonderful graveyard, is the end of the Grafton Centre and the beginning of heaven in the shape of the Juice Bar. For a couple of quid you can get fresh fruit smoothies, home-made soups and delicious sandwiches. Most importantly, however, you might never see another student in there. Until now, that is.

Clowns (54 King's Street)

"Ciao Bella!" the wonderful people at Clowns shout each time you leave, stomach full of hunger-busting Italian food. Clowns restaurant is everything a local Italian caf should be: cheap food, good coffee, and friendly staff. Raffaele has run this establishment since the 1986 along with his two lovely daughters Genni and Elena. The food may not be fancy but it is plentiful, cheap and just what the student ordered. More to follow on their fantastic

Thursday night student deal...

Savino's (3 Emmanuel Street)

Don't be put off by the hoards of bus conductors outside: Savino's is a Cambridge institution. Popular with both locals and Emmanuelites (who get a 10% discount), Pete Savino and family offer some of the city's best croissants, as well as an Illy coffee machine and a fine array of salads and original paninis (artichokes and dolce latte anyone?). We also recommend their new selection of smoothies.



Cambridge Cheese Company

PATRICK KINGSLEY

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): What you don't know won't hurt you, says the saying. But I'm afraid that you are going to get hurt. The story's called Whale Adventure, so it's a no-brainer. Like you, when the whale's sudden burp slams the kitchen door into your skull, sending your brains cascading onto the lino with a series of squelchy plops. »p9 Better luck next time.



Zoological Museum

ZING TSJENG

Cultural and Cerebral

Zoological Museum (Downing Street)
If you are unlucky enough to find yourself walking through the Orwellian nightmare that is the New Museums Block, you would do well to look up. Above your head you would spot the skeleton of a Finback Whale, hanging amongst the brickwork and concrete. The beast was washed up at Pevensey, Sussex, in 1865, and is the largest recorded specimen of its species. The bones herald the entrance Cambridge Zoology Museum, an underground cavern filled with the perfectly arranged and stuffed carcasses of hundreds of animals. Hours melt as you lose yourself amongst the wonders of the natural world.

Corpus Christi Playroom (St Edwards Passage), Pembroke New Cellars, Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio (English Faculty), Larkum Studio (ADC Theatre)
There is far more to Cambridge drama than the ADC. There are often as many as six different plays on in a week, if not more. The Playroom tends to put on two plays a week, its L-shaped stage encouraging bold staging. The Cellars is more straightforward in layout, but its fringe-like intimacy is well-suited to many student productions. Productions at both theatres feature students from any college, not just their own. The somewhat mysterious Drama Studio

encourages experimental theatre, often for very short runs, and hosts workshops for students. It will be joined this year by the tiny Larkum Studio, which should provide the main ADC Theatre with a more daring sibling.

Kettle's Yard (Castle Street)
Inventing a new typology for viewing art, Kettle's Yard is an open house holding painting and sculpture, alongside potted plants, beach pebbles and chaise longues. Wander through the rooms, grab a book and curl up for the afternoon or retreat up to the attic to enjoy the house's unique collection of Henri Gaudier-Breska's

drawings. Then, if you're still curious, sneak into the backyard and poke around its church with the key from the contemporary gallery.

Classics Museum (Sidgwick Avenue)
City holidays involve an obligatory museum visit, so why should Cambridge be any different? Marvel at stunning likenesses of the casts and the aesthetic conceptions so similar to our own – each God and Gladiator is a ringer for a Men's Health model, although genital endowment seems to have been less generous a couple of millennia ago. Classic first date material.



KATY KING

CONTRIBUTIONS BY DANIEL COHEN, MIKE COXHEAD, EMMA HOGAN, KATY KING, PATRICK KINGSLEY, JONATHAN LIFSCHUTZ, ROBERT PEAL, KATHERINE SPENCE AND ANNA TRENCH



ZING TSJENG



Sally Ann's

ZING TSJENG

Kettle's Yard

Musical

Kambar (1 Wheeler St), Funk Da Bar (Emmanuel College), Clare Cellars
Cambridge's main clubs can be soul destroying. Fez on Thursdays is the occasional exception. There is some relief, however. At Kambar, students often take to the decks, spinning everything from gypsy folk to grime. College restrictions force early closure at Clare and Emmanuel (Fridays and

Wednesdays respectably), but the quality of programming compensates. These two nights often attract big-name DJs, and cater to most tastes in dance music, whether electro, drum 'n' bass, dubstep or techno. Despite their manicured surroundings, they manage to be both more relaxed and more raucous than their commercial competitors.

Songs in the Dark (Clowns Cafe)
Every other Sunday Cambridge's most outlandish and wonderful noises emanate from the crowded upstairs of a candlelit Clowns Café. Songs in the Dark is an intimate evening of music, poetry, comedy and spoken word, enjoyed over coffee, cake and wine. To perform, e-mail mac73; look out for posters in Clowns.

Jazz at Johns and Clare
Jazz at Johns and Clare Jazz, on Friday and Sunday evenings respectively, offer a consistently high standard of jazz, blues, funk and soul in two cool settings. The Clare Cellars, which resemble a Parisian jazz basement, are particularly well-suited to jazz. They're not held weekly so it's worth signing up to the mailing lists / Facebook groups of these well kept secrets.

Beauty Spots

Castle Mound (Castle St, opp. Castle Inn)
The highest point in the Cambridge Fens, this revered bump is a welcome detail to the featureless landscape of East Anglia. In its time it has been a Roman Fort, a Norman Motte and Bailey and a medieval castle – the bricks of which now hold up Emmanuel, Kings and Magdalen Colleges. These days, it is a fantastic viewpoint, offering an unrivalled perspective of King's Chapel. On

the horizon, one can see the fens stretching East for miles, a salient reminder that contrary to most presumptions there is a world outside Cambridge.

The Orchard Tea Garden (Grantchester)
The Orchard Tea Garden boasts that 'more famous people have taken tea there than anywhere else in the world', and we just have to take their word for it. This calming outdoor pavilion on the

Grantchester Meadows is a stunning setting for afternoon tea. Next door there is a small museum dedicated to Rupert Brooke, who lived at Orchard House whilst studying at Cambridge, and took tea under the pavilion with friends such as philosophers Russell and Wittgenstein, and novelists Forster and Virginia Woolf.

Botanic Gardens (1 Brookside)
It is astonishing how many students

are unaware of these much neglected Gardens. There is no more tranquil retreat from the trials of university life than this forty acre site, boasting many a rare *Physocarpus opulifolius* and *Liquidambar styraciflua*. No need to even wait for that sunny day, just pop into the temperate glasshouses of the Botanical Gardens and delight your eyes, ears and nose with the usual but still unexpected exotic creatures.

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): Bingo. 'I found this killer whale in the middle of the road,' says Pat. 'He was confusing the traffic, because he was on a zebra crossing, and he wasn't a zebra. I saved him partly because I'm sure he's the whale that saved my life last year. I was going to sail across the Atlantic, but my boat was capsized.' »p12 You mean it fell over? »p13 Or it was literally the size of a cap?

Letter from Abroad

Week 0: Guy Kiddey,
Vienna, Austria

Election fever dominates the scene. I am not talking about the latest McCain-Obama slanging match; Viennese campaigning is rather less brash, in keeping with a politeness so disciplined that public interaction is taboo. The London tube seems positively conversational in comparison. This protective wall of silence is very easily dismantled, however. It only takes an elbow in the face on the tram, or dropping a newspaper all over the pavement, and words begin to flow.

Parties hand out helium balloons to promote their suitability for office. I live in Ottakring, a richly multicultural district. On the surface it is Little Turkey, but sub-strata include every race south and east of here, up to the Pacific Rim. Immigration is thus a hot topic, and Heinz-Christian Strache, FPÖ (Austrian Freedom Party) leader, is clearly appealing to the wrong audience here, as his every poster is decorated with a Hitler moustache and swastika forehead tattoo.

Desperately poor Roma gypsies and raging alcoholics aside, this is a prosperous, chic city. The 'inner circle' is architecturally stunning, blessed with the best of Art Deco grandeur and esoteric boutiques to delight every quirky taste. There is a wealth of beautifully floral parks, and the highlight must be the Burggarten, where there is a glasshouse full of butterflies.

Vienna is very hot on minimal and experimental electronica, with a host of fantastically cool little bars in cellars and obsolete nuclear bunkers. Big names fill small spaces, and everywhere has a top-notch sound system. And, for jazz buffs like me, there are some great venues with quality programming, hosting artists from all over the world.

Moving abroad is quite a challenge. That first step from home to University is a comparatively tame transition. Travelling is no preparation, because now you need to deal with the real nitty-gritty aspects of life. Gas bills, blocked drains and squash lessons, all in a German dialect which, to the Hochdeutsch ear, is unintelligible. Telephone conversations are especially tricky, not to mention working full time in a foreign language.

But thankfully, hours of Skype counselling from parents and friends, and vast consumption of tea, have got me through the thick of it, and now I do not always need a map, or to ask directions. I am beginning to learn the specifics, like where the media types hang out, which is also the best booze shop in town. No surprise there.

Are you on your Abroad?
Contact features@varsity.co.uk to write for this column.

TATE SPECIAL: SEROTA INTERVIEW

“Some of my best friends



FEW IN THE ART WORLD DIVIDE OPINION LIKE TATE DIRECTOR SIR NICHOLAS SEROTA. AS HE SIGNS A NEW, PERMANENT CONTRACT WITH THE GALLERY PATRICK KINGSLEY AND EMMA HOGAN MEET THE MOST INFLUENTIAL FIGURE IN BRITISH ART.

Nicholas Serota has enemies. You wouldn't know it from his kindly demeanour, his tidy shirtsleeves and from the way he revitalised both the Tate and the Whitechapel Galleries, but someone somewhere has always taken issue with something he's done.

As a member of the Young Tate, he enraged the powers-that-were with his independent outreach projects and unofficial exhibitions. A decade later, as the new Director of the Whitechapel, commentators criticised his year-long closure of the gallery whilst others condemned the avant-garde content of his exhibitions. Many traditionalists resented his eventual appointment as Tate director,

still more hated the plans to install Tate Modern inside an old power-station and, of late, the Stuckists – a collection of figuratively-minded artists – have mounted a fierce campaign to remove him from office.

Nothing, however, more riled his opponents than his decision to buy several pieces of work from current Tate Artist Trustees. Most notably, his 2005 acquisition of trustee Chris Ofili's *The Upper Room* sparked a huge controversy. The Charity Commission deemed it illegal; the Daily Telegraph called the debacle “one of the most serious indictments of [a national cultural institution] in living memory”; and the Stuckists implied he

was guilty of cronyism. Their leader, Charles Thomson, alleged that “Serota, as the director, chooses the trustees, and the trustees are then responsible for reappointing the director. The director then buys the trustees' work... Basically the Tate are appointing their own bosses.”

Serota himself vigorously denies this version of events: “Firstly, I don't choose the trustees. The trustees are appointed by the PM on the recommendation of... an independent assessor. I don't have any part to play in their appointment.” Moreover, he argues, it isn't as if the Artist Trustees had anything to gain by selling to the Tate. “Why would I want to win their support? These are artists who

have a place in the world already; people are falling over themselves to buy Chris Ofili's work and Peter Doig's work. The issue is not, ‘Is the Tate is doing this to curry favour with them?’ but, actually, ‘Can the Tate get hold of the work?’ Most convincingly, he points out that, in fact, “Chris Ofili sold us *The Upper Room* at a price way below what he could have achieved elsewhere... Many works by Ofili had sold for higher prices at auction.”

Which all sounds perfectly reasonable. Yet the fact remains that the Tate, however well-intentioned, broke charity law not just in Ofili's case but in sixteen other instances too. Who was to blame?

TATE SPECIAL: EXHIBITIONS

MEANWHILE, VARSITY PROFILES SEROTA'S LATEST EXHIBITIONS: TOM DE FRESTON IS IMPRESSED BY A THEATRICAL DECOMPOSITION OF THE BODY AT TATE BRITAIN'S FRANCIS BACON RETROSPECTIVE...

Vomiting, screaming, sexual spasms, paralytic disembowelment, disappearing through the anus and exploding as if cut open from within. Welcome to the theatre of Francis Bacon.

Bacon stages the performances through the use of space, creating clear geometric or circular arenas to house the drama. Space takes on a psychological role with Bacon. It is always unstable, full of tension and on the verge of collapse. It resonates with the wider condition of the central characters.

One of Bacon's great characters is the central figure in his 1965 *Crucifixion*. His trademark intense orange pulls us in. It becomes one of many devices which ensure he reaches beyond illustration, tapping directly and violently into our nervous system.

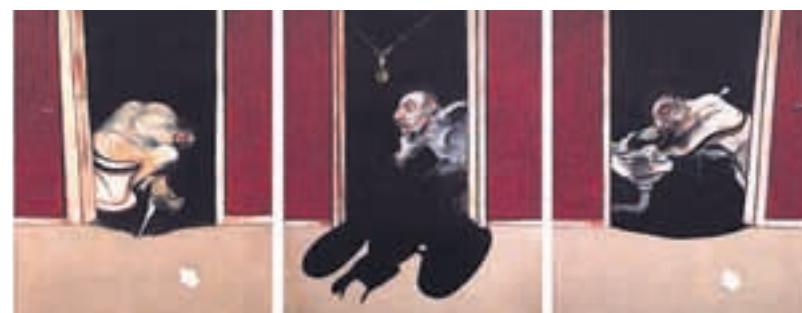
The central figure appears in each canvas, squirming, falling and imploding. They vomit themselves out through a hole and are pulled in through an internal gravity. The forces are described by scrubbing and splattering.

The new decompositions of move-

ment are a result of a fascination with the photographs of Muybridge. Bacon translates his borrowings into acrobatic figures with elastic bones. A spine becomes a sword which opens up the form, presenting a pole around which flesh and organs dance. The skeletal structure is no longer a cage in which flesh is contained, but a stage around which it performs. The hierarchy has been inverted.

Within the figures is an interplay between controlled linear design and painterly excess; an equivalent of a slow and fast shutter speed within one frame. Bacon described himself as a pulveriser, but Deleuze correctly describes him as a detective. From the mess of his butchering he searches for a harmony. Within this dialogue a tension is found when balance is violently excavated from a system not predisposed to order.

In the *Crucifixion* the force found is that of gravity, describing the sheer weight of flesh descending across the verticality of the surface. In his atheist reworking there is no potential for



transcendence from the corporeal to the ethereal. We remain stuck in the meatiness of the moment.

Supporting the central figure are attendants in the left and right panel. On the left is a female figure leaving the stage and looking back with a disturbing disinterest. The mechanics of the figure, the twist of the hips in particular, are described with elegance. The two men in the right panel look outside of the frame, mundane spectators seemingly oblivious to the dramatic spectacle. This support cast heighten

the sense of intense isolation in the main character.

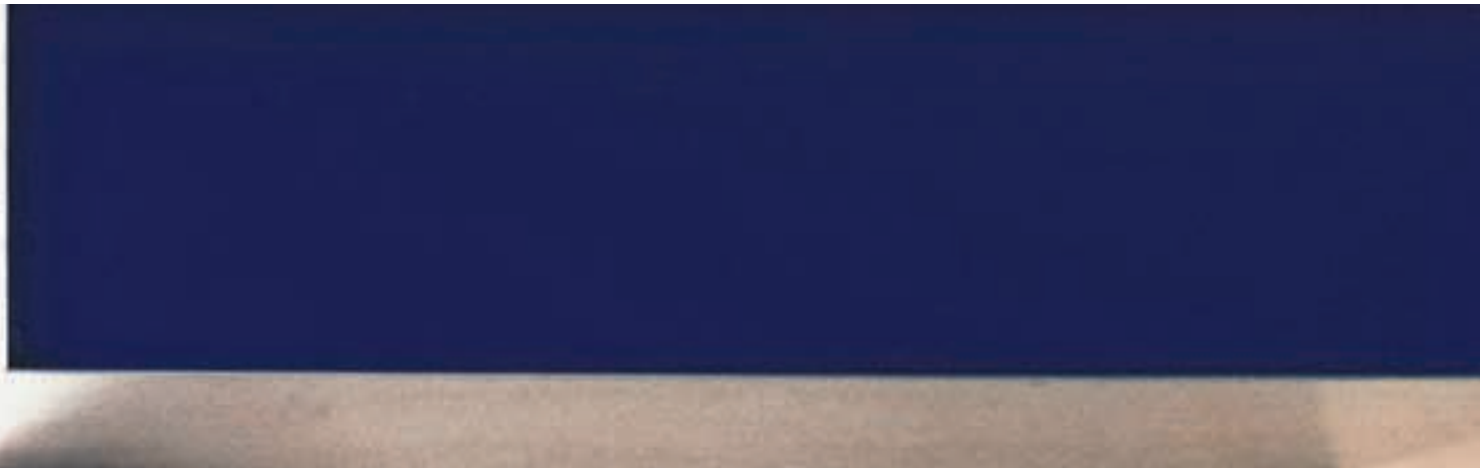
The work is typical of Bacon in its articulation of hysteria, what Deleuze called ‘galloping schizophrenia’. It speaks of the inherent frustration which is at the centre of the tragedy in painting.

Bacon's oeuvre should not be mistaken as a violent monologue. There exists a dichotomy in his work which attests to a more in-depth appreciation of the human condition. The violent melodrama scream of the *Crucifixion*

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): ‘A storm came out of nowhere, or, more accurately, the sky. The boat capsized, and I would have drowned if the whale hadn't picked me up and swum me ashore.’

»p14 Which is all very well, but why did Pat decide to put the whale in the kitchen of all places? »p15 In fact, why is Pat so sure this is the whale that saved his life?

are figurative painters”



Serota is quick to lay responsibility on age-old institutional malpractice: “we had been following a practice which had been running for fifty years.” He is keen – almost defensively so – to stress that Tate practice has improved immeasurably, thanks to suggestions by the Charity Commission. “We’re a more open organization than any equivalent organization in the world. Can you find the minutes of the trustees’ meeting of the Museum of Modern Art on their website, or the Pompidou? You can’t. So we’re at the forefront of being as open as we possibly can.”

There’s an inkling that Serota, quite naturally, feels slightly mistreated by the media as a result of the whole affair. “The press took the side of the argument put forward by one group, and didn’t really give full weight to the other... You can’t have it both ways; on the one hand we’re criticised for not having bought Rachel Whiteread’s house or Damien Hirst’s shark, and then when we do go out and

buy a Chris Ofili or a Peter Doig, we’re also criticised.”

Damien Hirst is himself very much in the news these days. The ex-YBA has just become the first well-established artist to by-pass museums and sell directly to the public through a solo show at an auction house. The success of this individual venture seems to imply two things: firstly, that the power of the major museums is about to be eroded; and secondly that the art world is not being affected by the current financial storms. Serota, however, is doubtful of both assertions. “If you read the art world press, they’ll tell you the art world’s never going to go into recession because while there isn’t money here, there is money in China, India and Russia... But I do think the art market itself is bound to go into some kind of recession and we can expect that there will be a slight downturn in the number of donations and gifts of money to the Tate in the next two or three years.”

