

VARSITY

Friday April 24th 2009

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

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Stephen Frears*

»Centrefold Special pull-out

*Varsity don't make tabloids.
But if they did...*

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view from the river*



MICHAEL DERRINGER

Shoe trial moved for Tiananmen anniversary

Patrick Kingsley

The trial of the student who threw a shoe at the Chinese prime minister has been changed on the advice of the Chinese Embassy.

The trial of Martin Jahnke, a University researcher, was originally planned for June 4th, the twentieth anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre, when hundreds of pro-democracy protesters were shot dead by police in Beijing. It was brought forward to June 1st after a request from the Embassy.

Punam Malhan, appearing on behalf of the Crown Prosecution Service, told Cambridge Magistrates Court that there were "security issues" concerning the original trial date.

David Howarth, MP for Cambridge, and the Liberal Democrat Justice Spokesman, condemned the decision. He told *Varsity*: "I would be very concerned indeed if the CPS requested a change in the date of the hearing as the result of pressure from the Chinese government. I will be asking the Director of Public Prosecutions to look into the issue."

A spokesman for Free Tibet, which campaigns for an end to Chinese rule in Tibet, also expressed outrage: "If this is true, it beggars belief. It is not the role of the CPS to save the Chinese government from political embarrassment."

The Chinese Embassy did not respond to a request for comment.

A spokeswoman for the CPS played down the issue. "The Chinese Embassy just made the prosecutor aware that there might be quite a lot of protests on that date and she in turn felt it prudent to let the court know." She added: "The Chinese didn't make a formal application. There was nothing untoward."

But a spokeswoman for Cambridgeshire Police said she was "not aware" of any planned demonstrations.

Free Tibet denied they were planning any protests. Their spokesman added: "Besides, there is nothing illegal about peaceful protest in the UK."

John's Cripps gets listed status

» *Controversial modernist block recognised for its 'exceptional architecture and historic special interest'*

Helen Mackreath

St John's College Cripps Building is to become a Grade II* listed building following a decision by English Heritage.

The modernist building has been listed by the government in recognition of its success in combining modern architecture with sensitive ancient surroundings. The ingenuity behind the design, particularly at its time of creation, and clever use of construction

materials, were other reasons cited for the decision.

Grade II* status is assigned to "particularly important buildings of more than special interest". Cripps's new ranking has qualified it as a construction possessing "exceptional architecture and historic special interest."

Nestled between the Grade I listed New Court and the Grade I listed 12th-century School of Pythagoras, Cripps's objective of providing contemporary accommodation without detracting from the ancient setting is not an easy one; nevertheless in the view of English Heritage the zig-zag planned concrete building, raised off the ground with cloistered areas beneath, fulfils its criteria and proves that ancient and modern can coexist.

Reactions to the listing of Cripps have

been mixed. St John's student Ket Fitton summed up those in favour of the proposal: "It's a beautiful building which should be preserved," she said. But her views have not been shared by all.

Particularly strong in his condemnation was Peter Stovall, who described himself as "distracted" at the news, and expressed a desire to "knock it down and catch up with the modern age".

Meanwhile St John's Domestic Bursar is ambivalent about the decision, saying that "it was neither a good thing nor a bad thing" and highlighting that it was a status conferred on most other of the University's buildings.

Cripps Building was built between 1964 and 1967, and is one of the many Modernist buildings designed by critically acclaimed architects Powell and Moya.

The building was funded by the donation of C. Humphrey Cripps, founder of the Cripps Foundation, who graduated from St John's in 1959. His donation of £75,000 made up most of the £1 million total cost, and the use of high-quality materials will ensure that the building fulfils his stipulation of lasting 500 years or more.

The building's architectural merits have already been acknowledged by the RIBA award in 1967 and a Civic Trust award in 1968.

This status places Cripps on a par with the University's other distinguished post-war buildings, such as Churchill College (Grade II), Murray Edwards College (Grade II*) and Fitzwilliam College (Grade II), which are among 152 listed buildings in Cambridge, according to an English Heritage directory.

152

The number of listed buildings in Cambridge as listed on Heritage Gateway, the English Heritage's listed buildings directory

Minister attacks Cambridge's decision to require A* at A-level

Gemma Oke

Universities such as Cambridge which intend to make conditional offers to students using the new A* A-level grade risk seeing the access debate "inflamed", according to Higher Education minister David Lammy.

In March, Cambridge's Director for Admissions for the Colleges, Geoff Parks, confirmed that for prospective students applying for entry in 2010 the standard offer would be set at A*AA.

In 2007, Cambridge said that it would be "highly unlikely" to use the

A* in its first year of operation. However, Cambridge rejected more than 5,000 applicants who achieved at least 3 A grades at A-level.

