

VARSITY

Friday November 14 2008

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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Union uproar over Jude Law mix-up

» Senior Officer “forced to resign” after covering up speakers’ cancellations
» Oxford Union hits out at “inflammatory” comments from Cambridge

Hugo Gye
Chief News Editor

The Union’s Senior Officer has resigned after it emerged that Jude Law would not be coming to Cambridge.

Mr Law had been advertised as a speaker since the start of term, and played a prominent role in the Cambridge Union Society’s termcard and publicity material. Senior Officer Sébastien Ginét, who was responsible for booking speakers, has resigned due to his part in the mistake, but as a parting shot, accused the Union of xenophobia.

After a piece appeared in last week’s *Varsity* (Issue 682, November 7) about the Oxford Union falsely advertising Mr Law as a speaker, the actor’s PR company contacted the newspaper to

deny that he would be appearing at Cambridge.

A spokesperson from Premier PR said, “Jude has never been scheduled to speak this term and nor is he able to as he is shooting a film”. Soon after *Varsity* contacted the Union with this information, the Society confirmed that Mr Law would not be speaking this term; nor will Ukrainian President Viktor Yushchenko or Sergei Stanishev, Prime Minister of Bulgaria. All three men had been prominently displayed in the Union’s advertising.

A Union spokesman said, “We apologise unreservedly for the fact that Viktor Yushchenko, Sergei Stanishev, and Jude Law will not be addressing the society this term. Senior Officer Sébastien Ginét, the officer responsible for organising these speakers’ appearances, tendered his resignation on Wednesday”.

Adding to the Union’s misfortune, Josh Roche, President of its Oxford counterpart, has criticised the “inflammatory” comments made by Cambridge officers about their similar misfortune. Cambridge declined to respond to this.

The Cambridge Union criticised Oxford for advertising Law, Yushchenko and Giscard d’Estaing in its termcard when they had not been booked to speak, with Bott calling Roche “dishonest” for suggesting that Cambridge had promised to help secure those speakers.

A spokesman for the Cambridge Union said that they “will be conducting a review of the ways that we book and advertise speakers” to avoid a similar situation in the future. A by-election will be held for a new Senior Officer on Sunday.

Boris Johnson also cancelled his advertised appearance earlier this term. However, that cancellation is not thought to be linked to the current incident, with the Union putting it down to the London Mayor’s “work commitments”.

The Union did not confirm whether or not the cancelled speakers would be visiting Cambridge in the future, saying only, “we are making continued efforts”. The Society also declined to say whether it knew of Mr Law’s unavailability before being contacted by *Varsity*, although a spokesman said that they were “aware that there were difficulties”.

Following Ginét’s resignation, former French president Valéry Giscard d’Estaing will not be appearing at the Union. He had been approached through Ginét’s personal contacts, and Ginét now feels it would be “inappropriate” for Mr Giscard d’Estaing to come to Cambridge. However, the other guests booked by Ginét will still speak at the Society. Everyone scheduled to speak in a Union debate this term has honoured their commitment.

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Warehouse inferno: Mill Road closed off after fire in old John Lewis storage space »p3

Cambridgeshire Chief Constable may seek Ian Blair’s job

Beth Staton
News Reporter

The county’s top police officer may be considering applying to be the new head of the Met.

Newspapers have been suggesting

that Julie Spence, Cambridgeshire’s Chief Constable, will apply to replace Sir Ian Blair as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Were Spence to succeed in a bid for the post, she would become the first female Commissioner.

The Cambridge Evening News reported on Saturday that Spence was “seriously considering” seeking the role, applications for which opened last week. In an interview with the Guardian, she refused to rule out applying.

Although she has been policing for thirty years and is due to retire soon, she said in that interview, “I still love the job and I still want to develop people and develop organisations.” She added, “It would be good to see a woman” in the post, but cautioned

that “it has to be the right one.”

When pressed on the issue, Spence would only say: “I will look at the application and see. This is an opportunity, and you just have to sit and take stock and say, should I? Do I want to do it?”

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VARSITY

Nominations are open for the 2009 Varsity100.
Any Cambridge student can be nominated at varsity.co.uk/100

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Lewis Hamilton may be the first black driver to with the Championship, but questions of racism still remain.

An imperfect Union?

The Cambridge Union has often been *Varsity's* favourite sparring partner. Over the last eighteen months, we've reported on various Union-related scandals, ranging from totally unfounded allegations to bona fide fist fights. And not without reason: the Union has too often in previous terms been bumbling and bureaucratic.

It would be easy, then, as *un autre* Union hack resigns amid controversy, to aim another blow at this paper's favourite punch-bag. At least, it would have been easy, had this term's Union not been the most accomplished in years. Indeed, whatever the failings of previous administrations, Adam Bott's reign has been impressive: his choice of debates has been inspiring, his bar renovation vital and his line-up of speakers, with or without Jude Law, stimulating. Whatever the rights and wrongs of his wayward Senior Officer, Bott's tenure should be regarded as a success.

letters@varsity.co.uk Submit your letter for the chance to win a bottle of wine from the Cambridge Wine Merchants. This week's winner is Robert 'Bambi' Stagg of Emmanuel College.

Bambi responds

Sir,
Is Germaine Greer one of your damned elusive Cambridge Spies? Your account of my *tête-à-tête* with her might as well have come direct from (how else can one say it?) the horse's mouth. I did not record Ms Greer's conversation, and I did not claim to have done so. I simply informed

her that I was 'clandestinely' attending the Union dinner to help with a profile piece I was writing. Ms Greer has eyes to



see and ears to listen, and might even be able to recognise figurative speech when she stumbles across it. But it appears the termites have been dining long and dining

hard lately, and she chose to be shrill and indignant instead. Ms Greer can attribute this letter to my errant member flapping around uncontrollably if she so desires – this is approximately how she fielded any opposition in debate – but if she wants to do so, she's a big enough girl to come out and say it herself.
Faithfully yours,
Robert 'Bambi' Stagg
Emmanuel College

A review of a review

Sir,
In regards to the review about *Peter Pan* [Issue 682], I found it to be dishonest and disgusting and whoever has written it should respond with a public apology. The reason for this concern is because it contains errors, lies and a disgusting paedophilic comment. I believe that a reviewer is allowed to voice his opinions but this takes it to another level. Firstly, it makes a comment about the production being "for a half term audience" and "did I mention it was half term". That is a lie because if you look on the Cambridge-shire LEA website, half term was a week before, so NO it wasn't for a half term audience. Secondly, it states that Richard Elliot played Smee when in fact it was Daniel Fenwick. Finally, the comment which I am most concerned about is the one which made the reviewer "fancy 12 year old boys all over again". Now what does that incite?? Especially in regards to the article on the FRONT page of the same issue about the "paedophile don" ["Hammond to keep job", Issue 682] who will resume work in Caius. NOW, do you

call that responsible reporting or what? The reviewer also stated that this "review was irrelevant". Then WHY THE HELL publish it? Thank you for your time and hope to hear from you soon and HOPE IMMEDIATE action or the matter shall be taken to higher powers.
Yours faithfully,
Kamal Hussain
King's College

A review of a review of a review

Dear Kamal,
Hello. You claimed (in your second Facebook message since last Friday) that I had nothing to say in response to your rebuttal of my review.

Two things: the first general, the second specific. Firstly: what are the theatre reviews at Cambridge for? Well, most importantly, they are designed to give those reading the paper information about plays. Less importantly, they allow people who have an interest in journalism to hone their skills. Perhaps less importantly still, they give people involved in plays a glow of self-satisfaction in seeing

their name in print.

I'm sorry you didn't like your exposure in last week's review. But the whole point of the ADC, as I pointed out less than charitably in the review, is the "Amateur" in its name. It allows amateur actors the chance to act, much as Varsity affords amateur journalists opportunities to write.

Of course, we all want to do what we do as well as we can. And that is where the critic of amateur theatre has a difficult job: to highlight the strengths of individual and group performances (as I did) and to highlight any deficiencies (which I did).

Of course, it's no fun when reviews are not favourable. But realise two things. One: there was no malice or bias in what I wrote. Secondly – more importantly – you must realise when something is meant to hurt, and when it is meant to be part of a broader review with a variety of aims. I hope you take this on: anyone with your impressive CV will surely be hoping to forge a career in which you will – inevitably – get your fair share of bad reviews with the good ones.

Thank you.
George Reynolds
Corpus Christi College

Corrections

In our review of *Peter Pan* (Issue 682, page 19), we wrongly stated that the part of Smee was played by Richard Elliot; in fact, Smee was played by Daniel Fenwick. In our article 'Plagiarism sparks media uproar' (Issue 682, page 7), we added an extra 'e' to Ant Bagshaw's name and wrongly stated that he is the CUSU Academic Affairs Officer; he is in fact the CUSU Education Officer.

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SEAN JONES

Police investigate cause of Mill Road fire

» Blaze took 50 firemen over twelve hours to control on Wednesday morning

Craig Hogg
Deputy News Editor

Police and Fire Officers are investigating the cause of a major blaze at a former John Lewis warehouse in the city.

Over 50 firefighters from seven stations tackled the fire on Mill Road in the early hours of Wednesday morning. It took the carefully co-ordinated efforts of the Fire Service over twelve hours to bring the flames under control.

The warehouse is being treated as a crime scene by police, until a full assessment inside the building can be

made. Detective Inspector Alan Page said: "Because the building is unsafe, we cannot allow investigators to enter. If anyone saw anything suspicious or unusual shortly before the fire started in Mill Road, please contact me."

Cambridgeshire Fire and Rescue Services said nobody had been hurt in the incident. However, residents and staff at nearby Brookfields Hospital were advised to keep doors and windows closed as the fire spread through the derelict building.

"I woke up at 2am to flashing lights," said Andrea Walko, the CUSU Welfare & Graduates Officer, who lives in the house next to the fire, "and I saw there was a fire in the warehouse next door. I

was really scared, but the firemen reassured us that they would tell us in good time if we had to leave". Walko eventually had to leave her house, spending the night on a sofa in King's.

Another Mill Road resident, Edward Rice, was less put out by the event: "As long as no one was hurt and it was not my house that burnt down, I don't really mind," he said.

Fire and Rescue have said that the building has suffered extensive structural damage. Spokesperson Ronnie Booth told Cambridge Radio Q103: "The big issue now is with potential building collapse. Some of the building has already collapsed so we need to keep a very, very close eye."

The warehouse is owned by the Muslim Academic Trust, in partnership with the Cambridge Muslim Welfare Society, who had intended to demolish to make way for a new mosque.

Speaking to the Cambridge Evening News, one witness feared the inferno has decided the future fate of the building for the Trust: "It will have to come down now. The fire has gone all the way through. If you go to the back there is a hole in the wall and I can see a steel girder is bent."

The blaze caused considerable disruption to one of Cambridge's busiest routes. Mill Road was closed between Perne Road and Coleridge Road for over 24 hours due to the incident.

In Brief

NUS passes controversial new constitution

Controversial reforms to the NUS constitution have been passed at an extraordinary conference. The motion for reform was easily passed, as 614 out of 700 student representatives voted in favour of the new constitution. However, the NUS conference, and the new constitution, have been heavily criticised. Ant Bagshaw, CUSU Education Officer, called the conference a "faction-ridden farce" and noted that there were some "serious problems" with the constitution. Cambridge delegate Ed Maltby said that the constitution "concentrates power in the Union with a group of professionals. It's antithetical to a students' union". NUS have also been criticised for discussing the constitutional reforms at the small, extraordinary conference, rather than at the annual conference, which is larger and therefore more democratically representative.

Changes to lifestyle can slow progress of prostate cancer

Addenbrooke's researchers have discovered that altering the lifestyle of prostate cancer patients can slow the progress of the disease. A new study has tested the effects of increased consumption of oily fish, and a reduction in levels of alcohol and salt intake. Also prominent in the study was the introduction of regular exercise, and a weight loss program targeting overweight patients. Of the 110 prostate cancer patients who took part in the study, forty no longer required their planned treatments or surgery. The changes were monitored using blood tests to detect the levels of Prostate Specific Antigens in their system. It is also believed that similarly positive effects would be found in cases of other types of cancer.

Jennie Baker

'Thrust' too sexual

CUSU LGBT has received complaints about the new name of their Tuesday club night held at The Place. 'Thrust', the night's new name, caused offence because of its sexual nature, which potentially demeans women. A meeting has been held between CUSU, LGBT and the club's representatives in attempt to resolve the issue. It is undecided what, if any, further action might be taken. Women's Officer, Natalie Szarek, suggested that naming the club 'Thrust' did not show due care to how the LGBT community want to be portrayed and defined: "[A] very hetero-normative night isn't called something like 'Penetration'". Szarek said that ideally CUSU could work with the club's partners to "rebrand" the night.

Tesco appeals over new store turned down

KATY KING

Martin McQuade
Deputy News Editor

Cambridge City Council has dismissed two appeals by Tesco to open a store on Mill Road.

Tesco had applied to convert an empty motorist's discount store into a Tesco Express, including a single story extension, ATM, shop frontage and refrigeration equipment.

Proposals were rejected on the grounds of highway safety along Mill Road, as well as parking provision on the adjoining streets.

Local residents will see this as validation of their attempts to prevent the opening of a new Tesco. The Facebook group 'Say no to Tesco's [sic.] on Mill Road' has over 500 members.

"We are delighted that the planning inspector realised just how dangerous it would be to deliver to the site," said Sonia Cooter, of the No Mill Road Tesco group. She added, "we are very happy".

Martin Lucas-Smith of the Cambridge cycling campaign said, "we hope now that Tesco will stop wasting taxpayers money and everyone's time, and withdraw their second appeal."

"We objected to the plans, and the Government inspector has accepted the evidence we put forward at the public inquiry that cyclists and indeed everyone else using Mill Road would be badly affected by Tesco's delivery proposals," he continued.

A statement released by Tesco read: "We are obviously extremely disappointed by this decision. We will be considering the report and looking at our options."

"However, we still remain committed to Mill Road and think that a Tesco Express will add to the vibrancy of the area. We now await the Inquiry date for air conditioning and refrigeration plant."

The decision comes as the result of a four day hearing at the beginning of October. Evidence was given by both local residents and Cambridge safety groups.

The planning inspector David Nicholson concluded: "I find that both of the realistically available servicing options would pose unacceptable risks to highway safety, which would not be outweighed by benefits or the fallback position. I therefore conclude that both appeals should be dismissed."



Residents protesting against Tesco

FITZBILLIES

52 Trumpington Street
Cambridge CB2 1RG

FREE CHELSEA BUN

With every purchase over £2.00 in the shop

OR

**FREE MORNING
COFFEE/TEA**

(9am-12pm)

With any cake or pastry in the restaurant

on presentation of this voucher
and proof of student status

In Brief

Shop causing crime

Mace convenience store on Mill Road has been "actively contributing to crime and disorder" by selling alcohol to street drinkers, according to Cambridgeshire police. Councillors have rejected a request from Mace to appoint Daksha Bramabhat as the store's new designated premises supervisor (DPS) – in charge of alcohol sales – since she was charged £80 last year for selling alcohol to someone who was drunk. Another Mace employee was accused of the same offence in September. Mrs Bramabhat denies the accusations and has said that Mace will stop selling strong beer in an attempt to reduce street drunkenness. She claims to have paid the fine only in an attempt to avoid legal action.

Conduct Disorder discovery

A Cambridge psychiatrist has discovered a link between aggressive behaviour and abnormal responses to stress among teenage boys. A study which put young males diagnosed with Conduct Disorder in temporarily stressful situations showed them to have abnormally low levels of stress hormone in their saliva. Dr Graeme Fairchild, the author of the study, told *Varsity*: "We think that certain responses during stress may act as a brake on aggressive impulses and help individuals to regulate their emotions and act more cautiously. If these physiological signals are absent or strongly reduced, then it may be harder for people to control their temper and violent impulses." Dr Fairchild's study has been praised by specialists worldwide.

Karolina Saar

Objection to Jesus Green scheme

A public consultation has shown opposition to a proposed new pathway and cycle ramp for Jesus Green. These features will be dropped from the multi-million pound planned revamp of the park. The plans were put forward by Cambridge City Council, as a part of a bid for money from the Heritage Lottery Fund. Public consultation did reveal support for other parts of the Jesus Green project. Alistair Wilson, the council's green space manager, said, "The purpose of the consultation really was to understand the significance of the park – what is critical to the park, how people use it." The Jesus Green scheme was estimated to cost £2.5 million, but is now costing £4.4million.

New Ensemble at Tit Hall

Period instrument and vocal ensemble, Orpheus Britannicus, has become Ensemble in Residence at Trinity Hall. The 'Early Music' ensemble was founded by Tit Hall's Director of Music Andrew Arthur, a specialist in 'Early Music'. He hopes that "in time, Trinity Hall will develop a unique reputation as a centre of excellence for 'Early Music' in Cambridge." During its residency, the acclaimed ensemble will give concerts for the general public, as well as 'open' rehearsals, master-classes and private lessons for current Trinity-Hall students. Orpheus Britannicus' first Cambridge Concert takes place on Sunday November 16 at the Church of St Edward, King & Martyr at 9pm.



Senior Officer Sébastien Ginét resigned on Wednesday

Union Senior Officer resigns

» Society denies he was forced out over mistakes

Continued from front page

Ginét says that he was effectively "forced to resign", being told by the President that if he did not, he would face and lose, a vote of confidence. A member of the Standing Committee denied this, saying, "None of us know what Seb's playing at. He resigned, and everyone on Standing Committee thought that this was the right thing to do. Who agrees to resign and then says they didn't the next day?"

The former Senior Officer told *Varsity*, "I take full responsibility for the mistakes I may have made," and admitted, "in the process of learning that those speakers were not confirmed anymore I decided to stay quiet" in an effort to attract the speakers this term rather than postponing or cancelling their appearances.

When pressed on whether or not he deserved to lose his post, Ginét asserted: "If this was the criterion [for resignation] then lots of members of Standing Committee would already have resigned."

Ginét claims that his resignation

was engineered by rivals in the Society. "I profoundly think," he said, "that there was a vendetta against me becoming President, because I am French...I am surprised that the British elite is not open to Europeans."

"The Union has received no evidence whatsoever to support Mr Ginét's claims", responded the Union. "We take allegations of racism very seriously indeed – if we were to receive any evidence we would obviously investigate."

Ginét had high praise for some within the Union. He told *Varsity* that President Adam Bott "has done tremendously great things for the Society," and added, "I wish him all of luck for the rest of his term".

Cambridge students have reacted with equanimity to the turmoil. Justin Woolf, a Homerton fresher who recently joined the Union, initially said that he was "shocked" at the false advertising, but concluded that "this wouldn't have made any difference to me joining, because I know they'll have quality speakers in the future".

Man convicted of assault on schoolboy

Christos Lavidas
News Reporter

A teenager has been convicted of assaulting a Cambridge schoolboy. Nineteen-year-old Luka Munizaba has been sentenced to four years in jail after putting a boy in a coma.

He committed the assault on Hills Road on August 10. Cambridge Police told *Varsity*, "We note the verdict to the court and welcome the conviction."

Munizaba, who was on bail after breaking a man's jaw outside a nightclub in Harlow, was reported to have consumed a whole bottle of vodka in addition to as many as sixteen shots at a nightclub and pub in the city centre.

Ben Sandham, an eighteen-year-old pupil at Long Road Sixth Form College, and his friend Matthew Caddoo were returning home after a night out when Munizaba hit Caddoo, propelling him backwards. When Sandham confronted Munizaba, the latter reacted violently.

Munizaba's attack caused Sandham to hit his head on the pavement, sustaining life-threatening injuries leading to a coma. After quickly being taken to Addenbrooke's, the pupil was put on a life support machine. There, the presence of fractures at the base of his skull and blood clots to the brain were recognized. It is unclear whether he will fully recover.

Munizaba is originally from Serbia, but was living in Bishop's Stortford when the assault took place. He ran off after the attack, but was later caught and arrested. Prior to the incident, he had been involved in an attack at a rail station, in addition to another two offences blamed on the excessive consumption of vodka.



Cambridge Crown Court, where Munizaba was sentenced

While passing the sentence, after the teen admitted to assault and grievous bodily harm, Judge Gareth Hawkesworth spoke of the amount the youth drunk and emphasised the consequences of the attack on Sandham's life.

The sentence includes a consecutive 48 months: 44 for the assault on Sandham and four for the attack on Caddoo. He may only serve half.

Sandham is said to have been a promising student. A few days after the attack he received an A in PE A-level, and attained awards in design technology and human biology.



Chief Constable Julie Spence

Cambs top cop may apply for Met top job

» Controversial policewoman considers run
» Students sceptical over Julie Spence's credentials

Continued from front page

Spence sits on the National Association of Chief of Police Officers, and is responsible for improving citizens' attitudes to policing. She is president of the Senior Women Police Officer's organisation nationally and globally, and was awarded an OBE on the Queen's 80th Birthday.

She provoked controversy in April after requesting staff increases to deal with policing issues surrounding migrant workers. She argued that criminal cases involving immigrants took up to three times longer than most, due to interpretation issues and the potential need for investigative trips abroad.

East Anglia has the highest number of registered foreign workers in the UK, and complex issues surround migration and crime. Crime in Cambridge overall has decreased over the past few years.

Cambridge students seem relatively unmoved by the prospect of Spence's promotion. Jamie Ptaszynski, a second-year Jesus student, commented that "Cambridge isn't a big city, and she can't even do a good job here. Students aren't well protected, and the level of minor crimes seems quite high."

Ian Blair announced his resignation from the post of Commissioner in October, blaming a lack of support from London's Mayor Boris Johnson. His time in the job has often been controversial, particularly regarding the Met's response to the 2005 Tube bombings and the shooting of Jean Charles de Menezes.

The favourite to replace Sir Ian in the £250,000 post is Sir Paul Stephenson, currently Deputy Commissioner. Sir Hugh Orde, Northern Ireland's top policeman, is also said to be in the running.

Laura White to turn on Christmas lights



Laura White was controversially booted off The X Factor last week

» *X Factor reject to sing in Market Square*
» *Parker's Piece ice rink opens tomorrow*

Cædmon Tunstall-Behrens
News Reporter

An X Factor finalist will switch on Cambridge's Christmas lights. The illumination will take place on Sunday in Market Square, amidst a series of festive events.

Laura White, who has come eighth in the current series of The X Factor, will lead the City Council's celebrations. She follows in the footsteps of Neighbours' Stephanie McIntosh, who did the honours last year.

White, 21, was controversially voted off the programme last Saturday. Cheryl Cole, her mentor on the show, was the only one of the four judges to vote to keep her on. Simon Cowell, before voting against her, said, "First of all you were not the worst two singers tonight, so I don't know what went wrong tonight; it was a joke...whatever I say is going to be unpopular."

Cambridge students have reacted excitedly to the news. Trinity second-year Katie Cody said "I'll be there!"

The main event will be preceded by a parade from the Grafton Centre to the main stage in Market Square at 4pm. The parade will feature the likes of Father and Mother Christmas, the Snow Queen on stilts and the infamous Ice Elf.

Local school choirs and bands will accompany the procession as well as a brass marching band, a samba band and dancers. There will also be roast chestnuts in Market Square.

"The lights will go off at around 11pm everyday," commented a council spokeswoman. "The only ones that will be kept on later are those on Christ's Pieces, staying on until 4am, purely for safety reasons."

The festivities will be joined by 'Cambridge on Ice', the popular annual ice-skating attraction on Parker's Piece, which opens tomorrow. The rink will be one-and-a-half times larger than last year. A 'Taste of Germany' licensed café will be situated on the ice rink, for the post-fall-over injury wind-down.

This weekend spells the start of the Cambridge Christmas – yet again eccentrically early – with themed bops, Secret Santa and full-on turkey, cranberry sauce and brandy-butter Formals coinciding with week 8. One student quipped: "By the time the rest of the country open their advent calendars, Cambridge will probably have started disposing of its Christmas trees for Cambridge-Twelfth-Night."

Turn to page 11 for more on *The X Factor's* highs and lows.

MythBusters

What Scudamore's don't want you to know



Week 6: Oliver Cromwell's head is buried underneath Sidney.

For once, the rubbish spewing from Scudamore's punters' lips has coincided with fact. The head of England's Lord Protector, the signer of Charles I's death warrant in 1649, is buried at a secret location under Sidney's chapel.

Only the Master and the Chaplain know exactly where the head was buried because, apparently, they think students will dig it up and drink jägerbombs from it. If you take the trouble to look at the plaque in the chapel, however, it is pretty clear where the head was put to rest in 1960. How did it get there in the first place, you ask?

After Cromwell's death in 1658, he was buried amongst the nation's kings in the Henry VII chapel in Westminster Abbey. But following the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, his body was disinterred, strung up in the sun for a while and then decapitated. The head was set up on a pole on the top of Westminster Hall.