Moreover, he notes, “The Olympics has had a significant effect on the amount of money coming into the Heritage Lottery Fund and into the Arts Council. It’s made it much more difficult to fund new projects, particularly in the capital.” Serota is less worried about the impact of Hirst’s auction, though. “Damien is aware that within the art world, the museums play an important role. So I don’t think it’ll replace museum shows: we’re talking to Damien about doing a show at the Tate.”

This is of course good news for fans of Hirst’s conceptual art. It will, however, be seen as yet another example of the Tate Director’s bias towards conceptual art by his adversaries, in particular the aforementioned Stuckist art group. Serota is having none of it, however: “I’m not alone in this. They bang on about the Tate not doing so, but there are plenty of other museums in this country who could be buying [the Stuckists’] work,

Timeline

1976: Made Director of subversive Whitechapel Gallery in London
1989: Appointed Director of the Tate, Britain’s state art collection
2000: Tate Modern opens
2006: Tate buys major Ofili work

but aren’t.” What’s more, he laughs off any suggestion of conceptual partiality: “I don’t know where this idea that I don’t like figurative painting has emerged from because frankly if you look at the work that we’ve acquired, I’ve quite frequently shown artists who work in a figurative fashion... Some of my best friends are figurative painters! But I’d better not be ironic because otherwise you’ll print it.”

triptych contrasts with the eloquent melancholic exhale present in a number of his George Dyer works. These works follow the suicide of Bacon’s lover. *Triptych*, May-June 1973, sees Dyer sat

on the toilet, disturbed and vomiting. It is described, however, with a pathos and serenity not often attributed to Bacon. Even the violence of the ejaculatory white mark has a sense of

poetry.

His diversity is also present in the wit of his numerous cricketer paintings. Characters such as David Gower appear on a glowing orange ground,

naked except pads and wildly swishing at thin air.

This variety attests to the depth of Bacon’s work. He is not singular, he is more than the horror of the silent scream.

...WHILST LUCY WHELAN IS EQUALLY ENTHRALLED BY TATE MODERN’S MARK ROTHKO BLOCKBUSTER

The Tate Modern show of Rothko’s late works marks the end of a challenging four years preparation for its curator, Achim Borchardt-Hume. Yet given the debate that has sprung up amongst critics since the exhibition’s opening, Borchardt-Hume’s work is by no means over. Most critics have perceived that the Tate’s show seeks to reveal the material reality that lies behind Rothko’s sensuous force fields. And whilst some have praised this “demystifying”, others claim that it undermines the atmosphere on which the paintings rely for their success.

The curator argues these critics have missed an important point. Knowledge, far from destroying awe and faith, can enhance the sense of the miraculous. More than anything else, Rothko is trying to show that painting is capable of expressing something that cannot be explained but can only be experienced. Thus whilst the Rothko viewer must have

faith in what the paint is able to communicate, he must also have knowledge of the materiality of these paintings as objects if he is to realise there is a great phenomenon at work. Rothko himself was always able to gain both perspectives — whilst involved in the creation process, he also spent days staring at his canvases trying to defamiliarize himself from them.

Rothko once said that “all of art is a portrait of an idea” and, like a portrait, his work is not merely abstract but about human existence. But this is not existential expressionism. Rothko’s entire oeuvre is firmly grounded in the writings of Nietzsche on Tragedy. Early Greek tragedy was, for Nietzsche, presentation of that underlying reality of the world that is represented by the Greek God Dionysius. This reality is that life is irrational and dreadful, and that we survive it only by creating for ourselves

protective illusions. Rothko’s paintings are invitations to glimpse this Dionysian reality. In his 1950s works, floating and feathery-edged doorways beckon us into an unknown space. Behind them stirs a kind of primordial soup, where all individuality loses itself to the universal and the chaotic — but this is out of our reach. We cannot penetrate past the doorways which seem to loom just in front of the canvas.

From 1968, Rothko’s hues become deeper and denser, and the doorway shapes are replaced by a surrounding white border which seems to present its contents to us openly. Finally, albeit at a distance, we can take a good look at this darkness. It is as if, entering the very final period of his output, Rothko felt more in touch with those silent forces that he had worked all his life to express, than ever before. Rothko was an intellectual with a clear and coherent



set of intentions, and viewers of his work should not be limited to gazing in awe.

The Tate exhibition challenges us to understand the tragic drama he creates, knowing that this will not prevent Rothko from working his perceptual magic. He still overwhelms, envelops and mystifies.

Hi! Society



Week 0: XVIII Jesus Lane The Shop

The Shop is the arts space on Jesus Lane that was opened last year by architecture students Paloma Gormley and Lewis Jones. It soon became a bustling studio for collaborative art-making, and from the outset each event held here was crammed full of punters eager to taste the buzz that propelled through its makeshift parameters.

Over the summer management was handed over to Georgia Artus and Nikki Goldup, who gathered together an organising team to “stitch up” The Shop and ensure that it grows into a more permanent, stable setup.

The organising team at The Shop promise to keep the fever of experiment and fun that characterised the space last year, whilst using its creative drive to benefit the lives of students and members of the local community alike.

The Shop shares and exchanges resources for making art. Such kinship begins from the ‘Open Studio’ setup, whereby the studio is open twice daily and provides facilities for all kinds of art-making: drawing, painting, 3D work, screen printing. There are life-drawing classes every Friday, and numerous ‘work-Shops’ and talks. Activities range from Tango to t-shirt printing, knitting to yoga, film nights, poetry-readings and tea parties.

Upon application, there is also the chance for budding and established artists to show their work, either in the ‘Window Shop’, or as part of larger gallery exhibitions.

Current artists in residence are local sculptor Miriam Austin and Melissa Jordan, MA student from the Royal College of Art. They will exhibit their installation works, concocted from milk, honey, and hairdryers, in November. Before then (8-22nd October), South London artists James Balmforth, Christopher Green, Bobby Dowler and Oliver Griffin will fill the space with film, photography, sculpture and painting, with their exhibition *The Eliminating of Distance*. During this exhibition run, The Shop’s official ‘Grand Reopening’ takes place, on Friday 17th October.

Membership is only £6. So, whenever you’re next perambulating near Jesus Lane, head into The Shop. Their ethos is calling you:

Our community is committed to a radically participatory ethic. We achieve being through doing. Everyone is invited to work. Everyone is invited to play – the shop evolves organically with those that use it.

Lorna Collins

www.theshopjesuslane.co.uk
Facebook group: XVIII JESUS LANE. THE SHOP

Time In

Our weekly suggestions for making the most of your spare time

Tony Blair on the Daily Show, youtube.com.

The nation's prodigal father has returned to the fold after over a year's absence and watching him creates a strange sensation, like meeting an old headmaster or even a drifted friend. For ten minutes Jon Stewart fights like hell to get a rise, or even a joke out of Tone, but our former PM comes across as humourless and strangely inhuman.

Harry and Paul, bbc.co.uk/iplayer.

The first four episodes of Harry and Paul have been a stonking return to form. This duo has never been trendy or subversive, but when it comes to performing razor sharp observations Harry and Paul can not be beaten.

Watch out for geriatric hip-hop fans, posh builders and a polyglot football manager. Hooray for Harry and Paul! **Tracy Emin, the Dark Side of Fame,** bbc.co.uk/iplayer.

Even for those who believe a fetid bed is not really "art", there is no denying that Tracey is a magnetic individual. On his new show, Piers Morgan probes wayward celebs with his trademark blend of unscrupulous questioning and errant charm. Tracey opens up about her childhood, relationships and loss.

Thegreatripup.co.uk. Here's a competition for those whose artistic skills are lying sadly dormant. The veteran cigarette papers Rip* have been providing "cigarette" papers ever since the days of tie die, flower necklaces and the Grateful Dead. Now, they are offering artists the chance to design a limited edition Xtra Thin Kingsize smoking paper box that will be distributed through UK retailers. The theme: Road Trip. Very 1967.

Time Out

Week 0: Bowling

A twenty-minute walk from the centre of town, Tenpin is far enough away for "Cambridge University" to become a sneering insult. Housed in a leisure centre indistinguishable from its provincial brethren, Tenpin immediately overloads the senses. There are many screens: some keep track of the scores, taunting stunted strikes; sports news blissfully mutes football managers; and music TV runs non-stop, estranged from the sounds playing over the loudspeakers. There's a pick 'n' mix and a limited bar; the combination of sugar and lager provides quite the rush. Most important, however, is the bowling itself. The Big Lebowski – essential viewing for every bowler – teaches us two important things about the sport: it's a deadly serious business; and the right company is crucial. Sadly, none of my friends fill the role of Jesus Quintana. Choose your bowling companions well: you need people who will focus intently on the game while providing the necessary chat. It helps if you all have bowling names. In my experience, mutual support tends to triumph over trash-talking. Competition is mostly internal – although you may try to take down an opponent, you're ultimately engaged in a struggle against your personal record. It can be an unforgiving game, but as the great man said: strikes and gutters, ups and downs. Tenpin offers students unlimited bowling for £5 on Mondays and Tuesdays



Penny for a thought

FOR ALL THOSE DREADING THE ARID DRUDGERY OF LECTURE HALLS AND WEEKLY ESSAYS, ROBERT PEAL INVESTIGATES THE NEW VITALITY BEING BREATHED INTO OLD IDEAS AT LONDON'S SCHOOL OF LIFE.

Alain de Botton smiles with quiet confidence as he admits to the lofty aspirations of the School of Life. "In a very modest way we are attempting something of a revolution"

I am talking to him at the school's open day. Situated on a quiet street in Bloomsbury it is ostensibly a shop, but is in the novel business of selling ideas. Anyone who is familiar with the writing of Alain de Botton will know of his mantra "Ideas to live by". His career has aimed to relocate art and philosophy into public discourse by



Sophie Howarth, Director

applying ideas to real life situations. The School, set up by his friend and curator of Public Programmes at Tate Modern Sophie Howarth, is a highstreet manifestation of that aim.

On offer are an array of life enhancing, philosophically informed activities and events. You can take a six part course in "family", attend a secular sermon on punctuality from the author Geoff Dyer or go on a week-end holi-

day to the Isle of White with the photographer Martin Parr. I ask Sophie Howarth how the School could help that classic university chestnut: a student worrying about their next step after university. She replies, "our work course helps people understand what historical, economic, psychological and personal influences are at work in the choices they face. We find urgent value in historical texts and meet a whole variety of people doing different jobs today". For a fee, the School of Life offers you time with that endlessly well read and insightful friend you never actually had.

Wandering around the open day I meet another member of the "faculty" the author James Greary who is offering aphorisms for a pound. I ask him to find an aphorism relevant to a friend I was meeting that afternoon. "What is he like?", Greary asks. I answer that my friend is a master of procrastination. "Ok" Greary responds as he searches his encyclopaedic memory of aphorisms, "I think I have just the one; Abraham Lincoln said 'If I had six hours to cut down trees, I'd spend the first three hours sharpening my axe'. Does that sound about right?" I gush with praise and thanks as he hand writes the quotation and seals it in an envelope as a personalised present for my friend. "You must have a pretty good memory for aphorisms" I suggest. "I've been collecting them since I was eight" Greary replies.

Aphorisms are of course glib and insubstantial, but such an exercise restores an attitude towards learnedness which seems to have been absent in the last half a century. Ideas and academia are not irredeemably uncool fossils to be solely consigned to the classroom. After the open day, Sophie

Factbox

School of Life is located on Marchmont Street, Bloomsbury. It was founded this September by Sophie Howarth (below). The faculty includes Alain de Botton, Geoff Dyer, Tom Hodgkinson, and Martin Parr. Their mantra is "Ideas to Live by" Their website is www.theschooloflife.com

Howarth enthused to me that "we hope to put culture back where it really belongs – in the service of living".

I meet an Australian philosophy student who has come over to help at the School and ask her how the style of learning differs from philosophy at university. "The style at university became frustratingly abstract" she replies, "this place moves away from that". This spirit of practical interaction with philosophy strikes me as extremely timely as intellectual debate has retreated so far from public life into the obfuscating world of academia. As a result, culture and philosophy are cruelly neglected as a means of enhancement for our ordinary lives. I ask de Botton whether popularising philosophy in such a way dilutes it, and he responds forcefully "all we seek to do is frame knowledge differently". The School is placed spitting distance from UCL and Birbeck University and I ask whether this is intentional. "Yes" he responds, "it is definitely a challenge".

De Botton graduated from Cambridge with a double starred first in history, but he chose not to ply his trade at a university. When I ask him why, he replies with the phrase "ivory tower". "The source of rewards is

what's killing academia, working on books with a popular appeal is seen as a distraction and discouraged". He does not shy away from addressing the vulgar subject of lucre. Quite simply, the school hopes to make money for bookish people. "It would be fantastic if we could offer academics a new means of financial rewards".

The shop has the airy design of a high end boutique and the prices to match; a six part evening course will set you back £195. However, my cynicism was strangely absent. It would be easy to dismiss it as pretentious nonsense, but such an attitude is part of the problem as to why philosophy has for so long been absent from our lives. The school's faculty are providing a service which they genuinely believe to be needed, and judging by the open day, there was little reason to doubt them. I recently asked Howarth what the public response has been like, she replied, "Fantastic! Everything we have started so far has been sold out." With its funky interior art work by Charlotte Mann, the shop certainly smells of franchise. Maybe in years to come, newly curious shoppers will be buying their coffee at Starbucks and their inspiration at their local School of Life.

After the open day had finished, De Botton told me, "We want to reorient knowledge – away from a vision of the humanities being important 'for their own sakes' and instead, towards a vision of their riches being available for the struggles of everyday life". In an age without public intellectuals, where university staff are notoriously dispirited and the best students leave university feeling uninspired, we need the School of Life. De Botton, Howarth and chums may just be our saviors. Vive la revolution.

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): "The shower's even smaller, and the Cam's cold at night," says Pat. "He was looking peaky, so I'm keeping him safe in here, with the hot tap running. It was a tight squeeze, but I like to think he's happy." »p18 You would also like to think that he is happy, but you can't, and go in to check. »p19 You agree, so you pat his nose and make whale noises at him.

Monkey sea, monkey do

BRITISH SEA POWER HAVE EARNED A REPUTATION AS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST ECCENTRIC BANDS. AHEAD OF THEIR CAMBRIDGE SHOW, PATRICK GARETY TALKS TO FRONTMAN YAN ABOUT ROCK MUSIC, KYLIE, AND THE SHIPPING FORECAST

British Sea Power are arguably the best live band in Britain. They are also quite possibly out of their minds. The indie rock outfit's third album asks the profound question: Do You Like Rock Music? "For, surely," BSP claim, "Rock Music and Non-Rock Music are synonyms for all that is truly good and truly bad in this world". Examples of Rock Music include Iggy Pop and the rock formations of Scafell Pike, while Non-Rock Music may be summed up by Mussolini, tuberculosis and U2. *Do You Like Rock Music?* is Rock Music.

Typical of BSP's distinctive and diverse tastes, the album was recorded in the Czech Republic, Montreal, and Fort Tregantle – a 19th century fortification on the Cornish cliffs. A few reviewers have judged the album to be something of a sell-out, but, as front-man Yan reasons, "I don't know how you can be accused of selling out when your second single mentions the Hitler Youth... Obviously in a non-supportive way!"

Although it characteristically references the past and remote, BSP's most recent effort is much more about "capturing the present" than any of their previous material. For the first time, writing credits are split almost equally between brothers Yan and Hamilton. "He's coming into his prime now," laughs Yan. Many of their songs are still driven by a passion for nature and history, which has prompted references as varied as Czech assassins, Dos-toyevsky, and the wrestler Big Daddy. "I always think they're really obvious," Yan explains, "and then people get confused by them". From Sussex churches to collapsing ice shelves, and a fair selection of everything in between, the lyrics leave the listener both bemused and enthralled.

Once BSP finish their current tour, they are set to start working on their next record. Any thoughts for the recording location? "I'm going for forest. If I could find that I think the song writing will go well". It's a question of "Where do you want to be?" according to Yan. "A lot of studios aren't far off a high-tech Travelodge". BSP go to such lengths to feel that the experience is "less like making a car in a precision factory, and a bit more like you're creating something".

BSP certainly pushed themselves out of their comfort zone for this latest album, recording in significantly sub-zero Canadian temperatures: "Waiting outside the studio you'd want to take a piss but you'd be too scared that it'd freeze before hitting the ground". It is hardly surprising that a band which substitutes sex, drugs and rock & roll for flora, fauna and Cornish forts and believes that giving up your seat on the bus epitomises Rock Music, fails to find many kindred spirits on the summer festival circuit. "We have our own strange way of doing things; it's a bit more basic, a bit more fun than most people". Yan's idea of fun includes listening to the shipping forecast, ("it's climate porn!").

Other keen interests of the band include ornithology and Ordnance Survey maps (journalists have received co-ordinates for interview meeting points). Their stage dressing often comprises foliage and plastic birds. Yan is keen to express that "trees are beautiful things". This is hardly a controversial viewpoint, but the band's idiosyncrasy comes through in his explanation: "They're free; you can decorate stages with them; they're always different, they're always in season, and if you have to, you can

use them to defend yourself."

Yan thinks that they're "sort of lingering" on the edge of the mainstream: "We've never been a trendy band really; we've never been like an instant-success-and-then-gone-tomorrow band". They haven't felt pressurised into producing hit singles by their label Rough Trade and, after all, Major Labels are distinctive features of Non-Rock Music. Yet Yan still believes that a good record is not necessarily distinct from a popular record. *Do You Like Rock Music?* may have peaked at only number ten in the British charts, but five-star reviews abound. Expect to see it on numerous 'Best of 2008' lists.

If you've been to a BSP gig, you will understand the kind of powerful stage presence that propelled this cult act to national exposure. "If someone says 'when you're at your most powerful', you think of He-Man or something" – at least Yan does – "he's at his most powerful when he draws his sword". BSP certainly 'draw their sword' when they play live. A raw, visceral energy flies around the venue, whether it's a vast stadium or a small pub brimming over with bewildered but exhilarated locals. "I like to think I'm pretty powerful about the house as well," Yan adds.

BSP's mad performance antics and bizarre costumes (usually charity shop fare or WWI outfits) certainly aren't there to compensate for the music. Nominated for the recent Mercury award, BSP are now up for 'Artist of the Year' in the BT Digital Music Awards. "I'd say we've even less chance of winning this one," Yan admits. "It'd be great to beat Kylie though". The desire to surpass more commercially-gearred acts is hardly surprising, but then he unashamedly admits that "it's mostly

Profile

British Sea Power consists of Yan (Scott Wilkinson), Noble (Martin Noble), Hamilton (Neil Wilkinson), Wood (Matthew Wood). Their albums are: *The Decline of British Sea Power* (2003), *Open Season* (2005) and *Do You Like Rock Music?* (2008). Their fans include David Bowie, Radiohead, and Daniel Radcliffe. They have played gigs at the Natural History Museum; at the Tan Hill Inn, Britain's highest pub; and aboard a ferry on the River Mersey

awards that I care about". What about fans? "I'd swap the whole Third Battalion [BSP's fiercely loyal following] for the musical equivalent of a gold medal in a flash".