It is hoped that the requirement of an A* grade will help to address the difficulty of differentiating between highly qualified candidates meeting

the standard AAA offer.

Dr Parks said, "We've gone for the decision to use A* because we need something to differentiate between students. The alternative is more admissions tests which are massively unpopular with schools."

At the UCAS Admissions Confer-

ence last Wednesday, Mr Lammy voiced concerns over the new grading system. He warned that there must be "assurances that A* grades can be predicted accurately" to prevent "undermining" public confidence in the admissions systems.

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VARSITY

A special tabloid edition of Varsity can be found inside the centrefold. It is not to be taken too seriously.

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Get involved

E-mail editor@varsity.co.uk to find out more.

Cripps is a warning to us all

The listing of St John's Cripps Building is undoubtedly a controversial move; we think that the move is a mistake, and that the building is outstandingly ugly. However, we must be careful not to extrapolate from this to condemn all of Cambridge's modern architecture: Cripps is not ugly because it is new, but simply because it is ugly. Many architects do brilliantly well at blending new buildings in with the old: Trinity Hall's Jerwood Library, for instance, is a beautiful addition to the none-more-historic Backs.

Perhaps we may be permitted to draw a wider lesson from this aesthetic example. Modernisation in the University is no bad thing: it has led to the admission of women, world-class scientific research and the end of the public-school monopoly. When done thoughtlessly, however, the consequences can be awful; who would not long for the days when students were more important than conference guests. Stumble blindly into the future, and we end up with Cripps.

Tabloid Varsity: fun in exam term

Many argue that the 'Page 3 girl' is a sexist tabloid tradition. Some in the Varsity office (see letter below), and no doubt some others, think printing a parody of a Page 3 girl in *Tabloid Varsity* is perpetuating this sexism. Nudity is not sexist, however; it is only its exploitation which can be considered so. We are, in the best satirical tradition, attempting to parody a genre through mocking imitation. While one could argue that by doing something, even ironically, one is still doing it, the lack of full frontal nudity makes it clear that our Page 3 is merely a light-hearted impression of the genre, rather than a serious recreation of it.

All of *Tabloid Varsity* is intended to have a similarly light touch. Hopefully, it serves as a parody of the often implausibly rubbish tabloids, as well as looking at how a student newspaper might report on the local news if it were such a paper. We hope that the supplement will be taken in the spirit in which it is intended.

Thank you and goodbye

This issue of *Varsity* will be the last for this team and these Editors. We offer unbounded thanks to our amazing team, to our hundreds of contributors, thousands of readers and above all to our Business Manager, Michael Derringer, a joy to all who know him. Working at *Varsity* is the best thing we have done in Cambridge, and we encourage anyone to get involved (see below). Have a good term.

Edit this newspaper

Applications are currently open to edit Varsity in May Week or in the Michaelmas term, and to become a section editor in Michaelmas. For more information see p12 or visit www.varsity.co.uk/jobs

letters@varsity.co.uk

Submit your letter for the chance to win a bottle of wine from the Cambridge Wine Merchants. All letters may be edited for space and style.

Internal dissent

Dear Sirs,

The inclusion of a 'Page 3 girl' in *Varsity's* tabloid insertion purports to be parodic. But this 'ironic' objec-

tification of a woman is still sexual exploitation, and we don't find it particularly funny.

Women are noticeably under-represented in the current *Varsity* team and a display of chauvinism will only prompt fewer to apply.

Yours sincerely,

Clementine Dowley
Associate Editor, *Varsity*

Anna Trench
Editor, *Varsity* (May Week 2008)

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

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MICHAEL DERRINGER

In Brief

Man on trial for Ospreys fraud

A man charged with fiddling the accounts of the Ospreys is due to appear at Cambridge Crown Court next month. James Hill, 34, faces accusations of false accounting, obtaining a money transfer by deception, abusing his position and false representation, all of which charges are linked to anomalies found in the accounts for the Cambridge sportswomen's social club Ospreys. The club's funding depends on charitable donations and the support of major international firms including Merrill Lynch. Hill has not entered a plea on any of the charges and has been released on bail until a hearing in late May.

800th wood planted

A woodland marking the University's 800th anniversary officially opened to the public on Monday. Consisting of more than 15,000 newly planted trees, the '800 Wood' covers ten hectares of land near Madingley. "The creation of the 800 Wood represents a valuable ecological resource for members of the University and residents of Cambridgeshire, which should contribute to the enhancement of biodiversity and help to mitigate against climate change," said Director of Estate Management Michael Bienias. Funded by grants from the Forestry Commission, the SITA Trust, and the University, the 800 Wood has been planted with 13 varieties of tree including ash, oak and hazel. A figure-of-eight shaped path runs through the wood, signifying its link to the 800th anniversary celebrations.