And there the treasonous head remained until a storm blew it off onto the parapet of Westminster hall and it was picked up by a sentinel, who was (probably) called Chuck. Chuck hid the head in his cloak until he got home. The pigs (or 5.0 or filth or fuzz or whatever the police were called in the 17th century) were out looking for the head, so Chuck stuffed it into his chimney and told no-one until he was on his death bed.

It was subsequently sold by Chuck's family to a curiosity shop where it remained until the turn of the 19th century, when it was sold to Josiah Henry Wilkinson of Kent. The Wilkinson family kept the skull until 1960, when H.N.S. Wilkinson donated it to Sidney Sussex, where Cromwell studied for a year before his career as a regicide. Cromwell, like so many great men, had better things to do than finish his degree.

The head was buried in secret by the College Chaplain, the Master, three fellows and Dr Wilkinson on March 25 1960. Since then the secret has been passed down from master and chaplain to their predecessors. They have gone to great lengths to keep its location from us, so when you work out where it is, don't tell anyone. It is a big secret. Also, don't get drunk, dig it up, and play football with it.

So, for once, this is less of a MythBusters column, and more of a MythConfirmers piece.

Michael Stothard



Pre-U exam meets mixed reception

Simon Glasson
News Reporter

Two months after its introduction, the Cambridge Pre-U is finding itself under media scrutiny.

John Fairhurst, headmaster and chair of the Association of School and College Leaders' education committee, described the University's latest learning initiative as "antediluvian" and "a reversion to a very independent school, grammar school sort of approach". So far, the qualification has been taken up by just fifteen state schools, compared to 35 independent schools.

However, the Pre-U's development manager, Gillian Whitehouse, believes this statistic to be misleading. She explains, "there are a lot of schools out there that are looking at these first adopters and watching them to see if the qualification's going to do the things we say it's going to do". She added that "nine out of every ten inquiries we get now are from state schools".

Cambridge describes its new flagship qualification as "liberating learning", and it is seen by many as a serious attempt to modernise the old A-level system. The Pre-U diploma would see

a return to the traditional three-subject system, with all examinations being sat at the end of the two-year course.

The current modular system allowing multiple retakes is abandoned in a drive for "transparency". The three principal subjects are chosen by the students, who would also have to complete an 'Independent Research Project' and a 'Global Perspectives Portfolio'.

Cambridge believes this "emphasis on independent thinking and study skills, in addition to subject knowledge, underlines the aim... to develop successful students, equipped to succeed at university".

Other universities have been tentative: the Russell Group of elite institutions says only that the Pre-U is an "acceptable preparation for university courses".

Its critics argue that it will prove socially divisive and further the gap between selective and non-selective schools.

The CPU has already been accredited, and the government has agreed to fund it as an alternative to A-levels. The qualification's first students began studying in September.

Additional reporting by Dominique Iste



Cambridge University Engineering Society's

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30 companies including:



Not just for engineers!

Varsity Profile

» Week 6: Merlin Sheldrake, moth enthusiast

Give Merlin a pop culture reference and you will be met with a vacant stare and an awkward silence. Get him talking about moths, on the other hand, and it's an entirely different story.

Last term Merlin chased away those exam-term blues by keeping seven giant Atlas moths in his college room. The multi-coloured moths, each with a wingspan of a foot, were not in a cage or net, but were left to flutter around freely. They would occasionally perch on his fingers, when he allowed them too. "I wanted to brighten up exam term with some deep reds and yellows", he said.

Three of his moths turned out to be homosexual. "Whenever I offered them a beautiful receptive female, they would go and spoon in the corner with another guy." Apparently, they never disturbed him when he was trying to work. "If any of them got too rowdy I would just put them in the fridge for a bit. Calms them down," he said placidly, as if that were not a menacing sentence at all.

Merlin was born near Hampstead Heath and attended the London day school UCS before coming up to Cambridge to read Natural Sciences. His father is a "controversial biologist" in the field of parapsychology, researching subjects like telepathy. For example, he does studies on whether people can tell if they are being stared at or not. His mother works in sound healing, and teaches a class in Mongolian overtone chanting, conventionally known as throat singing. He describes his

house as "slightly eccentric".

There was never any television at home, only a great deal of plants ("my dad loves plants"). So Merlin spent his youth in the local park making dens, getting into trouble with his brother and playing music. These years served him well as he now plays the piano, accordion, didgeridoo, as well as "dabbling in other assorted percussion". With these skills he and a few friends started the Staircase Band. Their "boisterous, fleet fingered and on the wonk" music, as he calls it, has proved extremely popular at Cambridge.

Walking into Merlin's room is like walking into a Bedouin magician's tent, with gold cloth everywhere and shelves filled with herbs and potions. His grandfather was a herbalist and so he inherited the pots which add some majesty to the Calamus root and Yarrow plant. Most of the concoctions are for his current passion, homebrewing beer (see page 15), but others are part of his research into plant folklore.

His long Indian robes and traditional colourful Balkan slippers make him blend into the desert nomad motif of his room. He used to have gold cloth covering the ceiling as well as the walls, "making it feel like a cave," he said. They made him take the gilded ceiling cloth down because it was a fire hazard. It struck me as mean of them to ruin his cave, but on the other hand they did let him keep the moths.

Michael Stothard

Turn to page 15 to read Merlin's guide to brewing your own beer.

7

Atlas moths kept in his room

3

Gay Atlas moths kept in his room

20%

Strongest alcohol brewed

8

May Balls played by the Staircase Band



MICHAEL STOTHARD

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Gap years crunched by financial crisis

» University applications rise as students are put off by price of gap years

Soumaya Keynes
News Reporter

Gap-year companies say that fewer university applicants are taking a year out due to the financial situation, perhaps contributing to the rise in Cambridge applications.

Applications to the University have risen by 12% this year following four years of little change. The National Union of Students has argued that this increase is due to students being put off by the rising cost of gap years.

With current average student debt exceeding £14,000, it is arguably unsurprising that students are responding to the squeeze by travelling during the summer between A-levels and freshers' week, rather than taking an entire year out.

According to Real Gap Experience's spokeswoman, pressure from parents has led to postponement of travelling plans until after university. Lulu Popplewell, who has applied to read Theology at King's, decided not to take a gap year partly because she wanted to "get on with meeting new people, but also partly because they're really expensive."

However, Jess Bohm, a second-year economics student who took a gap year, disagrees with this reasoning. "Gap years aren't the expensive thing – university is," she argues. "A gap year gives you the chance to save up to fund your studies."

About one in five Cambridge undergraduates have taken a gap year; the national figure is closer to one in four. Appli-



Gap year students
at a Full Moon
Party in Thailand

cants' perception is that admissions tutors look less favourably on deferred entry candidates, although mathematics is the only department actively to discourage gap years. Recent changes to the Cambridge admissions procedures may have contributed to the rise in applications more than

financial concerns relating to gap years.

Maya Amin-Smith recently applied for deferred entry to Trinity. She says that "it probably is more expensive to go on a gap year now than it was a few years ago, but I want to take a year out so much that I'm willing to

make the sacrifice."

If decreased numbers of gap years are behind the surge in applications to Cambridge this year, next year's data should reveal a drop in applications, as those who might otherwise apply post-A-level would already be at university.

Cambridge Spies



Classy nights out

Ping-pong lover

In the most hyperbolically superlatively wonderful Wednesday night in town, rhyming with Mindies and Windies and – to some freshers – Malawi, a robust lad-ette was engulfing a VK apple. Spying last night's conquest, she promenaded nonchalantly up to him and inquired whether he had enjoyed himself with her. Nonplussed by the quizzical expression, she went on to question whether he liked it when she "used her tongue like that," and then whether he liked "that thing with the lube, cherry and the ping-pong ball". She slowly twiggled by the abject terror on the face of the boy, that this was not in fact last night's ping-pong lover, but a similar-looking evangelical Christian fresher.

Peterhouse/Corpus

Love-sick

Two compatriots shared more than just a birthday party this week. Hiring out a venue together, they made a guest list together and entered the party together. They dressed up for the 'gap year' theme together and when the time came, opened their presents together. They were together when they were dancing, and even engaged in a salacious act in the loos together. (Well, not together, but with different people at the same point in time.) At the end of the night they were still together in each other's embrace, love conquering all, quietly vomiting in each others' laps. Two boys, together until the last.

Murray Edwards

A chance converted

Sports captains are used to close sweaty scrums on the pitch, but when captain's cocktails at the local pitch went long into the night, two associates decided they missed that invigorating sensation. Finding the centre circle, they formed a tight-knit ruck. Eventually, when it all became a little too rambunctious, a penalty was called for inappropriate grabbing. The referee, however, lacking tangibility, was unable to enforce the law and the sport descended into chaos, with shirts being torn and private parts being illegally pulled. Eventually the ruck got so bad that the groundsman had to come and break them up physically.

Edit this paper

Applications are invited to edit and section edit Varsity in Lent 2009.

Application forms are available for download from varsity.co.uk/jobs

The deadline for editorial applications is Friday Nov 21.

The deadline for section editor applications is Wednesday Nov 26.

Positions include News Editor, Comment Editor, Features Editor, Arts Editor, Reviews Editor, Sport Editor, Fashion Editor, Science Correspondent, Theatre Critic, Music Critic, Classical Critic, Film Critic, Visual Arts Critic, Literary Critic, Food Critic, Photographer, Illustrator



Varsity100

Nominations are now open for the 2009 Varsity100.

An online nomination form is available at varsity.co.uk/100

The Varsity100 is published at the start of every calendar year and aims to list the 100 most talented students at the university. The list is inevitably subjective. However, you can help make it as objective as possible by nominating as many appropriate undergraduates or graduates as you know.





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NOMURA



MAGAZINE



FEATURES, INTERVIEWS, REVIEWS & LISTINGS // ART, FILM, MUSIC, BOOKS, FASHION & SCIENCE
THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: JOHN MARTIN / NOAH AND THE WHALE / HOME BREWING
COMFORT FOOD / A NIGHT ON THE STREETS / ANIME EXPLORED / CAMBRIDGE ENTREPRENEURS



A bookshop of one's own

TIRED OF EARLY 20TH-CENTURY AUTHORESSSES BEING OVERLOOKED, NICOLA BEAUMAN SET UP PERSEPHONE BOOKS TO REPUBLISH FORGOTTEN CLASSICS. IN HER BEAUTIFUL BOOKSHOP IN BLOOMSBURY, SHE TELLS EMMA HOGAN AND DECCA MULDOWNNEY ABOUT ENDPAPERS AND ESCAPISM.

"I'm not interested in big money, only the books." With their elegant, uniform grey covers and vibrant, eclectic endpapers, Beauman's books bear an uncanny resemblance to herself. A woman of definite vision and forceful opinion, Nicola Beauman sits surrounded by memories of a lost age, in her shop on Lamb's Conduit Street. Her fascination with the period of 1900-1950 and its art, culture and aesthetic, led her to founding Persephone, which republishes forgotten classics of the period, mostly by women writers, including Katherine Mansfield, Monica Dickens, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Dorothy Whipple and Winifred Watson (author of *Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day*, which has recently been released as a film).

The shop itself seems to be an elegy to these forgotten voices and their world. On the long tables are piled stacks of books, the walls are covered with 'Keep Calm Carry On' posters and the shop is lit by faded lamps with antique shades. It has the atmosphere more of a house than a shop. And that

house is definitely Nicola Beauman's. Beauman's taste informs every aspect of her publishing, from the authors to the typeface of her books. She personally chooses the end papers for every book by going through the V&A and private collections: "They have to be in the same mood as the book and the right date. There's no reason for them apart for the fact I like it. I thought it would be nice to have this secret inside." From elaborate floral patterns to Paul Nash prints from the 1950s to brightly coloured tulip dress fabric and German Bauhaus wallpaper, each end paper is unique and visually striking.

Reading English at Cambridge, Beauman never encountered the authors that she now publishes and loves. "Of course I adored it," she says, "But we didn't do anything after Virginia Woolf. We did far too much from the nineteenth century, tragedy and German moralists." It was only in her twenties that Beauman discovered her neglected authors. In 1983, she wrote *A Very Great Profession*, a book exploring the daily lives of women in

the inter war period through the fiction of E.M. Delafield, Elinor Glynn and Virginia Woolf.

The appeal of Persephone books might seem quite narrow, especially with a readership consisting of 80% women and with their focus (summed up in the name of the company) on the bourgeois and the domestic. "Mine is a feminism of live and let live, rather than a raging, furious feminism. I have five children and I don't see much prejudice in my everyday life." This may seem contradictory, and while she laments the fact her writers are ignored by universities and are absent from reading lists, she doesn't think that modern female writers suffer the same prejudices today. "The Orange prize is... sweet but I don't see the need for it." While she might dismiss modern writing, Beauman remains convinced that "our [Persephone's] authors will be recognized eventually, they are so good." What makes her writers so much better? Is it just a form of escapism? "I hate the word nostalgia," she claims. "I don't think its escapism. I just don't

think modern writers have got it." But if Beauman's project is not nostalgic, then what is it? "I'm very keen on story. In modern novels nothing happens. You haven't been changed, they haven't been changed. I like books to be about something. I like things to be well written, to have that spark of genius. I don't like modern music because it has no tune, and the same with modern books."

Interestingly, when asked who her favourite writer is, Beauman chose the male author and Cambridge alumnus, E.M. Forster. As Beauman puts it, "He gets it just right. His style is so wonderful. He's funny and he's perceptive and he doesn't take himself too seriously. And he has plot. In fact, what doesn't he have?" It is clear that it is these qualities that she looks for in every book that she chooses.

In a world dominated by "people who want to make money," "publishers in their ivory towers on Vauxhall Bridge Road," and "boardrooms with men in suits," it is Beauman's personal vision that makes Persephone books so unique, idiosyncratic and appealing.

Hi! Society



Week 6: Cambridge University Conservative Association

People like to write off the Cambridge University Conservative Association as an elitist dining society. We like to think we discuss a bit of politics as well. Beyond the port and cheese parties and white tie dinners, CUCA still organises speakers, policy pub meets and campaign sessions in the local area making us one of the most active political societies in Cambridge.

Being disaffiliated from the Conservative Party allows CUCA to embrace every branch of conservatism: from traditional Tories, through Thatcherites, to Classical Liberals, and Libertarians. Such diversity lends itself to vicious arguments, most recently about the relative merits of Keynes.

CUCA is still a good means through which to get into politics and the Party. In 1992, *The Economist* said that "competition to rise to the top of CUCA is good preparation for a political career in the Conservative Party, for several reasons. Ideology counts for nothing. What matters is knowing how to make friends and when to stab them in the back. If you cut your political teeth at CUCA, you are liable to end up sporting a sharp set of fangs." Over the years, CUCA Chairmen have gone on to become cabinet ministers, EU commissioners, journalists, historians, and we've even had a Labour peer.

In the university, CUCA is, and always has been, something of a joke. Maybe it's the Libertarian streak, maybe it's the ban on political discussions at social events, maybe it's the obsession with elections. As recently as 2005, CUCA was described by *The Sunday Telegraph* as "secretive, conspiratorial, overcomplicated, probably calculated to benefit some chum or other, [and] so clever that it is stupid." Since we are conservatives, we like to think that things have never been different.

James Sharpe

Letter From Abroad



Week 6: Lebanon

It grabs headlines for being victim to Israeli bombing campaigns, political assassinations, car bombs, Hezbollah and a five-month siege and destruction of a Palestinian camp. The British Foreign Office would rather you go to Iraq. Lebanon, in short, is a complex place.

Behind the headlines is a country nestled between warm Mediterranean beaches and snowy mountains, home to a religiously, culturally and linguistically diverse population. Its cosmopolitan capital, Beirut, is unmistakably Western in parts, yet strongly Middle Eastern in others. Downtown Beirut feels like New York, but drive ten minutes south and you're in Dhahiyah Janubbiyah, a Hezbollah neighbourhood, where police and government have no authority.

Regardless of whom you find yourself amongst, you'll be greeted with that unmistakably Middle Eastern hospitality. Warm, open and interested, the Lebanese are reason enough to visit Lebanon. That's assuming that the Mediterranean beaches, ski resorts, Roman and Crusader ruins or Lebanese mezze dishes of hummus, tabbouleh and baba g'noush don't do it for you.

Yet, away from the bars and plush hotels of Beirut, are Lebanon's Palestinians, quietly present as ever. Denied Lebanese citizenship, they are also legally barred from some eighty jobs (unlike in Jordan and Syria). While the Palestinians may find comfort amongst themselves in the camps (which Lebanese law forbids the army or government from entering), even those are unhealthily crowded.

Before its destruction by the Lebanese military during a five-month war with Islamist militants in May–September 2007, the Palestinian Nahr el-Bared Camp (NBC) outside Tripoli was home to over 5,000 families, or 35,000 people. With the camp's total destruction, 35,000 IDPs (Internally Displaced Persons) were created overnight. Fourteen months after the last bomb was dropped on NBC, the humanitarian situation is dire, and the problems associated with displaced populations (disease, unemployment, petty crime, breakdown of the family unit and children's absence from schools) are as manifest as ever. The Lebanese government's promise of reconstruction of NBC has remained precisely that: a mere promise.

Whichever way you look at it, Lebanon is a fascinating country, offering incredible variety for its size. It also bears some closer inspection. Past the headlines, that is.

Theodore Bell



The Gospel According to Johnny Boy

THE ONE-LEGGED FOLK LEGEND JOHN MARTYN HAS INSPIRED FINGERPICKERS FOR DECADES. HE TALKS TO TOM BARBOUR ABOUT HIS INFLUENCES AND TECHNIQUES AND WHY HIS NEW TOUR IS NOT ABOUT WRIST-SLASHING

Exactly what kind of place John Martyn occupies in today's persistently genre-defined music scene is difficult to say. His continually evolving odyssey of a career has seen him experiment with influences ranging from folk to blues, soul, rock, reggae and funk. Some even call him the godfather of trip-hop. Thrown into the mix is the fact that Martyn is something of a musical Jekyll and Hyde, a virtuoso within whom the hellraiser and the hopeless romantic are continually at war. Oh, and he's 60, weighs 20 stone and only has one leg. He probably shouldn't be, but he's still alive. And he's coming to Cambridge.

When he picks up the phone, it is the Surrey/Cockney Martyn who greets me, rather than his semi-mythical Glaswegian alter ego which, legend has it, can only be invoked by copious quantities of alcohol. He is curiously reticent about his whereabouts of the previous evening: "I just wasn't around", which, when you hear that a famous hellraiser has gone AWOL, seems a somewhat unsatisfactory explanation. Born in Surrey as Iain David McGeachy, the only son of two opera singers, Martyn's parents separated when he was five and Martyn was brought up in the rough-and-tumble Southside of Glasgow. He started playing the guitar in his teens, having been tutored by the famous Indo-Scottish folk troubadour and raconteur Hamish Imlach. The eccentric Imlach is largely responsible for Martyn's famously funny onstage banter: "He taught me how to deal with the world of entrepreneurs and hustlers and getting ripped-off and things...how to heckle the audiences and all that kind of stuff. He taught

me all the hard things. He's a lovely man." Martyn moved to London and his first album, *London Conversation*, was released in 1967, when he was 20. Very much a folk-based, entirely acoustic album, featuring intricate, crystalline guitar fingerpicking, rumour has it that before *London Conversation* was recorded Martyn had only been playing the guitar for a few months. For such a recent beginner, his playing on the record is sickeningly good. "I'd been playing eleven months," he admits modestly. "But I didn't do anything else, you know. I sat and played and played and played and played...went out with a few girls and came back and played and played and played and played." Many of Martyn's first musical offerings were influenced in a large part by the work of legendary folk and blues guitarist, Davy Graham, an often-overlooked influence on the current nu-folk and psych-folk movement. Martyn heaves a sigh. "It's almost criminal, dear boy. He's not to be overlooked at all. He's actually the best – I mean, without him there would be nothing." Fortunately, Martyn himself does not seem to have been overlooked by younger music fans, and Martyn's unique style of guitar-playing continues to influence a new wave of young guitarists. "I've listened to a lot of other chaps – you know, really, really young people and they all play with the backslap technique which I invented. I hear myself in a lot of places, and I take it as a great compliment." Martyn's famous 'backslap' technique is difficult to describe but basically consists of his using his thumb and forefingers to deaden the still-resonating strings in between fingerpicking in order to provide a kind of

percussive punctuation to solo acoustic pieces. Listen to 'May You Never' and you'll get the general idea.

When I speak to him, John Martyn is at home in Kilkenny, Ireland, about to set off on tour. But this is no ordinary tour. Martyn is revisiting his 1980 album, the emotionally-fraught and intensely personal *Grace and Danger*, an album that Island producer Chris Blackwell thought too disturbing to release. Fans and critics alike have described Martyn as being better than ever on the current tour, but why *Grace and Danger*? "The only reason I'm doing it is because people asked me to," he says insistently. "I was half in denial, because I thought it would be too miserable, and I forced myself to listen to it and it's not at all – in fact I think it's downright cheeky. There's no wrist-slashing involved. It's just an album about divorce." Martyn wrote the album subsequent to his divorce from fellow folk-singer Beverley Martyn, whom he had married in 1969. Certainly, Martyn's method of writing (though his songs are not all as intense as what you'll find on *Grace and Danger*) relies greatly on the spontaneous communication of emotion, to the extent that Martyn has become famous for writing songs in the morning and recording them in the afternoon. "I prefer it that way, yeah. Unfortunately you can't force it, the damn thing just happens by itself. You can try to force it, but it doesn't really work that way." Having said that, the emotional sources of some of Martyn's most famous songs can be easily traced. 'Solid Air', for example, is a song written for and about Martyn's close friend, the legendary singer-songwriter

(and former Cambridge undergraduate) Nick Drake, who died suddenly of an overdose of anti-depressants in 1974. Martyn is naturally reticent on the subject. "It's become a bit more about more than one person. It's a bit wider than that, but in the essential kind of thing about it, it's cool." The autobiographical sources behind the songs range from the tragic to the absurd. 'Big Muff' traces its origins to a humorous incident involving Martyn, teapots and Jamaican reggae legend Lee 'Scratch' Perry (too long to narrate here in full, but when you listen to the song it makes sense). Does he still write songs based on particular incidents? "No. Mostly it's The Gospel According to Johnny Boy, but I have the odd sort of off-the-wall moment. There's always something obscure..."

John Martyn is 60 – can we expect to see more of him in the future? "Absolutely. I shall die in harness, dear boy – with a large spliff and a bottle of champagne!"

John Martyn plays the Corn Exchange tonight

Folking About

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 1948 | Born Iain David McGeachy in Surrey |
| 1967 | Signed by Island Records |
| 1970 | Recorded the experimental <i>Stormbringer!</i> album featuring a collaboration with his wife Beverley Kutner |
| 1981 | Phil Collins produced <i>Glorious Fool</i> album |
| 2008 | Retrospective 4CD box set released spanning Martyn's career |

AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): An administrative error places you not in the Amazon at all, but in the temporary Peterborough warehouse of amazon.co.uk. 'Work experience is it?' says Ian, the warehouse manager. You try to explain about the field trip, but he doesn't listen. 'Listen, work experience,' he says. 'Never go into the warehouse basement.' **»p12** Why not? **»p13** And why did he spell warehouse like that?

The Street Sleepers of Cambridge

FOR MOST OF US, THE HOMELESS POPULATION CONSTITUTE AN OMNIPRESENT BUT PASSING DETAIL OF CAMBRIDGE LIFE, SO ROBERT STAGG SPENDS A NIGHT ON THE STREETS TO DISCOVER MORE

In a chilly statement on the 'Homelessness' subsection of their website, the Cambridge Council inform those seeking succour that: "If you are not eligible for assistance then the council has no duty to provide you with accommodation even if you are threatened with homelessness and in priority need." I found this stern separation of wheat from chaff distinctly off-putting, so I thought I'd take a stroll along Sidney Street to challenge it.

I didn't find many people huddling up for the night on the pavement, maybe six, and those I spoke to wouldn't push that estimate higher. But I simply have to capitulate to the cliché and say that every statistic remains a person. And I could add a further note of distaste to these gently parcelled reflections by adding: I didn't like the first individual I met. She had a sourness about her, a resentment. She was twenty and hopeless, stuffed with fuck-you bile and a contemptuous stare. My opinion of her didn't change seismically. A twinge of pity nudged its way into our conversation. She told me how her family hate her. I registered this with something like comprehension. She hadn't seen her parents for years. She looked thoroughly terrified of the prospect.

She introduced me to a coat-swaddled man called Dusty. He had two dogs. Everyone notices the dogs first. People try to buy them from him. He gives them a brisk, bulging "fuck off". They do just that. I ask him how long he has been in Cambridge. Less than a month, comes the ambivalent reply. Do you like it here? He presents a thin smile. Dusty explains that he's a vagrant – he leaves for Kent in the coming fortnight. He came to Cambridge from Dover. He thinks Cambridge less dangerous than other places. The people here are ever so slightly less liable to piss all over him; less liable to smash bottles above, or on, his head; less liable to spew out abuse. But the difference is not a distinctive one. Cambridge is only slightly less shit than everywhere else.