BSP set themselves the task of "providing for the needs of both the higher and lower self", and *Do You Like Rock Music?* does not disappoint, encompassing frenzied guitar work, literary and political opinions, and euphoric vocal crescendos. When asked whether he feels the band has found maturity, Yan reluctantly admits, "I guess I am getting on a bit..." However, maturity isn't something he's after. Whether this comes from a desire to be constantly searching for something new, or simply not wishing to grow up, it's obvious that BSP will always continue to surprise. Now British Sea Power demands: "You must choose between Rock Music and Non-Rock Music. Choose rightly, and be rewarded".

British Sea Power play *The Junction* on Sunday October 5

Peal's Meals



Week 0: The Credit Munch

The summer is over, and so are the boom years. A decade of unequalled extravagance and opulence are about to fold as the cold breeze of prolonged recession blows through the western world. Food prices are rising, jobs are disappearing and no one will be left untouched. So this week, I hope to do my bit by offering a few tips for keeping fed in a cold economic climate.

Think hard about portion size. **The Tram Stop** baked potato stall is the best value for money polystyrene boxer on the Market Square. It may weigh in at a seemingly heavy price, but £ for 1lb it is the lunch that packs the best punch. Whereas a "cheap" sandwich will surely arrive with a watery slice of ham and one derisory slice of cucumber, these potatoes come with complete with a deluge of baked beans and a mound of salacious melted cheese. If God ate out of a polystyrene box, he would buy his lunch at the Tram Stop.

In these bleak times, there is no shame in unscrupulous self-interest. With this in mind, now are fine times to take advantage of cash strapped establishments. A flurry of blackboards has appeared on the pavements of Cambridge advertising cut price meals to boost faltering sales. **The Rice Boat**, an Indian restaurant serving Kerala cuisine on the Newnham Road is knocking twenty per cent off meal prices if you pay your bill and are out of the restaurant by half seven. If time is looking tight, hold back on the warm towels and After Eights. Even better, the venerable Thai restaurant **Bangkok City** located right in the centre of Cambridge on Green Street is offering the best lunch deal in town. Twelve of its most popular dishes are all a staggering £5 from twelve until three; dishes such as their signature Bangkok City Kai are nearly half the price for midday munchers. There has been no better time for a student to eat out – gluttony compels you to grab this bull firmly by the horns.

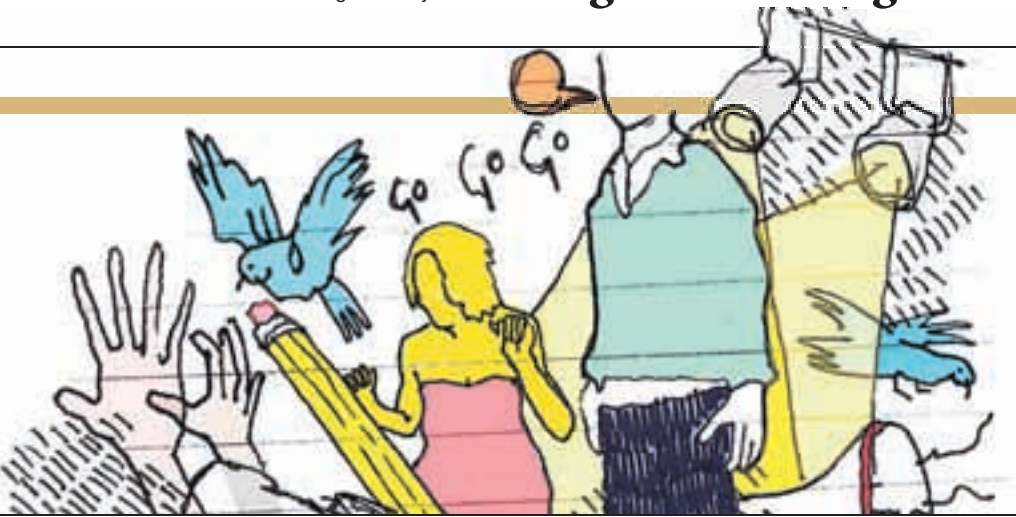
A joke has been circulating the city workers fortunate enough to escape the downturn. When the Credit Crunch is mentioned, these conceited bastards quip "what's that, a new breakfast cereal?". Little do they know, many impoverished students will soon be reduced to the Credit Crunchy Nut Cornflakes diet. One serving with 125ml of semi skinned milk is 117 calories, six per cent of our daily recommended calorie intake. That means 17 bowls a day will keep you fed. How unaware these malicious bankers are of the truth behind their ludicrously tasteless jibe. **Rob Peal**



WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): Pat opens the door. 'Yep, he's quite big and has flippers – definitely the same whale.' At first, it seems like the whale is rectangular, but that's only because it has taken the shape of the rectangular cupboard, like Richard Griffiths squished into a biscuit tin. You have to get him out. »p18 Pull on the whale's face? »p19 Pour something on the whale's flanks to lubricate him first?

the VARSITY WEEK

THE VARSITY WEEK: YOUR COMPLETELY COMPREHENSIVE PULL-OUT GUIDE TO THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS. STICK IT ON YOUR WALL.



Film

All listings this week are for the Grafton Centre Vue (the Arts Picturehouse listings aren't released this week)

Tropic Thunder
Weekdays: 13.00, 15.30, 18.00, 20.45
Weekends also at 10.30
Friday and Saturday also at 23.20
Tropic Thunder is by no means perfect. Its structure is baggy, thanks to copious cuts to the original run time of three hours. It is, however, incredibly effective in its satire of films like 'Platoon' and 'We Were Soldiers'. Robert Downey Jr. is perfect.

Brideshead Revisited
Weekdays: 14.10, 17.10, 20.15
Weekends also at 11.20
Friday and Saturday also at 23.15
It wants to be Atonement. It isn't. This suggests that it could be quite good. It isn't.

How to Lose Friends and Alienate People
Weekdays: 12.50, 15.20, 17.50, 20.30
Weekends: also at 10.10
Friday, Sat and Weds also at 23.05
Simon Pegg and Kirsten Dunst team up with Jeff Bridges in this adaptation of Toby Young's book.

Mamma Mia!
Weekdays: 14.50, 17.20, 19.50 (not Mon)
Weekends also at 12.20
Looking for the terrifying feeling of free fall, but find skydiving too expensive? Pierce Brosnan's 'S.O.S.' will give the same sensation. Sublime.

Death Race
Weekdays: 13.30, 16.00, 18.30, 21.00
Weds, Fri, Sat: 23.40
Like The Fast and The Furious. But with guns on the cars. And they fight each other. In some sort of "death race". Enough said.

Pineapple Express
All week: 16.30
Be honest, Knocked Up wasn't as funny as you wanted it to be. This is about as funny as you'd expect. Please, Judd Apatow, go away.

Righteous Kill
All week: 19.10, 21.30
The posters tell us that it comes from the writer of Inside Man. That's only a compliment for Spike Lee. Nowhere near as good as Heat. See pg 20.

The Duchess
All week: 15.00, 20.00
Bullet Boy director Saul Dibb coaxes a genuinely good performance out of Keira Knightley.

Theatre

Saturday 4th
Far from the Madding Crowd
Arts Theatre: 2.30pm & 7.45pm (£10)
The English Touring Theatre present an adaptation of Thomas Hardy's classic. Follow Bathsheba Everdene's fortunes to the tune of live folk song.

Tuesday 7th
Henry V
ADC: 7.45pm (£6)
CAST bring their adapted Henry V home to Cambridge, with a reduced script and cast. See our analysis of Shakespeare's Histories on pg 19.

Richard Alston Dance Company
Arts Theatre: 7.45pm (£10)
An exhilarating dash through several classics, including River Man Shuffle and Old Man Harlem. Expect to have those toes tapping.

Footlights: Devils
ADC: 11pm (£4)
Fresh from a successful tour, the Footlights are ready to amuse in Cambridge with their finest collection of sketches, monologues, songs and more. See pg 18.

Wednesday 8th
Correspondence
Junction: 8pm (£6)
Having premiered in Edinburgh, Claire MacDonald's moving depiction of a chance meeting is touring the country to widespread acclaim.

Richard Alston Dance Company
Henry V
Devils: Footlights

Thursday 9th
Henry V
Correspondence
Devils: Footlights

Friday 10th
Stoning Mary
Judith E. Wilson Studio: 7.30pm
See pg 18 for our review of Stoning Mary in Edinburgh.

The Philosopher's Wife
Michaelhouse, Trinity Street: 8pm (£5)
A new play about Dorine and Andre Gorz. See Pick of the Week.

Phoenix Dance Theatre
Arts Theatre: 7.45pm (£10)
For those who loved the Richard Alston Company; this time the emphasis is on contemporary dance.

Henry V
Correspondence
Devils: Footlights

Talks and Events

Sunday 5th
Naked Stage
B Bar: 7pm (£3 on the door)
WRiTEON's latest series of staged play readings. Become a member and you'll be able to submit pieces, otherwise go along to sit back and be entertained.

Tuesday 7th
Freshers' Fair
Kelsey Kerridge: 1-7pm
Unmissable: come along and find out how to fill your free moments in Cambridge. All the societies will have stalls where you can pick up info and plenty of freebies.

Introduction to the History and Culture of the Middle East
9am
Ever wondered what Arabists actually get up to? Go along to get the low-down from Dr Bennison.

A Rough Guide to Chaucer
10am
Helen Cooper, the Professor of Medieval and Renaissance in English, provides an intro to Chaucer, by turns a comic, tragic and very often crudely dirty poet.

Wednesday 8th
Wednesday 8th
Freshers' Fair
10am-3pm

Renaissance Humanism and Political Thought 10am
Drs. Serjeantson and Pollnitz look at the rich culture of the Renaissance. Find out exactly what Machiavelli (above) stood for.

Thursday 9th
Topics in Macroeconomic Policy 9am
The financial system is now ruled by the law of the jungle. Dr Holly equips you for these uncertain times. Definitely worth getting up for.

Introduction to Cultural Changes in Twentieth-Century Germany 11am
Dr Midgley briefs us on what's happened in the theatres, books, music and film of our friends across the channel.

Going Out

Ongoing
Cindie's
Ballare: 10pm
Don't pay attention to the night. Or to the name. Ever-resistant to change, Cambridge students continue to call this place Cindie's, and it's pretty much the same every night of the week. Wednesday's the big one, though. Not recommended for those with a lactose intolerance.

Sunday 5th
Bamboozle
Soul Tree: 9pm (£4)
Launch of a new student night with DJ Olly Riley-Smith. Cheap drinks & great music - check the Facebook group for ticket details.

Monday 6th
Fatpoppadaddy's
Fez: 10pm (£4/£3/£2)
This long-running night is a melting pot of Indie, DnB, Hip Hop, Reggae.

Renacimiento
Soul Tree: 10pm (£3)
International music night

Tuesday 7th
Rotation featuring Sway
Fez: 10pm (£5/free)
A new urban music night which looks remarkably similar to Ebonics, its precursor. Hip Hop, Garage and R&B are on the menu. This week features a live performance from witty British rapper Sway. Laydeez get free entry before 11.30 - always a good sign.

Wednesday 8th
iFiesta!
Fez: 10pm (£4/£3/free)
Yet another international music night, with more of a focus on genres like Reggaeton and Salsa, as well as some Hip Hop and R&B. Free entry before 11 with International Student ID.

Thursday 9th
Bassbox: Distance
Fez: 10pm (£7/£6)
This monthly dubstep night has been one of the most welcome additions to Cambridge nightlife. Distance is an old-hand, having featured as one of the six producers on Mary Anne Hobbs's classic Dubstep Wars show in 2006.

Part of the Furniture
Kambar (£3 before 11pm, £4 after)
A night of autumnal rock 'n' roll, reggae, electro, grime, pop, house and drum 'n' bass. Definitely a highlight of the week; cheap drinks, esp before 11.

Sport

Friday 3rd
WTA Grand Prix Quarter-finals
Eurosport: 4pm
Female tennis' top names battle it out for big money and bragging rights at Stuttgart's Porsche Arena. Great tennis and loud grunting expected.

Saturday 4th
Super League Grand Final
Sky Sports 1: 5.30pm
This climax of the Super League sees the first and second placed sides in a winner takes all match. Unmissable.

Sunday 5th
Great North Run
BBC: 9.30am
The world's most popular half-marathon road running event between Newcastle and South Shields returns for its 27th outing.



Everton v Newcastle
Sky Sports 1: 4.30pm
Hapless Newcastle face a daunting trip to Goodison Park. New caretaker manager Joe Kinnear serves the last before 11.30 - always a good sign.

Monday 6th
New Orleans Sts v Minnesota Vikings
Channel 5, 0.50am
Settle down for a night of big hits, touchdowns and cheerleaders as NFL's brutes slug it out.

Tuesday 7th
Cambridge United v Lewes
Trade Recruitment Stadium: 7.45pm
Cambridge's biggest club take on lowly Lewes in a battle of no-nonsense football. Student tickets 10 quid you say? Bargain.

Thursday 9th
India v Australia, 1st Test
Sky Sports 1: 5am
Australia travel to India having won their previous two series there. Captain Ricky Ponting (above) will be hoping his new-look side can continue their rich vein of form on the road.

Art and Classical

Ongoing Exhibitions
Fitzwilliam Museum (all free):
•Japanese Pottery (booking necessary)
•Palaces in the Night - Whistler's Prints
•Chinese Imperial Jades
•Tomb Treasures of Ancient Georgia
•Greeks, 'Barbarians' and their Coins

Kettle's Yard (all free):
Conversations

Paul Coldwell: 'I called when you were out' (2-4pm)

Saturday 4th
Elgar Cello Concerto
Ely Cathedral: 7.30pm (£10)
Internationally renowned Raphael Wallfisch plays Elgar's masterful cello concerto, alongside music by Arnold, Vaughan Williams and former Kings organ scholar David Briggs. See Pick of the Week.

Madam Butterfly
Sidney Sussex: 8pm (£16)
Last performance of East Anglian-based Figaro Opera's production of Puccini's tragic opera. Sung in English.

Sibelius, Brahms, Beethoven
West Road: 8pm (£12)
Graham Ross conducts the Sinfonia of Cambridge and University Scholars. Includes Beethoven's Choral Fantasia.

Latin American Classical Guitar
Michaelhouse: 3pm (£8)
Afternoon meander through famous and lesser-known Argentinian, Venezuelan and Brazilian classical guitar, played by Tim Christmas.

Thursday 9th
Purcell's Dido and Aeneas
West Road: 7.30pm (£14)
The excellent Academy of Ancient Music conducted by Richard Egarr. Also features the modern premieres of four newly discovered pieces by Christopher Gibbons.

Friday 10th
Schubert, Mahler, Brahms
West Road: 7.30pm (£5)
Fresh from the last night of the Proms, Roger Norrington conducts the Royal College of Music Symphony Orchestra in Schubert's evergreen unfinished Symphony no 8. Philip Tedd is the soloist in Mahler's Kindertoten-leider, a cycle for voice and orchestra.

CUR 1350 Radio

Daily
CUR Breakfast (except weekends)
8-10am
The Breakfast Team put together some top notch entertainment for starting the day.

Friday 3rd
CUR1350 Loves Fridays
7-9pm
Simon 'Gunge' Ruggles plays a live mix of dance music, including 'Big in my Box Floorfiller'.

Porque Estan Bailando?
9-10pm
An hour of Latin sounds.

Saturday 4th
The Bridge
10am - 12pm
Rock, dance and cheese with 'Say What You See', 'Duoduct' and 'Operation 1350'.



Sunday 5th
The CUR 1350 Music Show
7-9pm
Best current music and music news, with the Ultimate Cambridge Gig Guide.

Monday 6th
Superconnected 9-10pm
Jason meanders through alternative songs, each linked to the last by music trivia.

Tuesday 7th
Open Your Ears Radio 9-11pm
Best new music from obscure bands, served with plenty of relentless banter.

Thursday 9th
Bleep Radio 8-10pm
The Best House Music with guest mixes from local DJs.

Sour Lemons 10-11pm
Standardly epic rock, indie and alternative tunes.

Music

Friday 3rd
Transmission with Lord Auch
Junction: 8pm - 1am (£7/£6 adv)
Transmission, a weekly mini-festival showcasing local and national bands, launches with appearances from Lord Auch, Lonely the Brave, Acusis, Whybirds, and Trailing Cable.

Sunday 5th
British Sea Power
Junction: 7pm (£14 adv)
These Brighton-based Cumbrian mentalists put on a cracking, often manic, live show. If you're lucky, it will feature plastic birds and foliage. For more, check out our interview with the band on Page 15.

Hot Club de Paris
Portland Arms: 8pm (£7.50 adv)
The Scouse indie trio play in support of their critically acclaimed second album, Live at Dead Lake.

Monday 6th
Elbow
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (sold out)
Fresh from their Mercury success, critics' darlings Elbow embark on their victory lap.

Wednesday 8th
The Spinto Band
Soul Tree: 7pm (£9.25)
Having broken through in 2006, this American group have just released Moonwink, their sixth album. They play perky, exuberant indie rock.

Thursday 9th
Preston Reed
Mumford Theatre: 7.30pm (£10)
This dude sure knows how to use an axe. He's viewed by some as the most gifted guitarist in the world. Expect blues, rock, and jazz influences, and prodigious tapping.

Kano
Junction: 7pm (£14.50/£12.50 adv)
Formerly grime's great hope, Kano has fallen off the map. Hope for renditions Reload It and P's and Q's, and for many incongruous shout-outs to Cambridge.

Esser
Portland Arms: 7.30pm (£7 adv)
Having toured with Foals and Mystery Jets, Ben Esser is tipped for success. His formula of cockney vocals + flaccid synths doesn't really rock the boat, but the catchy songwriting should help him blow up.

Pick of the Week

Elgar Cello Concerto
Ely Cathedral: 7.30pm (£10)
Hop on the train to Ely (15 mins each way; £3 return with a railcard) and take an evening walk up to the beautiful cathedral, whose acoustics can only enhance what already promises to be a great performance by Rafael Wallfisch (right) of a rightly-loved concerto. The train journey will take you through a corner of the Fens' wilderness, the backdrop which inspired Vaughan-Williams' "symphonic impression" 'In the Fen Country'. On the other end of the spectrum from this haunting elegy, Malcolm Arnold's 'Four Scottish Dances' conjure up the exhilaration of a highland fling. And if you don't like the music, settle back to enjoy the cathedral. The unique 'octagon' lantern tower, built in the 1300s, is 142ft high; and the gothic north door was designed by Christopher Wren.



The Philosopher's Wife
Michaelhouse, Trinity Street: 8pm (£5)
Michaelhouse has a reputation for innovative creative events. The Philosopher's Wife is a unique collaboration between locals in an up-to-the-minute new play with a focus on public consciousness, based on the life of André and Dorine Gorz (left). Written by Jean Rees, the play centres on Dorine's (Helen Cartwright) reflections on her 60 year relationship with French philosopher André, the so-called father of ecology. The play explores the controversial issue of euthanasia: the couple died hand-in-hand on 22 September 2007, after a lethal overdose. The drama, which we are told is 'not at all a gloomy production', is interspersed with the poetry of Clare Crossman.



To win a pair of tickets to ADC's mainshow, turn to our competition on page 21

KETTLE'S YARD

Love art? Love music?

Come to Kettle's Yard.

Art: A house with a collection of early twentieth century art displayed in a unique and beautiful setting and a gallery that presents an international programme of contemporary and modern art exhibitions.

Music: There are several concert series with major discounts for students.