Dusty isn't a grim man, terse with his own tragedy. He is delightfully, expansively funny, riddled with anecdotes and

quips, sporting a joke for every conceivable circumstance. Why does he need a house? He has Sky TV (geddit?). People who have houses are "home-users". Women are "ten per cent nicer than men", and "ten times more attractive" on top.

He asks if I want to street-sleep with him and others. I assent, concerned that I'll get no sleep. I'm wearing a thick black coat, cloth trousers, robust shoes, shirt, t-shirt, jumper. He laughs. Coats don't help out here. He shows me the delicately calibrated layers of clothing he has on. He tucks his trousers into his socks and tells me where to sleep. There's a couple of hostels in Cambridge which are warm, but he claims he gets ill every time he visits one. I wonder if the hostel might give him a little twinge of regret for his past, "home-using" life. The hostel has the semblance of a house, after all, without its air of permanence. He deftly navigates the question.

The night is marrow-cold, with flaying wind and a still, malicious wintriness. The air gets emptier through the night, and by 3am it's so cold even Dusty (on the streets for "over a decade") considers the warmth of the hostel. Cambridge walks by. Some people dart poisonous eyes at you, suspicious at your intrusion into their life. Several look accommodatively at us, spot Dusty's errant can of lager, and instantly calcify. Most don't notice we're there.

I meet a young man, right out of gaol, spunked up with charm and confidence. He collects £20 over the slow hours, and pledges to have fun with it for the rest of the night. Dusty, who doesn't beg except in emergencies, shows no disapproval. The young man is what Dusty calls "homeless" – he's been street-sleeping for less than a year. Those toughened up by a winter's depredations are "street". But you get softer with age, he says. The wind tears at you. I ask Dusty what people do with the scrapings of money they're given. Some funnel it into a desperate cigarette, a fumbling glug of booze, drugs. Most don't beg, he says, most wait. The young man gets £15 to suck off a plump man outside Life. £15 is a night

of fun; he takes it. Am I embarrassing to find that gross? Dusty rolls his shoulders.

Dusty tells me how one policeman tried to bang him up for drinking in public. Inflated charges would have landed him five years in prison. Would he prefer prison to the streets? He is politely offended. What if the government promised him a house? He'd give it to a family. The streets are all he has. Giving them up would break his heart. I feel

hot and ashamed. I bashfully offer up my floor in Emmanuel for the night. He quietly tells me many strangers don't keep their hands altogether to themselves. He confesses to his imperfections: he drinks, he infrequently steals, his back hurts.

The sun dribbles up. I bustle back home, sink into the warmth, stuff myself with bowls of cereal, shiver, and sleep. I haven't seen Dusty since. I wish well of him, and a horrible of-the-moment guilt cloisters up in me.



Cathy Hembry is Director of Wintercomfort, a Cambridge charity for the homeless.

Cambridge Council's latest published figure for rough sleepers in the city is seventeen. Robert is right that for every statistic there is a person (and probably a few more). His description of all three characters and their experiences rings true for those working with the homeless. What takes people to the streets often keeps people on the streets; a failure to engage with the wider world, a dependence on drugs or alcohol, mental distress or illness, relationship and family breakdown. Once there they suffer from abuse, physical ill health (tuberculosis is back), a bad back from a rough nights sleep (or worse a bashing), freezing weather and raging sun, prison, and passers by that are more interested in your dogs than they are you.

At Wintercomfort we offer a range of services. A warm welcome greet for those who have slept out, a cooked breakfast, showers, laundry and a clothing store from 8.30am to 10.00pm every weekday. A range of other charities and agencies come in to offer expert advice on housing, substance misuse and mental health. The GP service for the homeless is just a 5 minute walk down the river. However, we recognise that despite the problems outlined above, lots of the people we work with have skills, knowledge and aspirations for the future. Without getting the opportunity to build, develop and acquire new skills people are unlikely to form settled or sustainable lifestyles. To this end Wintercomfort now provide a learning and development service focused on activities, training, education, volunteering and employment. We don't do this on our own, we are part funded by Cambridge City and County Council. A host of experts come to the Centre to deliver music workshops, cooking classes, work placements, literacy and numeracy programmes, job searches and much more.

With respect to the problems the homeless have or the fears they can sometimes elicit, ask yourself this question: as a child, adolescent or young adult what did you aspire to? Was it to sitting on a pavement with a can of special brew or begging to maintain a drug habit? Nor are these the aspirations of the people we work with. You don't have to scratch the surface very hard to find out what it is that people have to offer or want to achieve.

If you want to find out more about Wintercomfort or support the work we do please visit our website www.wintercomfort.org.uk. Also, if you can spare an hour to shake a tin for the Homeless, then come to Emmanuel College on Friday 28 November 10-5. Please book your hour with Clare Price on clare@covermail.co.uk.

Time In

Week 6: Relive the laughter, relive the tears with these X Factor classics on YouTube



Daniel Evans' Audition

Is this the image still running through the public's mind? Daniel's tragic tale must be pulling in the 'sob story' voters, because his voice indicates he should be back cleaning pools in Malaga.

Laura White's Fallin' – Week 1

White's elimination last week is still unbelievable. If there is anyone who doubts the stupidity of Louis Walsh or the immense ability of Laura, watch this clip.

Austin Drage's Billie Jean – Week 2

Is this the moment when Austin began to lose it? The arrangement works well until he hits the chorus, then it all goes a bit cringe. He didn't deserve to be knocked out two weeks later, but this marked the decline of his confidence.

Alexandra Burke's Candyman – Week 3

Alexandra's first song made her look like a drag act, yet in week three she showed her true colours. The sailor hat is the finishing touch.

JLS' Working My Way Back To You – Week 4

A group winning the X Factor seemed impossible, then JLS decided to make Aston the front man, and everything clicked.

Diana Vickers' Laryngitis – Week 5

Mariah Carey week was always going to be a struggle, the most exciting moment being the decision to allow Diana to sit out. Did it make Laura's chances of survival slimmer? Was it fair?

Kiran Moodley

Time Out



Week 6: Hitchhike to Morocco

In 1992, a pair of Cambridge students hitchhiked to Morocco to raise money for Link Community Development – a charity dedicated to improving the quality of education for children in sub-Saharan Africa. Seventeen years on, this has become university wide event with over 4,500 students having successfully thumbed lifts across Europe. Hitch-hiking is a fantastic travelling experience with bizarre occurrences guaranteed, and the money raised goes towards a truly worthy cause. If you would like to take part this Easter, please contact Rob at rcmp2@cam.ac.uk.

Cambridge Entrepreneurs

With the economy in turmoil and mass redundancies on the horizon, some may say that now is not the time to seek conventional employment. This week we profile four graduates who broke away from the monotony of the corporate behemoth and beat their own paths. Smug, self sufficient and withholden to no one, these are the Cambridge Entrepreneurs.



GILES SMITH

Jude Gomila and Immad Akhund – Smart Balloon

If you think the only career paths open to Cambridge graduates are those based in the City, then it is evidently time for reconsideration. Jude Gomila and Immad Akhund are a case in point. Engineering and Computer Science graduates from Caius and Clare College respectively, these two are the very definition of successful, self-motivated entrepreneurship.

After establishing a company importing packaging from China to supply UK supermarkets during his final year, Gomila went on to pioneer Sugar, a novel electronics brand creating digital photo frames which sold in Selfridges, Harrods and on Amazon.com. Putting his business *savoir faire* to altruistic use, Gomila also created Helpthirst.com, a charity game designed to donate water to the developing world through a partnership with WorldVision. For his part,

Immad Akhund has spent the last two years immersed in innovative start-up businesses both at home and in the US. From the initial venture of mapping UK restaurants through rev-map.com in 2007, Akhund moved to San Francisco to pursue an entrepreneurial career as founder and CTO of clickpass.com. As a site designed to eliminate the need for multiple login names and passwords on the web, clickpass.com has since its inception received more than seven million users, and has partnered with some of the largest websites including Scribd.com, Disqus.com and Plaxo.com.

Combining their entrepreneurial talent, knowledge of the industry and zeal for innovation, Gomila and Akhund partnered to launch Smart Balloon, a pioneering company based in San Francisco. Smart Balloon is currently in the process of creating heyzap.com, a new casual gaming

site set to change the way we play by facilitating access to the myriad online games available. Still in its pre-launch phase with the product's exact details as yet undisclosed, heyzap.com, described by Gomila as "the youtube.com for online games", looks set for online leisure domination. As an indication of Smart Balloon's potential, one needs only consider their selection to participate in the 2009 round of the prestigious Y Combinator program. Offering funding and mentorship from the industry's top companies and advisors, Y Combinator brings together the best of a new generation of web start-up innovators in that bastion of software and technology: Silicon Valley.

Whilst there may be certain miscon-

ceptions concerning the realities of entrepreneurship and its relative demands, Jude Gomila is quick to reassure me that their fourteen-hour days and seven-day working weeks are comparable only to investment banking; but if you are smart enough to potentially earn a bank millions, why not go at it yourself? Start now, even if you do not have a concrete idea; begin the process, and through ceaseless hard work do not quit until the goal is reached. As Gomila reiterates, "Being an entrepreneur is like being an athlete; you're not going to get a gold medal on your first run. Never give up; run a marathon at sprint speed".

Lili Sarnyai

Richard Reed – Innocent Smoothies

It all started back in 1998. Having spent four years at an advertising agency after graduating from Cambridge, Richard Reed suddenly thought to himself, "Hang on, I thought you wanted to start up a business?"

Richard had shown signs of entrepreneurial finesse from a young age. He began washing his neighbours' windows at the age of eight, progressing to gardening as a teenager, setting up a business called 'Two Men Went To Mow'. At Cambridge, he refined these skills further putting on club nights with friends after being disillusioned by Cambridge's rather tame nightlife.

So, with his two friends Jon and Adam, he settled on pursuing a company committed to making unadulterated fruit drinks: pure, natural and 'Innocent'. A summer jazz festival was chosen to test their new product on the public. They bought £500 worth of fruit, turned it into smoothies,

bottled it and sold it from a small stall. They put up a big sign reading 'Do you think we should give up our jobs to make these smoothies?' They put out a bin marked 'YES' and a bin marked 'NO' and asked people to put the empty bottle in the right one. At the end of the weekend the 'YES' bin was full, so the three of them resigned from their current jobs and embarked upon the journey of building a company, with little experience and no money.

Ten years down the line, Innocent are maintaining their high ethical standards and merry outlook on life. Their London HQ, named 'Fruit Towers', is carpeted with artificial grass and decorated with oversized plastic daisies and picnic tables. But, in the current financial climate, will the social responsibility that Innocent have so admirably championed be neglected? "We built a business model around giving ten per cent to charity... We're committed to this",

explains Richard. And the future looks bright for Innocent: with the

recent launches of 'Veg Pots' and Orange Juice and their expansion across Europe, Innocent seems to be an ever growing force.

Alexandra Sault



Warren Bennett – A Suit That Fits



Warren had always loved suits. After graduating from Sidney Sussex in 2004 he went to Nepal to do some voluntary teaching. It was there that he met a family of local tailors, and the idea of an online tailoring company for bespoke suits was born.

With his business partner David Hathiramani he set up a company that takes your measurements in England, and sends them to Nepal where your suit is made before shipping it back home – all for around a tenth of the price of the Savile Row equivalent. Warren claims “a lot of new ideas are just repackaging of old ones”, and by stripping tailoring of the “age old black magic of tailoring law” they managed to create a new market for affordable bespoke suits.

This simple idea has been a runaway success. From humble beginnings at a stall at Hampstead market, they had 20% monthly growth rate for the first year, and this year are on track to make 8,000 suits – more than the whole of Savile Row combined. It was all done off the back of David's credit card, and thanks to the internet, initial outlay was next to nothing. Warren claims, “The internet is key to the business, it's our shop front, it's our production, it's our quality checking; it's our word of mouth – it's everything”. In just over two years the company has grown to having 3 stores around London, one in Manchester, one in Birmingham and a staff of 100 people.

The website is astonishing. You can completely design your suit down to the smallest detail, and in total there are 40 million different possible combinations. This allows for some pretty outlandish designs;

One customer recently wanted a lime green suit with purple lining for his newly purchased lime green Porsche, and they are currently working on red Christmas suit with fur lined lapels and white stitching. Their quality ensures returning customers; one customer from Devon has ordered 21 suits in the past two years. They are already making suits for the rich and famous, providing outfits for Boyzone on their recent world tour and Ant & Dec on Saturday Night Takeaway.

Their success is certainly not going unnoticed. This October they won two prizes at the prestigious Startups Awards: Online Business of the Year and Young Entrepreneur of the Year. And they treat their employees well too. Warren and Dave pay their tailors in Nepal 50% over the local rate, and visit them twice a year. They currently put 5% of all profits towards specific projects at the school where Warren first volunteered, the first of which is the founding of a fully equipped science lab.

Speaking to Warren made my own ideas for post university plans seem distinctly unadventurous. Warren tells me of the specific evening when he decided to throw in a job he had on an oil rig near Aberdeen and go with the company full time. “I had no dependents, I had no mortgage, I've only got my student loan so I just thought now's the time, I've got nothing to lose. The time to take a risk is straight after university, all you need is a good idea and now with the internet, the world's your oyster really. Experience isn't the necessity, it is enthusiasm; in fact if we'd had any experience we'd probably have given up very early on!”

Robert Peal

CUE

Very few people know that Cambridge has its own Dragon's Den. Established in 1999, Cambridge University Entrepreneurs are the most successful student run business planning and creation competition in Europe.

Thus far, they have had over 450 entries to their competitions and have awarded £320,000 in grants to 41 winning business ideas. The total current valuation of these companies is £42 million. One of their most successful winners is Dr Shamus Husheer, who founded Cambridge Temperature Concepts, a company dedicated to “getting millions of women pregnant”. The company remove the hassle and inaccuracy of ovulation detection for couples trying to conceive. Husheer says “the process of writing a structured plan, particularly with a team of people, and then having that plan mercilessly evaluated by potential investors and stakeholders, is something that most entrepreneurs need to become very good at”.

Each year CUE run the £100 challenge, whereby they give away twenty cash prizes to business ideas. **Robert Peal**

Lord Karan Bilimoria – Cobra Beer

Karan Bilimoria left Sidney Sussex with a degree in Law, a debt of £20,000 and a whole lot of experience in the field of beer drinking. But most importantly, he left with a life goal: “to brew the finest ever Indian beer”. Even though in 1989 all the odds were stacked against him when he founded Cobra, with Kingfisher already established in the UK for 8 years and countless other British and imported lagers lining the shelves of supermarkets, Karan still decided to take the risk and follow what he calls his B-Hag – his Big, hairy, audacious goal.

His Bangalore brewery managers laughed in his face, reeling off stories of the myriad other competitors who had failed before him, saying that he could never produce a successful Indian beer. But with a couple of confident friends behind him, and after “tasting-sessions” all over India to find the perfect flavour and texture, Karan turned his obstacles into opportunities and went on to brew a multi-award winning, international beer.

This extremely inspirational Indian-born entrepreneur, who seems to live his life by a set of motivational maxims, admits that the most important thing to do in business is to actually “make the decision to do

something”, a simple but crucial element that many people forget while trying to perfect ideas and business plans. Karan encourages those who have ideas to start early, in order to avoid life's inevitable later responsibilities getting in the way of a good idea. But most importantly, unless an idea is clearly not working, he urges people to stick to their ideas, to take risks and to never give up. While many of his friends had found their way into the city and into highly-paid jobs, Karan and his business partner were driving to Indian restaurants in London flogging cases of Cobra from the back of their battered Citroen. But it was this initial risk that got the company where it is today.

Karan reassures those worried by the apparent impending recession that now is as good a time as ever to start up a new business. His first ever container of beers arrived in Southampton on a ship from Bangalore in

June 1990, right at the beginning of the country's last recession.

One could do a lot worse than following a few of Lord Bilimoria's

mottos when thinking about starting a new business, since “aspiring and achieving against all odds, with integrity” clearly worked for him.

Andrew Spyrou



A Whale of a Time

NOAH AND THE WHALE ARE UNCONVENTIONALLY PUNCTUAL, FRESH-FACED FOLK WHO RECENTLY FOUND CHART SUCCESS. THEY'VE ALSO BEEN VICTIMS OF THE T-WORD. HENRY DONATI QUIZZES THEM ABOUT FAME AND THE FUTURE



Noah and the Whale start their interview ten minutes early. For those who have never interviewed a band before, this is no mean feat. Normally you sit there while the soundcheck drags on until the morose, Northern tour manager finally comes and says to you, "sorry mate, do you mind coming back in two hours?" Well yes I bloody well do, but you don't say that and instead return later, and nod politely as the band tell you how they rocked Hull last night.

Noah and the Whale don't do any of this. In fact they seem rather too nice – bassist Urby tells me that "there's not much duller than a band telling everyone how drunk they got the night before". Possibly true, but it does make for good copy.

What also made for good copy was their surprise hit of the summer, '5 Years Time', a syrupy sweet three minute gem of a pop song with a strumming ukulele, whistling and an unavoidably hummable refrain. They seem as surprised as anyone that their lo-fi folk-rock was suddenly propelled onto national airwaves: "we never planned to get famous," drummer Doug tells me, and for a band that's

barely out of school they seem to have taken it in their stride. If they avoided the 'bedwetters' label of fellow public school types Coldplay and Keane, it's the t-word (twee, that is) that hangs over them, and it's certainly a dent to most bands' credibility if their music is included in the latest *Now* compilation, as their summer hit now is. "Are we a pop singles act?" Doug wonders. "Actually, we're many things to many people", and fortunately he's right. The rest of their album *Peaceful the World Lays Me Down* is nowhere near as nauseatingly sweet. While Doug drums, his brother Charlie provides vocals, his lyrics shot through with twinges of melancholy and bitter-sweetness amid the whimsical fiddle and accordion. Occasionally the doggerel gets rather too close to that t-word again – "Oh, well it's hard to look deep into your soul/Not everything you'll find will be perfect gold" on the title track for example – or the rather clichéd metaphor that runs through every song in the album of the physical heart as a symbol for love. But for the most part their playful poppy folk with a melancholic bite sounds like it should have been the alternative soundtrack to *Juno*, or the next Wes

Anderson film.

They probably wouldn't like the label, but Noah and the Whale are part of a growing English Indie-Folk scene with close links to Laura Marling and Emmy the Great (who both feature on their album), along with Lightspeed Champion, Jeremy Warmley and others. They've made links across the ponds with the likes of Jeffrey Lewis and the New York anti-folk scene there, and though unsaid, it seems as though their recent tour to America was not quite the success they hoped for. Playing in your home country is far better and the "natural way to build up a band," Doug tells me.

What are their plans for the future, then? One overlooked aspect that accompanies their music is their endearing quirky self-made videos; singer Charlie has promised a full-length film to accompany the new album next year, and they're excited about the prospect. They've also managed to get to the end of the interview without mentioning the name of "that song"; if they are secretly sick to death of it, they're too nice to show it. But whatever they are doing in 5 Years Time, you can be sure they won't be featuring on the latest *Now* album.

Indecent Expo

AMONG THE ATTENDEES AT LONDON'S MGM EXPO ARE COSPLAYERS, SMUT PEDDLERS AND FURRIES, ALL OF THEM UNITED BY THEIR ENTHUSIASM. ZING TSJENG IS ENTHRALLED

Halloween has come and gone, but for some fans, the dressing-up never stops. The London MCM Expo is a twice-yearly extravaganza celebrating anime, comics and cult films, but the real stars are the cosplayers, otherwise known as fans who dress up as their favourite characters. Walking into the London ExCel Centre on Expo Day is a bit like seeing every single internet chatroom come to life: there are sci-fi geeks dressed up as droids; anime fans wearing ludicrous wigs and carrying around 'FREE HUGS' signs; and even a few furries. You know, the ones who dress up in giant furry animal costumes. I ask one if it's a "sex thing". "Oh god, no!" a woman in a life-size grey wolf costume says. Two furries, one of whom is being led around by a leash, walk by. "Well, for some people it is."

The average age is low and enthusiasm is high; it's easy to get swept away with the excitement. I begin to feel embarrassed asking people why they spend up to six months constructing elaborate costumes out of cereal boxes, because the answer seems so obvious: it's a lot of fun. Anybody in a costume is mobbed by adoring fans who demand photographs and hugs; complete strangers strike up friendships based on similar taste in costume. It's like freshers' week, but without the social anxiety – nobody, not even the guy who came

in a full-body Predator suit, is too cool to talk to.

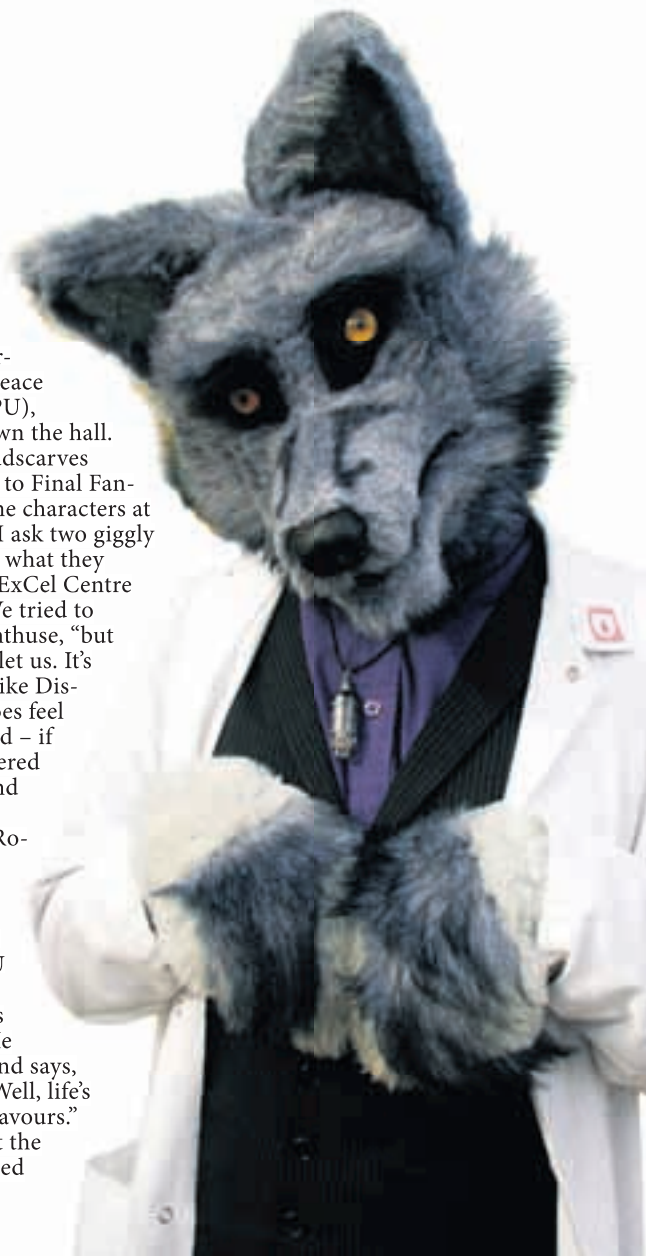
For some, the costumes are peripheral. Kieron Gillen, a comic book writer at one of the many promotional stalls, says: "it's interesting, but irrelevant." Comics are, to him, one of the most direct ways human beings see the world. After thirteen years of magazine journalism, you can almost smell the passion he has for his newly adopted medium. The thought that he gets paid for doing something he loves is incidental, even "hilarious". For others, comics are a way of combining business with pleasure. Bryan from San Diego found himself selling yaoi comics after graduate school. Yaoi is, as he describes it, "porn for girls – or gay guys". It's basically comic book smut involving two boys; coincidentally, Bryan's stall is right next to the hentai stall, which sells comics of the more heterosexual persuasion. Andrew defends his much-maligned source of business: "What's available in the West is a skewed sample of the worst kind of hentai. You can get everything from sweet, romantic stuff to extreme hardcore." Impressively, Andrew graduated with an MBA in Japanese Business, though it's somewhat hard to hear this over Bryan's selling pitch, which is a belated: "Hot flaming gay smut!"