Picture Loan Scheme: this scheme allows students to borrow, at low cost, works of art to put on their walls.

Where & when?
Find out more, and borrow a work of art, at the Student Squash
Monday 13 October 4-6pm - free ● Kettle's Yard, Castle Street, Cambridge CB3 0AQ ● tel 01223 748100
mail@kettlesyard.cam.ac.uk ● www.kettlesyard.co.uk

Or find us at our stall in the CUSU societies fair.

View From
The StageDaran Johnson,
*Footlights' Devils***What's it all about?**

Devils is the 2008 Footlights National Tour show, which is a one-hour sketch show. We've just come back from a sell-out month at the Edinburgh Fringe, and a string of shows up and down the country, ready for the home run at the ADC.

Tell us a tale.

On one of the very first shows, in the Cambridge run at the end of last year, the door fell off our set during one of the first sketches. Quite a bit of the sketch was then taken up with door jokes.

Your role?

I'm acting in it and I was one of the writers, along with the rest of the cast and our two directors.

**If you'll like this, you like...**

The Fast Show, Mitchell and Webb, Big Train - any kind of fast-paced contemporary revue show with the emphasis on characters and jokes.

What's in it for me?

We've done the show about fifty times now, changing things around, and adding new sketches after each one. This run will be the last time the five of us get to perform it together, so the hope is that they'll be some of our best shows.

You'll be happy if the audience goes away...

And writes a sketch. There are auditions for the Virgin Smoker at the end of week two and it'd be great to see as many people there as possible.

Little known fact / trivia about the show.

It's the 125th Footlights Revue show, having started in 1883.

Show Details:

The Footlights' Devils is on at the ADC from Tuesday 7th to Saturday 11th October, at 11pm. Tickets from £4 - £6; book early.

THEATRE

Stoning Mary by Debbie Tucker-Green

Edinburgh Festival 2008

Dir: Kiran Gill; New Cambridge Theatre Company

★★★★★

Stoning Mary brings depressing yet unremarkable news stories to life in a series of stark vignettes. A couple with AIDS fight over who should use a single prescription. The parents of a child soldier argue about who is responsible for his kidnapping. In prison, Mary waits to be stoned to death. The connection? All three are scenarios that occur in Africa. The twist? All three are transposed into a British context.

Debbie Tucker-Green's script thankfully avoids, despite its weighty issues, becoming melodramatic and false; mawkish monologue is shunned in favour of angry, bickering dialogue. In fact, it is the avoidance of melodrama that makes this production so powerful and moving. When dealing with loss and grief, the temptation is always present for an actor to break down completely; the horrible restraint

and acceptance shown by the characters in *Stoning Mary* is far more potent and realistic than artificial tears could ever be. Despite the intentionally artificial script, these characters seem far more emotionally genuine than those in other, more self-consciously 'realist' productions.

The standout performances come from Giulia Galastro, as the titular Mary, and Lauren O'Rourke as her sister. Galastro brings a quiet dignity to Mary, while at the same time projecting a feeling of vulnerability and frailty. O'Rourke, meanwhile, is stunning as the more dominant and mouthy sister, unable to directly address her sister's condemnation. Unfortunately, the opening to the play is noticeably weaker than the other strands. The inclusion of 'egos' is a bizarre quirk of the script, and not particularly well dealt with here. The egos face off,

like their real-life counterparts, making it difficult to tell the pairs apart. Natural delivery sometimes comes at the expense of projecting important details to the audience, again harming understanding. While it is clearly the writer's intention that the storyline be revealed in an elliptical manner, the audience confusion did not seem wholly intentional. This lack of understanding is a real weakness in a play where understanding is the central theme.

The production is, however, ultimately effective, so powerful that I left feeling stunned and emotionally exhausted. It seems to provide a refreshingly genuine attempt at understanding in an age of Western tokenism towards Africa. *Ed Kiely*

Stoning Mary is showing one last time at 7.30pm on Friday 10th, in the English Faculty's Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio.

*Ex-Footlights Round-Up*

Edinburgh Festival 2008

★★★★★

The Meeting was a fantastic concept. Audience members were seated around a conference table and invited to take part in a hilariously raucous boardroom argument between Jonny Sweet, Joe Thomas and Simon Bird, ex-Footlighters and now stars of Channel Four's *The In-Betweeners*. For the most part, the set-up worked; the trio's plans to flog sleep to tired customers, their ingenious schedule print-outs and unscripted responses to unimpressed punters were all well-observed pieces of character comedy. Yet, at times, the fraying tempers reached a monotone, the pace flagged and one left the show feeling that the genius of its premise was not matched by its execution.

Indeed, similar accusations could have been leveled at several other ex-Footlight shows up at the Fringe. *Simon, Helen, Nick and Pete Elect A New Pope* was again an ingenious idea: the foursome used

their hour slot to choose the next Pontiff from the audience. However, despite several very witty sequences of Vatican-related frivolity, the show was let down by its convoluted game-show format.

A lack of clarity could also be seen in Sweet and Thomas' other project, *The Jonny and Joe Show*. It was hard not to admit that the pair's 'scripted ad-libbing' between sketches was anything other than confusing and, dare one suggest, slightly self-indulgent.

Nick Mohammed's clearly-constructed one-man sketch-show, involving four clearly defined characters, was consequently a breath of fresh air. However, the most impressive ex-Footlighters on display were definitely Tommy Eccleshare (left) and *Cowards'* star Stefan Golaszewski. Refreshingly, they both avoided current comedy fads. Eccleshare, paired with fellow Lecoq graduate Valentina Ceschi, produced a stunning piece

of silent physical theatre. The duo played a couple divided by a language barrier but united by a shared passion for mime. The result was touching and endlessly creative. Set-pieces involving both actors emerging from seemingly tightly-packed suitcases or flying through the air to the sound of haunting music were particularly memorable.

Yet, if Eccleshare's efforts were moving, Golaszewski's were downright tear-jerking — *Stefan Golaszewski Talks About The Girl He Once Loved* was one of the undisputed Festival highlights. Unlike his contemporaries, whose original concepts were betrayed by hackneyed content, Golaszewski's coherently constructed memoir brought unique vitality to the clichéd broken-heart genre. His stagecraft was innovative, his acting superb and his writing astoundingly beautiful. Watch out for him. *Patrick Kingsley*

Shakespeare Shorts by Alexandra Spencer-Jones

Edinburgh Festival 2008

Dir: Spencer-Jones; Action to the Word

★★★★★

"Shakespeare for the ipod generation" declared the blurb to *Shakespeare Shorts*. My heart sank, expecting the sort of dire 'modernisation' I had been subjected to at the age of 9 by a performance of *A Midsummer Nights Dream* acted only with vegetables. Coming out of it, however, I felt enthralled by one of the most stimulating, clever and witty pieces of theatre I've seen in a long time.

Written by Cambridge graduate Alexandra Spencer-Jones, *Shakespeare Shorts* juxtaposes different scenes from several of the plays, unashamedly undercutting tragic pretension by framing it with comic burlesque. As a whole the play read like the sort of daring, witty and impulsive essay Irwin wants his pupils to write in Bennett's *The History Boys*.

Performed on a bare stage with the fewest of props, different combinations and numbers of actors came forward to play their respective scenes. The others acted as the scenery and background, usually lined up against the rear of the stage, backs to the audience, or assuming other positions, such as dancing around the main part of the action like revellers at a nightclub.

Shakespeare Shorts lifted the plays it uses out of the well-worn generic pigeon-holes which can easily determine and stale an audience's reaction to them, by demanding a reaction to the individuality of each speech and line. On more than one occasion, I found myself several lines into a new scene before realising its origin, my reaction to these lines being completely at odds with my accepted

impression of the play as a whole. Several such moments occurred in the closing stages, which wove together extracts from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The prelude to *The Mousetrap* (*Hamlet's* famous play-within-a-play) introduced *MND's* *Pyramus and Thisbe*; *The Mousetrap* then followed, and the performance was closed with Puck's epilogue to *MND*. The mixture ensured the audience's participation and attention, never able to simply adjust to a 'tragic' play but constantly demanded to really question the nature of the drama. Indeed Starveling's Moonshine in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, derided by the Athenian audience, even succeeded in creating a sense of pathos: certainly no mean feat. *Toby Chadd*



WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): "Well this just enrages the whale, so it eats you. But this wedges it even tighter inside the cupboard, wrecking the rescue efforts. Yet a month later, when you are finally digested, the whale powerfully dumps your remains, and this thrusting power frees the whale from the cupboard. In recognition of your efforts, you are given a posthumous award by the RSPCA."

FIRST NIGHT THEATRE REVIEWS ARE PUBLISHED ONLINE AT VARSITY.CO.UK/REVIEWS

★ Company should be ashamed ★★ Serviceable elements, but little overall success ★★★ Very good show spoilt by a few weak moments
★★★★ Level of success outweighs its few faults ★★★★★ Among the highlights of the term ★★★★★★ One of the best you'll see at Cambridge

The Real Inspector Hound by Tom Stoppard Edinburgh Festival 2008

Dir: Ed Kiely; CUADC

★★★★★★

Stoppard's *Hound* is a 'who-dunnit' which sees the playwright on unashamedly smart, if typically smug, form. He really is taking the piss; there are so many clichés in this play that, if it is not intelligently produced, one would become frustrated at the annoyingly self-conscious style of the playwright.

As theatre critics Moon (Josh Higgott) and Birdboot (Tom Barbour) sit watching a detective story unfold in a theatre, they gradually become involved in the mystery themselves. The convergence of the two plots is a clever idea, one that permits Stoppard to write both a conventional detective story of his own and, his real pleasure, a chance to comment on it with his characteristic sardonic irony. One can picture him laughing as he writes about the "strangely inaccessible" and "charming though somewhat isolat-

ing" Muldoon Manor.

Indeed, Edward Kiely's production successfully explored the full comic potential of Stoppard's script, whilst never overly pandering to the playwright's insincerities. Though Stoppard is arguably right to present the 'who-dunnit' as an exasperatingly obvious and ultimately limited dramatic form, the characters in his play are often too clichéd. Kiely, however, refreshingly rendered them into something more than simply one-dimensional caricatures.

James Arthur Sharpe's predatory Simon moved with the smooth assurance of a leopard and spoke with the high-pitched chuckle of a pre-pubescent boy; Josh Pugh Ginn's Magnus was every bit as convincing as the bespectacled, suspiciously crippled old man in a wheelchair with an even more suspicious recurring

desire to clean his gun; whilst Robyn Hoedamaker's bent-over, crooning and devious maid Felicity was a joy to watch.

The opening was too static, perhaps unavoidably so, as we witness Moon and Birdboot exchanging comments in the stalls. However, this was overall a successful double-act, and one which drove the play; Higgott's dry and sincere Moon contrasted effectively with the more eccentric charms of Barbour's Birdboot.

At times it felt like one was watching a game of Cluedo unfold, and yet each character possessed sufficiently rich characterisation to simultaneously confuse and amuse the audience (and Inspector Hound). Kiely's direction was concise enough to allow the plot to progress with the velocity demanded by a Fringe audience, yet never at the expense of witty motifs. *Alex Winterbotham*



Analysis



Shakespeare's History Plays

The idea of history was a somewhat thorny one in Shakespeare's life-time. The potentially fragile foundation of the Tudor state was a greater worry in the last years of the sixteenth-century than at any point before: an aging Elizabeth persisted in refusing to marry and therefore create an heir to the throne, and the threat from Catholic Europe lurked ominously on the mainland. The Tudor dynasty had been built on Henry VII's illegal overthrow of Richard III; and despite the sensitivity of the issue, Shakespeare makes no attempt to hide this fact. The Henry VI trilogy plays out many of the same issues of usurpation found in the beginnings of the Tudor state. And Henry VI, who like Henry VII had usurped the throne, declares in a frank aside to the audience 'I know not what to say; my title's weak' when confronted by Richard III's family.

Shakespeare does not attempt an intellectual and historical assertion of the rightful rule of the Tudor state. Nor, indeed, did the state itself, which preferred to root its claim to power further back than the Wars of the Roses, establishing a link both with Troy and also with Arthurian Britain: Henry VII named his eldest son Arthur, who predeceased his father at the age of 16 (thus leaving Henry VIII to take the throne). What claims do the History Plays make on this issue, then? Most noticeably there are some of the greatest scenes of patriotic fervour in all literature, particularly in Henry V: 'Once more under the breach dear friends, once more'; 'This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian'. For Shakespeare a pride in 'Englishness' replaces the question of the Tudor State itself.

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of the History Plays is the relationship of leadership and theatricality: Henry V's speech before the Battle of Agincourt is a theatrical and poetical masterpiece, but also a considerably effective call to arms. On the other hand, Richard III actively twists the power of poetry and the stage in order to consolidate his grip of power, dominating the play's opening with his soliloquies and constant presence. By the end of the play, however, this artifice has been swept away, exposed as a linguistic turn and replaced by a startling, almost schizophrenic self-doubt: "I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not. / Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter."

History was for Shakespeare a nexus of dramatic, social and regal concerns; his exploration of these issues is at its most profound in his History Plays. *Toby Chadd*

CAST 2008 are returning to Cambridge from their American tour with Shakespeare's Henry V. It's on at the ADC at 7.45pm from Tuesday 7th to Saturday 11th October, with a matinee at 2.30 on Saturday. Tickets £6-£9.

The Magic City by Edith Nesbit

Edinburgh Festival 2008

Dir: Ollie Fielding; Peaceful Lion Productions

★★★★★★

Tugging on the imaginative draw-strings of *Narnia*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and the Phillip Pullman Trilogy, *The Magic City* does not bring anything new to the kiddies' table. This Cambridge show roughly colours-in between the lines of a well-thumbed template, and in this respect, offers a stress free hour for any parent with a child clampering onto their lap. *The Magic City* is about the battle between Good and Evil, or more specifically, the Deliverer and the Destroyer. Young Philip (Matthew Bohrer) decides to use toys belonging to Lucy (Nicola Pollard), a girl he does not like, to build a city. The two children find themselves adventuring through the city - which has magically sprung to life-sized proportions - slaying dragons, and avoiding the nasty Pretenderette (Amy Westgarth), in an effort to complete the

seven tasks and prove that they are the City's Deliverer. They learn to become friends as well.

The cast and director make good work of Edith Nesbitt's words. It is an inventively executed production, with an elaborate, ever-changing set, appropriately twinkly music, and effective use of puppetry. When the City undergoes its magical transformation, the lights dim blue, and moving arches create a wonderlandesque sense of falling, as Philip dodges through and into the audience. These atmospheric design choices ensure that the play is visually absorbing.

Interaction with the young audience helps to keep them interested, and Bryony Roberts delights us with a comic cameo as the blind bat, whilst Luke Surl is enthusiastically competent at piecing the many scenes together as Noah.

Although Philip Bohrer and Nicola Pollard happily pertain to the CBBC School of Acting, we feel that the audience is never fully on their side. This is made clear when they seek refuge in the auditorium, and far too many five-year-olds are quick to tell the baddies the whereabouts of their hiding place.

The lively and varied cast entertained both children and adults despite some lacklustre characterisation. And while the younger children visibly cowered at the sight of the red-eyed dragon puppet, the adults audibly chuckled when Lucy and Philip were referred to as 'Rapsclions', and nodded in approval when a party menu was designed, which included crisps, pizza, and a side salad. Although perhaps not a show for the teeny-tiny, it provides reliable satisfaction for most. *Lauren Cooney*



Titus Andronicus by William Shakespeare

Edinburgh Festival 2008

Dir: Spencer-Jones; Action to the Word

★★★★★★

Titus Andronicus, Shakespeare's earliest and most gruesome tragedy, was a run-away success in its time. Yet by the eighteenth century audiences were reviled by the brutal presentation of murder and rape and their sensibilities were further offended by the characters' ability to make light of such matters: "Oh handle not the theme to talk of hands", a handless Titus punningly declares. In 1953 J.C. Maxwell declared that "*Titus* is neither a play with a complicated staging nor one which will ever be widely read."

More recently critics and audiences have found this very interaction of word and action somehow purgative and emotionally true. And this production, in places, continued this trend: the encounters between the raped and tongue-less,

hand-less Lavinia (Rebecca Pitt) and her uncle Marcus (Neil Jennings) achieved a rare pathos, a real sense of humanity surviving among the Goths' barbarity. Their relationship existed as a last barrier against Tamora's evil intentions (Helen Duff) and Titus' rapidly deteriorating grasp on convention and sanity (Drew Shire).

It was, therefore, unfortunately incongruous that some of the subtler verbal references were masked by a preference for startling visual performance. The decision to enact the rape on stage meant that the scarcely-hidden and repulsively-ominous references by Quintus to a 'subtle hole' or by Martius to 'the swallowing womb of this deep pit' where the dead Bassianus lies 'bathed in



maiden blood' never achieved their full sinister potential.

This was, alas, a sign of things to come: having brutally raped Lavinia, Demetrius and Chiron (Tom Bailey and Ben Benson) wheel her joyfully onto the stage in a shopping trolley, accompanied by Madness' *I've been driving in my car* (above). The audience was stunned by this image, drawn into guilty complicity with the rapists (it's hard to feel pity and

guilt to the tune of Madness) and all the while confronted by the grotesque image of the mutilated Lavinia. And then the music stopped, the scene-proper started and the atmosphere was lost entirely.

The problem with this performance was that in enforcing the play's crucial issues, the script was left behind. For a company that calls itself 'Action to the Word', the action and the word were disappointingly far apart. *Toby Chadd*

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): You pull his jaw as hard as you can, but he's so tightly wedged in that you only succeed in ripping the jaw off. The whale blubbers wetly. You really have to sort it out, but the only useful things in your room are a pen and a stapler. »p18 Staple the jaw back on? »p23 Colour the whale's white bits black so people won't be able to see him.

Films Every Right-Minded Person Should See



The Royal Tenenbaums
Dir: Wes Anderson (2001)

Where to begin? When I was asked to write this column, I took a pencil and wrote down a list of my favourite films on some scrap paper. I then took a different coloured pencil and, next to the name of each film, wrote down why I should write an article in praise of it: *Badlands*, because it is torturously beautiful; *A Matter of Life and Death*, because it is tender and simple, at the same time as being profound; *Fanny and Alexander* because of, well, the family.

And then there was *The Royal Tenenbaums*. And while each film got a line through it, *The Royal Tenenbaums* stayed there at the top. I realised, then, that it was sitting there so confidently because where I love all of the films below it for their own little reasons, I love *The Royal Tenenbaums* because it takes all of those reasons and combines them. It is torturously beautiful – see Richie's paraphernalia arranged in his tent. It is also tender and simple, at the same time as being profound – notice how Royal awkwardly calls his estranged son 'Baumer' (his one time nickname as a failed Tennis star) – and it has the titular family.

This is the Ozymandias of families – all of the children once exemplified a parent's dream: athletes, playwrights and business geniuses. As the film begins, all of them have grown up and are only crude imitations of what they once were. Their parents have separated (but not divorced) and their whole environment suggests that they have become stuck in a time warp of a kind of fictional New York from 1974. This, however, is not the world that Scorsese's early films so eagerly portray. It is a world transfused from the novels of J.D. Salinger, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, and an old stack of *New Yorker* magazines (though not the kind that anybody ever read; an ideal and imagined kind).