The spectacle of self-professed "smut peddlers" and thousands of

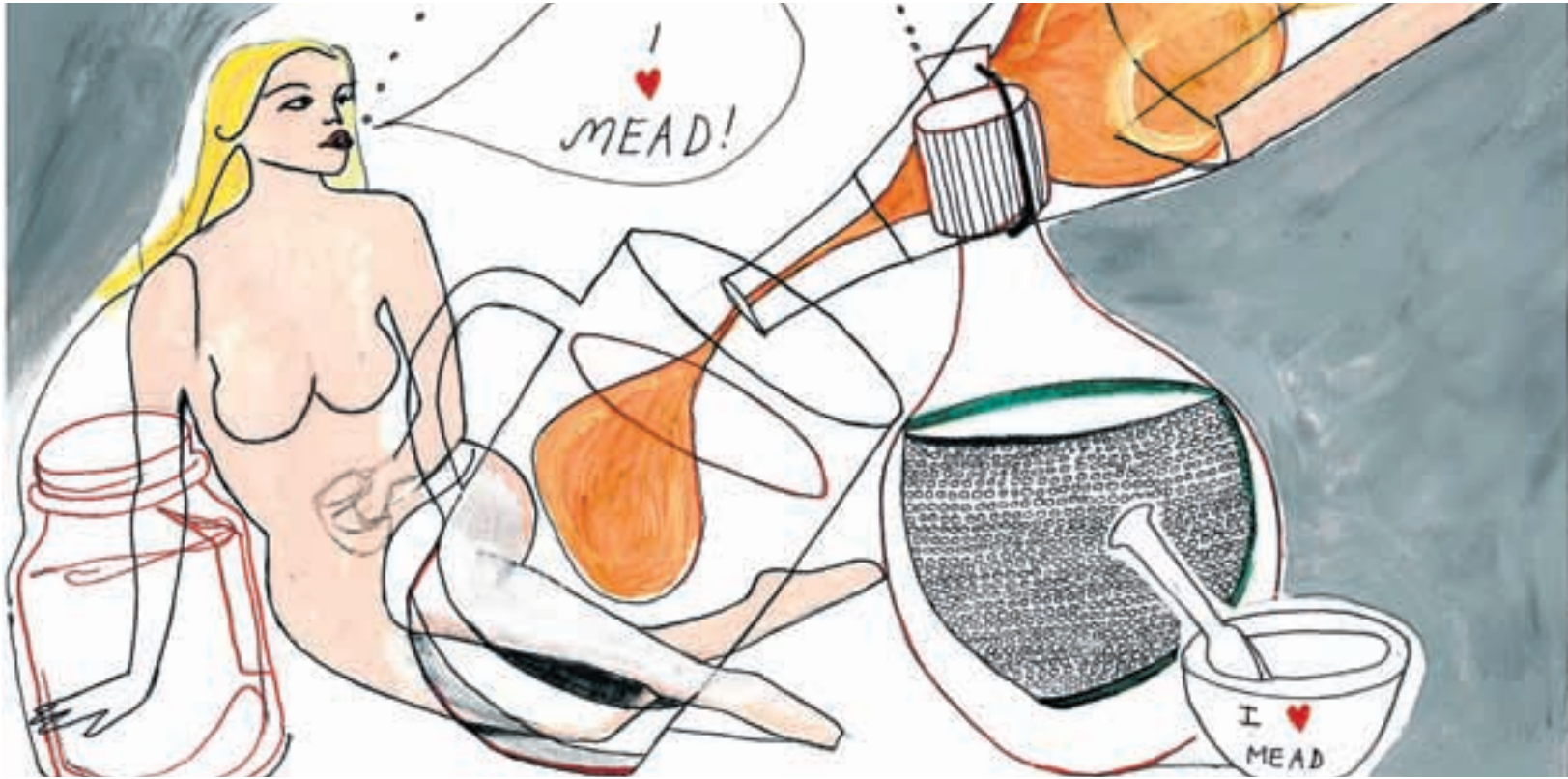
costumed heroes (according to the Expo website, 30,000 visitors attend each year) is enough to make you almost forget that there is serious money behind this business. "Every year, [the expo] gets bigger and bigger," a Legend of Zelda cosplayer complains, "more and more expensive. Sometimes you get worried they forget it's the fans who started this entire thing." Ben Templesmith, the illustrator behind 30 Days of Night, knows that all too well. His comic book was adapted into the 2007 film starring Josh Hartnett, going on to gross over \$70 million worldwide. With Hollywood increasingly turning to the comics industry for inspiration, it's easy to lose sight of the source material and its creators. When Hollywood came knocking, Templesmith was, in his words, "young and naïve". Fortunately, the director was in love with the comic book art and tried to remain faithful to it. Others aren't so lucky. Movies like *Wanted* have attracted the rage of fans after film companies completely rewrote the original premise of the comic book. "They don't care about selling the comics," Templesmith says. These days, merchandising is what brings in the big bucks. Creators of the comics usually never see a penny from that, since big film companies buy up the merchandising rights.

What makes the day even more

bizarre is the Muslim conference, Global Peace and Unity (GPU), happening down the hall. Women in headscarves queue up next to Final Fantasy video game characters at Costa Coffee. I ask two giggly GPU stewards what they think of their ExCel Centre neighbour. "We tried to get in," they enthuse, "but they wouldn't let us. It's awesome. It's like Disneyland." It does feel like Disneyland – if Disney discovered the Internet and Japanese pop culture. I ask Rohan, a fashion designer from New York who has flown in for the GPU conference, what he makes of the Expo. He smiles at me and says, prosaically, "Well, life's got different flavours." Looking out at the happy, costumed hordes, I'm inclined to agree.



AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): Oh no! The piranha's just bitten your hand off. You ask your Indian boatman to get help, but you're stumped because you communicate with him in sign language, and you're missing a hand. Luckily he gets the gist and takes you to a friend of his who's a doctor. But what kind of doctor? **p20** A witch doctor. **p21** A tree surgeon.



CHRISTIANA SPENS

Strange Brew

IN AN AGE OF INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL PRODUCTION, PEOPLE HAVE STARTED TO FIGHT BACK. MERLIN SHELDRAKE IS ON THE FRONT LINE. HE RECOUNTS HIS EXPERIMENTS WITH HOME BREWING AND TELLS US HOW TO GET STARTED

“Some things are best eaten alive,” I was told as a wide-eyed youngster. Crouched on the beach of a wild island in Canada, curious and appalled, I watched as dozens of slaving oyster aficionados gulped down their harvest. Heads thrown back, they hardly paused for breath during this ritual sating of their appetites. I soon became accustomed to such behaviour, timidly returning to the feeding frenzies, which took place every Wednesday at sunset. I was told stories about how humans ate before the taming of fire, the dangers of sterilisation and the pleasure of eating fresh food with its soul intact. More recently, a real ale fan told me that good beer is also alive. He denounced the “soulless” and “petrified” sort, which has its life wrung out by boiling. In this devastating process, the yeast are killed, the natural fizz is exorcised and escaping alcohol is trapped by condensation before being injected back into the “slash-vat” in a jet of pressurised carbon dioxide. This serves to reinvigorate the now “flaccid” brew, and distracts drinkers from the taste, or lack of it. I asked about wine. Not so comfortable with the subject, he gnomically suggested that there was only ever one way to be sure of anything, booze-wise. I inquired. “Make it yourself”, he replied. “It’s cheap, safe and legal”.

On the basis of this tip-off I began to investigate home brewing. It turned out to be remarkably simple. Yeast does almost all the work. These diminutive fungi convert sugar to alcohol in the absence of oxygen, releasing carbon dioxide. Fermentation starts when you

add the yeast to a warm sugary solution and stops when the yeast run out of sugar, or die of alcohol poisoning (a natural death). They like to be warm, but not too hot, and reproduce most happily in the dark. I filled a mixing bowl with apple juice and sugar, and sprinkled in a couple of teaspoons of dormant yeast (it awakens under favourable conditions). I eagerly watched as swathes of froth appeared, and the clingfilm covering puffed out into a bubble. Now and then, over the course of the next couple of weeks, a small jet of gas would escape, carrying increasingly alcoholic fumes. By the holidays, I could contain my curiosity no longer, and took the bowl along to a party where it happily disappeared in a matter of minutes. The brew was drinkable, if a little sweet, and judging by its effects had an alcohol percentage around that of a strong beer.

That was a year ago. Since then I have continued to experiment. The basic kit is simple. A five-litre plastic bottle with an airlock (a little plastic tube bent into the shape of an N) works wonders, and costs less than a fiver. Honey, spiced apple juice, blueberry juice, squashed rosehips, ginger, and mango pulp (to name but a few) will all produce good drink. My most exciting discovery has been ‘turbo yeast’. These strains are highly tolerant to alcohol, and fast acting, allowing the student brewer to produce powerful beverages of strengths of up to twenty percent in only a week. Turbo yeast is only

one of many available yeasts, however, all producing different tastes, strengths, and qualities of inebriation. A slow fermented spiced apple is gentler in taste and effect than a turbo, but will not produce such euphoria in the drinker. A turbo-ed ale, on the other hand, tastes out-of-kilter with itself: the heavy malt taste and port-strength alcohol

levels compete with each other for dominance, rather than cooperating, as one might hope. However, the freedom to create a ‘Frankenstein brew’ (like this twenty-percent beer) is something to be enjoyed in itself.

Home brewing is undergoing something of a renaissance right now. As well as the wide availability of brewing kits, promising results comparable to commercially produced beers, wines and ciders, there is a growing movement of radical traditionalists who seek to recreate the potent brews of yore. These may serve medicinal or gastronomic purposes, and can be made highly inebriating, depending on the particular interest of the brewer. The history of healing beers is extensive. Nettle beer is traditionally taken for joint pains, and is thought to have been the primary medicine-beer of East Anglia. Bracken fern beer was used to “expel worms and ease dysentery”, Borage ale “to revive the hypochondriac and cheer the hard student”, and Eyebright ale “to help and restore the sight”. Yarrow and Bog Myrtle, on the other hand, when fermented,

produce euphoric and psychotropic effects, while enhancing sexual prowess. These common herbs were used to flavour and preserve beer before their widespread replacement with hops, and are a far call from their successors. Hops are traditionally used to induce sleep, and to ease menopause (they contain high levels of estrogen-mimics). Such ‘phyto-estrogens’ have undesirable effects on men, ‘brewer’s droop’ being perhaps the most commonly feared. The intriguing field of practical alco-folklore is accessible only to the amateur brewer, given the restrictions on commercial brewing operations.

Brewing has taken place for millennia, in almost all traditional cultures, using every imaginable sugar source. But in the demystification of the fermentation process, and divorcing of alcohol consumption from its production, we lost our old brewing culture. In the home brewing revival, we see the resurgence of an ancient practice. Whether using a kit, or in off-piste experimentations, I wholeheartedly encourage you to give it a go.

A Guide to Gyp Room Brewing

Brewing is legal and safe. Here are some vague outlines to experiment with. Most homebrew shops will try and sell you lots of gear, but you only really need a fermenting bottle with airlock, a packet of yeast and a length of hosepipe to siphon out the fermented liquid. These are all cheaply available from www.art-of-brewing.co.uk.

- ◆ Decide on what to ferment (this can be any sweet liquid).
- ◆ Heat this in a pot. You may need to add sugar to increase fermentability. It should end up sweet, but not syrupy.
- ◆ Let the liquid cool until it feels tepid to the finger, but not at all hot. Pour it into the fermenting vessel (bottle, bowl, bucket, etc.).
- ◆ Sprinkle around three teaspoons of yeast into the fermenting vessel, and put on the lid. Fizzing and bubbling is a sign of contentment in yeast.
- ◆ Let the vessel stand (covered up) in a warmish place, until it stops fizzing. This can take anything from a week to three weeks.
- ◆ Taste with interest.

For a comprehensive guide, written by a master, try Charlie Papazian’s *The Complete Joy of Home Brewing*. For an excellent history of brewing, old recipes, and accounts of various traditional brewing practices, try Stephen Harrod Buhner’s *Sacred Herbal and Healing Beers*.

Peal’s Meals



Week 6: Comfort Food

Before coming to Cambridge I was told two facts about the city’s unique climate. One, that the biting cold wind blows straight from Siberia and two, that it has the same annual rainfall as Tel Aviv. The first fact is manifestly true, but the second is a lie on the forty-five minutes scale for sheer mendacity. So far this term, Cambridge has had a rainfall comparable to the Dingle Peninsula. With this miserable greyness in mind, I have been keeping a watchful eye all over town for the best comfort food on offer.

Soup is clearly super on a cold and rainy day, and you cannot do much better than *Mouth Music*. This year’s new addition to the Market Square serves excellent vegetarian food and an ever changing soup of the day, the perfect grab buy for a lunch on the hoof. *Origin8*, the deli-café on Regent Street cook up various soups which will not only give you actual warmth, but also the spiritual warmth from buying from a shop which is everything in sustainability and general greenness. Their soups are made from ingredients locally sourced in the surrounding counties – a personal favourite is their tomato, bacon and lentil. *Bene’t’s* on King’s Parade and *Bene’t Street* also have a delicious range of homemade soups including curried butternut squash and a cheeky little corn, leek and potato number – all served with warm ciabatta bread. What’s more, they do by far and away the meanest hot chocolate in town. They have a machine called the Dropissimo which makes a rich, velvety drink using pure Belgian chocolate drops. If just thinking about that does not warm you up, you are dead inside.

Of course, the sweet tooth is crying out for some comfort food as well. The venerable *Fitzbillies* serves a Chelsea bun which is the last word in indulgence. This beast of baked goodness is a heart attack soaked in syrup and covered in raisins. Eating it fills you with a strange mix of shame, heart-burn and delight. For something a bit less stodgy, the tiramisu at *Clowns* on King Street is the prized recipe of the owner Raffaele and certainly fulfils its Italian promise of a ‘pick me up’ as mid-term *ennui* sets in.

Lastly, if you are looking for three courses of comfort, then a big pub lunch is clearly the answer. In the centre of town, it is imperative that you avoid the tourist trap canteen pubs with their watery gravy and wafer thin meat. Instead, try the *Pickerel Inn*. Why is the Pickerel like your mother? Is it because it is old, full of alcohol and open ‘til late? No. It’s because it consistently serves warming, homely food for hungry students.



AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): ‘Oh,’ says Ian. ‘I hadn’t thought of them. Then we really are going to go bankrupt.’ He buries his head in his hands, and then buries you in the field. He can’t stand it when people tell him he’ll be made redundant. But that’s Ian for you.

the VARSITY WEEK

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

Music and Jazz

Friday 14
The Moving Tone Sessions
Michaelhouse (Trinity St): 7.30pm (£7/£6 adv)
A very interesting night of new music featuring 3 innovative acts: Riprap, a poetry-meets-jazz collective featuring a saxophonist and a poet; violinist and clarinetist Styles J Kauphmann; and the Cambridge Free Improvisation Society.

Saturday 15
Churchill Jazz Band
Churchill College's Wolfson Hall: 8pm (£4/£2)
One of Cambridge's top big bands kicks off its 08/09 season with a fantastic gig featuring classic big band sounds, 'cool' jazz and some smokin' Latin tunes.



Sunday 16
volcano! + Special Guests
The Portland Arms £6 20:00
This exciting band from Chicago who draw on influences from Classic rock, Post-punk, Free Jazz and Noise Rock, play an intimate gig at The Portland.

Uriah Heap (above)
The Junction: 8pm (£17.50 adv)
Formed in 1969, and named after a character in Dickens' David Copperfield, Uriah Heap are still around. Catch them while you can!

Monday 17
Motorhead
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£25)
One of the UK's most legendary rock bands return to live action to sonically shake the Corn Exchange to its foundations, with support from Saxon and Danko Jones.

Wednesday 19th
The Kills
Junction: 8pm (£13/£11adv)
Made up of Kate Moss' boyfriend and an American who calls herself VV, The Kills are a fantastic pared-down rock band. Support comes from the nonchalant and brilliant XX Teens.

Thursday 20
Powerplant
Junction 2: 8pm (£13/£7 students)
Percussion-led experimental electronic music with visuals is one of my favourite possible combinations. These two new multimedia commissions sound unmissable.

Theatre

Friday 14 & Saturday 15
Parade (see pg 19)
Empty Portrait (pg 18)
Calendar Girls (pg 19)
Hay Fever (pg 18)
Educating Rita (pg 18)

EAST
English Faculty: 8pm
Steven Berkoff's east-end adventure.

Friday 14
Sticky Floor Smoker
Pembroke New Cellars: 10pm (£4)
Pembroke Players present their newly-revived informal smoker.

Monday 17
Wolfson Howler
Wolfson Bar: 8pm
Some of the finest stand-up comedy.

Tuesday 18
Richard III
Corpus Playroom: 7pm
Tragedy meets history in the quest for the crown. Top stuff.

Troilus and Cressida
School of Pythagoras, St. John's: 7.30pm (£6/£5)
One of Shakespeare's most bleak and puzzling plays.

Spring Awakening
ADC: 7.45pm (£6)
ADC Fresher's Show: See POTW

Scenes of Mild Peril
Corpus: 9.30pm
Brand new sketch show.

Untitled Magic Show
ADC: 11pm
Magic with 5 physical performers.

Wednesday 19
Vortigern
Pembroke New Cellars: 10.30pm
A fascinating production of a 1796 lost work about medieval Britain.

Two
Homerton Auditorium: 7.45pm
Touching vignettes in a northern pub.

Bedroom Farce
ADC: 11pm (£4)
Alan Ayckbourn's fast-paced comedy.

Richard III
Spring Awakening
Troilus and Cressida
Scenes of Mild Peril

Thursday 6th
Suor Angelica
Trinity Chapel: 9pm (£10 / £2)
See page 19.

Going Out

Friday 14
Rubik's Cube Fat Poppadaddy's
Clare Cellars: 9pm (£4)
Local favourites Fat Poppadaddy's have played the Clare Cellars before, but this time there's a twist: it's a Rubik's Cube Party. You come wearing many different colours, and every time a certain song or band is played you swap an item of clothing with someone. The aim is to end the night wearing only one colour...

Saturday 15
King's Basics
King's Cellars, King's College: 10pm (Free until 11pm)
This pun loving night returns with a host of student DJs (Mundane DJs, Ye Dearth Evaders, 2 For 1 DJs) seasoning the Cellars with a range of dance-inciting sounds.

Indie Thing
Kambar: 10pm (£3/£2)
A regular night of Indie Music playing new songs and old favourites.

Mr Scruff
Junction: 10pm (£10 adv/£11)

Monday 17
Fatpoppadaddy's
Fez: 10pm (£4/3/2)
This long-running night is a melting-pot of Indie, DnB, Hip-hop, reggae...

Tuesday 18
Thrust
The Place: 10pm (£3/£4)
CUSU's new LGBT night.

Wednesday 19
VIVID Publications
Kambar: 10pm
VIVID Publications hosts a launch night for their latest issue at Kambar. Featuring lasers, dry ice, free shots, and music from the legendary DJ Frankly Sick.

Thursday 20
The Priory with Carl Craig
Fez: 10pm (£7/£5)
See POTW

Two Left Feet
Kambar: 10pm
This benefit in support of the campaign for free education describes itself as "a rock-n-radical rombustification in aid of free education with strings, beats, bleeps and buzzes". It starts off with live music from Tiger Boxing Club, Dave's Cousin's Band, and Us, before the DJs take over.

Talks and Events

Friday 14
International Day of Tolerance
Trinity Hall Lecture Theatre, 4-6pm
This is a campaign run by UNESCO, to make known the dangers of intolerance, and to promote peace and understanding. Food and drinks will also be provided. Entry is free.

Unfolding King Lear a Model
English Faculty: 4.30pm
Jeremy Hardingham performs a solo routine, "chewing and regurgitating King Lear" as one reviewer had it.

Like Water for Chocolate
Old Labs, Newnham Gardens: 8pm (Free)
Part of the n.e.r.d.i Oscars 2008, this film by Alfonso Arau wins the 'most delicious' category.

Pembroke Art and Photographic Society
The Artroom, H staircase, Pembroke: 4-6pm (£4/£3)
Art Teacher Emma Diamond will be running a one-off silk painting workshop. Spaces are limited to 14-16 people so email Ella Kahn at edk27@cam.ac.uk ASAP.

Monday 17
Tata International Social Entrepreneurship Scheme
Judge Business School: 4.30-6.15pm
Find out more about the programme which offers final year undergraduate or postgraduate students the opportunity to work on social entrepreneurship and corporate social responsibility projects within the Tata Group of Companies in India for 9 weeks.

Tuesday 18
Boris Berezovsky
The Union Chamber, 8pm
Berezovsky opposed Putin's ascent and fled to the UK after being accused of defrauding a regional government. He has since publicly stated that he is on a mission to bring down Putin "by force".

Wednesday 19
FREE Chinese language lesson
Sidgwick Hall, Newnham: 5-6pm
Does exactly what you'd think. Teach-es Chinese. For free. Bring a pen.

Friday 21
CU Middle Temple Society
Clare College: 6pm
A question and answer session and drinks reception for anyone thinking of going into law.

Sport

Friday 14
India v England
Sky Sports 1: 03.30
Thrashed in the Stanford Series and thrashed in the Indian warm up match, England need to buck up their game if they want to defeat a strong opponent in the first match of the series. For early birds, all-nighters and cricket enthusiasts this 3.30am fixture is tantalising.

Saturday 15
Levi: Slalom 1st Leg
British Eurosport: 9pm
What better way to sooth Friday night's hangover than watch a couple of chaps strap skis to their legs and whiz down unbelievably steep slopes at unnecessarily high speeds. Daring, danger and the prospect of a spectacular crash should entice viewers.



Sunday 16
Tennis Masters Cup Final
Sky Sports 3: 8am
This final promises to be big. The tournament, where the world's top 8 male tennis players compete against each other, has seen Britain's Andy Murray easily defeat his first two opponents and guarantee his place in the semis. With Nadal injured and Federer already defeated once, the money is on Murray.

Monday 17
Rugby Blues v Worcester Warriors
Grange Road: 2.15pm
With less than a month to go before the Varsity Match, John Dawson's men are showing hints of form. A valiant effort saw a narrow defeat to Northampton last week. The Blues will look to build on the positives as they do battle with the Warriors.

Tuesday 18
Grand Slam of Darts Day 4
ITV 4: 5.30pm
Fat blokes throw spikes at a wall. Top quality entertainment and top billing on ITV4.

Art, Jazz & Classical

Ongoing Exhibitions
Fitzwilliam Museum:
• Sir Sydney Cockerell and The Fitz
• Japanese Pottery (booking necessary)
• Palaces in the Night - Whistler's Prints
• Chinese Imperial Jades
• Tomb Treasures of Ancient Georgia
• Greeks, 'Barbarians' and their Coins
• Picasso Prints - Dreams and Lies

Kettle's Yard (all free):
• Conversations
• Paul Coldwell: 'I called when you were out' (2-4pm)

Friday 14
Haydn, Vaughan Williams
West Road: 8pm (£5)
CCMS and Clare College Choir perform Haydn's Cello Concerto No.2, with Sophie Gledhill the soloist, and Vaughan Williams' Sea Symphony.

Saturday 15
Come and Sing in Aid of Darfur
Great St. Mary's: 2pm
See pick of the week

Debussy, Hopkins, Mozart, Bridge
West Road: 8pm (£10)
Peter Britton conducts the K. 239 Chamber Orchestra in an eclectic mix, including Debussy's much-loved 'Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune.'

The Amarilli Ensemble
Trinity Chapel: 8pm (£5)
Five Cambridge Choral Scholars perform a selection of Monteverdi.

Sunday 16
Purcell, Handel, Vivaldi and others
West Road: 2.45pm (£6)
A huge range of composers (7 in all) put on by the Cambridge Szeged Society's "Happy Music Concert."

Hungarian Rhapsody Concert
West Road: 7.30pm (£10)
The second of the day's Cambridge Szeged Society concerts, featuring an even greater range of composers, from Farnaby to Brahms.

Monday 17
Bach, Pachelbel, Morley
Magdalene Chapel: 9pm (Free)
Jonathan Eyre from Christ Church High Harrogate gives an organ recital

Tuesday 18
Weber, Beethoven, Elgar
Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£10 adv)
Illustrious Royal Philharmonic Orchestra promises a top performance.

Film

The Baader Meinhof Complex (below)
Arts Picturehouse
Fri to Thur: 14:10, 17:30, 20:30
One to watch, if the recent spate in good German cinema is anything to go by. Hopefully it'll join the ranks of Downfall and Goodbye Lenin, without falling into Edukators-esque mediocrity.

High School Musical 3
Vue
Fri, Mon - Thur: 12:40, 15:10, 17:50
Sat & Sun: 10:10, 11:00, 12:40, 13:40, 15:10, 17:50
Better than Bond? You bet. Does exactly what it says on the tin.

Ghost Town
Vue
All days: 12:20 15:00 17:40 20:20 (except Sat/Sun)
Finally Gervais gets a Hollywood lead. He dies for seven minutes and ends up being charged with preventing a widow from marrying an idiot...by her deceased husband.



Easy Virtue
Vue
Fri to Thur: 12:00 14:30 22:50
See our review on pg 20.

Let's Talk about the Rain
Arts Picturehouse
Fri: 12:15, 16:30
Sat: 11:45, 21:15
Sun: 21:30
Mon to Thur: 12:15, 14:30, 18:45
See our review on pg 20.