One of the words most consistently associated with this film is 'quirk', and reading through the above list of influences, it is easy to see why. But it is such a destructive attribution. For it is so much more than that. The layer of awkwardness masks a core of genuine human sympathy. And what is more, this is awkwardness only in the mind of an outsider. For its creator, Wes Anderson, it is entirely normal. For example, his casting of Luke and Owen Wilson not as the family's brothers – as they are in real life – but as childhood friends, is a typically Anderson thing to do. It defies expectation but at once makes perfect sense, symbolising the film's obsession with disconnection and a longing to belong. As Owen Wilson's character pointedly says at the end of the film, 'I always wanted to be a Tenenbaum'. **Fred Rowson**

ART, FILM AND CLASSICAL

Conversations

Kettle's Yard

Various Artists

★★★★★

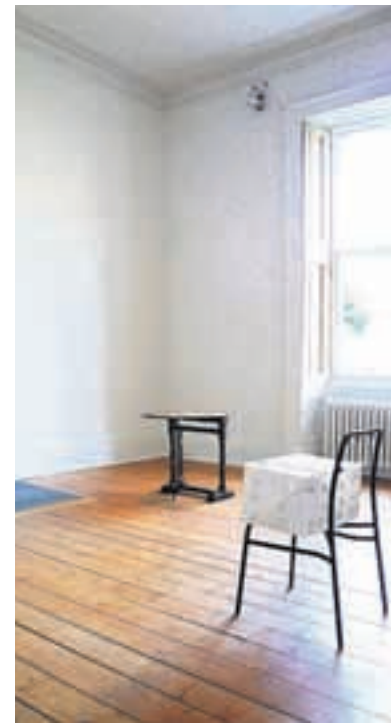
Conversations is a rare exhibition. Its premise is the idea that all art, whether centuries apart or in wildly different media, can be connected in some way, through ghostly shadows of colours, shapes, ideas and questions. And it is a premise that actually works.

Fifteen artists couple their work with pieces seemingly completely different from their own. So, a piece by Rachel Whiteread, *Cushion* (2006), sits next to a table owned by the poet Robert Burns (right), while the painter James Hugonin is placed next to a score by the composer Howard Skempton. Such juxtapositions make you look at each work in a new way, making you see the piece of art all over again, as if through someone else's eyes.

The exhibition starts with a grainy black and white film, which shows Marcel Broodthaers writing on a piece of paper in the pouring rain, the water swirling with the ink to make new, different shapes from the words on the page. Opposite this are two works by Cornelia Parker, one showing the discarded remnants from a silversmith's bench, another the silver particles left from a photographic image. Both artists question the margins of what it means to make art, but it is through their pairing in 'Conversations' that this becomes apparent. Similarly, Peter Liversidge's dreamy polaroids of animals in Barcelona Zoo take on a comic, anthropomorphic quality when seen next to two films by Fischli/Weiss, in which the artists, dressed as a rat

and a bear, gatecrash a successful artist's poolside LA home and go on a psychedelic hiking trip.

The exhibition does indeed succeed in echoing one piece of artwork in another: a hand grasping out at pieces of flying lead in a film by Richard Serra is paralleled by a photo opposite by Francesca Woodman, waving through a door. But at the same time this exhibition depends on each work being able to stand on its own. And each piece manages to do just this, having a conversation with its neighbour while letting you, the spectator, stop and stand – to laugh, to think, to stare – in that usually awkward pause. **Emma Hogan**
'Conversations' is running until 16th November; see it also at the Freshers' Squash on 13th Oct at 2pm.



Righteous Kill

Dir: Jon Avnet

Starring: Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, John Leguizamo.

★★★★★

"I make him an offer he don't refuse." The first time Al Pacino and Robert De Niro starred in a film together, it made the clichés. On this occasion, they are simply recycled. With *The Godfather: Part II* and *Heat* behind them, both films in which the pair hardly share a frame, *Righteous Kill* has understandably been highly anticipated. Yet, what could have been the ultimate Greek tragedy – tracing the inevitable downfall of our flawed anti-hero – is instead a confused crime drama whose predictable twist undermines any exploration of character.

Righteous Kill sees De Niro (Turk) and Pacino (Rooster) as a pair of veteran New York detectives, on the hunt for a serial killer set on avenging the crimes of society's worst. The expected acquittal of criminals on technicalities; the standard

questioning of the duo's ability to do their job; and the predictable younger, by-the-book officers on their heels are all there, making for a cop drama that lacks imagination. Avnet may have sacrificed originality of form for what he saw as a novel narrative, but in fact the revelation that the hunted killer must be a member of New York's finest causes the plot to stagnate. The intermittent voiceovers from De Niro are reminiscent of the drama of Arthur Miller with their obsession with respect and honour, though they lose the significance brought from a direct attachment to the plot, when their overuse makes De Niro's 'confession' to fourteen killings at the start of the film a clear decoy. The class of acting from De Niro and Pacino is the film's double-edged sword, and proves the source of

the key problem with Avnet's direction: too much attention is given to the two big-money stars and this belittles attempts to make plot twists unpredictable.

Handing a badge and a gun to the two past Academy Award winners is like presenting a bat to Kevin Pietersen; it is the ease with which they take to their roles, the rapport between them and the moments of humour roused by their relationship that give this film its main reasons to be seen. Whilst at times watching *Righteous Kill* may feel like sitting in front of an 80s cop show, particularly with lines like "most people respect the badge; everyone respects the gun", the dynamic between Pacino and De Niro partly rescues a film that is otherwise too predictable and confused in its purpose. **Daniel Isenberg**

Part Songs by Edward Elgar

Dir: Christopher Robinson; Cambridge University Chamber Choir

Naxos CD

★★★★★

The latest in a distinguished line of Cambridge choir recordings on the Naxos label gives us an intriguing mix of Elgar rarities, spanning thirty of the composer's most productive years. Many of these songs were written as test pieces for the choir competitions that flourished across England, particularly in the north, from the 1890s to the 1920s. As such, they are a challenge for any choir.

Directed by Christopher Robinson, the University Chamber Choir acquit themselves admirably. Far from treating the songs as virtuosic showpieces, they manage to imbue most of them with genuine emotion, although the choice of songs means that that feeling is predominantly melancholy, verging on the bleak.

Nowhere is this more evident than

in the harmonically unresolved *Owls (An Epitaph)*, with its eerily disturbing harmonies and anxious words. *Death on the Hills* presents Death and his funeral cortège passing through a peasant village: as the female voices plead quiveringly in fear, the reaper intones his task. The male voices of the choir impart him with a solemn sense of duty, but Death emerges with dignity, to be admired, even.

The mood barely lightens in the earliest of the collection, *My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land*, written in 1890, in which a dead 'Love' plays second fiddle to the northern countryside in which he lived. The connection between love and nature continues in *Love's Tempest*, in which a "sapphire ocean" is awoken by a storm of passion: peaceful

chords that lend a weighty sense of the multi-layered oceanic depth give way to the mayhem of a tempest. *Go, Song of Mine* speaks of a song of grief breaking "the hardness of the heart of man": the swelling tears of the opening give an apt sense of desolation.

Yet joy emerges in the six accompanied *Scenes from the Bavarian Highlands*. In *The Dance*, the choir make it easy to imagine a village square full of lederhosen-clad merry-makers. Likewise, as *The Marksmen* return with the profits of a successful hunt, we get a glimpse of the grandeur that infuses the *Enigma Variations*, published four years later. This nobility comes across just as well in the best-known of these songs, *As Torrents in Summer*.

Throughout, the choir are well tuned,



showing impressive diction and agility. The recorded sound is clear. At a low price, this is a rewarding release. **David Allen**

WHALE ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): Several cans of coke later, and the whale is slightly fizzy, and a whole lot more slippery. Too slippery, in fact. For with a swift farting noise, the whale pops out of the cupboard like a massive cork from a tiny champagne bottle, and splatters you across the wall. It is a killer whale, so you are dead.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

Dear Science

TV On The Radio

4ad; Out Now

★★★★★

According to one of the recent issues of the *Care for your Hair* fortnightly magazine, Kyp Malone, one of *TV on the Radio*'s core members, uses a particular brand of afro-shampoo. This shampoo stimulates the small network of nerve-endings in the scalp which have synapses that link directly to the tone-controlling muscles in the vocal chords, allowing him to harmonise with himself and jump octaves simultaneously. This shampoo, illegal in seventeen countries, and very hard to find anywhere else (believe me), is made using the bark of a tree found in a small area of East Timor, and quite how Malone managed to blag 100ml into Brooklyn baffled even the most experienced of investigators at *Care for your Hair*. Using the unique effects caused by this, as well as manipulating his vocal emissions with his beloved loop-pedal

and with a slightly dodgy mouth-trumpet, each song on *Dear Science* is rooted by a solid and dare I say catchy melodic hook. Marking a significant change in the band's sound, the songs are focused on these concrete foundations, instead of relying on industrial fuzz machines to create overpowering backings.

The band's producer and all-round whiz-man Dave Sitek, fresh from stroking piano chords all over Scarlett Johannson, clearly experienced some sort of revelation from the diva, since, rather than relishing the ability to finally use flange-soaked droning axes, in his absence, the guitars, like the brooms in Fantasia, seem to have escaped from their cupboards and fallen into a vat of melting funk. But thankfully his multiple layers of drum sequencing, perhaps the stand-out ingredient of the instrumental arrange-

ments on *TV on the Radio* albums, are still there, continuing to run down the fences between the territories of live and programmed drums. But on this their third album, it's hard not to notice the diverse range of instruments used: from saxophones to cellos and flutes, as well as the troupe of (probably rurally-residing rather than Harajuku-hanging) Japanese kids drafted in to play congas and shakers. Not forgetting the signature hand-claps and "boohs", "bahs" and "beehs".

Shunning their typical experimentalism for this new melodic direction by binning the reverb racks and buying packets of antiseptic wipes to wipe down their guitars, this album is more crisp than any of their previous productions, allowing Tunde Adebimpe's pseudo-political lyrics to stand out and compliment the band's newfound groove.



I'm happy that we have finally been granted permission to move our bodies to the sound of *TV on the Radio*, but perhaps it is a shame that our neck and ankle muscles won't be getting as much of a work out as they are used to.
Andrew Spyrou

Everything is Borrowed

The Streets

Sixsevenine; Out Now

★★★★★

After abandoning his everyman persona for tales of shagging, bragging, and moaning, Mike Skinner is reconciliatory: "I came to this world with nothing, and I leave with nothing but love," he sings on the opening track. Having once lent majesty to the prosaic, he now sounds like a man on Prozac, a recovered addict trying to convince you of life's value. With his philosophising Skinner strives for profundity, but he ends up chatting shit — "do what you think's right... cos when you're bad you'll feel sad" (*Alleged Legends*). It makes you long for those days when he seemed to be chatting shit, but was genuinely insightful.

Skinner has jokingly described himself as the Picasso of "geezzer garage". In a quest to carve out new territory, he has severed himself

from his geezer persona, exorcising all references to modern life. Unfortunately, for most of the album he has also abandoned his powers of observation. Acute, honest songs about romance have given way to *Never Give In* and *Strongest Person I Know*, which are slight at best. Other tracks are more ambitious: *On the Flip of a Coin* is a parable, but it sacrifices Skinner's natural delivery and sounds too forced ("the oily cave seemed to breathe on him through gravestone jaws"). Close attention has gone into the lyrics, but charisma is lacking, and few songs draw the listener in.

On *Everything The Streets* cut ties with garage, hip-hop and dance music and become a band. *Heaven for the Weather* and *On the Flip of a Coin* sound respectively like The Ordi-

nary Boys and The Coral. On *I Love You More (Than You Like Me)*, we're subjected to a pointless, wanky guitar solo. It seems that, out of his comfort zone, Skinner doesn't quite know where to go. Much of the music is catchy but uninteresting; yet Skinner is putting it at the forefront with soloing, and the dominance of choruses.

The orchestration present on most tracks adds little, except for on the title track, and *The Escapist*, which closes the album. On *The Escapist*, over strings that sound, funnily enough, like the synthesized strings of garage and grime, Skinner finally lets the words breathe, and images float by effortlessly. When he says: "I am not here at all", it's the most honest moment on the album. Having previously put himself, or at least an



autobiographical character, at the centre of his music, Mike Skinner, in his desire to escape, has released an album on which he is too often written out.
Daniel Cohen

Only By the Night

Kings of Leon

Columbia; Out Now

★★★★★

How many burnt-out ends of Marlboro Reds and shattered bottles of Jack Daniels does it take to sound like Kings of Leon? Not as many as the previous albums would have us believe, apparently: *Only by the Night* was influenced by painkillers, not booze or proscribed substances this time. Anyway, whatever they have been taking has worked: their nicotine-stained sepia-tinged fire-and-brimstone rock goes stadium size on this record. At their best, KOL have always been a virulently visceral band, revelling in the pleasures of the flesh but always tainted by the remnants of their Evangelical upbringing. Yet by their third album, *Because Of The Times*, the raw energy of *Youth and Young*

Manhood had given way to a larger, slower-burning sound with a sense of reflection, responsibility and (perhaps) created with the help of a few less drugs.

This doesn't, however, stop *Only by the Night*'s opening trio of songs — *Closer*; *Crawl*; and *Sex on Fire* — being as good a start to a rock album as you'll hear this decade. *Closer* grabs you by the wrist and leads you through their Gothic soundscapes in a woozy haze of self-medication, lapsed Pentecostalism, endless hangovers and God knows what else. At times in this album KOL aim to match (and not miss by far) Radiohead's horizon-broadening guitar sound. In *Crawl*, Caleb sings "the prophesy unfolds/all hell is

surely on its way". Is he talking about the apocalypse? Nuclear armageddon? Tomorrow morning's hangover? When KOL "put the fire in my bones/With the sweet taste of kerosene" (*Revelry*) it really doesn't matter.

Unfortunately, the further you progress into the album, the less the medicated haze dominates. The disappointingly plodding *I Want You* seems to be about (of all things) failure in the bedroom. *Be Somebody* is another failed attempt at introspection, while *Cold Desert*'s aimless reverb and lack of a killer punch destroys any chance of an epic ending to the album. By this stage the hangover really is kicking in and you finally realise you haven't got a clue



what Caleb is on about, and neither does he. Kings of Leon really do work best only by the night.
Henry Donati

Take Five Beginnings



Five of the Best

Saul Bass (1920-96)

Bass created cinema title sequences for, among others, Hitchcock and Scorsese; his controversial abstract depiction of a heroin-addict's arm for the opening of 'The Man with the Golden Arm' (above) was perhaps his greatest.

Earthly Powers — Burgess (1980)

"It was the afternoon of my eighty-first birthday, and I was in bed with my catamite when Ali announced that the archbishop had come to see me."

Beethoven's 'Fifth Symphony' (1808)

"Thus fate knocks at the door!" Beethoven declared of these infamous chords.

Moby Dick — Melville (1851)

"Call me Ishmael." Recognisable the English-speaking world over, the narrator's casual invitation draws the reader into the complex heart of this classic novel.

Goldeneye — James Bond (1995)

The breath-taking bungee jump from a 220 metre dam, topped off with the classic "Sorry, forgot to knock": Bond at his very best.

Five of the Worst

Brisbane Ashes Test 2006

Could England retain the Ashes? Probably not, without Vaughan and Tresco... but there was a lingering hope. And then Harmison found Flintoff at slip with his first ball. The rest, as they say, is history.

Paul Clifford — Bulwer-Lytton (1830)

"It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents - except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies)..."

Vaughan-Williams' Sea Symphony

The choir's opening "Behold, the Sea!" is surely one of the most ineffectual and tacky around.

Jonathan Woodgate (2005)

Convicted of affray at Leeds, injured for a year and recently broken up with his girlfriend; Real Madrid was a new start, and in his injury-delayed first game... he scored an own goal and was sent off.

America' Razorlight (2006)

The whiney timbre of Borrell's voice would pass muster if vibrantly backed; his exposed solo, however, is surely the limpest possible start.

Competition

Next week's topic is climaxes: if we print one of your best and one of your worst climaxes, you'll get a pair of tickets to next week's ADC main-show. Send them to reviews@varsity.co.uk by midday on Monday 6th.

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Sur le pont d'Avignon

LIZZIE DAVIS SWAPS THE DRIZZLE OF EDINBURGH TO SOAK UP THE SUN AT THE AVIGNON THEATRE FESTIVAL

Edinburgh may be the premier European theatre festival but there is one thing which the Avignon festival, its smaller French relative, can do better: the weather. Tired of battling with the Scottish "summer", this theatre-goer turned her sights to a land where the sun shines and the wine flows: Provence in the south of France. For three weeks in July, Avignon becomes a collage of eye-catching posters, draped around every lamp-post and across every wall; theatres pop up on every corner and the streets are filled with troupes fighting for an audience. And all this while the sun beats down on this medieval city to the tune of 36 degrees.

The main Avignon festival, or the 'In', was established in 1947 and it was only in the 1970s that the festival *alternatif*, "le Off" made its debut. Since its inception this fringe festival has grown, with this year's programme comprising over

a thousand shows in 90 locations and attracting more than 700,000 spectators. So, leaving my umbrella decidedly at home, I set out for the boards of Avignon armed with a bottle of sun-lotion and the festival programme. Nor was I the only Brit to have made the journey south: nestled in amongst Molière and Camus, were works by Shakespeare, Pinter and Woolf as well as a guest appearance from the somewhat more modern, Mark Ravenhill. However, despite the fact that around a hundred of the companies showing in Avignon are not from France, Great Britain is notably absent from the proceedings. Perhaps we are more concerned with Edinburgh's offering, which is undoubtedly more convenient for British troupes, but there is also a misguided yet widespread view that French theatre is not worthy of our notice. French theatre is and always has been different

to English and American but it would be wrong to call it "worse". One man who agrees is Declan Donnellan; having directed the French classic *Andromaque* in Paris last December, the English director, who has also worked with the RSC, was invited to the Avignon festival for the second time this year. The charm for him lies in the fact that 'Avignon is not a manicured town' and the festival itself resists 'the globalisation which risks making all festivals uniform'.

There is an undeniable *je ne sais quoi* about "the Off" which Donnellan calls 'un charme ensoleillé' and which the festival's president, André Benedetto evokes when he calls the festival 'a sort of large caravan with a thousand sounds and a thousand colours'. So famous and sought-after is this Avignon atmosphere that around a third of the visitors to the festival don't actually watch any shows, despite being spoilt for choice. As far as

the shows themselves go, modern mixes with the old, and traditional with the quirky: my personal favourite, for example, was a modern Molière – *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, a seventeenth century comedy brought brutally and hilariously to life by four actors who played, between them, twenty parts. With the aid of some truly inspired costumes and mesmerising physical sequences, the plot and even the comedy transcended the culture and language barriers.

The Avignon Festival is too good to be ignored any longer by the British theatre world: I'm not sure I'd go quite as far as André Benedetto, when he says, 'There is within there the whole world, or almost; the human being in its entirety, with all its faces, all its secrets and all its passions' but there is something deliciously contagious about "the Off", something which has ensured that this anglaise will be back next year.

The Day That Changed My World



Sleeping through my girlfriend's abortion

I'd been with my girlfriend for a few months when she got pregnant: the only question for us both was when she'd have the abortion. It'd have to be surgical – too late for anything else.

I was 17 at the time, and a year and a half of debauchery and hangovers was taking its toll. I'd spent exam leave in the pub and it showed in my AS results. Every day I woke up needing a drink. A heavy smoker, I did loads of drugs, and was physically and mentally ill; depressed, obsessive, and forgetful, I'd lost touch with reality.

We arranged to meet at 10 am, so I'd be with her ahead of the operation. The night before, I was really worried and upset and, as usual, got very drunk. My mate woke me up, "You're supposed to be at the fucking hospital!" It was 11 am.

When I arrived, it had already happened. I saw her lying there, distressed and in pain, pale and scared. The most sobering moment of my life. After waiting, hoping I'd come, she'd gone through the whole thing alone; I'd got pissed and missed it. I'll never forget what she said: "I hope it was worth it". I can't describe how awful that felt. I was still in my clothes from the night before, reeking of alcohol and cigarettes in this hospital and I thought "What the fuck am I doing?"

It was that abrupt: seeing her like that made me realise I was too old to do whatever I wanted and ignore the future. My change of attitude was instantaneous and I decided to do something with my life. I cut down on the drinking, smoking, and drugs, got my application to Cambridge on the day of the deadline, worked like hell, and here I am.

It wasn't that she'd had an abortion – I'm pro-choice – but that I was too out of it to be there for her. I'll never forgive myself, and neither will she; that's all we agreed about afterwards. It was a horrendous experience, but I can't help wondering where I'd be if it hadn't happened; certainly not at Cambridge. Nothing else could have forced me to change like that, and I'm much healthier and happier now. Although I sometimes miss the ridiculous excess of the old days, I know it's not worth it – and formal can get pretty wild.

Contributor: Anonymous.
Interview and article by
Moya Sarner.

Would you like to be interviewed for this column? Please contact Moya Sarner (mts31).

Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#9: *Ancient Mariner Engraving 1* by David Jones
Kettle's Yard

In 1928, the artist and poet David Jones was commissioned to make ten engravings for Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. To him, Coleridge's poem was "one of the greatest achievements of English literature, and not only great but unique." It was a poem that he "greatly loved" and thought 'eminently illustrable'. And yet as he embarked on the project he felt, as a relative novice in the art of copper engraving, a "painful awareness of inadequacy in carrying out the job." He needn't have worried. The set of prints he finally produced make up some of the most powerful and certainly the most lyrical of the many illustrations the Rime has inspired.

Kettle's Yard is fortunate to have three *Ancient Mariner* prints, although only Engraving 1 and the tailpiece are currently on display. If you go up the winding staircase as you enter the house and turn left into the bedroom at the end, between the door and the window, and suitably surrounded by some seascapes, you will find the *Ancient Mariner* stopping the Wedding Guest. You can almost hear that elegant dandy cry out to the dirty skeleton who clasps him through the bars: "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!" Although the diagonal angles of the iron railings draw the viewer's eye up the stairs and into the church,

we cannot ignore that skinny hand and glittering eye in the left hand corner, drawing us, like the Wedding Guest, and like Jones, into his tale. In the top right hand corner lie the ships on the sea, into which the Mariner will soon take us. The floorboards of the bedroom are bare, like they were in the room Jones made his engravings in. Even in midwinter, he refused his mother's offer of a carpet, because he wanted to be reminded of the deck of a ship.

To appreciate the power of Jones' illustrations it is important to see the set in full. They make the viewer giddy as if on the waves, with now flowing lines, then cross hatched depths of darkness, and always wild jostling angles. They are full of symbols and allusions. Despite his initial ambivalence about the media he was working in, he wrote, with words almost lifted from the poem, that the 'most specific beauty, that which belongs to copper engraving, sui generis, is a lyricism inherent in the clean, furrowed free, fluent engraved line'. It is this deceptively simple line that sweeps through and unites these illustrations which makes them just as spellbinding, and just as elusive as the poem itself. In his illustrations, David Jones captured what he called "the whole mysterious weft and warp of the Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Anna Trench



The Varsity Debate



Do we need No Platform?

Last term, Cambridge University Students' Union rejected a motion to reinstate the controversial 'No Platform' policy, which campaigns against attempts by any organization within Cambridge University to provide a platform to any group deemed to pose a "very real threat" to the welfare or security of its members. But should security be our priority?

Yes

Andrew
Noakes



It is CUSU's responsibility to protect the welfare of this university's students

When CUSU Council debated a proposed No Platform policy last term, the first speaker in opposition said proudly that the fight for equality must not overcome the fight for democracy. It was a neat line, but it is worth pointing out now that the policy had nothing to do with either. The best way to defeat No Platform is to make it about something else: democracy, free speech – things that we all support. But the fact that the Cambridge Union has never invited me to speak is not an infringement on my freedom of speech, so let's talk about what No Platform is really about.

It is primarily about the role of a students' union. CUSU does not have the power to order anyone to cancel a talk. The bottom line, quite rightly, is that it is up to individual societies to decide who they do or do not invite to Cambridge. But CUSU should have the power to lobby a society to think again if they choose to invite someone known for inciting violence and hatred towards minorities. No student should have to feel persecuted in the place that they call home for half of the year, or be subject to violence incited by a speaker that a society have invited. It is our right to say that we do not want them here if they are going to ride roughshod over student welfare, and to lobby to that effect.

Welfare and safety are key issues for a Students' Union. They are the sorts of things that CUSU should show leadership on every day. Like much else,

too often the persecution of minorities is dismissed as someone else's problem. If there are attacks in our streets, it is for the courts to settle. If there is an atmosphere of hatred towards vulnerable people, it is for the government to act. If speakers come to incite violence in our student community – against our student community – it is for the law to deal with. The law plays its part in the courtrooms, so let's start playing our part in our own colleges to try and ensure that it never has to get that far.

No Platform is also about the wider context. Groups such as the BNP have led the charge in making minorities the collective punching bag of our society. To have them speak at Cambridge University is to legitimise their arguments to the audience that counts – the one outside the room, that doesn't even hear the points put forward by young debaters. I'm all in favour of debate and dialogue within communities and on the doorstep, but we do not have to help racists and others legitimise themselves in one of the world's most respected universities, without so much as a word of protest from our students' union.

With many misconceptions and misrepresentations, campaigning for No Platform is not easy. But right is right, no matter how hard it might be to get there. Anyone can rant about free speech or tell you that it's not your problem. If our students are at risk, if an invitation helps to advance a national injustice, then let's make it our problem.

Soban
Khawaja



No

Pushing controversial views underground generates a false sense of security

CUSU's 'No Platform' denied certain organisations such as the BNP or Hizb-ut-Tahrir a public platform to speak. This was done with the aim of protecting those vulnerable from fascist elements. It is undeniable that such groups have views that we find deplorable but I believe CUSU has no right to penalise them for their opinion, however ill advised this opinion may be.

Denying certain groups a platform because their views may offend leads us down a very slippery slope. Offence is a subjective concept, where do we draw the line? Should we ban the cow-eating lobby that have come to give a speech advocating more beef on our menu because it offends Hindus? We must value freedom of speech above all else. By allowing these groups a platform, we make them more accountable for what they say, undermine their victim mentality and disarm them with reasoned responses. Open debate is after all the nature of democracy. Intelligent students will listen, reflect and challenge such groups if given the chance.

CUSU's modus operandi in creating and presenting the No Platform policy was akin to that of enlightened absolutists, acting as if they had perfect comprehension of the situation, sitting in their office, hatching their policy without consulting the ethnic minorities it was supposed to protect. If they had thought to ask us whether we needed protecting, shown confidence in us, then maybe it would

not have appeared so patronising. Fortunately, the student body spoke out and rejected the policy.

Looking at the policy's practical implications in Cambridge, I still don't see how it could work. Putting some six groups on a blacklist, that may be as alien to each other as CUSU is to those it represents, is quite absurd. Fascism has many forms, a group could quite easily come to speak under a different guise, and CUSU would only realise after they've been and gone. Of course, even if these groups don't resort to such tactics, the policy forces such groups underground in Cambridge and when forced to speak underground, they are altogether more sinister.

One resolution stipulates: 'No organisation shall be permitted a stall at the Societies Fair, so as to ensure a safe space for all students.' Now I know this may sound fair at first but we don't need a No Platform policy to secure the aim of this resolution. CUSU can reject groups like the BNP on any number of grounds they want. What greater reason is there to refuse the BNP a pitch at the fair than the reason that their presence will be an opportunity foregone for a less ludicrous, more sensible society?

We have survived without a 'No Platform' policy. The coming months will be telling as we'll surely see that the Pax Cantabrigiana will not be broken and the University will not be descended upon by a pack of varying brands of extremists, preying on our 'vulnerable' ethnic minorities.



The Soapbox



Week 0:
*Claudia Winkleman
on Murray Edwards*

The name of my old college hardly keeps me awake at night. I had a completely brilliant time at New Hall so I'm just as proud to be a Murray Edwardian now. Plus, they let me in. Which, let's face it, was slightly insane and something I'll always be grateful for. Why the big deal about Edwards being a man's surname? Yes, it might be an all women college, but we like men. Ahem. And if you are one left reeling at the supposed symbolism of being bought by a man, New Hall hasn't sold itself cheap. Thirty million – that's a lot of money. Think of how you could spend it in a shoe shop. Or a sweet emporium. If the name change was up to me? 'Big White Building At The Top Of The Hill' has a certain ring to it. In a way.

Before New Hall I went to an all-girls secondary school which acquired the moniker 'The Virgin Megastore'. I'll take Murray Edwards any day. Coming from an all-girls wasn't so tough – I love other girls. I know that sounds bonkers but I wasn't interested in falling over hideous drunken boys every time I went to the library. Of course I love boys but I'm a girl's girl – Aniston not Jolie. And New Hall was a haven – you could pop into town and be charming and glamorous(ish) and then cycle back up to friendly girls with biscuits and cups of tea. Very wholesome. Apart from that I spent my time laughing, flirting, very occasionally learning something. And braving the wind. It knocked me off my bike almost daily and if I think back my ears still hurt.

But seriously, I did have a really good time. I didn't even mind that the clubs in Cambridge could only boast an ex-Neighbours cast member manning the decks, and I didn't miss London as I'd come home for endless holidays and then get fed up with just how far everything is to get to. But I did miss my parents, my little brother and my sister, and getting used to not being with them was pretty hard at the beginning. There were lots of things I did get used to though, except perhaps working. Then again very few third years I know ruefully slap their foreheads with regret over not having spent more of their first year in lectures. Yes, I probably should have paid more attention in them, but I hardly think I'm suffering for it now. My advice to a Murray Edwardian fresher? Make friends fast, and I know Emma Thompson advocates thermal underwear at Newnham so I'd also recommend a good pair of gloves (but not the little white kind, sister)."

Victoria Collett



Name your price, New Hall

Murray Edwards donation does away with college's identity

Having just watched the college formerly known as New Hall (FKANH) on University Challenge, it would be tempting to point out that the name change has not had a noticeable effect on the team's performance. But I don't think that there is any need for me to add to Jeremy Paxman's scorn.

Moving swiftly on, the purpose of this article is to tell you that despite the appearance presented on the show, the proposed name change is far from a fait accompli and is contested, high-handed and overwhelmingly unpopular. In reality, the only way in which the college FKANH has changed is in its trading name – legally it remains New Hall until the Privy Council considers the proposal next year.

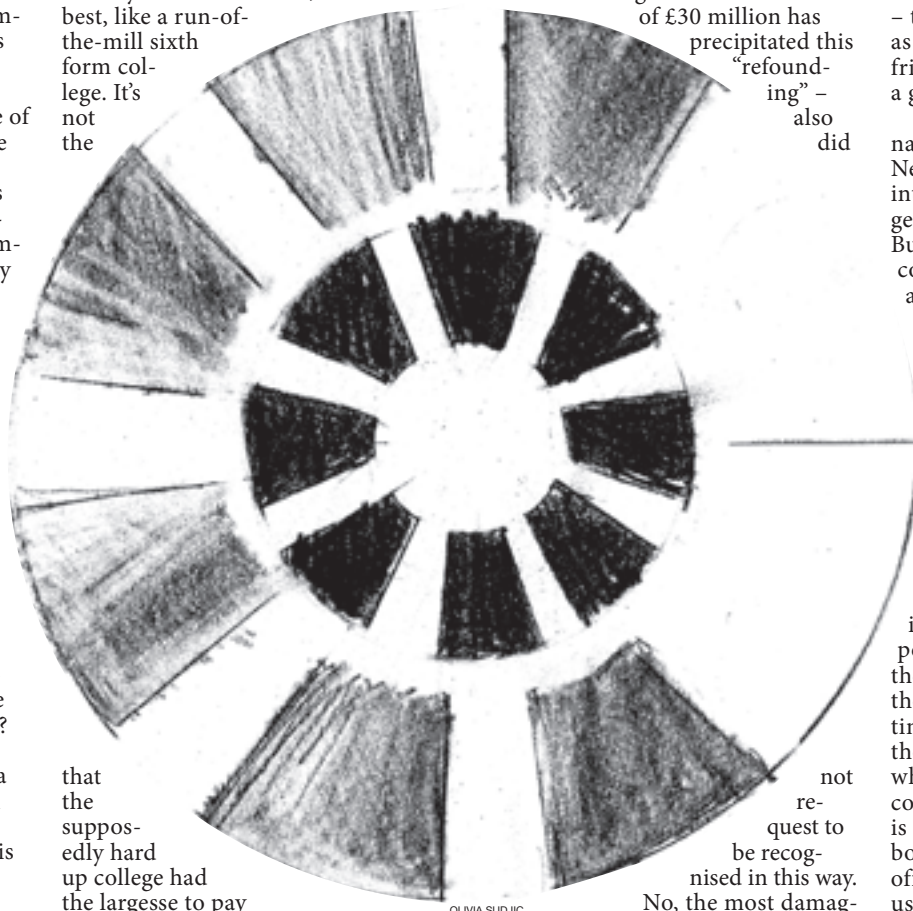
So, if you're a student at New Hall or of another college and recognise the dangerous precedent that will be set, do something about it! You can write to New Hall, to your college, to the Privy Council, even write to your MP because university funding is an issue for every one of us. Once the bar has been set at £30m for a name change, who will want to donate similar amounts to any college without that honour being granted? And how will you feel in 10 years time if your college sells itself and a cherished part of your history with it?

I am not suggesting that the gift is not welcome, in fact necessary, but there are ways to honour a donor that more appropriately recognise their contribution. For example, New Hall's dome and quad could be re-named after the Edwards with no loss of the college's identity and the

donor would still be proud to see their name on a prestigious and well known monument.

What grates the most is not that Murray Edwards sounds, at best, like a run-of-the-mill sixth form college. It's not the

distinguished first president, Rosemary Murray, didn't want the college named after her, and indeed Ros and Steve Edwards – the benefactors whose long-awaited donation of £30 million has precipitated this "refounding" – also did



that the supposedly hard up college had the largesse to pay Saatchi & Saatchi for a tacky re-branding exercise, nor is it that only a handful of current students were consulted and that they were sworn to secrecy. It's not even that our

ing consequence is that the name change cuts loose and alienates 4500 New Hall alumnae, the great majority of whom object to the loss of the college's identity. They

too were only told about the change on the day it occurred. This seems to me like the type of consultation usually reserved for airport expansions and new nuclear power stations – this is not in the spirit of New Hall as its members know it – an open, friendly and egalitarian college with a genuinely democratic character.

Much has been said of the originally temporary nature of the name New Hall – in 1954 the name was intended to be superseded when a generous benefactor could be found. But it was not anticipated that the college would have to wait so long and in 1972 the college gained its royal charter as New Hall and the beloved "angry fish" crest. From this time the name has been permanent and New Hall has gained recognition within and outside of the university and has become part of the identity of its graduates.

Next year the University is celebrating its 800th birthday, with a massive fund-raising campaign. The University knows the importance of alumni for this purpose, as do American institutions, the resources of which far outstrip those in the UK. So this is a strange time to be casting aside the views of thousands of members of the college, whose support will matter for the college's future. The college FKANH is throwing away the goodwill of its body of New Hall alumnae for a one-off gift. There may not be many of us, but it'll take another 50 odd years to nurture a new lot of 4,500 Murray Edwards alumnae. When the gift is not dependant on the name change, why are they doing it? And is it really worth it?

Joe Hunter



Freshers is fair

A third year's take on the pitfalls of first year

I've become a grandfather. So have most of my friends. Well, actually, some have become grandmothers, but there's statistics for you. It's not something I ever expected to happen to me at the age of 21, and of course I have my college's parenting scheme to thank. The fresh-faced arrival will, by the time this appears in print, be sampling the delights of fresher's week (small quibble: where does the apostrophe go in 'fresher's week'? Where I have placed it, implying that the week belongs to each fresher; that it is their time to enjoy; or is it 'Freshers' week', merely suggesting a week filled with the little bleeders? An important semantic difference, I feel).

Am I old, or do I just feel it? Join me, fellow cantabs feeling the final year blues, by indulging in that seductive 'doesn't time pass quickly' nostalgia. Pretend for a moment that time really can accelerate whilst we're not paying attention. Somehow, while downing filthy cheap wine at swaps, watching 'stripped down' productions at the ADC, some little thief was sneaking about robbing us of those hours promised to the magnum opus that's bursting to leap from cranium to page, or our long-neglected sit-up regime.

And yet, we know it's only a pleasant fiction. Time doesn't pass quickly. Neither does it pass slowly. It passes at the same speed it always has, and always will: funnily enough it's regular as clockwork.

and realise that there are considerably better, more experienced, more mature actors here than me. Before I know it, I either don't go to as many auditions as I promised myself I would, or I'm too nervous in the ones I do go to and con-

start flooding in – audition notices, football trials, Varsity editors asking for submissions – take an hour out of the important work you're doing preventing the bar from going bankrupt, and turn up for stuff. It's not rocket science, is it? And when the time comes to show what you're made of, perform with arrogance: it's the only real advantage that anybody has over anybody else here.

The problem is that not everybody is affected by 'Cambridge syndrome': a small number of your contemporaries genuinely believe they're the best, and will not shrink from proving it to everybody from the moment they arrive here. The important thing to remember is something Gryff Rhys-Jones once said about his time at this fine institution: "At Cambridge, nobody knows their place". If you're a brilliant actor, writer, sportsman/woman, or whatever, do your level best to put yourself in a position where this can become clear. Nobody else possesses more authority than you; nobody is pre-eminent, favoured, or established. So here comes the advice (mustered from two years of uncertainty): make like Nike (no, not as in sweatshop working conditions, but as in 'Just do it').

"Nobody is pre-eminent, favoured, or established."

The truth is, it's more than laziness that keeps many of us from doing what we mean to do while we're still undergraduates and have the opportunities laid on for us. There is a 'Cambridge syndrome' that hits many new arrivals, hard. It's insidious, undermines confidence, and it goes something like this: perhaps I'm a young man who was acclaimed for his acting at school. I arrive at Cambridge, and suddenly it seems as if everybody else was, too. Not only that, but there appears to be a strata of thespian individuals who all know each other and don't know me. Maybe I watch a good ADC mainshow,

sequently don't get cast, which further dents my confidence.