Quantum of Solace
Arts Picturehouse
Fri, Sun, Mon, Weds: 13:30, 16:00, 18:30, 21:00
Sat: 13.30, 16.00, 18.00, 21.00
Tues & Thurs: 16.00, 18.00, 21.00
See it because its Bond. And not necessarily because it's good.

Mamma Mia
Vue
Fri to Wed: 20.45
It's Mamma Mia's last week - make it a good one!

CUR1350 Radio

Saturday 15
Soul Food
7-9pm
Soul Food returns for a new term of all things in black music - whether you love jazz, funk, motown, reggae or R'n'B.

Sunday 16
One Step Beyond
1-3pm
An eclectic and in-depth jazz-based show, concentrating on the more experimental and avant-garde side of things: music that is 'one step beyond'.

Monday 17
Dream of Electric Shepherds
9-10pm
Downtempo dubstep. Post-rock glitch. Orchestral breakcore. Braindance? Will and William explore the frontiers of modern electronic music. Let us be your shepherds to musical enlightenment.

Tuesday 18
Cubed
9-11pm
A fresh faced techno show taking you from the deepest and darkest techno through to the most ripped back sounds.

Subterranean Trawler
9-11pm
Showcase of underground music.

Wednesday 19
Dangerously Unfashionable
3-4pm
Join Chris Boreham as he fights the tyranny of modernity, bringing you an hour of the best in classic Rock, Pop and Soul. Features include a spotlight on lesser known bands, Original vs. Cover and Guess that Intro.

Thursday 20
Faces for the Radio
6-7pm
Libby and Ellie's safari through indie and alternative classics; from The Velvet Underground to The Verve. More fun than a penguin on a bouncy castle, and twice as enjoyable!

Sour Lemons
5-6pm
Jame Taylor presents Sour Lemons, a show of indie and alternative music.

Friday 21
The Ed and Em RadioGram
4-5pm
Fun and frolics for a Friday. You play "Guess the Topic" as we sift through the week's more frivolous news.

Pick of the Week

Come and Sing in Aid of Darfur
Saturday November 15
Great St Mary's: 2pm (£5)

"Kids for Kids" is a project raising funds for children affected by the appalling humanitarian crisis in Darfur. And for the privilege of supporting the only charity of its kind, you get to sing Fauré's glorious Requiem and Schubert's Mass in G.

The Schedule:
Rehearsal: 2 - 4.30pm
Tea and Cakes: 4.30 - 5.30pm
Performance 5.30 - 7pm

Music will be provided and no booking is necessary.



adc theatre To win a pair of tickets to ADC's mainshow, turn to our competition on page 23

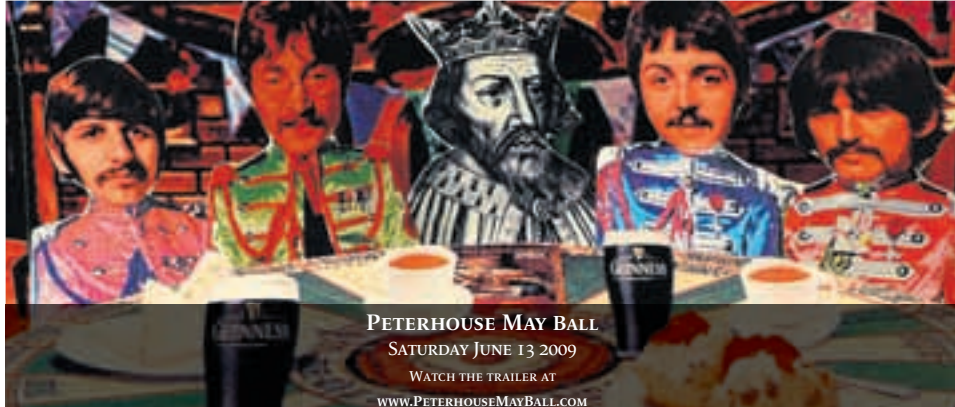
Spring Awakening
Tuesday 18 - Saturday 22 November
ADC: 7.45pm (£9/£6)

Quite rightly, Frank Wedekind's 'Spring Awakening' has been consistently censored for over eighty years; rape, abortion, communal male masturbation, homosexuality and sadomasochism are utterly unacceptable themes for the stage, especially when the characters are fourteen years old. Is it right, then, that these directors have thrown prudence to the wind and decided to show us everything? Has this year's ADC Freshers' show gone too far? And can one really comment without going to see it for themselves?



The Priory with Carl Craig
Thursday November 20
Fez: 10pm (£7/£5)

Considered one of the most important names in Detroit Techno, Carl Craig is a true legend. It's hard to overstate how exciting this is. Having been releasing music since the early 90s, Carl Craig is one of the great techno producers of all time, and is even seen as helping to invent drum 'n' bass. Yet, unlike most of his peers, he is still at the top of his game, as his recent Grammy-nominated Junior Boys remix demonstrates. It's incredibly rare to see him in such a small space - the Priory boys done good.



AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): Yes, and you remember that your boat-driver Werner had said the signal for danger would be when he chucked a banana in the river. 'We are in danger,' whispers Werner, to clarify his banana signal. Sure enough, thousands of Indians are watching you from the riverbank, poisonous arrows poised. But is 'Indian' really the correct word for a rainforest-dweller? ***p22 Yes. *p23 No.**

View From
The Stage

Week 6: Lauren Horsley, Addenbrooke's Pantomime

What's it all about?

The Addenbrooke's Panto is an annual show put on by the clinical medical students, doctors and other hospital staff. This year, the new junior doctors at Addenbrooke's will be chosen by a competition known as THE APPRENTICITIS. The hand-picked (via Facebook) group of hopefuls will battle it out to become the Dean's right hand man, woman or cow. But all is not right: there are some in the group who would pervert the course of the competition for their own ambitious ends!

Tell us a Tale

During the performance watch out for the panto cow: last year the cow became unruly and appeared in a few more scenes than the writers were expecting...

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

THE APPRENTICITIS is a mixture of the medical humour of *Scrubs*, crossed with the cringe-worthiness of *The Office*, with lots of show tunes and a little bit of *Borat* added in for good measure. All topped off with plenty of panto slap-stick to keep you giggling and shouting "He's behind you!"

What's in it for me?

As well as being a comedy institution in Cambridge, all profits from the Addenbrooke's panto will go to the Rosie Maternity Hospital (last year we raised over £8000 for the oncology department). So you can split your sides, knowing it is all for a good cause. Also we have some fab prizes in the raffle to give away, everything from meals for two at many different Cambridge restaurants, to a caffeine-filled Starbucks hamper, to an iPod shuffle.

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

Singing the finale tune, planning to come back next year, and wanting to swap course to become a medic!

Little known fact...

A small brewery was consumed in the writing of this script. An even bigger brewery will be consumed on closing night. We have also rehearsed everywhere and anywhere, at any opportunity; this may have led to some funny glances whilst dancers were throwing themselves around on the grass in Magdalene on a very windy October afternoon.

Show Details:

The Apprenticitis is at The Mumford Theatre, East Road, from November 18 – 22. Tickets are £10 (£6 concessions) from the box office on 0845 196 2320.

THEATRE

Hay Fever by Noel Coward

Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens', November 12-15

Dir. Marieke Audsley; BATS

★★★★★

Rather! Having always wanted to live in an era of weekend house parties, wooden tennis rackets and real marmalade, I had dangerously high expectations for *Hay Fever*. Luckily, these were met and far surpassed. Snappy and with lashings of energy, the production managed to encapsulate a surprisingly difficult but traditionally British sense of humour.

Judith Bliss has officially retired from a life on the stage in an ill-fated bid to age gracefully. Apparently concerned by her husband's inattentions, she invites Sandy Tyrell, a strikingly young and dim-witted boxer, to be a guest for the weekend. Sorel Bliss, in an equally ill-fated attempt to distance herself from her family's eccentricity has also enticed the suitably inoffensively named Richard to the family home. Both guests are booked in for the Japanese room. The sometimes farcical

drama that ensues is painfully funny, as the various houseguests are indiscriminately taken into the garden, caught off guard on the sofa and swept up by Judith's melodramas.

Tasked with portraying not only Mrs Bliss, but also her actress alter ego, Judith Bliss, the wonderfully over-theatrical heroine of plays such as 'Love's Whirlwind' and 'The Bold Deceiver', Elizabeth Donnelly brought a dizzying energy to the stage. Her character was at times side-wrenchingly funny and always brilliantly animated. Lucy Evans and Freddie Hutchins as the Bliss' precocious children showcased some outstanding comic timing and a convincing sibling dynamic. The Bliss family collectively created an aura of exclusive British Bohemianism that left the other characters nervously trying at once to fit in and escape. George Greenbury as Richard,

Sorel's serious diplomatist, highlighted this exclusion well, portraying a man tragically lifeless against the crazed backdrop of the Bliss family home but equally hoping perhaps to become a part of it. As a whole, the cast was one of the strongest I have seen in Cambridge.

It is unusual to see a production that so willingly adheres to the traditions of this genre without a good deal of tongue in cheek. But the confidence of Marieke Audsley's direction and cast pulled this off with remarkable gusto. The elements of farce that an audience expects and relishes in Noel Coward were not over-cooked but were acted with perfect timing, just missing the self-consciously twee. This was the perfect antidote to a cold winter work crisis. My cheeks hurt from laughing so much. Please go and see it; laughing is good for you.

Alice Newell-Hanson



Elizabeth Donnelly and Sophia Sibthorpe

SEAN JONES

Empty Portrait by Claire Wells

ADC, November 11-15

Dir. Tom Attenborough; CUADC

★★★★★

My editor says I can't mention the star system. It is becoming, quote, "tired". So we won't be dropping the s-bomb this week. Instead we'll be talking about Approval Points.

And this is where this show presents me with two problems. Some wanker at the ADC once said they hated it when the reviewer reviewed the play not the production. This is complicated here: this being new writing, some form of comment is called for. Well: I thought this was a very, very good play. Funny, creepy, deeply interesting. Slightly overwrought in places - some of the symbolism was clunky; Raphaella's closing speech was a bit full-on - and occasionally substituting the word "fuck" for genuine feeling. But, generally, great, and worth every Approval Point going.

But the production proved more

troublesome. I thought Joe Bannister as Jamie was superb. I thought Greer Dale-Foulkes as Raphaella wasn't. Bannister, for me, perfectly encapsulated the *ennui*, followed by growing narcissism, of the obscure artist suddenly thrust into the spotlight. His place there owes much to the efforts of Raphaella, the lawyer who left her husband only to find herself slowly turning into the man she loves.

And it was here that Dale-Foulkes ceased to be convincing. At first, she was brilliant: chillingly effective as the brittle career woman with clear priorities. But as these were altered, so her performance changed. Particularly in the more emotional scenes - in which Bannister excelled - she delivered her lines with such flatness that it doesn't seem entirely cruel to question whether English is in fact her first language.

This is why my Approval Points are all over the place. I've given it a number that I think it deserves: it's well-directed (although I'd question the use of blue-outs rather than black-outs, and some truly dodgy sound effects), and you should SO go and see it: it's not often that you see New Writing do so much, and so well. It's just that something of such ambition deserves the best, and I'm not sure it's there yet. Iron out the kinks, and writer Claire Wells might have come up with something very good indeed. You might notice I'm not being my normal assertive self throughout this review: it's because this genuinely is something you need to make up your own mind about. If you can bear the late night, though - this is Cambridge, after all - I'm certain you won't take much persuading.

George Reynolds



KATY KING

Educating Rita by Willy Russell

Corpus Playroom, November 11-15

Dir. Pippa Dinnage; Joint Fletcher Players & HATS

★★★★★

There is no escaping the fact that Willy Russell's *Educating Rita* is a very dated play. It sits uneasily in a modern theatre, being sentimental and cynical at turns, full of patronising, simpering class stereotypes and affected one-liners. At some moments, however, Philippa Dinnage's production is genuinely funny - mainly through the sharp comic timing of Heather Simons, who carries off a near-perfect Liverpudlian accent to portray Rita, a downtrodden hairdresser who decides to miraculously open up her life through the Open University English Literature course. Simons has the unfortunate task of carrying the play, and manages to be both loquacious and fragile by turns. But ultimately she and her co-star Edward Rowett are lumbered under a poor script, a semi-

Cinderella tale that doesn't manage to interest or excite or stimulate theatre.

Rowett plays her alcoholic, pseudo-poet teacher Frank, and bravely attempts to give life to what can often be a dull character. Rowett's acting is, at moments, brilliant, but there is a constantly drab undertone, going from scene to scene in a whiskey-induced haze of melancholia and inertia, slumped over his desk in a perpetual state of intellectual agony, resembling one of the awful Chekov characters he teaches Rita, and a slumbering audience, about.

The play seems to revolve around two very Cambridge themes: alcohol and academia. Walking to the Corpus Playroom at 9.30 in the evening, past figures reeling and stumbling back from various formal swaps, I wondered whether

'Educating Rita' would be a play that could be relevant, or pertinent, to Cambridge students. It is: few productions can successfully transform the Playroom into a supervisor's study through the ingeniously simple use of stacks of musty books, papers and cranky-looking chairs. The play did genuinely make me laugh at some points, and it is also admirable to see a performance of a work which confounds the usual Cambridge theatrical canon. Whether you want to be thrown back in to this unfortunate time warp, or sit through an hour and a half of sort-of literary criticism mixed with a sort-of sob story about two lonely individuals battling against a cruel world armed with only a copy of Blake's poems to comfort them, is another question.

Emma Hogan



ZING TSENG

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

Parade

ADC, November 11-15

Dir. Matt Eberhardt, Musical Dir. Nick Sutcliffe; CUMTS

★★★★★

The redneck southern state of Georgia. Racial tensions reaching boiling point. An unravelling and re-knitting of common justice. I wonder whether CUMTS had the recent US elections in mind when they chose to stage *Parade*? The storyline is peculiarly powerful for a musical: a real life account of a Jewish factory boss convicted of raping and murdering a thirteen-year-old belle in the Deep South, and the struggle to overturn his conviction resulting in sudden tragedy.

Musically this production is very strong. Although the score is varied it remains oppressively reminiscent of Sondheim (who turned down the original commission) - but without his wit and incredible emotional subtlety. The result is an astonishingly well-sung production in which disappointingly few of the songs are memorable or reso-

nant - save Jonathan Kanagasooriam's rousing, stamping chain gang attack which had the audience whooping. At the most powerful points atmosphere is created by a magnified, thumping heartbeat percussion in which the sweating claustrophobia and dread is almost palpable - all credit to musical director Nick Sutcliffe and his assistant Joe Bunker.

The choreography is arresting, and director Matthew Eberhardt makes a bold move in foregrounding it against a superbly minimal set and powerfully ominous lighting. At several points this is truly electrifying and gives the production the emotional crescendo the score fails to deliver. Take the mesmerising testimony of the factory girls against their Jewish boss in the climactic first act courtroom scene and the brilliant, grotesque, dislocated parody

of a joyful dance that the court engages in after the initial verdict.

My American history is shamefully shaky, but I felt that the writers were trying to cram far too much into the necessarily simplified musical structure. By the end of the production I was still perplexed as to who was against whom and why. Plus, deflatingly, there is never any real doubt as to the innocence of the protagonist. The result is a striking musical and, in this case, an almost flawlessly executed production, which fails to make a meaningful connection between characters and audience.

Despite its flaws, take the chance to see a tight, slick, pared down, wonderfully cast production of one of the few musicals which tries to cut through glitter, suspenders and schmaltz. Sarah Palin would probably hate it.

Isabel Taylor



CHARLOTTE RUNCIE

Analysis



Week 6: Puccini (1858-1924)

Puccini's unerring instinct for strong melody and evocative harmony, coupled with his ability to bring to life passionate and sensual relationships, has made him of one the most popular of opera composers. Puccini brought Italian opera into the twentieth century, synthesising music and drama in a symphonic idiom, but retaining the voice as the focal point. Puccini's influences were wide and varied, producing operas from *Manon Lescaut* to *Madama Butterfly*, and so was his cultural inheritance.

The schools of naturalism and realism had an immediate effect in Italy. With little literary tradition to draw on from this period, Italian writers in the second half of the nineteenth century seized upon Zola's beliefs as a potent dramatic source. The style they developed came to be known as *verismo* and was exemplified by writers such as Giovanni Verga and Luigi Capuana. The characteristically veristic traits of strong local colour, down-to-earth language alongside familiar and often personally resonant plots, made the style immediately popular. It transferred to opera: Puccini's *La Bohème* (1896) depicts four impoverished artists living and working in a sordid garret in Paris, and an equally poverty-stricken young girl who does embroidery for a living. (These lives are, however, romanticised in a way that is alien to true *verismo*).

Richard Wagner (1813-83) and Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) were the dominant figures as opera moved from the nineteenth into the twentieth century, and it was the great German whose influence was most pervasive, not least on Puccini. Puccini's lifelong interest in Wagner began when he was a student and was remarkable for the fact that very little of the German composer's music was available at the time. In spite of infrequent stage productions of his operas, Wagner aroused strong sentiments in Italy. Wagner's particular use of mythical subjects, symphonic conceptions, compositional techniques, philosophy and psychology left an indelible mark on Puccini; *Tosca* makes powerful use of Wagnerian *leitmotifs* to present Scarpi's theme interwoven between the bickering Tosca and Cavaradossi. On Wagner's death, in 1883, Verdi wrote to his friend the music publisher Giulio Ricordi (who would later publish most of Puccini's works): "It is... a name that leaves the most powerful imprint on the history of art."

Daniel Hill

Daniel is conducting Puccini's 'Suor Angelica' in Trinity Chapel on Thursday 20th/Friday 21st/Sunday 23rd November, 9pm. £2-£10, available on the door.

Love and Other Fairy Tales

Howard Building, Downing, November 10-11

Dir. Lauren Juster; Downing Dramatic Society

★★★★★

Gathering in Downing's splendid Howard Room, the atmosphere for *Love and Other Fairy Tales* was very reminiscent of a school play. The aligned chairs, the empty proscenium arch stage and the young flautist fluttering out Chaucerian-esque music from the corner all added to the imminent feeling that the next hour (it was actually only 45 minutes) was going to be painful.

And yet the treasure of the show was self-professed novice to the stage Nick Skliar-Davies (left), whose portrayal of the Hugh Grant-esque Squire was suitably adorable. Other notable moments came from the Holy duet of Elly Brindle (left) and Francesca Bonner-Evans as the Essex Nuns, whose comic timing created some of the biggest laughs of the night. This left the rest of the cast to give apt if unmemorable performances.

It was obviously their first night, with numerous technical hiccups and a few line slips, but they did their best with a bad play.

The actual play, despite the programme informing us of its previous international sell-out success, was undeniably a dud. It was confusing and did little to transform the well-loved *Canterbury Tales* into an exciting and enticing piece of theatrical writing. The blending of Chaucer's story with that of his fictional characters was too fluid to retain a plotline and meant it was hard to understand which characters were speaking when. Luckily, the cast's enthusiasm and ability seemed to be this production's saving grace.

The actual style of the piece matched its disjointed layout. Painting the androgynous Pardoner with heaps of clownish makeup was an oddity to say

the least, whilst the flickering between severe scenes of rape and farcical scenes of the bumbling travellers meant that the play never managed to create this opposition with great conviction. Whether we can lay the blame for this puzzling meshing of different genres with the script or the director is unclear.

Overall, it was very much a Fresher show; the remnants of A-level drama were evident in the frequent black-outs, the stock characterisation and the constant (and pointless) exits and entrances. But on the whole it was a pleasant piece and did make the audience genuinely laugh a lot and often. As Jenny Marshall's 'Alison' tells us in her final speech, her story was meant to have no purpose but merely the "desire to entertain": a sentiment which *Love and Other Fairy Tales* managed to represent exactly. Rachel Scrivener



LAUREN JUSTER

Calendar Girls

Arts Theatre, November 10-15

Dir. Hamish McColl; Chichester Festival Theatre

★★★★★

Get yourself down to the Arts Theatre now and buy, borrow or beg for a ticket to see this heart-warming, poignant, hilarious play on its pre-West End tour. Everybody knows the story: a group of WI women decide to raise money for the hospital where one member's husband dies from cancer. The women shoot a tasteful nude calendar; interest takes off and donations come flooding in from around the world. Based on a true story, it is a tale sure to bring smiles to the faces of any audience.

It is a huge credit to the scriptwriter and director that the production attracted such a high calibre cast. Even if the storyline does not appeal, the acting master-class alone makes this a play not to be missed. Elaine C. Smith

makes a wonderful single mother worried what her daughter will make of the calendar, Siân Phillips brings to life the retired school teacher, Gaynor Faye plays the youngest and 'sexiest' member of the WI group and Lynda Bellingham as Chris is the instigator of the whole idea.

The scenes between Annie (Patricia Hodge) and her dying husband John (Gary Lilburn) had the whole house in tears. Despite a few deviations from the adopted Yorkshire accents by certain members of the group, the tension was held and the humour and poignancy carried the play along. It is so refreshing to see a play with several strong female roles for once.

The scene where the calendar is actually shot is a delightful moment

packed with energy and life, and had the audience cheering and clapping at its tasteful adaptation to the stage. Unaccompanied singing of 'Jerusalem' (the WI's anthem) and balletic T'ai Chi sequences set the mood and allow time for reflection. The death scene is both stylised and very moving, as is the flooding of the stage with sunflowers at the end.

The play remains closely linked to its cause: afterwards people were rushing into the foyer to make donations to Leukaemia Research or buy a packet of sunflower seeds, umbrellas or jam, all the proceeds going to the charity. It is high time that people started to take note of the powerful effect theatre can have.

Victoria Ball



AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): 'You know, work experience?' says Ian. 'That's a good point.' He checks the internet. 'Uh-oh,' he adds. 'We need to get the hell out. Bob's due to start closing up his orifices.' But it's too late. The floor curls up to the back of Bob's throat, swallowing you along with it. You're not dead but you're stuck inside Bob until he turns back into a warehouse or has a shit.

Books Every
Right-Minded
Person Should Read



Week 6:
The Ballad of the Sad Café
by Carson McCullers

This might be the most haunting short story I have ever read. It might also be the strangest love story. It is about three people in a small dusty town in Georgia. It is about outcasts, misfits and grotesques, about loving and being loved. It is about spiritual isolation and the redemptive power that can be found even in the worst heart-break.

Miss Amelia is a six-foot tall cross-eyed woman who sells feed, guano meal and moonshine whisky. She has lived alone all her life except for a “strange and dangerous marriage, lasting only for ten days,” to the notorious Marvin Macy, a loom-fixer and ‘evil character,’ who “carried about with him the dried and salted ear of a man he had killed in a razor fight,” chopped the heads off squirrels and degraded young girls. Their marriage was short, violent and unconsummated. Macy disappeared and ended up in the penitentiary. Things might have stayed this way forever had a hunchback of indeterminate age called Lymon with a suitcase of junk not wandered into town, walked up to Miss Amelia and claimed to be her cousin.

Miss Amelia’s love for Cousin Lymon prompts her to take him in, open the doors of her house and start a café in order to assuage his fear of the night. The café brings light, joy and hope to the town. And then Marvin Macy returns and chaos ensues. Each character takes their turn as both lover and beloved, and every member of the town is drawn into the unfolding drama.

McCullers’ terse, beautiful prose allows her to say so much with small gestures. She is master of the short story because she says the most difficult things in the simplest way.

McCullers’ life is also fascinating. She was a cripple who did most of her writing between 4 and 8 am and worked all day in a clerical job. She suffered throughout her life from alcoholism, disease and problems with sexuality and gender. Gore Vidal called her work “one of the few satisfying achievements of our second-rate culture”.

It is clear that she had an intimate understanding of loneliness and love. As she puts it, “there is only one thing for the lover to do. He must house his love within himself as best he can; he must create for himself a whole new inward world – a world intense a strange, complete in himself”. McCullers took her own advice and created this story. Read it.
Decca Muldowney

MUSIC

Wagner, Finzi, Beethoven
Trinity College Chapel, Saturday November 7
The Beethoven Ensemble; Daniel Hill (Cond.); Alice Gledhill (Clarinet)
★★★★★

It is not every evening that one hears music-making of this calibre in Cambridge. The Beethoven Ensemble, period in size but rarely in practice, were conducted by Daniel Hill (right) in a programme that appeared eclectic on first glance, but turned out to be astute and full of links between the works.

The highlight was Beethoven’s *Eroica Symphony*, in my opinion the greatest of his nine. After the first few minutes, I thought I was going to be disappointed: I was expecting aggression, strongly accented cross-rhythms and crushingly vicious timpani. Yet by the end of the first movement Hill had provided an utterly convincing interpretation. His hero (Napoleon, Beethoven himself, whoever) was deeply noble, not needing to stress violence; our hero was exciting but solemn, going about his business with gravity, mystery and a good deal

of humanity. Mystery came in the wonderfully still sections just before the development and recapitulation of the opening movement. A human side came through in the occasional frayed edge in the playing, which only emphasized the difficulty of the piece. There were mistakes, yes, and I still occasionally yearned for more characterful phrasing, but these are very minor quibbles at such a high standard.

In the Funeral March came sombre gravity, especially in the winds. Mystery returned at the opening of the scherzo, through a rare precision in the pianissimo strings. The confident horn calls of the trio aped those of Wagner’s hero in the *Siegfried-Idyll*. The first movement’s humanity returned in the finale, beginning with wit, then taking in bubbly winds and a cheekily played string quartet variation. There was a

breast-beating arrogance to the central dance-like section, and the coda’s climax was taken ferociously quickly, but once again it worked well. I will be surprised if I hear better Beethoven from a student orchestra.

All this leaves little space for the *Siegfried-Idyll* and Finzi’s *Clarinet Concerto*. The Wagner was tenderly loving in its quartet opening, yet confident in the horn calls from Siegfried: there was a certainty about the interpretation, as if Wagner’s love for Cosima, for whom it was a birthday present, were as eternal as that of the Ring’s heroes.

In the Finzi, soloist and orchestra blended well, with no sense of a battle between them, nor a domination of the piece from either side. Gledhill displayed a gorgeous variety of tone, moving from gentle to frightening.
David Allen



Noah and the Whale
The Junction
Monday November 10
★★★★★

The annual conference of the Lumberjack Guild’s East Anglian branch took place in Cambridge on Monday night. At least that’s what it looked like in *The Junction*. As Noah and the Whale took to the stage in their coloured-check flannel shirts, the strange crowd of teeny boppers and mid-life crisis Virgin radio listeners all cheered back from inside their quilted faux Mid-western redneck numbers. Looks like everyone went to Topshop. Disappointingly, John Cleese and Michael Palin didn’t bound on stage after them, and the lumberjacks and jills among the audience were left in blissful ignorance over each others’ appearance.

Fortunately none of Noah and the Whale’s music is actually this twee, in fact the lyrics in ‘Jocasta’ like “When the baby’s born/ Oh, let’s turn it to the snow” sound chillingly cheerful. Play-

ing live they were given an added depth with trombone and trumpet players, while a stick-thin fair-haired girl who was, alas, not Laura Marling provided poignant backing vocals.

Their indie-folk in songs like ‘Shape of My Heart’ sounded brilliant, but sometimes was close to being overshadowed by the drummer who seemed to think he was playing in a rock band. And you can’t exactly blame Noah and the Whale for having an identity crisis – what exactly are they? Rocky folksters with indie credentials? Pop stars with a top 10 single to their name? The diverse audience, from the skinny jeaned to the skinny lattéd, didn’t seem to know either. New material hinted at darker, more guitar led soundscapes, but also revealed the limits of singer Charlie’s vocals.

As for the moment most people in

the room had been waiting for, ‘Five Years Time’ was played two songs from the end. I had never imagined that the sight of an amplified ukulele could generate quite such an explosive roar. Teenage lumberjacks all around me were jumping in paroxysms of delight, they invented some sort of hybrid YMCA dance moves to accompany the chorus. The song which follows - ‘Rocks and Daggers’ – receives almost as good a reception: its rollicking fiddle morphs into a full blown hoedown by the end. It left me and most of the crowd wondering what could possibly follow in the encore, and the answer? Not very much. The checked shirts in front of me had heard what they wanted to hear, and passed their verdict on the new, final song by promptly leaving. They had lots of logging to do next morning after all.
Henry Donati

Fordlândia
Jóhann Jóhannsson
4AD; Out Now
★★★★★

In 1929, Henry Ford had had enough. He refused to import any more rubber from the British, who had a global monopoly. But the thousands of cars that were being manufactured every day needed tyres. So without even seeing it himself, Ford purchased a huge rubber plantation in the middle of the Amazon jungle. He created Fordlândia, a replica American town, with a golf-course, bakeries and, of course, shoemakers. However, the tycoon imposed heavy American values on the indigenous Brazilian workers there, making them eat apple-pie, sleep in bunk-beds and dance the Do-Si-Do. Not only was the soil too infertile to grow rubber trees, but the workers unsurprisingly rioted and by 1933, after losing \$20million, Ford closed the place

down. 75 years later, Jóhann Jóhannsson, one of the most prolific Icelandic musicians of recent times, has made an instrumental album inspired by the thought of the Amazon Rainforest engulfing the abandoned Fordlândia. It is an astonishingly beautiful album. Much of the music here is played by Jóhann himself, with his multi-instrumental talent shining through on almost every piece, but duties are also taken up by his Icelandic string quartet on some tracks recorded in a Reykjavik church, as well as a 50 piece orchestra on another. All adds to the monumentality of this, Jóhannsson’s fifth ‘solo’ album.

Melodies recur throughout the album, often played at different tempos or with different instruments, but

always conjuring a haunting memory of the forsaken Fordlândia, lost to the clutches of nature. Various track titles recall other figures who suffered broken dreams, such as John Whiteside Parsons, one of the fathers of space travel who died in an explosion, no doubt trying to perfect the propulsion of a portable rocket-engine.

Even without taking in these numerous and perhaps rather pretentious references, this is still an extremely emotional work. The string sections consistently contribute to creating the most powerful and moving parts of the album, and Jóhannsson’s occasional subtle layering of various digital effects adds a very personal element. As we leave Fordlândia, with its rusted Model Ts and the dilapidated barber shops, be-



hind, one can’t help but realise that the forgotten Utopias and broken dreams really have no significance, but that every note on this album is a tribute to the wonderful immensity of Mother Earth.
Andrew Spyrou

ART AND FILM

I Turned It Into A Palace
Fitzwilliam Museum, Gallery 13
Showing until 17 March 2009

★★★★★

Four hundred words is not enough space to capture an exhibition as good as *I Turned It Into A Palace*. You enter a dimly-lit room expecting to see some mediocre Victorian paintings and a few ceramic vases, and find all of your cynical expectations completely confounded, upturned by the immensity and breadth of Sydney Cockerell's mania and taste for collecting anything and everything. Cockerell was Director of the Fitzwilliam from 1908-1937 and made it into the respected museum it is today, famously stating: "I found it a pigsty; I turned it into a palace."

Fittingly, then, this exhibition is bursting with jewels – from Turner watercolours to Greek vases encircled by dancing figures. Stacked rows of glittering Books of Hours, pontificals, Psalters, bibles – some as small as your hand – jostle next to exquisite copies of Firdausi's

Shaknama ('Book of Kings') and Hafiz's *Diwan*, the latter of which has a miniature illustration of men playing polo from centuries ago. There are autograph manuscripts, letters and scores by Mozart, Sassoon, Rupert Brooke, Swinburne, Hardy and Keats. The swirling handwriting of 'Ode to a Nightingale', with its intricate corrections and gently sloping margin, startling in its fragile beauty, making you imagine Keats sitting in his Hampstead garden and jotting it down. It is almost too overwhelming to find so many gargantuan figures crammed into one room, though perhaps comforting to know that Hardy laboured so intensively over *Jude of Obscure*: writing it and revising it and revising it again.

I cannot fully express how awe-inspiring this exhibition was for me, nor recommend it more. It is full of moments that will startle shock, such as when you

stumble across a small Hokusai print, 'Minamoto no Muneyuki Ason', which depicts a group of shivering men huddling around a fire, the smoke billowing across the sky and through snow-capped trees; and you are suddenly there huddling with them. Or coming across an engraving of Albrecht Durer's *Melencolia I*, of a slumped figure surrounded by mathematical apparatus. Or the six intricate pencil drawings by Edward Burne-Jones, an artist known usually for his Pre-Raphaelite stained glass and paintings of extraordinary gothic grandeur, shown here in a sort of glorious intimacy. Or the portrait of Joan of Arc by Dante Gabriel Rossetti – I could go on and on, listing the mind-boggling intensity of an exhibition that leaves you gluttonously reeling, stumbling out of the Fitzwilliam Museum, sure that you will have to go back and see it again. *Emma Hogan*



Rossetti's Joan of Arc

Easy Virtue

Dir. Stephan Elliott

Starring: Jessica Biel, Ben Barnes, Kristin Scott Thomas, Colin Firth

★★★★★

"We do not need any more reminders of your easy virtue." Kristin Scott Thomas is acidic in her scathing of Jessica Biel in this film adaptation of Noël Coward's 1926 play, though one only desires a few reminders of *Easy Virtue* after leaving the cinema. Elliot's direction is well crafted, but this becomes its greatest weakness: the film ends up being too reliant on its sumptuous visual pieces and not enough attention is paid to effective characterization and performance.

The centerpiece of this household drama and comedy is the battle for supremacy between John Whittaker's mother (Kristin Scott Thomas) and his new American bride, Larita (Jessica Biel). Naturally much of the focus is on the sharp wit exchanged between these two dominant females and the culture clash that causes this conflict

to ensue. However, it is in the more peripheral sub-plots and narratives that the film's greatest successes lie; and Elliott's decision not to further develop some of these limits its accomplishments. Coward's writing thrives in its creation of personal relationships, and it is a shame that the film does not further explore these.

A superb, yet nuanced, performance by Kristin Scott Thomas keeps the central narrative of the film moving forward: her seemingly effortless ability to dance between moments of pointed speech and subtle body language is especially seen during her first intimate conversation with her new daughter-in-law in the greenhouse, perfectly exploiting Biel's pollen allergy to both comic and sardonic effect. Nevertheless, as the film progresses we find ourselves in-

creasingly drawn to her husband, the war-weary senior Mr Whittaker (Colin Firth). Indeed, as more elements of his past are revealed as the film progresses, this maintains interest more than the inevitable revelation about the new Mrs Whittaker.

Biel tries too hard to evoke the extravagance of the 1920s flapper, with varying success during the film. At moments, too, Elliot relies on stereotyped images, such as the tearful conversation facing the rain-beaten window. Yet, serious questions are raised amongst the lighter comedic episodes, as we wonder if a young couple is driven apart by revelation of the past or by the strain of family? *Easy Virtue* as a whole is less than the sum of its parts, but is worth seeing for the moments when those parts shine. *Daniel Isenberg*



Let's Talk About The Rain

Dir. Agnès Jaoui

Starring: Agnès Jaoui, Jean-Pierre Bacri, Jamel Debbouze

★★★★★

"That's very French sounding", was one response I got after explaining the plot of *Let's Talk About The Rain*, and, though offensive, it's not a bad précis. Troubled suburbanites drank rosé in sunny back-gardens, casual infidelity was committed by numerous characters and beautiful yet fragile brunettes gazed atmospherically out of rain-streaked windows à la Juliette Binoche.

The film's central characters are the strident female politician, Agathe Villanova (Agnès Jaoui), and two documentary makers, Michel (Jean-Pierre Bacri) and Karim (Jamel Debbouze), who film Agathe throughout. The plot follows their developing relationships with one another, as well as the complications of various lovers, spouses,

parents and children who surround them. Even to summarise the storyline and professions of the characters is somewhat unnecessary, as essentially the film is an opportunity to string together a series of vignettes. Nearly every scene is a conversation with just two characters on screen, and these private dialogues are the films strength. There is the poignantly awkward restaurant scene with Michel and his teenage son, where in few blustering words we see Michel's desperation to impress the child he sees for only a few days a month. Although this film is made up of dozens of interconnecting partnerships, the brittle Agathe's relationship with her long standing fiancé is one of the most significant. Their comfortable repartee, with its sparring insults and

evident tenderness, has some of the best and most believable lines of the film, even if the final revelation, that Agathe does not appreciate him until too late, is a disappointingly obvious one.

Let's Talk About The Rain is clearly intended to be slow moving; gently funny rather than hilarious, and bitter-sweet rather than tragic. However this ambling pace, especially towards the conclusion of each thread of the plot, begins to grate; don't expect a clear story arc with beginning and end. The dialogue is consistently well written, and the ensemble cast is excellent, but this film is let down by a lack of direction and no clear purpose.

Victoria Beale



Take Five Adverts



Five of the Best

Cadbury's Smash

The 1970s played host to a series of ads depicting variously coloured aliens extolling the virtues of smash. You'd need to see a specialist if it made you buy smash, but inspired and amazing watching nevertheless.

John West Salmon

The idea – "we're so dedicated to bringing you the best salmon that we'll fight bears" – is pretty abysmal. The sight of a grizzly doing karate is priceless.

Guinness

The Rhythm of Life ad, when three chaps enjoying a pint in their local and are transported back through the stages of evolution.

De Lorean

"Gull wings doors rise effortlessly, welcoming you inside...Live the dream, today." Everything you'd want from a 1980s car advert.

Nike

The Scorpion Cage adverts not only featured the best footballers and their sexiest skills, but sparked a worldwide phenomenon. The height of cinematic production was used in their making, and it shows.

Five of the Worst

Guinness

"17:59. It's Guinness Time." Yes, I love all things Guinness too, but type this into Youtube and you'll be truly appalled by the levels to which our favourite stout has lowered itself.

Adidas

The 'Impossible is Nothing' adverts ruthlessly exploit those tied to the company for their sob-stories. To be encouraged to buy their clothing because Jonah Lomu recovered from a huge kidney problem shows us the darker side of capitalism.

My Lil Reminder

Type it into youtube. The most appalling acting selling the most pointless object.

Handy Peel

"Rub, rinse and peel all at the same time." In the same vein as the above, here we have a frustrated domestic housewife struggling with a concept of a potato peeler; salvation, luckily, is at hand

Calvin Klein - Man

We think they might have hired Ben Stiller for this one. A better parody of Klein you couldn't find.

Competition adc theatre

Next week's topic is *Headlines*: send one each of your worst and best to reviews@varsity.co.uk by midday on Monday 10th, and you could win a pair of first-night tickets to the ADC mainshow.

AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): 'No worries mate,' says the tree surgeon. 'Trees lose branches the whole time. And you know what I do to grow them back? Nothing! They grow another branch all by themselves! I must have the easiest job in the world!' You doubt that this'll work for humans as well as trees, but you cross your fingers metaphorically and wait it out. Sadly you die of blood loss before your hand grows back.



First Lady

Hair & Makeup by Heike Martin www.heikemartinhairdressing.com Dresses from Dixie's Stall Wed to Sun at the Market Blanket from Citrus Home Wed & Sun at the Market
Model Manon Photography Zing Tsjeng Assistant Michael Derringer Stylists Ben Margereson & Jo Della-Ragione

AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): You'd think it wasn't politically correct, but Brazilians still call the rainforest-dwellers 'indios,' while yer actual Indians from India are called indianos. So there you go. Meanwhile, the Indios have no idea what names you're calling them, but they kill you anyway just to be on the safe side. You fail your Geography degree, but the examiners bump your mark up to a third out of sympathy.



AMAZON ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 9): I don't know, but 'Indian' is shorter, and if I had to keep calling them 'rainforest-dwellers' the whole time then there wouldn't be room for the rest of the story in this little adventure story box. Rainforest-dweller, rainforest-dweller, rainforest-dweller. Rainforest-dweller. See? Hardly any more room. So to wrap it up, you befriend the Indians, they write your coursework, you get top marks, the end.

Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#16: *The Meek Shall Inherit The Earth But Not The Mineral Rights*
by Jake and Dinos Chapman Library Court, Jesus College

Everybody hates the dinosaurs. Well, not quite everyone. I might love them, but they do not appear to be to the liking of my fellow Jesuans. Perhaps the view from the library is now a little too distracting. As if an angular metal sculpture ‘thing’ wasn’t enough, they’ve shoved some massive, rusty old dinosaurs on the lawn! But what’s wrong with a little prehistoric modernity? As I skip gaily through ye olde cloisters, I welcome the reminder that I am not a character in *Brideshead Revisited* and that I actually live in 2008.

So why all the fuss? OK, they’re a bit rusty, but, at a wild guess, that’s the point. And they’re dinosaurs! Everyone loves dinosaurs! Particularly these beautifully innocent and childlike constructions. I understand a dislike of the Chapman brothers’ usual output; mannequins of children with genitalia instead of facial features might not be everyone’s cup of tea, nor perhaps are their other sexually explicit doll sculptures called things like “Fucking Hell”. But three gentle beasts, reminiscent of childhood cardboard models, which focus much more on joy and naivety and being young than any of Jake and Dinos’ usual efforts, have left people cold. Maybe the dinosaurs

just aren’t intellectual enough. Dinos himself claims the work to be “a fusion of historical gravity with absolute stupidity”, a charming description, but yes, it is a lot harder to detect undertones of fascism or child molestation. Could the Chapman brothers be losing their edge?

Let’s look at the broader picture. The work is clearly an “up yours” to public sculpture, most obviously to works by Richard Serra and the like – at least, if the Chapman brothers are going to slap a block of rust outside, it’s damn well going to look like a dinosaur! And what about the implications of the title? You may have written the dinosaurs off as junk, but have you entertained the idea that the Chapman brothers are making a comment on a godless world where capitalism rules supreme and only the ruthless come out on top? Or that Jake and Dinos are presenting a piece which deals with the ferocity of nature, a force over which we have little power? No? Even if the dinosaurs are devoid of all meaning, it doesn’t make me love them less, in fact it serves as a poignant reminder, as I trudge to the library, that life is not just about books and work, it’s also about pure, nonsensical fun.

Marianne Forrest



The Day That Changed My World



Week 6: I decided to trek to the North Pole

I was in Year 13 when I realised that I’d been around for eighteen years and not actually done anything. My GCSE certificates, framed and hanging in the loo, were all I had to show for who I was.

I grew up in South London, where youth crime combined with the absence of opportunities tends to make people write themselves and others off. I’ve got an old school report, saying “Nathan lacks the motivation to accomplish anything worthwhile”. I know I’m rubbish at maths, but that’s a pretty sweeping judgement! I suppose I wanted to prove something to her: not only that she was wrong, but also that the most “ordinary” people are capable of extraordinary things.

So I decided to do something special. I opened my map to pick an exotic travel destination, and turned immediately to the Arctic. I’d worked on a scientific project in Siberia the year before fallen in love with the place. Suddenly I came across this tantalizing spot I’d never considered before... So in April 2009, I’ll become the youngest person to trek solo to the North Pole.

Since I made that decision, things have been pretty busy. That trip has been described as ten times harder than climbing Everest, so I’ve got some training to do. I’m not exactly built like a gorilla, so I’ve avoided the brute strength approach and am trying to improve my endurance. I’m also searching for funding. I’m hoping to raise money for the Prince’s Trust, so I need to get corporate sponsors to cover my costs. All the clothes need to be custom made: if you’re walking around town and your shoe doesn’t quite fit you might get a blister; where I’m going, you’ll lose a foot to frostbite. Although it’ll only amount to forty or fifty thousand quid – peanuts, in comparison to most polar expeditions – the recession isn’t making things easy.

But perhaps a more fundamental change has been my focus. Now I’ve got direction and drive; I’m not just going along with the flow, doing things for the sake of it. That’s what it’s all about. I’m not doing it for fame or fortune – I know I’m not going to get either – I’m trying to show people that if you go for something 1000 per cent, no matter how unlikely it may seem, with a bit of luck, you’ll actually get there. Touch wood.

www.solonorthpole.com

Contributor: Nathan Allen
Interview and article by Moya Sarner.

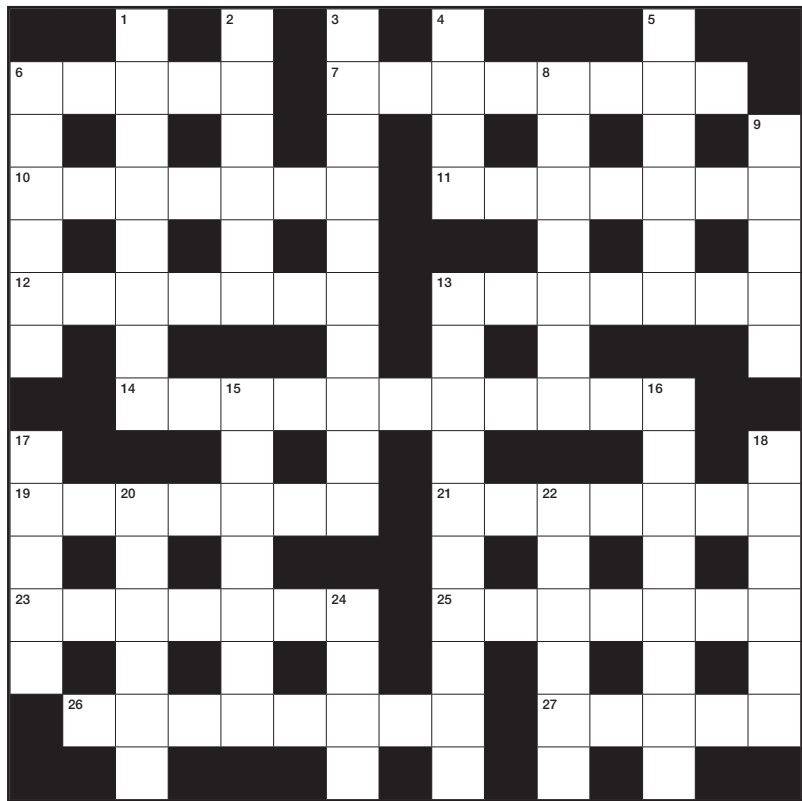
Would you like to be interviewed for this column? Please contact Moya Sarner (mts31)

Games & puzzles



Varsity Crossword

no. 492



Across

- 6 Spicy type of dancing (5)
7 A perhaps, or the papers print them (8)
10 Fantastic beast unmoveable in farmer’s garden (7)
11 Steal tablet to get older (7)
12 Wal-Mart in Ipswich contains Bond’s favourite (7)

- 13 A princess’s Eastern headgear (minus 7) to cause alarm (7)
14 And this may link 18 to 18 (11)
19 Anarchy’s first few capture wit, turned against conflict (4-3)
21 Neanderthal without hand somehow without end (7)
23 Small amount to ruin language in

- abstract (7)
25 Type of massage to cook sushi at (7)
26 Outlining the plot, a Spanish river follows some smell (8)
27 Fat in earlobes evidential (5)

Down

- 1 Vote for rich, inconsiderate conservative leaders: shocking (8)
2 As climbing in the distance, I trip in the jungle (6)
3 Solid allsorts shortly strengthened drink (4,6)
4 Heads of secret police about to end movement (4)
5 Eerily familiar French expression (4,2)
6 Terrible weather leaves furiously (6)
8 TV show about scientific cops surrounding twisted individual giants (7)
9 To represent, or to denote action! (5)
13 Homo, hominis, homini, for instance, enclosed in mystery (10)
15 Four points to fellow journalist (7)
16 Decade of fewer than ten draws (8)
17 Vehicle to leave shipment (5)
18 Sounds like Santa has to contain a verb (6)
20 Not this church used to keep rain out (6)
22 Adjustor rioted around (6)
24 Unlikely not to be cooked much (4)

Set by Hisashi

Answers to last week’s crossword (no. 491)
Across: 1/12 Iambic pentameter, 5 Rock star, 9 Biogenic, 10 Reside, 11 Thomas Edison, 13 Hell, 14 Drill bit, 17 Steeples, 19 Clue, 21 Amateurishly, 24 Statue, 26 Dry slope, 27 Dating. Down: 2 Akin, 3 Bagatelle, 4 Cantor, 5/25 Richard The Third, 6 Cordelia, 7 Sushi, 15 Lucky shot, 16 Allude to, 18 Skittle, 20 Thread, 22/8 Titus Andronicus, 23 Iran.

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.

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

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.

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

Last issue’s solutions

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

			1	4				
		3	8	2	4			
	1	7		3	1	4		
	3	1	2		3	9		
	9	1	2	7				
			3	1				

The Varsity Debate



Should the Bank of England have cut the interest rate?

Last week, in desperate bid to protect the UK economy from a severe recession, the Bank of England announced its decision to slash interest rates to their lowest level in 50 years.

Yes

David
Staines



Financial conditions look set to improve thanks to the Bank of England's decision

The Bank of England made the right decision to cut interest rates last week. The economy is headed for a deep recession, so the Bank had to cut the base rate it charges banks in order to stimulate the economy. The cut in interest rates will encourage more investment, create jobs which will offset the expected increase in unemployment and reduce the cost of borrowing, decrease the burden of debt repayment for households and in turn prevent continued falls in consumer spending and avert job losses on the high street.

Usually when interest rates are cut it raises concerns that inflation will rise. But not this time: oil prices are falling, and firms are cutting prices to attract customers. Claims that cutting the base rate would be ineffective in the current financial climate have proved completely false.

All nine of the leading high street banks have passed on the interest rate cut in some form or other – Northern Rock, HBOS, RBS and Nationwide have cut the rates they charge borrowers by the full 1.5%. Inter-bank rates, the rise of which caused the current crisis, fell significantly in response to the Bank's decisions – shares rallied. Financial conditions should improve and it certainly looks as though the worst is over.

But we mustn't expect things to improve overnight. Interest rate changes take more than a year to become fully effective, and the recession is unlikely to finish before the end of 2009. Of course if the recession turns out to be worse than expected another cut may be necessary, but the most recent cut should be sufficient for what is predicted.