What I want to say to all the new first years (and cantabs in other years still hiding their heads in the sand) is this: Cambridge is a difficult place in which to make an impact. The concentration of some of the finest young minds of our generation in one place guarantees that. But lethargy is not a remedy for insidious feelings of inadequacy.

So here's what I want you to do. Go to the fresher's fair and sign up for every damn mailing list in sight. Go to your college's societies fair and do the same thing there. Then, when the emails



ANNA TRENCH

Jack
Rivlin



Sach Goldman and lynch Merrill

Why I love the credit crunch

As the US Government deliberates spending \$700bn of taxpayers' money bailing out financial institutions, surely it is time to recognize that the banking industry is out of control?

I have always found it offensive how much pride British people take in the power of the City. Perhaps it should not strike me as odd that a country which has the highest rate of cocaine use in Europe and a gambling industry worth £91 billion idolises the arrogant risk-takers who populate Britain's financial sector. But it does. Britain's finance industry is not British. Foreign corporations make use of our liberal regulation and hospitality. For too long those who work for major financial institutions have been playing a game that is out of control, safe in the knowledge that they will be bailed out by the taxpayer.

But what about all that they contribute to the economy? Their contribution is only keeping prices high, promoting frivolous hospitality centres which charge ridiculous amounts: the members' clubs, the Botox clinics and worst of all, the gastropubs.

But it is not only the love this country shows to these people that offends me but more so, it is the attitude of those parasites. Only Broadmoor boasts more individuals with personality disorders than the Square Mile. Here is the epicentre of Britain's selfish culture, the wave of egotism that was pulled in by 'economic prosperity'. Selfishness did not begin in the City, but it is there that the most extreme example of our own individualistic culture can be found. But now, the wave is breaking. Thousands of city workers have lost their jobs as a consequence of the credit crunch.

It is telling that the Archbishops of

both York and Canterbury have publicly condemned City practices. There is nothing human or humane about the way financial traders have behaved: the credit crunch has been caused by selfishness and risks being taken in a world far removed from normality. John Sentamu drew a brilliant contrast between the US government's \$700bn bail-out plan and the chronic lack of funding for tackling global poverty,

Short selling, hedge funds, derivatives: none of them are real, concrete phenomena. This form of capitalism is not productive, it does not rely on goods or even services, it is simply the creation of money from money, it is parasitical.

As an extended period of economic growth draws to a close, I see two major benefits. Firstly, prices fall. We have accumulated £1.39 trillion of debt

ing attitude. Surely now, restaurants will not be able to treat its customers as cattle without any regard for their enjoyment; nightclubs will be forced to charge less than £7 for a bottle of water. The fact that we will actually need each other's money once again may paradoxically cause us to treat each other with a little more respect.

I am not calling for the abolition of the financial sector. Nor am I turning a blind eye to the many negative consequences of this economic crisis. But

the effects of the credit crunch are not all undesirable: if temporary economic meltdown is what is required to replace our money-worshipping culture with a stronger grip on reality, then surely the super-rich City bankers are a worthy sacrifice.

"Only Broadmoor boasts more individuals with personality disorders than the Square Mile. Here is the epicentre of Britain's selfish culture"

"One of the ironies of this financial crisis," he explained, "is that it makes action on poverty look utterly achievable. It would cost \$5bn to save six million children's lives. World leaders could find 140 times that amount for the banking system in a week. How can they tell us action for the poorest is too expensive?"

And Rowan Williams identified the fundamental problem with City trading - it has no relationship with real goods, simply abstract concepts, "The biggest challenge in the present crisis is whether we can recover some sense of the connection between money and material reality - the production of specific things, the achievement of recognisably human goals."

trying to pursue the GQ ideal of emulating the super-rich, our own version of the American Dream. Now we must recognize what realistic and responsible spending is. Secondly, attitudes change. Consumerism will take a huge hit from the credit crunch and perhaps so too will the selfish accompany-



OLIVIA SUDJIC

Spk yr brains

*Chatroom chinwag between
Wifi Wendies and Broadband Brians*



Week 0:

Alison Richard

In response to Unrepentant Hemp Trousers sweeping generalisations, Labour's moribund education policy is a slab of knob cheese, a sorry state of affairs pissing on everything education is for. You have completely missed the point of Professor Richard's comments. I'm betting you studied Tourism and Leisure at Lampeter and now spend your days spunking away your dignity into a screwed-up wad of Kleenex when your mum's out.

Martin, Hythe.

posted Wed 13:35:18

Well said. It should be on academic merit alone - I wonder what Unrepentant Hemp Trousers would say to his child's heart surgeon if, god forbid, he botched the job and claimed state school barriers as his get out clause. If universities do have social responsibilities it is ensuring that a first class degree means just that, there is no room for 'untapped potential genius' in the operating theatre.

*Thinking Man's Crumpey,
Totteridge*

posted Wed 16:57:21

There is no family history of heart failure, neither my mother's nor father's side, nor any progenitors that I am aware of. Thank you for your concern but your gloomy portents do not square with the DNA my spawn shall one day inherit.

*Unrepentant Hemp Trousers,
Aigburth*

posted Wed 17:03:48

To all the double cream c**ts in this forum, Richards doesn't think you're clever. She thinks your lucrative. We should be increasing pressure on Ed Balls to do more to obliterate the arcane arrogance and dusty dogmatism of the old boys network.

Marianne Faithless, Lewisham

posted Thurs 11:55:01

you love balls.

Ed, Woodbridge

posted Thurs 11:57:22

Dictating quotas does nothing to identify and nurture the ablest. Students should be accepted to Cambridge if they have a brain in their head, not a chip on their shoulder. Positive discrimination helps no one. Millions of children will die of heart problems as has already been mentioned.

*Diane, B.A (Hons) Cantab,
Wolverhampton*

posted Thurs 12:05:45

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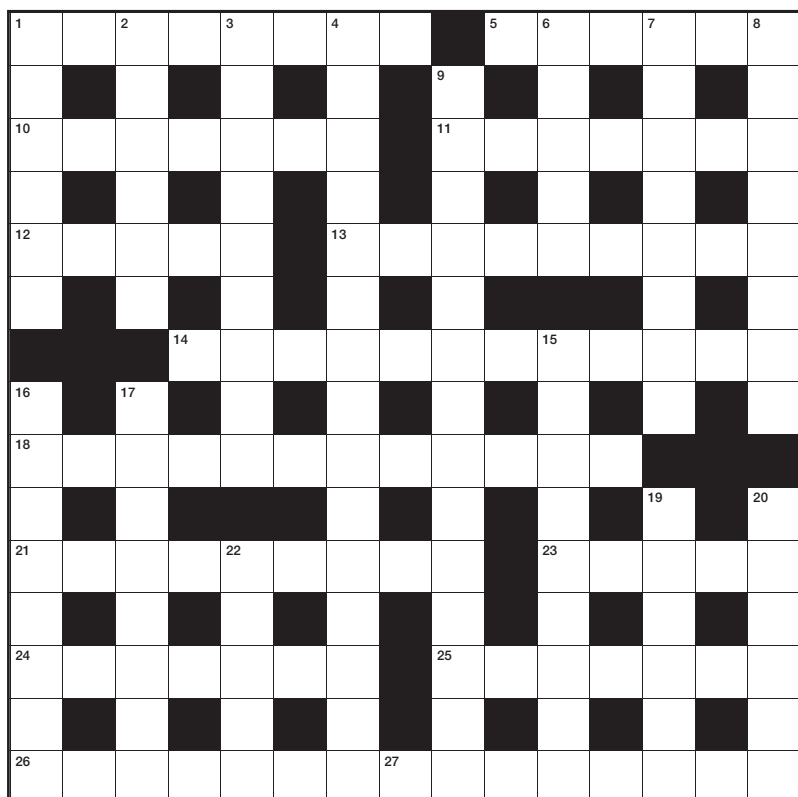
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Games & puzzles



Varsity Crossword

no. 486



Across

- 1 Apostle's name converted, with faith, along this road (8)
5 Dramatist brightly tops vague etch (6)
10 Try to be converted by this partial pest? (3-4)
11 Picture a milk container, for instance, with nothing in it (7)
12 St. Pam converted to destroy the earth (5)
13 Dreamers' plan wobbles (9)
14 Lecture not starting, following curve, it is all about buildings (12)
18 Be quiet! he garbled, with a terrible fatuous cry (4,4,4)
21 Weep: Nick starts, after backing ego at a low temperature (9)
23 A wandering, or a mistake (5)

- 24 Vehicles to be ridden, topless, more or less - they appear when it's freezing cold (7)
25 Not for a profit, holy man (7)
26 An erotic mood eats my nuts (6)
27 Massive beast quite like butterfly after partial beheading (8)

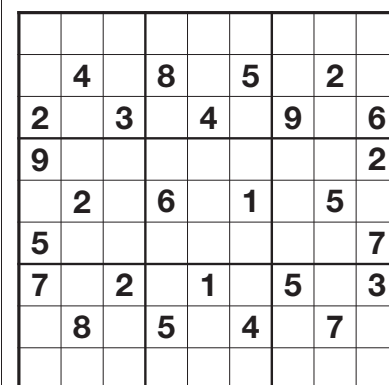
Down

- 1 Refuse to have head converted to old money; thus avoid an explosive situation (6)
2 Emergency holiday (6)
3 Male deer gathering for a final night on the town (4,5)
4 His fateful nuns messing around? (14)
6 Initially rearing up racoons and llamas in the countryside (5)
7 Erase angry dismissal (5,3)
8 Metal singer's top three, behind spoken tongues (8)
9 Mus musculus, for instance, corrupted in fanciest mice (10,4)
15 Circuit path for those with bikes (5,4)
16 Say Simple Simon kicks those who can see beyond (8)
17 Easy quid made up by the docks (8)
19 Professional goes round on the top straight away (6)
20 Walking support with middle changed to nothing: a sensitive area (6)
22 Earthly beast put inside: "Lemme go! Lemme go!" (5)

Set by Hisashi

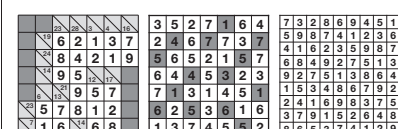
Sudoku

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.



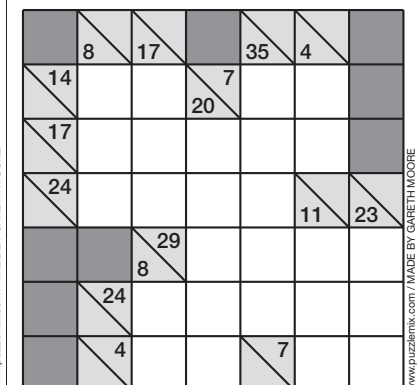
The Varsity Scribblepad

Last issue's solutions



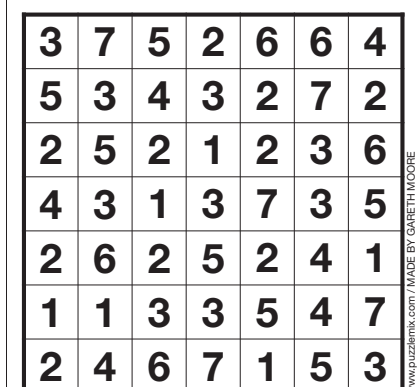
Kakuro

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).



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.





Rugby League: down and out Down Under

»Tough test in Australia for Rugby League tourists

Varsity Sport

Going down under to face three Australian Rugby League teams was always going to be a daunting challenge for the Blues, in a country that ranks Rugby League as its national sport. The eighteen-man squad, led by captain Matt Bray were comprehensively beaten in all three fixtures but there were signs of tangible improvement in their final fixture against New South Wales students in Sydney.

Bray led his side out into a monsoon in South Queensland and were out-fought and outclassed in the first half, trailing 40-0 at the interval. As would become customary on the tour, some wise words at half time brought about a significant improvement in performance in the second half. Captain Bray led by example, with and without the ball, and credit must be given to Old Boy Sam Youdan for bravely playing on with what turned out to be a severely

broken hand. The Light Blues regained some ground but they were some way short of dragging themselves back into contention against such strong opposition; a final score of 52-18 was a fair reflection of a difficult evening for Bray's men.

-80

Cambridge points difference over the three tour matches

Before the arrival of the touring party, word had been put out looking for elite players from the region to play against the most famous University in the world. Consequently, the opposition was consistently of a very high standard, including some very experienced Rugby League players as well as a couple of semi-professional Union players. The Blues' second fixture in

Armidale followed a similar course to the previous game, the hosts running out comfortable 50-18 winners despite another improved second half showing. The match was overshadowed, however by a serious arm injury to Paul Dower and the concussion of George Sykes meaning the Blues finished the fixture with just 13 men.

The final fixture in Sydney against New South Wales brought the best out of the squad, and the losing margin was significantly narrower in a much more competitive fixture. Only a couple of late tries condemned the Light Blues, who went down 30-16. Bray will be disappointed not to have picked up a victory but given the strength of the opposition, there is plenty of encouragement to be taken from his side's improvement as the tour wore on. They will be looking to continue this improvement over the course of the season. The squad hope to avenge the 38-10 defeat in last year's Varsity fixture to reclaim the KJ Lee Trophy.

Rugby Union: Positives taken from Portugal tour

Varsity Sport

New captain Jon Dawson will be looking to take the positives from a largely disappointing Portugal tour. His thirty-strong squad lost out in both fixtures in the Algarve. The high temperatures and first-class facilities at Browns Sports Club ensured a good workout for Dawson's team. But on a warm Lisbon evening, they looked disjointed in their first fixture against a strong-looking Portuguese President's XV. Coming up against 12 current internationals, and a backline that ran Ireland so close in the last World Cup, it was always going to be difficult for the Blues to get into the game. Scrum half Rhidian

McGuire was impressive in his cover play, with other notable performances coming from Ed Nimmons, Lloyd Rockard and Didi Akinluyi. However, an early try from the President's XV set the precedent for a difficult evening's work, and the home side ran out comfortable 26-0 winners.

The following days were spent back at Browns Sports Club working hard to rectify the errors that proved so costly in the first game. The Blues were offered a good chance to assess their improvement against the same President's XV. The squad went into the game in good spirits, confident they would be able to give a better account of themselves. The powerful Charlie Rees constantly made yards in the scrum, ably supported by Will Jones and

Niall Conlon and the Blues went in at half time having not conceded a point. Ross Broadfoot's two penalties were the difference between the sides, Cambridge leading 6-0 at the interval. The Presidents XV started the second half with real intent and deservedly got off the mark soon after the re-start. The Blues, though, responded well to conceding; a tremendous exhibition of strength from Chris Lewis, powering through six tackles to touch down, kept the Blues in the box seat. The second half was marred with the loss of two players to concussion and one to a rather questionable cut finger. With fatigue from the intensive pre-season schedule kicking in, the depleted Blues succumbed to several scores and went down 33 - 11 at the final

whistle. However, Cambridge can definitely take plenty of encouragement from a significantly improved display.

Dawson will be boosted by the arrival of several players unable to tour, and there seems to be a genuine air of optimism for the season ahead. There are a number of new faces who now have two and a half months to gel into a team capable of repeating their excellent performance in the Varsity fixture last year. The Blues' attention will now turn to their first home fixture against Blackheath on Wednesday 8th October and with big crowds expected at Grange Road this year, they'll be looking to get off to a positive start in their preparation for the big day at Twickenham on 11th December.

Sport in Brief

Kendo

Eight samurai apprentices go to Japan

This summer, eight Cambridge Kendo Society members flew to Tokyo for a week of hard practice under Nagamura-sensei chief instructor of the Kendo Club of Dentsudai University in Tokyo.

Matt Marley, the armourer, speaks enthusiastically about the experience: "We have done it: we can now say that we have studied kendo in Japan: this is something which I am really proud to say. Usually when you tell people that you practice kendo, you either get a strange look from them or they laugh a little and make some wisecrack about being a Jedi Knight. But this training camp has now put real weight behind what we do. We've trained in Japan and done something that most people don't even know about!"

Tennis

Oxbridge win historic Prentice Cup

This summer Cambridge and Oxford put aside their long-standing rivalry and together formed a six-man team which comfortably beat their American competitors in the 2008 Prentice Cup. The biannual cup sees Oxbridge's finest tennis players take on an American team of Harvard and Yale students. With America having dominated this competition in recent years, team captain Johnny Tassell was keen to reverse the trend. The Oxbridge team entered the event in high spirits after a one hundred percent winning record in their four-week warm up tour. Their confidence proved well placed as they raced into a 3-0 first day lead. Oxbridge succeeded in maintaining this early momentum with Emmanuel's Rob Blythe and Selwyn's John Western contributing victories over next two days. It fell to Man of the Match Johnny Tassell to put the Cup beyond the Americans and eventually see Oxbridge emphatically win 16-5.



Mixed success for Full Blue Racing

»Student drivers last 19 laps at Hockenheim before engine failure ends hopes

Varsity Sport

In August, Full Blue Racing, the Formula Student team, travelled to Hockenheim, home of the German Grand Prix, to make their second entry into the Formula Student Germany event.

Team members had worked hard in the weeks leading up to the event to finish their single seated racing car, capable of 0-60mph in four seconds. With the car completed, the team set off for the 500 mile

journey to Germany, where the car was put through its paces in a series of trials.

A lack of shakedown testing showed: electrical problems hindered the team's progress on Saturday, and come Sunday, had the car been unable to make the morning's endurance race slot, the team would have returned to Cambridge without the car even making it on track. Thankfully, the hard work late into the night paid off and the FBR08 was finally ready to race.

The FBR08 lined up for the endurance race with no testing or track time un-

der its belt; other teams had had almost 500km of testing. First driver Graeme Leese warmed up the tyres and completed 13 laps, setting a top time of 59.585s over a 1km track, just 5s off the fastest UK time. Throughout the stint, the car picked up and the team were quietly confident as second driver Ben Yarwood stepped in to complete his 14 laps.

However, on his sixth lap, a flash of blue flame was seen by the crowd, as the engine noise increased noticeably. The car was called into the pits, where a large

hole was found in the silencer. A seal had failed in the intake system, causing excessive exhaust temperatures - enough to melt the aluminium silencer and burn the bodywork. Officials deemed the car unsafe to continue.

Having completed 19 of the 27 laps of endurance (only 35 per cent of teams completed the event), the team were overjoyed. Given the resources available, to be able to compete as part of the field was an excellent performance and bodes well for FBR this coming year.

Sport Feature: Cambridge United FC



Cambridge Disunited

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF LEAGUE FOOTBALL AND VIRTUALLY NO STUDENT HAS HEARD OF CAMBRIDGE UNITED. VARSITY SPORT EDITOR BEN RILEY-SMITH LOOKS AT THE FALL AND POTENTIAL RISE OF THE TOWN'S BIGGEST FOOTBALL CLUB

It's not been easy being a Cambridge United fan. I've been supporting Cambridge's biggest football team for ten years now and, well, things really couldn't have gone much worse. After the joy of promotion in 1999, the rot set in and soon the slow, agonising descent towards anonymity began. Strikers got fatter. Defenders got older. Gradually our midfield transformed from a creative and competent unit to one with worse vision than Stevie Wonder. Of course, it wasn't all doom and gloom. We won things. In 2000 we were officially crowned the club with the Best Bacon Butties in all the Football League. As you can imagine, the celebrations were wild. But sadly our culinary dominance was not mirrored on the pitch, and it wasn't long before the club's problems came to a head in the disastrous 2004-2005 season. In the space of 12 months, Cambridge suffered the most unfortunate of hat-tricks – bankruptcy, relegation and the selling of their stadium. After 35 years in the Football League, Cambridge United were sent to the Conference.