Monetary policy is important, but it certainly can't solve everything. For the cut in interest rates to be fully effective, an appropriate fiscal stimulus is required. Simple handouts from the government will not be effective because people will either just save them or spend them with no lasting effect on the economy. Instead, a proper package should be focused on investment. Business investment is always the worst hit in times of recession. The best way to encourage investment would be for the government to instigate an investment tax credit. Under this scheme, firms would receive a tax cut every time they made an investment in buildings, machinery and so on. And this would not have just a transient effect: more investment would help the economy to

grow faster in the future, making us all richer.

It is important to counter some common myths. Low interest rates were not responsible for the recent crisis. Real interest rates, the actual price of debt, were not low by historical standards prior to the credit crunch. Economies were growing at their long-term potential rate. The fact that inflation was stable indicates that the world economy was not overheating. Britain experienced stable growth for more than 16 years, whilst worldwide, the last five years have seen the fastest growth in recorded economic history. This was not due to monetary policy: central banks can only control interest rates over short periods, whilst longer term interest rates are set by world markets.

Socialist remedies would also be ineffective for combating this recession. Redistributing income from the rich to the poor would not increase effective demand. Keynes posited that poor people consume a higher proportion of their income than rich people, implying that taxing the rich to give to the poor would raise aggregate demand and employment. But empirical evidence

has disproved this: when all factors are controlled, both consume the same proportion of their income. It would be equally unwise for governments to try to spend their way out of recession. Increasing public sector pay would fuel inflation and force the Bank to raise interest rates with adverse effects on the rest of the economy. Bringing forward large public sector investment projects would be risky given the significant costs involved in project rescheduling and the possibility of bad projects slipping through a speeded up consultation process.

If recession is not to lead to a surge in unemployment, it is crucial that wages are held down. It is particularly important that the Low Pay Commission remains steadfast: as the economy moves into recession it must lower the minimum wage or many of the poorest workers will lose their jobs. We should have no fears about long-term prosperity. The world is in a phase of unprecedented growth, with many developing countries entering the world economy in a big way for the first time, providing us with cheaper imports and larger markets for our exports. These two factors should maintain or increase the rate of growth seen in the developed world over the last ten years.

A concerted effort is required to counter the recession and strengthen Britain's economy for the long term. The Bank of England was right to do its bit by cutting interest rates.

Hugo
Hallow



The decision should not be up to the Bank of England, it should be up to us

The interest rate is the price people demand for postponing consumption. If you would give up ten apples now for eleven next year, your interest rate is 10%: a free market will naturally find an equilibrium interest rate. If you would be willing to lend at lower than the market rate, you can lend at the market rate and make a profit. If you are only willing to lend at above the natural rate, no one will borrow from you.

Why can the government lend at below the natural rate? Anyone else who lends their money at below the natural rate will have no shortage of customers looking for a bargain and will soon have lent all their money. And anyone lending at below the natural rate of interest is making a loss, so no one does it. No one, that is, except the government. The government cannot run out of money, because it can print it. And while an ordinary lender lending at below the natural rate will not have much effect on it, the government can affect it simply because so much of the money in the economy is on loan from the government.

The current interest rate is lower than it would be in a free market. Why does the government lend at below the natural rate? Why does it want to distort the interest rate? A low interest rate encourages more spending now. It is, in essence, a Keynesian policy, and shares his deep contempt for savings and thrift, because a low interest discourages saving and planning for the long term. After all, "in the long run, we are all dead", so why bother to plan ahead?

Just as spending by the government will cause a short-term boom, cheap lending by the government will encourage more private spending and cause a short-term boom. Most investment is funded by borrowing, and so the more money there is available, the more investments that will be made. The extra investments enabled by extra government money would not be made in a free market: they are the riskiest investments. Government intervention destroys the natural equilibrium between savers and borrowers, causing malinvestment, followed ultimately by correcting recessions when unprofitable investments are liquidated, freeing up capital for new investment.

Make no mistake: this recession is temporary. It is an inevitable correction to bad investments encouraged by government intervention. Long-term economic growth caused by technology

will not stop, but the short-term economic growth caused by cheap money must stop eventually.

Further government action, including dropping the interest rate and the resulting inflation from this expansion of the money supply, might stave off recession temporarily, but it cannot stop it forever and will make it worse. Further government action might be justified to allay the suffering caused by previous government action, though, of course, it would have been better if the economy had been allowed to grow more slowly in the first place, so it didn't have to recede now. But shock tactics are best: abolish the Bank of England and go straight to a market interest rate. In the long run, we'll all be better off.

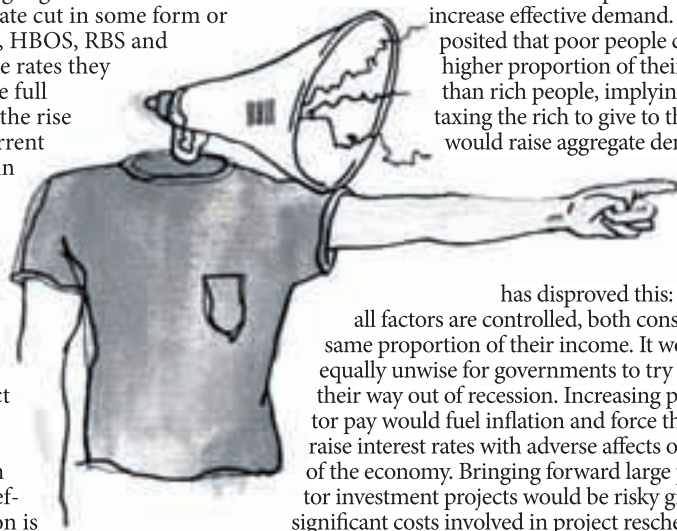
Gordon Brown was recently asked if he regretted his boast, "No more boom and bust".

He replied, "I actually said, 'No more Tory boom and bust'". He did indeed say this, once, so he's not lying. But, of course, he said it without the "Tory" on many occasions. The implication is that Labour boom and bust is fine. This is the kind of drivel Brown is now reduced to spouting.

Brown is often lauded for removing government interest rate from politicians' control and handing it to the Bank of England's Monetary Policy Committee. This seemed to remove ability of governments to slash interest rates before an election, causing a boom, with the bust only following after they have been re-elected.

However, when it was made independent, the Bank of England was charged with controlling inflation. This enabled Brown to carry on spending massively while being able to absolve himself of responsibility for inflation. Anyway, the independence of the Bank of England is now exposed as a sham.

The interest rate certainly shouldn't be controlled by politicians. But neither should it be controlled by appointed "experts". It should be controlled by us. Then it will reflect people's true preferences, enabling us to allocate resources efficiently. To prevent politicians for meddling again in the future, we should abolish legal tender laws and go back to free banking, with competing currencies, so that no one will be able to get away with inflating them. In the meantime, any increase in the government rate is welcome. We need a return to a natural interest rate. We need to return to a truly free market.



The Soapbox



Week 6:
Tom Cheshire on killing off a dead language

It's political correctness gone mad – no, really, this time. Local councils are banning Latin to avoid confusing people; Bournemouth puts Latin under its list of 'Things to avoid'. Fair enough – the memory of spending hours translating Caesar's 3rd person self-gratification ("and then Caesar, in his wisdom, gallantly took the fort single-handedly, while everyone remarked upon how handsome he was") is not a joyful one for many. But banning it? Well, just hang on a second matey. Never mind how much English depends on Latin for its more common words – it's certainly facile to compose clauses that demonstrate the extent to which the British language depends on Latin. Oh, I just did. Inadvertently. There I go again.

But it is phrases like 'ad hoc', 'QED', 'vice versa' and even 'via' that are on the naughty list. The problem is not so much an ethnic cleansing of the language, as Mary Beard of this University has complained in *The Telegraph*, or that we threaten the mongrel richness of the English tongue; rather, the Latin under suspicion is good, succinct English. You don't have to know 'NB' means nota bene, or that 'QED' is a gerundive, to be able to understand their sense and employ them usefully. The Plain English Campaign, a reticent bunch, say that council officials use Latin to feel important. Now, I feel very important when I use Latin in essays, but this is because I'm clever and use clever bits of Latin from poetry and the sort. And a friend of mine once chatted up a girl by whispering Catullus in the original into her ear, albeit with limited success. Oddities like us aside, choice Latin is not used for its own sake. It saves time and explanation – how much more elegant and effective, and plain, is 'ad hoc' in comparison to the council's suggested replacement, "for this special purpose", or 'status quo' rather than "the state of things".

The Plain English Campaign objects to "voters suffering" at the hands of Latin, saying "they might mistake e.g. for egg and little things like that can confuse people". Often in such scenarios the context can be useful in discerning meaning. There is a lot of overly complicated English Latin we could do without (habeas corpus is already on its way out, what with 42 day detention), but not only is it our heritage, it's still useful. Don't ban this classical filth: English would be a lot murkier without it.

Ed Maltby



Debt on arrival

The government must not scrap the cap on fees

This month the government signalled its intention to shift the financial burden of the crisis onto students' shoulders by slashing grants for 40,000 students and announcing its intention to cut student numbers by 5,000 next year.

As the review of the cap on fees comes closer, don't let's kid ourselves – it is the government's intention to raise, or possibly to scrap, the cap on fees, and to usher in a more or less free market in Higher Education. By all indicators, their general consensus seems to be for something around a threefold increase in fees.

All this adds up to a sustained offensive against HE as we know it. And in the face of an offensive like this, students need a plan. We mustn't let events overtake us; we need to decide what we want and how to get it, and go on the offensive ourselves.

So, first things first, why are we against the lifting of the cap? Because it means debt; and a market.

Debt means inequality. Poorer students leave uni with more debt, more of which is private debt. Debt forces students to work through their degrees, which damages their studies. And while bursaries might be plentiful at institutions like Cambridge where there is an unusually low density of working-class students, how can universities like London Metropolitan cope?

Raising the cap also means tougher

repayment conditions, a higher rate of interest on loans, probably a lower repayment threshold. After all, if the government lends out more money to pay for higher fees, then it will have to take steps to get those bigger sums of cash back in time, which means faster repayment schedules. We're not just looking at more debt, then, but worse debt.

Debt debases your degree. When you're talking about this level of debt,

propose an alternative programme.

One alternative programme that has been put forward is the notion of a graduate tax, whereby students don't pay fees, but they are taxed more upon graduating. This, too, is a bad idea. Why?

Well, at the level of political principle it's all wrong. HE isn't an individual privilege, it's a public service. Imagine a country in which there are no universities. No one studies medicine, en-

Progressive taxation is key here: the more you earn, the more you pay. Some people argue that graduates earn more, so they should pay a graduate tax. No – not all graduates earn more, we've been over that. With progressive taxation, those who earn a lot, whether they're graduates or not, pay more. Those who have less, pay less. This isn't just fair, it's the only logical way of raising money in society.

The money exists to fund free, mass Higher Education – just look at countries like France and Germany, where the university population has expanded at the same rate as here, and fees there are negligible. But to win free education, we need a political fight, to assert students' interests and put the demand for free education back on the agenda. At the national level, NUS Women's Committee, NUS LGBT Committee and student unions like Sussex, UEA, UCL, Bradford and Aston are building for a national demonstration and a national campaign for free education, taking up the slack where the NUS national executive isn't. Locally, we need our unions in Cambridge – CUSU and the JCRs – to take a stand on free education and provide the leadership their members badly need by organising mass meetings and rallies in Lent Term. If you agree with what we're saying, get in touch with Education Not for Sale, and get along to your JCR and talk to your representatives.

"If Higher Education is a public service, then why impose a 'user tax' on it?"

unless you're very rich, in order for your investment to be worthwhile, you are obliged to treat your degree as a passport to a well-paid job and nothing more. Fees or a graduate tax penalise grads who go off to work in a low-paid job, the public or voluntary sectors, or even in academia.

The situation we're in at the moment, with capped fees, is unsustainable. The amount of debt that students are getting into under the current system is too high to be negligible to us; but the level of income that student fees generate for universities is far too low to fund them properly. We need to

gineering, history, philosophy, poetry. In a very real sense, materially and culturally, that country is much poorer. Higher Education is a social good, and so society should pay for it.

If Higher Education is a public service, then why impose a 'user tax' on it? Would you impose a 'user tax' on people who have used the NHS? On Secondary Education? Primary? No, you wouldn't – because these are things which enrich all of society, for both those who use them and for those who don't, so they should be paid for the same way – by all society, through progressive taxation.

Adrian Pascu-Tulbure



Cambridge on trial

The Hammond case is an opportunity for us to show discretion

Pederasty is alive and well in Cambridge. Or, to put another spin on it: Caius fellow found with sickening cache of disgusting kiddie porn. Or: you could see it coming; he had Oscar Wilde everywhere in his room. It's very difficult to write about the subject of Nicholas Hammond without either veering towards flippancy, moral outrage, or smugness. Furthermore, Cambridge being as small, gossipy and microscopically pored over from outside as it is, a whole range of issues will come into play when dealing with his case. What will the papers say? How will giving him back his job affect admissions? What about funding, or legal precedent? Would, as has already been asked, Joe Bloggs (or indeed Joe the Plumber) have got away with it? After all, his judge was a Cambridge man himself. Clearly, we have a highly emotive and sensitive case on our hands.

It may therefore seem perverse for me to say that the best way of dealing with this is to be robust and let Dr Hammond have his job back. On certain conditions, of course: nobody is suggesting that people should be forced into being supervised by him, or indeed that we should behave as if possessing fifteen hundred pictures of teenage boys in a variety of contexts were perfectly acceptable. This isn't The History Boys or Wilde's trial. But I cannot but feel that, if there is a time and a place to prove that somebody convicted of this offence can be suc-

cessfully rehabilitated, then this is it.

The moral majority may well point out that Cambridge, with its rarefied atmosphere; close-knit supervision system; consistent rumours of "very strong"; if platonic, attachments between elderly dons and their eager young charges, and secretive societies up to God only knows what; is traditionally seen as a breeding ground for all sorts of unpleasantness. This view is hopelessly antiquated, but it persists

diver Tom Daley and a video of a toddler being penetrated. Both, within certain contexts, count as paedophilia. Would fantasising about Daley be the first step on the slippery slope towards abducting a six-year-old and forcing her to commit sex acts on video? Research shows that, from anonymous interviews taken over the past forty years, a clear majority of paedophiles have exclusive interest in post-pubescent children. It is therefore dangerous to assume that all

and private life. More problematically perhaps, the 1540 photographs on his computer, although largely of an older age group and of milder content, still contains thirty "extreme" images, one of which was of a two-day-old baby. His excuse that he had "not intended" to view the images begs the question as to why he took the trouble to have them on his computer; on the other hand, I would imagine that such images are sent to you rather than downloaded, and it is possible to accept the plea that they were on his computer as an accidental part of a group of other, less extreme images. On balance, the fact that he was watching, not doing, and by and large steering well clear of the worst stuff available, seem to back up the University spokesman's view that he "does not pose a threat".

Let Dr Hammond, in that case, go back to work, hopefully chastened and regretful. Let him do what he does best – teach and study French literature – and, although keeping a firm watch over him, let him live in peace. It is a mark of civilisation that we can differentiate between professional and private life and not let one get in the way of another. Equally, clear impartial judgement, even when dealing with such an emotive issue, will always speak more powerfully than a strident, one-size-fits-all approach. Hopefully, we will ultimately be far better equipped to deal with the very worst cases and realise that in other cases, rehabilitation can be a viable and workable option.

"Clear impartial judgement will always speak more powerfully than a one-size-fits-all approach"

in people who are determined to see Oxbridge as a cross between Brideshead and Stephen Fry's imagination. However, it is wrong in every sense to put even a touch of glamour into the whole sorry affair: Put whatever spin you like on it, paedophilia is seedy, disgraceful, deeply corrosive, and repulsive in every way.

But – and this is the point which the mass media conveniently forgets – it also differs wildly from case to case. There is the difference between fantasising, watching, and doing; there is also the crucial difference in degree between photos of fourteen-year-old Olympic

have the same tastes and pose the same threats. Some will limit themselves to watching; many do not even download the pictures or videos. At the other end of the scale are sadistic monsters without limits. Yet to differentiate between such nuances takes discretion, something manifestly absent from shrill headlines or the infamous "paedo" sprayed all over a paediatrician's house in Newport, South Wales.

Where does Dr Hammond come into this? For a start, there is no whiff of sexual scandal in his behaviour; from the available sources, it seems as if he struck a balance between professional



Samantha
Weinberg



Girls on film

Can feminists be Flemingists?

When Barbara Broccoli, the producer of *Quantum of Solace*, claimed on the eve of its premiere that “the early Bond women were very progressive,” her remarks were widely dismissed as the usual publicity-seeking hyperbole. Kathy Lette described the luscious, usually under-clad lovelies as “little more than a life support system to a pair of breasts,” while Fay Weldon maintained that the films “were attempts by men to keep women in their place and ensure they still ironed their shirts”.

There’s certainly much to support that – and not only Ursula Andress’ push up bikini top. The first qualification of a Bond girl is to look good in swimwear, as well as *in extremis* – something *Quantum of Solace*’s Olga Kurylenko pulls off with panache. No one is ever going to mistake the Bond films, and Ian Fleming’s books on which they were based, for the works of Andrea Dworkin or Germaine Greer. They are escapist thrillers about an action hero who saves the world from some madman (or woman, think Rosa Klebb or Irma Bunt) and ends up in the embrace of a beautiful dame with succulent lips and, in the words of Fleming, “splendid protuberances. Back and front.”

Not exactly feminist tracts then. But Broccoli never claimed they were, any more than she claimed that Bond was a feminist. Since he believes – like many a premier division footballer after a night on the razz – that all women have rape fantasies, and complains about them “hanging onto [his] gun hand,” that would never wash. Bond’s idea of a perfect woman, as he explained to Tiffany Case after an amorous mid-Atlantic interlude, is “someone who can make sauce Bearnaise as well as love.” Which

is probably why she dumped him for an American marine soon after they arrived in London.

No, Broccoli was talking about the Bond women – specifically the ones in the early Sean Connery films, who were much more closely based on Fleming’s original characters than those that followed in the Moore and Brosnan eras. “The women were unique for their time,” she explained. “A lot of them were sexual predators who gave as good as they got. They had professional careers and did extraordinary things.”

In the novel *Goldfinger*, Pussy Galore was a lesbian gang leader; in the film, she was stunt pilot and, until it suited her, impervious to Bond’s charms. The Vesper Lynd of Fleming’s *Casino Royale* was a French-speaking, double-crossing wireless expert who was prepared to take her own life rather than betray her men. Honeychile Rider (Dr No) set a deadly black widow spider on the man who tried to rape her, while Tilly Masterton – in the novel version of *Goldfinger* – was a professional ice skater who found her heart beating faster for Pussy Galore than it did for 007. Kurylenko’s Camille is a Bolivian agent with a lust for revenge, and her own licence to kill. She comes haring to Bond’s rescue on several occasions, displaying admirable driving skills, just as Tracy di Vincenzo – later Mrs. Bond – did in *On Her Majesty’s Secret Service*, when she whizzed him away from Blofeld’s men with a speed and verve that would have stopped Lewis Hamilton in his tracks. No ‘women drivers’ there then.

The Bond women were undeniably beautiful and sensuous, but I can’t for a second imagine any of them behind the ironing board. And while – until *Quantum*, anyway – every Bond girl ends up

being pleased by Bond, whether in a lifeboat, or space ship, is that really anti-feminist? Surely one of the tenets of progressive womanhood is that we can get our sexual pleasure where and as we want it. Just because Bond doesn’t have a degree in female empathy doesn’t mean he’s not attractive; even the unabashedly Sapphic novelist Jeanette Winterton has admitted to occasionally wanting to bed Bond. Seduction is a two-way passage, and as frequently as not, the Bond women were the hunters, and 007 their prey. Good on them. If Daniel Craig knocked on my door on a rainy night, I wouldn’t turn him away.

As the film series progressed, however, and girl power became more accepted outside the celluloid world, perversely the centre of gravity of the female leads slipped down from the brain towards the breasts. That is something Barbara Broccoli concedes: “I think we went through a period later on when they became more window dressing. They were draped around swimming pools and that sort of thing.”

But it’s something that *Casino Royale*, with the bewitching Vesper Lynd, reversed – and that *Quantum*’s Camille takes a step further. As a Bond fan, and a feminist, I enjoyed it. And if Lette, Weldon and their ilk took off their mud-coloured spectacles and let themselves escape into a world where women can be both inde-

pendent and attractive, then they might just enjoy it too.



Spk yr brains

Chatroom chinwag between
Wifi Wendies and Broadband Brians



Week 6: Prince Charles

The only sentence I remember of him was to his old cow camilla: ‘I WANT TO BE YOUR TAMPON’. Fuck off the entire monarchy I piss in the mouth of charles and his old coe mother. FUCK THEM.

Pigfuc08, Bishops Stortford
Posted Tuesday 14:38

Anyone for polo?

KingCharlesI, Slough
Posted Wednesday 03:51

Hes misunderstood. all he really wants is to be a tampon man living inside camela’s trousers. Call him Prince Tampon but don’t insult this bloody fool.

FriedEggsandChips, Berwick
Posted Wednesday 13:43

i would do harry in a flash...woof!

ytrogergt48, Hants
Posted Wednesday 16:48

Ive researched prophecies about the antiChrist for the past 7 years and found that Charles 100% fulfills all them. if you know anything about mathematical probability statistics you will see it is impossible that anyone other than Prince charles is the anti-Christ.

Sibilantsilence999, Isle of Skye
Posted Wednesday 19:17

they are political, they are rascist, they refuse to accept roman catholics which makes them sectarian they are inbreeding drunks drug addicts homosexual, lesbian, that phil the danish born in greece german was grooming what about his affair with queenie young cuz alexandria that was grooming

MonarchyNZ, New Zealand
Posted Thursday 11:57

the STEWARTS are the rightful heirs , and she is only head of a church because henry wanted to fornicate

Morganissima, Co.Durham
Posted Thursday 13:41

Charles = prick and i would love to hold his ears while headbutting him repeatedly!

RSBenny, Cork
Posted Thursday 13:43

your are monstrous future king of england indeed you are descendant of evil king who killed our catholics Henry VIII you are not worthy to head the church of England return it to the rightful owner you are liar and thieves... love you still too diana...we wont forget you

pies4u, Wolverhampton
posted Friday 06:50

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REPORTS



SOPHIE PICKFORD

Cambridge enjoyed a second half resurgence

Cambridge succumb to Saints

» Spirited Rugby Blues hold heads high after stubborn defence against Northampton

Jenny Morgan
Sport Reporter

It's no secret that the Blues have been short on form recently. But with a month to go until Varsity, Cambridge finally found their feet on Monday and gave the Northampton Saints a run for their money.

The early pace was astonishing, and the Saints slipped through to the try line within the first three minutes. The onslaught continued, with a strength in the scrum not seen at Grange Road this year. Pushing steadily up the pitch, a quick pass out to the left allowed the Saints' Neil Starling to skip through and touch down. It looked to all like Cambridge were to be outclassed yet again.

But some fabulous play from the backs soon turned the situation on its head. A crunching tackle from Mark Ranby gave Cambridge the possession, and, kicking ahead of him, Jimmy Richards went hurtling up the pitch in hot pursuit. About to be caught, he kicked on once more to lend speedy centre Chris Lewis the chance to touch down at full stretch. A useful conversion took the score to a smart 12-7; more importantly, the Saints had been shown to be less than perfect when caught on the run.

However, this flash of brilliance was

Cambridge	21
Northampton	29

soon dulled by a period of fearsome scrimmaging and the play inched its way back toward the Cambridge end. A penalty try was eventually awarded to the visitors, and a few minutes later an unstoppable Soane Tonga'uila charged through the Cambridge rearguard from a ten metre lineout to stretch the score yet further. But some heroic play from Blues fullback Scott MacLennan held up former All Black Carlos Spencer's scoring opportunity, leaving the half time score 24-7.

The Saints made a couple of useful changes at half time and came out hungry for more points. But the decision to play uncontested scrums left them with less opportunity to use their dominant forwards to simply steamroller the boys in blue. On top of that, we were treated with twenty minutes of top class defending from Cambridge. Sometimes only inches from the try line, not unlike the dying moments of the Varsity match last year, they worked incredibly hard to resist the inevitable; when it came courtesy of an overlap on the left, there was really very little that could have been done to prevent it.

This was the moment when the Blues should have crumbled. Broken and battered with a brace of injuries, the Cambridge of previous weeks would have rolled over. But not this time. Cambridge were soon attacking with an unforeseen intensity, making use of new recruit Vickerman to exert a dominance in the lineout and the strength to drive to the line. After a sustained period of possession, MacLennan sent a smart pass out to pacey James Greenwood on the wing who stormed past the stunned defence to take a try out on the right. But Cambridge weren't finished yet. Mark Ranby charged down a Saints kick and raced to the line to rapturous cheers from the crowd: finally the Blues were giving them something to shout about.

But the clock was against them, and the final whistle denied the Blues the chance to level the score, leaving it 29-21 to the Saints at the close of play. Defeated, yes, but something special had happened out there. The Blues had dug deep and at last found what they had been looking for; is this the turn around we've been waiting for? Only time will tell, but the road to Varsity is certainly looking less treacherous than it did just one week ago.

Star Player: Mark Ranby led the charge, unleashing some aggressive attacking play that inspired his team mates to follow.

No sweat for Polo Blues

Varsity Sport

Cambridge emphatically defeated a weak Essex University team to maintain their 100% record in the newly created Upolo competition.

The game started at an explosive pace, with Cambridge taking the lead from a swift counter-attacking move which forced Essex into committing a major foul. The resulting penalty was converted by Steve Smith. The Blues continued to dominate proceedings with every Essex attack being met by stern defence from the experienced Steve Cooke and new recruit Alex Ross in goal. As a result, counter-attacks at the other end were constantly created and the score at the end of the first quarter 7-0 in Cam-

Cambridge	27
Essex	0

bridge's favour.

The second quarter began in much the same way as the first, with some incisive passing cutting apart the Essex defence. It was Cooke who began to take advantage of the fluidity of the play, completing his hat-trick within the first four minutes of the second quarter. Essex looked to threaten at the other end, with a flurry of strong shots sailing just wide. Cambridge nevertheless ended the half 13-0.

A strong bench meant there was no rest for the Essex side, who were increasingly limited to long-range efforts



CHARLOTTE RUNCIE

Essex defend to no avail

at goal. As the game entered the last quarter, the Blues really began to turn the screw, with eight goals from eight different players. The game was finished off in style; Cambridge's junior internationals combined sublimely to allow captain Nick McLoughlin to slot home the final shot of the match from Ross's

long pass.

A superb team performance from the Blues leaves them leading the South East League. Their next match is a tough away fixture against Imperial in a top of the table clash.

Star Player: Steve Cooke – four goals on top of an impressive defensive display.

College Catch-up

Team of the Week
Queens' College Football Club

The spirit of the cup was truly alive last weekend. Queens, yet to record a victory in college football's Third Division, combined tough tackling with brute determination to dump Division One regulars Churchill out of Cuppers. Taking an unlikely lead within 30 seconds of kick off, the underdogs were twice pinned back by a determined Churchill as the teams entered the last half-hour all square at 2-2. Yet Queens' once again rallied, Tom Bailing confidently converting a penalty and Ali Wilson adding another in quick succession. Gritty determination saw off a late Churchill charge as Queens' hung on for an inspired 4-3 victory and a major cup upset.

One to watch next week
Downing vs Trinity

Downing have raced to the top of Division one this season with three straight victories scoring nine goals and conceding just one. This weekend they face their toughest test yet as they face a last years champions Trinity at Downing pitches. With a game in hand Trinity are sitting in fourth place having won one and lost one so far this season. Last time out they clinched the championship losing only two games so Downing will need all of their early season momentum to see off the league favourites. Downing sit atop of the league only on goal difference with an impressive Jesus side no doubt hoping Trinity can get something from the game to give Jesus the chance to top the league come the end of the weekend.



SEAN JONES

The Blues were under heavy pressure for large spells

Footballers outclassed by Bedford

» Women Blues' strong start to the season halted

Jenny Morgan
Sport Reporter

Fresh from some early season success, the Cambridge Women's Football team took on Bedford in a hard-fought encounter on Wednesday. Both teams started strongly, with little to choose between them for the first ten minutes. Cambridge made some excellent tackles and blocked passes in defence and then used the wide options to drive up the wing into the opposition's half. Playing quite deep, however, they struggled to always find a blue shirt to pass to, and Bedford soon came to dominate the possession. With calls for the Cambridge defence not to back off, the play

Cambridge	1
Bedford	5

in and around the area was starting to look more scrappy and goalie Kate Ortman was forced to make a couple of saves. The defence held until ten minutes from half time, when Bedford finally snatched a goal from open play.

After the break, an early Bedford goal put Cambridge on the back foot. But some strong defending from Rachel Folwell in particular eventually moved the ball deep into the visitors' half, where a goal-keeping error then left the way clear for Nicola Dutton to convert

for the Blues. Bedford replied in kind with a stunning volley from the edge of the area, and Cambridge were once more left trying to fight their way out of their own half. Some piercing runs from Helen Belfield were the only glimmers of hope in a game otherwise dominated by the relentless Bedford attack. Two more goals for the visitors left the final score a disappointing 5-1. Cambridge worked hard with many of the defenders battling for the full ninety minutes against a physical opposition, but they were outclassed. They will be hoping for a return to form in their Cup match away to Birmingham next week.

Star Player: Helen Belfield – some neat and clever attacking play in difficult circumstances.

Sport Feature: MyFootballClub.co.uk interview



Brooks (right) with Ebbsfleet manager Liam Daish

Boardroom innovation

OVER THIRTY THOUSAND 'MANAGERS', ONE FOOTBALL CLUB: COULD IT EVER WORK? WILL BROOKS, FOUNDER OF MYFOOTBALLCLUB.CO.UK TALKS TO ANDY ROBSON ABOUT THE IDEA THAT REVOLUTIONISED THE FORTUNES OF EBBSFLEET UNITED

The last few years have seen an unprecedented rise in the number of multi-million foreign takeovers in English football. Most notably, September's extraordinary events in Manchester captivated the football world, but the Citizens top a long list of other clubs who have been the subject of high-profile

"I NEVER REALLY LIKED MANAGEMENT SIMULATION GAMES THAT MUCH; I LIKED THE IDEA OF THEM BUT I FOUND THEM ULTIMATELY FRUSTRATING. WHY COULDN'T YOU DO IT FOR REAL?"

takeovers from overseas investors. To the average football fan, perhaps disillusioned with the reduction of our national sport to billionaire's Subbuteo, a news story from way down in the Conference provides a great deal more intrigue. Almost one year ago today, MyFootballClub.co.uk was launched: a proud moment for creator Will Brooks who traces his idea all the way back to his childhood, spent on the terraces at Craven Cottage.

Watching his beloved Fulham in the old Third Division in the early eighties, Londoner Brooks, just 12, was left disillusioned as his home-town side battled with financial problems. "The club was in real financial difficulty," says Brooks, "I'd look at the three or four thousand gates and think if everyone could find a thousand pounds, that could raise £4 million and clear the debts." Perhaps this was a little optimistic, even for a club settled in as affluent a location as Fulham, but regardless, the early foundations of Brooks' innovative ownership proposal were being laid.

"I could never quite work out why football fans couldn't co-ordinate themselves," shrugs Brooks, who felt the fund-raising methods of bucket collections and town hall meetings were getting the club nowhere. There had to be something else.

February 2005. Brooks, who, he confesses, had "bored his mates for years" with his collective ownership idea, began to give some serious consideration to moving it onto the next level. "The idea began to crystallize in my mind," states

Brooks, who by this stage had carved out a successful career as a sports journalist. Though part of a generation of football fans that fell in love with the Championship Manager series, Brooks himself was never convinced by computer games: "I never really liked management simulation games that much; I liked the idea

of them but I found them ultimately frustrating. Why couldn't you do it for real?" And so he did.

Brooks' initial steps to promoting his idea were tricky. His idea, which sought to find 50,000 football enthusiasts to invest £35 each to buy and run a football club, was ground-breaking. He had supreme confidence in the strength of his idea though, admitting, "initially I thought the clubs would be bowled over by this incredible idea". Although the clubs Brooks initially approached in League Two and the Conference thought the concept was solid, they saw it as too much of a risk. It was a frustrating time for Brooks, who received plenty of encouragement for his idea but little in terms of commitment. "Everyone was saying 'great idea, great idea,' but the offer never came.

Brooks saw only one way of solving the problem, "it really was a final throw of the dice to flip the whole thing on its head and try and get the people first and the club second". In due course, the website was launched on April 26 2007. Football takeovers were very much in the news at the time, and MyFC benefited from a great deal of publicity; he sees the decision to launch the website first as one of the best he's made. "That's the thrilling thing about the internet, if you get the idea right you don't need to spend a penny on marketing."

Three months and 50,000 budding owners later, everything had changed. Now it was the clubs who were chas-

ing Brooks. From struggling to find an interested party, Brooks was confronted with no fewer than nine clubs interested in the MyFC venture. "In a way, we didn't have a penny in the bank, but that was enough for clubs to be interested," recalls Brooks who went about assessing each of the clubs on their merits.

The strongest contender to emerge was Ebbsfleet United. Brooks noted them as a "well-run club on and off the pitch", and with a location close to the new Eurostar station and proximity to the south-eastern dominated membership, they were an ideal choice. And, after two months of due diligence, an overwhelming majority of 96% of the membership ratified the deal to buy Ebbsfleet United. "It was symbolic to allow them to put the ink on the paper," Brooks recalls. The

£35

The membership fee to join MyFootballClub.co.uk and vote on the key decisions surrounding the club

deal was completed on February 19 2008 and a new chapter in Ebbsfleet United's history began.

Just three months after the takeover had been completed, signs of instant success were already visible. Having never been to Wembley before in the club's history, Ebbsfleet made it to the FA Trophy Final to face Torquay. Brooks recalls the occasion as "all very surreal". He jokes that "the irony of supporting Fulham all my life and never having a whiff of Wembley was bizarre". The importance of the fixture was clear and Brooks freely admits that, "everything rested on one game". Fitting with most of this absorbing tale, Ebbsfleet went on to win 1-0 and in Brooks' own words "the fairytale was completed".

Since that unquestionable high, the realities of non-league football have begun to take effect. Ebbsfleet find themselves in a unique position, benefiting from an income stream that none of their rivals possess, but non-league football is a

financial minefield and the impacts of the credit crunch are certainly being felt. "It's starting to bite," observes Brooks, who sees Ebbsfleet's main target as financial stability. "For us it's about consolidation, reducing the monthly loss which is still at around forty to fifty thousand." Press coverage still remains hugely important for Brooks and Ebbsfleet, as was highlighted earlier in the season. "When we sold John Akinde and the members voted on whether to allow the player to join Bristol City; we had 500 people join in two days."

Since the takeover, Brooks has observed an improvement in attendances, "they've certainly gone up," he notes, with the figures suggesting an increase of 500 on the average gates. The club now has a fan base across the world, with 3,500 members in America, 900 in Australia and a fanatical 400 from Norway, many of whom made the journey for the victorious FA Trophy final back in May. And the impact of Brooks' idea doesn't just rest with Ebbsfleet, his initiative has been replicated across the globe. Type 'myfootballclub' into Wikipedia and you'll be presented with the project being carried out in no less than 12 countries from

Russia to Brazil.

The obvious aim now for Brooks and Ebbsfleet is promotion to the Football League. The concept is still in its infancy and Brooks freely admits, "the second year is key to seeing how feasible this is long-term". Special praise must be reserved for Brooks though, whose initiative has earned admiring glances from across the football world. "It's been a rollercoaster with more ups than downs," he reminisces. Ask any real football fan and they'd surely tell you that they hope this genuinely exciting project continues on its upward journey.

MyFootballClub.co.uk

April 2007	Will Brooks launches site
July 2007	53,000 members sign up
Feb 2008	Members vote to buy Ebbsfleet United for £600k
May 2008	Ebbsfleet wins FA Trophy
June 2008	Ebbsfleet enjoys record season ticket sales
Aug 2008	Members raise £20,000 themselves to buy Michael Gash from Cambridge City



The victorious Ebbsfleet team celebrate their FA Trophy win in May



Jamie
Ptaszynski

Sport Comment

Putting race back in Formula One

In what is truly one of the most exciting afternoons of motorsport I have ever witnessed, Lewis Hamilton last week became the youngest Formula One world champion in history. The race had everything: an early disruption to everyone's race plans due to a shower just before the start; the ignominious end to family favourite David Coulthard's career as an F1 driver; a superb display of skill and determination by Felipe Massa and a double plot-twist right at the death which had everyone who has followed Hamilton's short career hiding behind the sofa and biting their knuckles in a state of climactic anxiety.

Relieved and buzzing at the final result, I started asking questions: does Glock have hostile feelings towards Massa? Does he have romantic feelings towards Hamilton? Can you really lose that much time (twenty-five seconds) in one lap just because you've got the wrong tyres on? If so, did the McLaren team, through some sorcery, work this out, predict Hamilton would catch him and therefore tell Lewis not to worry about letting Vettel through? At almost that exact moment Ron Dennis, McLaren team manager and possessor of the world's least inspiring name, came on my television screen to

answer the latter two questions. "Yes and yes," he might as well have said.

That knocked the excitement right out of me. Apparently the team oracles, using some kind of electronic computer, could see how wet it was going to be six laps before the end and were already aware of Glock's rate of loss of speed while Hamilton was wondering

But there were other reasons to celebrate Lewis Hamilton this week. Anyone who was awake with a TV on at 5am last Wednesday would have seen Jesse Jackson weeping like a prepubescent schoolgirl who'd just watched Dirty Dancing for the first time. And he was right to. In four sensational days we had seen two black

discussion, will imagine that Dr King Jr's posthumous revolutions might finally have ceased. But that would be a repulsively pretentious assumption to make after a week in which we have taken merely two more small steps on the long stairway to racial equality.

Lewis Hamilton is certainly not going to let the issue drop. Shortly after his win, Bernie Ecclestone tried to sweep under the carpet the unresolved issue of some racist jibes directed at Hamilton in Spain earlier in the year, dismissing them as 'jokes'. Hamilton, in an act which must have required fairly sizeable testicles, immediately turned on the billionaire owner of his entire sport and condemned the suggestion that such 'jokes' are okay.

We must be careful not to judge the battle for racial equality as won simply because the majority of the American population are now willing to be lead by a man who would have been lucky to share a bus ride with them half a century ago: Bernie Ecclestone is more intelligent than most and by no means a racist, but, even in his mind, it seems the boundaries are not yet clear. So, if technology is nullifying the excitement of Formula One, we can still support Hamilton in his pursuit of the greater victory.

In four sensational days we had seen two black men rise to the absolute pinnacle of achievement within their chosen fields. One has won the Formula One driver's championship; the other has become president of the United States

whether or not to duel with Vettel for fifth place. They told Lewis to let the German through in good confidence. They were "nervous" but predicted they would beat Glock by five seconds, which they did. How depressingly unromantic is that? If I'd known it at the time I'm not sure I would even have been excited enough to stay until the end. Mind you, it would have saved me a good pair of trousers.

men rise to the absolute pinnacle of achievement within their chosen fields. One has won the Formula One driver's championship; the other has become president of the United States.

It seems obvious to draw this comparison and to many it will seem unnecessary. Some of us, particularly those for whom race hasn't been an issue for a long time, will be tempted to see these victories as an end to the

Jolly hockey sticks

» Blues women sweep to victory against lacklustre Lowestoft

Charlie Pearson
Sport Reporter

The female hockey Blues climbed one place to ninth in the Eastern Premier Division on Saturday after an encouraging win over a keen but largely ineffective opposition.

The match was essentially sealed inside the first 20 minutes after an early flurry of Cambridge goals took the wind from the sails of Lowestoft before they really had a chance to leave port. With barely three minutes gone Emma Goater dealt well with a misdirected short corner and her shot was adeptly steered in by the stick of left-back Hannah Rickman. There seemed to be a general air of astonishment surrounding the Cambridge team betraying the rarity of such an early lead in the team's difficult early season. Yet incredulous faces were soon persuaded by a textbook short corner strike from Anna Stanley six minutes later which hammered against the backboard to prove the first goal was no fluke.

The third, even better as a spectacle and worked all the way from defence, came on the 20-minute mark. Some terrific work from Jenny Stephens up front

Cambridge	4
Lowestoft	1

brought the ball to the by-line and returned a menacing cross to substitute left-winger Becca Langton. With her first touch of the game Langton shrugged off her marker and deftly lifted the ball over the keeper to all but secure three points.

Lowestoft's contribution to the game was limited while the disciplined Cambridge midfield afforded them no chance to play. Attacking possession for the visitors was brief at best and the Cambridge back pair of captain Rosie Evans and fresher Kirsty Elder mopped up almost every sniff of a Lowestoft advance. Keeper Fran Stubbins' touches were infrequent and unchallenging in both the first half and the start of the second, and all seemed to be a faultless performance from the home side until, 50 minutes in, some decent stick-work in the D created Lowestoft's only real chance. Stubbins was lured out of goal to make a save only to see the rebound worked into an open net around what were by this time disinterested defenders.



Nevertheless, Cambridge were still allowed to display some more lovely hockey as the back four passed confidently and Lisa Noble and Emma Goater continued to make hay in the middle, distributing nicely down the centre of the field. When on the field Jenny Stephens and Charlotte Brearly made a formidable striking pair, with seemingly the only question being

just how many Cambridge could score. Short corner after short corner were the only reward for their attacks, and it was not to be until the very last hit of the game that an audacious move from the final corner was converted by a calm slap by Lisa Noble to end the affair at 4-1.

Star Player: Lisa Noble – strong goal, good defensively and fine distribution.

The Week Ahead

University

Rugby

The Blues continue their Varsity preparations on Monday night against Worcester Warriors. After a promising display against Northampton last Monday, they'll be looking for more of the same.
Grange Road, Monday November 17, KO 19:15

University

Hockey

The Blues Mens Hockey take on Wisbech Town at Wilberforce Road on Saturday. Last weekend in the East League, the team secured a 6-2 win away at Blueharts and will be looking for another win.
Wilberforce Road, Saturday November 15, KO 14:30

University

Basketball

The Blues Basketballers have had a frustrating start to the season with match postponements preventing them gathering any real momentum. They take on Warwick on Wednesday lunchtime.
Kelsey Kerridge, Wednesday November 19, KO 12 noon

National

Football

Fabio Capello's strong start to World Cup qualifying has seen England rise to 10th in the world rankings. On Wednesday night they face their toughest test in the shape of Germany.
Watch it at Quinn's, Wednesday November 19, KO 19:30

Ptaszynski's Trials



Week 6: Women's football

Sporting layman **Jamie Ptaszynski** trains with a different Blues team each week

After being introduced last week to a new and easier way to enjoy the 'sport' of golf, I thought I'd try something more testing this time around: women's football. And I write that with no irony intended. How easy it would be for me to say that it's an absolute waste of time: that they can't even throw a ball so there's no point in trying to make them kick it. I could go on for pages about My Little Ponies and pink-ribboned pigtailed and I'm sure all the guys would have a good, hearty, chauvinist chuckle. I'd also end up with a bunch of bra-burning Greer-alikes breathing down my neck for the rest of my student career. Instead I'm going to tell the truth as I see it (probably risking the wrath of both chauvinists and feminists).

In case it's been a while, or you're female (it's a joke, don't get the matches out just yet), football is the one where they try to kick the ball between the posts but under the bar, not over it; and the version I'm talking about is the English one, where people drink the warm flat English beer, called Carling, as opposed to the Gaelic and Aussie versions where they drink Guinness or Fosters.

Anyway, it turns out women can play it too. Of the twelve girls who came to the Eagles practice on Sunday, most had genuine talent. We started with a few heading drills, at which they were fairly well accomplished. The defensive drill we moved on to, aimed at improving positioning and shepherding the attacker one way or the other, was considerably more technical than anything I ever encountered in a twelve-year career playing football at school. Eventually I was put in goal for a quick six-a-side game to finish. There were foul throws, but there were missed passes, but not everyone's Paul Scholes. Most of the girls were more Senderos than Deco, but then so are most boys.

There is something very different, though. It doesn't look the same as a game of men's football; they don't move the same on the ball, or think the same way about using spaces. It's not because they're rubbish people, it's simply because most boys are brought up with football all around them. Men start kicking balls and watching FA Cup finals when we're four or five years old. Some of the women I was training with only played their first competitive game at university. The women's game suffers because they do not live football throughout their lives the same way as men do.

But this is changing. When one girl launched a massive throw towards the box, another piped up 'nice one Rory' before I could remember the guy's name. If you're a boy and don't get that reference, I suggest you look it up before your girlfriend embarrasses you.

Sport



Will Brooks
»p30

*Myfootballclub.co.uk
founder interviewed*

TWICKENHAM COUNTDOWN: 27 DAYS TO GO // FORM TRACKER: CAMBRIDGE P9 W2 L7 ~ OXFORD P8 W7 L1 // BLUES FORM PLAYER: TOM MALANLEY
DAWSON QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "WE WILL BE GOING ALL OUT TO PREPARE AND EXECUTE OUR MECHANISMS AND FRAMEWORKS ON DECEMBER 11"



Cambridge's coxed four

Captain's Corner

Benoit Ramsay
Golf



Golf is one of the prestigious 'first-class' sports at Cambridge and naturally the standard is very high. The captain explains, "Handicaps usually range from +1 to 4/5. Generally we have one or two outstanding players, who play in top amateur tournaments, and rest of us are solid, low single-figure handicappers." The calibre of the squad allows them to compete against some of the finest clubs in the country. "We play about thirty fixtures against clubs such as Sunningdale, Rye, Walton Heath, Woodhall Spa, Royal Porthcawl, Royal St. George's, to name but a few. It does mean getting up at five in the morning – and sometimes before – and then driving for a couple of hours every Saturday and Sunday, but the golf is definitely worth it."

The golfers commit a lot of time to the pursuit of their sport. "We're away every weekend, all weekend, and there is very rarely any time to do any work on a Saturday or Sunday. People tend to collapse into bed on a Sunday night after a 72-hole weekend!" On top of this, there is a weekly training session. The players do though receive some recompense for the many hours sacrificed. "If we've built up a lead at lunch, our opposition often attempt to 'out-lunch' us to give them an advantage in the afternoon. Our members are expected to handle a few glasses of wine such that it doesn't affect their game." The generosity of the host clubs is not the only perk – Ramsay also reveals that people have received job offers at fixtures in the past.

On the subject of this year's Varsity Match, the captain states, "We're quietly confident – we've had a good intake this year." The match takes place at the end of March: we can be sure they'll get a few holes in before then.

Blues fire Boat Race warning

» Cambridge's top four boat beat Oxford by 19 seconds in Thames time trial
» Dominant Light Blues display will cause concern for Oxford's Olympians

Varsity Sport

CUBC put on a fine display to beat bitter rivals Oxford and add momentum to their Varsity Boat Race 2009 campaign.

Racing in the Fuller's Head of the River Fours, an event that sees over 450 boats compete in a time trial race on the Thames, it was Cambridge who earned the bragging rights. The top Blues boat – consisting of Silas Stafford, Rob Weitemeyer, Henry Pelly and Tom Ransley (with Helen Hodges at the helm) – managed to complete the 4 ¼ mile course in 19 minutes and 16.38 seconds. This was the fastest time produced by a four-man coxed boat.

Significantly, Cambridge's first boat beat Oxford's first boat by a massive 19 seconds. Facing a strong headwind and rough conditions Cambridge's top boat set an impressive pace as they powered

CUBC	19m16s
OUBC	19m 35s

to victory in the Elite 4-man Coxed event last Friday. The day was truly Cambridge's when their 2nd boat came within 3 seconds of beating the Dark Blues' best boat. Such an emphatic victory will rightly fill the Cambridge camp with optimism, especially given that they raced on exactly the same stretch of river used in the Boat Race (albeit in the other direction).

Cambridge's dominant display is rendered all the more important in the context of the Varsity Boat Race for a number of reasons. Firstly, up to this point, Oxford have been heavy favourites. In the rowing world, much has been made of the 'big names' Oxford have re-

cruited for this year's campaign, with imports including a handful of Olympians. Furthermore controversy has surrounded these developments, with accusations that Oxford have lowered the bar in admissions to aid recruiting (a number

CAMBRIDGE'S IMPRESSIVE VICTORY WILL CERTAINLY HAVE QUESTIONED THEIR 'UNDERDOG' TAG

of people noting a correlation between students rowing for the university and those taking a one year water management course). Cambridge's impressive victory will certainly have questioned their 'underdog' tag. Secondly, many of

the squad had fallen ill in the previous month, leaving lingering doubts over the rowers' fitness. Again, with strength and stamina at the heart of the Blues' dominant performance, these questions have now been answered.

There is one final factor in Cambridge's victory which may have a significant bearing on future success: the inclusion of Beijing medallists Tom James and Josh West in the coaching staff. Their role in preparing and motivating CUBC was, in part, a result of Coach Nillson's absence (he is currently in New Zealand preparing for a full time move to England). It remains to be seen whether they will continue to help out with Cambridge's campaign on Nillson's return. This decision may have a significant impact on Cambridge's hopes of success come March 29.

Star player: There is no I in team.

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STUDENTS £3 BEFORE 11PM / £4 AFTER
OTHER £4 BEFORE 11PM / £5 AFTER

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