Today, interest in the club from Cambridge University students is close to zero. Only a handful of Cantabrigians have any awareness of the stadium that lies just north of the Grafton Centre. In some ways this isn't surprising; even the Cambridgeshire television news has given up showing the results of Cambridge United. This is, after all, a club who plies its trade in English football's fifth division. What will come as a surprise to most students, however, is just how close Cambridge came to playing in England's top division.

It was the early Nineties. The FA had just announced an audacious branding project to rename their top division

'The Premier League' for the 1992-1993 season. And it was Cambridge United – yes, the very same Cambridge United who in a couple of years time would be known only for making a bloody good bacon roll – who were in the hunt for promotion into the new Premier League. Finding themselves in Division Two after back-to-back league wins, United entered the 1991-1992 season with confidence. Inspired by their effective sticking partnership

MANAGER JOHN BECK LATER ADMITTED THAT THROUGHOUT THE SEASON HE ORDERED CAMBRIDGE'S GROUNDSMAN TO GROW LONG GRASS IN THE CORNERS OF THEIR HOME PITCH TO HELP HIS LONG-BALL TACTICS

of Steve Claridge and Dion Dublin, both of whom would become Premiership regulars (and, for Dublin, an England international), Cambridge exceeded all expectations. Throughout the season they never dropped below 7th place and come the summer of 1992 found themselves in the play-offs. Their football was certainly not 'sexy' – manager John Beck later admitted that throughout the season he ordered Cambridge's groundsman to grow long grass in the corners of their home pitch to help his long-ball tactics – but it had worked. Now victory over two opponents was all that stood between them and a place in what today is widely considered the best footballing league in the world. How did they react to this opportunity? They choked. Humbled 6-1 by Leicester City over two legs Cambridge failed to become a Premiership team. The next season

they were relegated, and so started the beginning of the end.

When you combine this near success with the fact that Cambridge reached the quarter-finals of the FA Cup in both 1990 and 1991 it becomes clear that the club has a rich football heritage. Equally clear, however, is quite how badly things have gone since then. From pushing for the England's top league in 1992 to fighting against relegation from its 5th league in 2006,

it belongs," he confidently declared on his arrival, and there is certainly evidence to back up his claim. With a stadium that can hold close to 10,000 spectators and attendance figures that are one of the highest in the Conference, it would seem that Cambridge have the infrastructure needed for the next level. More importantly, the board has recently declared that its finances are in the best shape they've been since the turn of the century, in part due to a five-year deal which saw the Abbey Stadium renamed the Trade Recruitment Stadium. Such solid foundations bring legitimacy to Brabin's declaration that "over a number of years, I can move the club forward."

Nothing short of promotion is expected this season and already, at this early stage, Cambridge look like fulfilling their potential. Winning their first four matches saw United sitting pretty at the top of the table. A recent slump in form, blamed on a string of first team injuries, has seen them slip into the play-off positions, but Brabin believes the Us remain on target. "I think we should definitely be a top six side all season and pushing for promotion" he stated recently, continuing "I've set my sights straightaway and I want to win."

So maybe, just maybe, the trough of Cambridge's long slump has past. Perhaps, after a decade of shivering on the terraces, shouting at linesmen and consuming those delicious bacon butties I will finally see the rise that must surely follow such a staggering fall in United's fortunes. Yet, for all the ifs and maybes that lie ahead, there is one thing I can say with certainty; that for the first time in a long time Cambridge United have, to use a Barack Obama phrase, the audacity to hope.



Gary Brabin

Factbox

Next Home Fixture: Tuesday 7th October -vs- Lewes FC (kick off 19:45)

Ticket Price: £10

Directions: Catch the number 3 bus headed for Fison Road from just outside the entrance to the Grand Arcade. 5-10 minute journey; the stadium will be on your right.

**Jamie
Ptaszynski**

Sport Comment



What did the Olympics ever do for us?

Anyone who didn't watch the Olympics this year will currently be under the impression that it was all a great success for "Team GB" and that by London 2012 the British Isles will be overflowing with prime human specimens, all capable of multiple gold medals. The truth is a far sadder story. If you did watch you might have been lucky enough to witness our men's 4 x 100m team failing to hand a stick to each other in the right place. Since Athens 2004 over £400,000 has been spent training that team for that precise moment.

In fact, over the last four years the country has given more than £25 million in lottery money, government funding and charity cash to this worthy cause. Ignoring, as we do, the efforts those gallant also-rans, that equates to over £1 million per gold medal. And in the middle of a recession too!

The expenditure doesn't stop there either: all those of us who own a television paid a license fee for 2008. I'd like to know what proportion of that went on the endless hours of swimming and equestrian coverage,

pocket money for the thousands of researchers employed to tell us what the hell 'yingling' and 'kirin' mean and, most importantly, the vast tonnage of complimentary sandwiches that Adrian Chiles had managed to store in his cheek-pouches by the end of the fortnight.

I know it's not supposed to be about the money, that UKA have far more romantic ideals about national pride and that everyone is meant to love their local hero, but while the government is refusing to fund relatively low-cost cancer treatments on the NHS, such expensive romance is unlikely to arouse a reaction.

Even if I were capable of national pride I would find it very hard to get excited. I know we have tried to brush off the Australian coach's antagonizing comments but he's quite right: most of our medals were won on sports where being seated is a major prerequisite. Much though we appreciate the stamina and strength of that Scottish cyclist who won everything, we would far rather see a Brit taking gold on the track, or even in the field; hence the title awarded to Kelly Holmes and the

anticipation that follows every stride of Philips Idowu's eccentric socks. The reasons for this are unclear. My own theory is that, deep in our hearts, we know that to train a team of cyclist requires a huge budget for facilities and equipment, which means we're only really competing against a handful of other well-off countries, whereas

"Most of our medals were won on sports where being seated is a major prerequisite."

a runner or jumper or even a thrower is relying almost entirely on his or her own body and therefore competing against every other human being on the planet.

We should also be wary of hero-worshipping. Turn your memory back to that sorry image of Lu Zhao limping away from the games having

managed just a single hurdle. Forced to bear the expectations of a billion cheering Chinese on a damaged ankle, his anxiety and eventual distress were tangible, even across the six-hour time difference. While I'd like to think that we as a nation are not so foolish as to put that much pressure on any one man, I'd be wrong. You only have to look at our past relationships with iconic international footballers and tennis players to see that we are just as ruthless as our oriental counterparts when it comes to 'support'.

As far as 2012 is concerned, I'd recommend a large dose of pessimism. All arguments considered, I can't see how it's going to help us financially or patriotically: Budgeting has been predictably untidy and even some of our top coaches from Beijing have confessed their doubts about the chances of repeating this year's medal haul. If it were up to me I'd send the games back to China, withdraw all British funding and put the Union Jack back in the fancy-dress box: In the end there were only two stories worth following in Beijing and they starred an American and a Jamaican.

View from the River



This summer has seen major coaching changes at the CUBC. Duncan Holland, Blues head coach since 2005, left shortly after this year's Boat Race defeat amid rumours of controversy. The decision not to renew Holland's three year contract came as no surprise to our man in the Blues squad who noted that "I think it had a lot to do with finding a scapegoat". The former coach must surely shoulder the blame for losing two out of the last three clashes with Oxford. But results were not the only reason for his departure according to our source. He stated that "there was a slight amount of animosity between Duncan and one or two rowers," a fact that had created "different camps made up of people who were for and against him." Some have suggested this internal friction played a part in Holland's departure. Certainly a handful of Cambridge's top rowers were more than happy to see the back of their old coach.

The position of Head Coach remained unfilled throughout summer, with former assistant coach Rob Baker taking charge. Under Baker's watch Cambridge competed in Moscow and New Zealand with two different scratch boats – made up of past, present and incoming university rowers – with mixed success. Out in New Zealand Cambridge triumphed in a head-to-head race on September 7th, while in Russia the university boat limped to a disappointing fourth place in a race of five competitors.

What were the selectors looking for during their prolonged search for a new coach? "We needed a heavy hitting name," one rower stated, "to attract these big international rowers who maybe won gold at the Olympics". It is this area where rivals Oxford have recently outshone the Light Blues. This year the Oxford boat will have five rowers who competed at Beijing. Cambridge will have none.

Eventually in mid-September Chris Nilsson was announced as the new Head Coach, signing a three-year contract. Nilsson certainly has the credentials to attract international stars, having both rowed and coached at the Olympics with New Zealand. It is also hoped that, having worked with the Oxford boat in the late 1990s, Nilsson will be able to use his knowledge of Cambridge's rivals to great effect. The announcement also caught the interest of Cambridge's sporting laymen due to Nilsson's appearance – he wears an eye patch – which led one student to state that he looked like a "weathered sailor." On the river, Nilsson's early weeks in charge have run smoothly, with our Blues squad source noting that "I've never heard a bad thing about him". Keeping Cambridge's rowers on side is essential for Chris Nilsson as he aims to overturn last year's Boat Race defeat in six months time.

Cambridge Athletes Excel in Beijing

»Cantabrigians past and present return with 1 gold, 4 silver and 1 bronze

Dan Quarshie
Sports Reporter

The Beijing Olympics were a raging success from a British perspective. Team GB's impressive tally of 47 medals all but justified the inordinate amounts of sleeping time inevitably sacrificed for the BBC interactive service over the two-week period. If the GB performance was a breath of fresh air to the Games-watching faithful, then the Beijing exploits of one particular subgroup of Olympians should instil yet more pride among Cantabrigian onlookers.

No fewer than nine members of Team GB were Cambridge alumni, and in the case of one athlete, current students. The Cambridge contingent notched up six medals in total; one Gold, four Silver and one bronze – constituting a significant proportion of the total number of medals won by the 311-man squad.

Ex-CUBC President and four-time Blue Tom James, a Trinity Hall graduate, led the way with a gold medal in the Men's Coxless Fours. Tom and his crew's perfectly executed race rendered the second-placed Australians impo-

tent as the British boat powered to victory. Road cyclist Emma Pooley (also ex-Trinity Hall) produced a stunning performance to pick up a silver medal in the Individual Time Trial. Interestingly, Emma started out as a cross-country specialist, representing the CU Hare & Hounds and CUAC during her time at Cambridge before being forced to take up cycling because of injury. Varsity Boat Race stalwarts Josh West and Tom Stallard, formerly members of Gonville and Caius and Jesus colleges respectively, also won silver medals as part of the second-placed Men's Eights crew. Anne Vernon (ex-Downing) narrowly missed out on first place in the Women's Quadruple Scull, but in doing so brought home the Cantabs' fourth silver medal while Newnham alumna Anna Bebington's bronze medal in the Women's Double Sculls completed the Cambridge representatives' medal tally.

The medal-winners were not the only Cambridge athletes to put in fine displays during the competition. Third-year fencer and current Hawk of the Year Alex O'Connell, currently reading Classics at Churchill, competed in the



Individual Sabre, agonisingly missing out on the second round in a 15-14 defeat. UK number one-ranked 1500m athlete, Andy Baddeley, (ex-Gonville and Caius and CUAC) qualified for the final of the 1500m, eventually finishing in 9th place. Rowers Hester Goodsell

(ex-Hughes Hall) and Sarah Winckless (ex-Fitzwilliam) also represented Team GB in the Lightweight Women's Double Sculls and Women's Eights respectively. Hester finished 5th in the B Final race while Sarah and her teammates also finished in 5th place.

The Week Ahead

University

Rugby

This Sunday, the Blues' compete in their annual Old Boys fixture before playing Blackheath at Grange Road. A good crowd expected.
Grange Road, Sunday 5th & Wednesday 8th October, KO 3:00pm & 19:45

University

Golf

The golfers kick off their term with fixtures against Little Aston & Wigorns. They will be looking to start the season strongly on the way to avenging their narrow defeat in last year's Varsity fixture.
Blackwell, Saturday 4th & Sunday 5th October

National

Athletics

Great North Run, live from Tyneside. Gruelling half-marathon which always attracts the world's finest long distance runners as well as thousands raising money for charity.
BBC 1, Sunday 5th October, 9:30 - 13:30

National

Football

Everton v Newcastle at Goodison Park. Without a win since September, new caretaker manager Joe Kinnear will be hoping Newcastle can stop the rot against David Moyes' Toffees.
Watch it at The Avery, Sunday 5th October, 16:30

Sport



**Cambridge
United »p30**
*Your local team
profiled*

Blues edge cricket clashes

»Blues win one-day Varsity match before Oxford
scrape draw in first-class fixture

Andy Robson
Sport Editor

An excellent Varsity debut performance from opener Akbar Ansari laid the foundations for a comfortable 47-run victory at the one-day fixture at Lord's. Ansari's form extended into the four-day match, played in Oxford a fortnight later, where he amassed 273 runs and took six wickets to put Cambridge in a commanding

346

Runs scored by Ansari over the
course of both fixtures

4-50

Ansari's bowling figures in the first
innings at The Parks

position. However, a match-saving 172 from Oxford's Nick Kruger eventually salvaged a draw and some respectability for the Dark Blues.

At Lord's, Oxford were set a lofty 287 to win, thanks to commendable contributions from Ansari, who played splendidly for his 73, fellow opener Richard Timms and quick-fire runs from Scott MacLennan in the middle order. In the field, the Light Blues pressed their advantage early on thanks to a superb spell of tight bowling from Ben Jacklin, who went for just 15 runs off his eight overs. Helped by four wickets from slow-left-arm Fergus Baker, including the prize scalp of dangerman Neil Kruger, the Light Blues coasted to victory and fin-

ished off their opponents with four overs to spare.

Cambridge openers Ansari and Timms got Cambridge off to a brilliant start and brought up their fifty partnership in just the seventh over. They benefited from real profligacy from the Oxford attack, who conceded 42 wides in the innings. Oxford captain Oli Sadler himself made the breakthrough in the 27th over, when Timms chipped him through to Strachan with the score at 138-1. However, it was clear even at this stage that a big score was on the cards. Although wickets continued to fall, the middle order rightly went after the Oxford attack and they were largely successful. Number nine Michael James typified the Cambridge attitude, hammering a four from the very last ball of the innings to complete a highly impressive first innings total of 286.

The opening spell from Cambridge bowlers Ben Jacklin and Michael James really highlighted where this fixture was won. Whilst the opening Oxford pacemen were erratic, Jacklin and James were assured. Jacklin in particular impressed with a real showcase of one-day bowling. The classy Kruger looked to be Oxford's only glimmer of hope and his partnership with debutant wicketkeeper batsman Haslam, who was very good value for his 43, was a rare period of Oxford domination. By that stage though, it was highly unlikely that Kruger and Haslam would be able to see Oxford home. When their partnership was broken, with Kruger on 81, the tie was clearly over and Liam O'Driscoll eventually bowled last-man Macadam to round off a convincing 47-run victory for the Light Blues.

Two weeks later, in the four-day fixture in Oxford, it was Cambridge who won the toss and wisely opted to bat on an even looking pitch. Ansari, once more,



**Medal students: Light Blue
Olympians win in China »p31**

was the thorn in Oxford's side. His marvellous 193, supported by a patient 83 from Nick Whittington set a 6th wicket Varsity record partnership of 216 on the way to a first innings total of 386.

Oxford's reply started confidently and at 168-2 the match was evenly poised. However, Jacklin's vicious yorker to remove Kruger initiated a spell of Cambridge supremacy. Ansari supplemented his terrific knock with four wickets as the Light Blue spinners exploited the widening cracks in the pitch. Oxford slumped to 264 all-out, giving Cambridge a commanding 122-run lead going into the second innings. With the exception of wicket-keeper Heywood, pinned in front on just 11, all of the top order offered contributions. It was Ansari who again most impressed. He was unbeaten on 80 when Freddie Owen declared to give Oxford a lofty target of 368.

Given the spinning conditions, 368 looked insurmountable, especially when Oxford were reduced to 36-2. From that point on, however, Oxford went about the run chase in a supremely professional manner as Sadler and the expansive Kruger batted beautifully on a deteriorating pitch. They kept wickets in hand and progressed solidly to leave them in a position to free their arms in the final hour. Cambridge looked nervous in the field as they realised they might lose a game they had looked certain to win. And lose they would have done, had Robin Kemp not taken an outstanding catch to end Neil Kruger's wonderful innings on 172. The loss of Kruger effectively ended Oxford's hopes of reaching their target and they ended up some 33-runs short of victory at stumps; a thrilling end to an otherwise uninspiring fixture.

Star Man: Akbar Ansari

Captain's Corner



Georgie Hurt
Lacrosse

How do you improve perfection? That's the challenge that faces Georgie Hurt, the new Blues Lacrosse co-captain. "We had an amazingly successful season last year" Georgie states proudly. "The Blues team won every one of our 15 competitive matches with an overall goal difference of over 150!" Couple this with the Varsity match thumping Oxford suffered at the hands of both our 1st and 2nd Lacrosse teams and it becomes clear that last year will be a hard act to follow.

Fear not, however, for Cambridge's fortunes are in safe hands with Ms Hurt. Remarkable talent and raw determination has seen Georgie rocket onto the international stage. In the summer of 2007 she had the honour of leading England's Under 19 lacrosse team at the Junior World Cup in Canada, eventually finishing an impressive 3rd. "The experience was phenomenal" she gushes. "The tournament was filled with ups and downs but the feeling of elation when the final whistle blew in the Bronze medal match, with England victorious, has to be the highlight of my lacrosse playing career". Since then she has solidified her place in the senior national squad.

Despite these past successes Georgie refuses to be complacent. In the BUSA league Cambridge face a rejuvenated Loughborough, peppered with international stars, who are "the team to beat in the championship". To do so, they'll need to improve. "Last season our team's biggest weakness was our fitness" Georgie notes. "We were lucky that our strengths were such that this weakness did not limit out success". This year nothing is being left to chance. A gruelling training schedule sees the Blues meet three times a week, with players expected to do additional personal fitness training on top of their weekly match.

Sharing the captaincy with Gen Gotla, Georgie is confident that last season's success can be repeated. A lot depends on incoming freshers, with fresh legs in midfield and competent attacking players particularly needed. What do you need to make it? "To gain a place on the lacrosse squad all it takes is a keen player with some previous experience. However to graduate from the reserves, to the Kingfishers and up to the Blues team it takes great skills, a high level of fitness, an ability to read the game, and above all a huge level of commitment". The Blues start their title-defending campaign on October 15th against Oxford.

Scoreboard

One-day match at Lord's: Cambridge beat Oxford by 47 runs

Cambridge 286-8 from 50 overs (Ansari 73, Timms 55, Strachan 3-45)

Oxford 239 all out from 46.4 overs (Kruger 81, Baker 4-66)

First-class match at The Parks, Oxford: Cambridge drew with Oxford

Cambridge 386 all out (135.1 overs; Ansari 193, Whittington 83, Morse 6-102) and 255-4 dec (67 overs; Ansari 80*, Timms 55, Howell 3-52)

Oxford 264 all out (96.1 overs; Sadler 77, Ansari 4-50) and 353-7 (101.4 overs; Kruger 172)