Cam alumnus Ballard dies

Cambridge alumnus and award winning writer J.G. Ballard has died aged 78. Best known for *Empire of the Sun* and *Crash*, the eminent author succumbed to cancer on Sunday morning. Those who knew him have since paid tribute to his "acute and visionary observation of contemporary life" and his "cult status" as a "giant on the world literary scene". Having attended the Leys School in Cambridge and read medicine at King's, Ballard began writing full time in 1952. His novels include *The Drowned World*, *The Drought*, and *The Crystal World*, all of which helped to establish his importance to the New Wave movement. Later successes include *Cocaine Nights*, and *Millenium People*. Last year he published his autobiography *Miracles Of Life*. Ballard is survived by three children and by his long-term partner Claire.

The cows return to Midsummer Common

The return of cows to Midsummer Common hails the beginning of summer. The nine-strong herd of redpoll cattle are brought to the Common every year by their owner, vet Angelika Von Heimendahl. One fan of the bovine addition to the Cambridge scenery told Ms Von Heimendahl that "in winter [when the cows are absent] the Common is like a fish tank without fish". The cows will remain on Midsummer Common until November 1st.

Ex-Selwyn student found guilty of possessing child pornography

» Images collected on student's hard drive in University accommodation

» Judge suspends four-month sentence to avoid disrupting his studies

Pelin Keskin

A former Selwyn student has been found guilty of possessing indecent images of children.

Jonathan Jenkins, 21, was arrested for downloading 293 images of child pornography in October 2007. He has now been found guilty on 15 counts of making indecent images of children and one count of possession.

Judge Gareth Hawkesworth stated that Jenkin's case was an extreme demonstration of the fact that the accessibility of online pornography contributes to distorted ideas about sex and relationships.

Hawkesworth is the same judge who caused controversy last year by suspending the prison sentence of Nicholas Hammond, despite the Caius Fellow's conviction for the possession of 1500 images of child pornography.

Jenkins claimed that the images found on the hard disk of his computer had not been looked at for several years.

He is currently dating a student studying at Cambridge, whom he failed to inform about his arrest.

Jenkins, now studying at the University of Bath, was arrested in October 2007 in his Selwyn student accommodation on West Road. He was

21 at the time.

Photos and videos of girls aged between nine and 15 were found on his computer. Half of these images were ranked at level one on the scale of offensive images, and one was graded level five, the most offensive. Jenkins had used the file sharing application Limewire to source the images.

Third-year Selwyn classicist Fiona Campbell was one of Jenkins' housemates at the time of his arrest. She said, "The police rushed up the stairs and into his room. They knew which one it was. They came down carrying computers and all the other electrical equipment from his room."

"There was a rumour he was making pirate DVDs and the first we heard about the porn thing was in the news a few weeks ago."

"He didn't turn up at the beginning of this year and we assumed he'd failed his Tripos."

Campbell expressed discomfort at living in the same house as him. "He was a bit weird. He'd walk around the house only in his boxers and he hung around the Newnham bar all the time."

Despite Jenkins admitting that he was aware that he possessed child pornography, his defence claimed that Jenkins had "grown out" of the

interest.

Judge Hawkesworth gave Jenkins a four-month prison sentence, which he then suspended for two years. He also ordered Jenkins to sign the sex offender's register. He has been banned from contacting children that are not blood relatives.

Judge Hawkesworth defended his decision to suspend Jenkins' prison sentence for two years. He said that enforcing it now would be damaging to his studies, and a "cruel and pointless exercise".

Selwyn's Senior Tutor Michael Tilby said that the Judge's remarks "hit the nail on the head", and agreed with the claim that there were some "mitigating circumstances".

Claude Knights, director of Kidscape, argued that Judge Hawkesworth's sentence could have been more severe, and was not "helpful", adding that "a paedophilic tendency is not something you just shake off".

Both the Crown Prosecution Office and the University of Bath refused to comment.



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In Brief

Shoe dispenser for Cindies

Nightclub Ballare, known as Cindies has installed vending machines selling roll-up ballet-style pumps in order that clubbers can avoid the pain of hobbling home after a night on the tiles in stilettos. The Rollasole units were put in place two weeks ago in preparation for the influx of student clubbers at the start of this term. The brain behind the scheme is Bristol businessman Matt Horan, whose girlfriend's complaints about having to walk home in painful high heels prompted him to come up with a solution. His comfortable and easily transportable flat shoes, packaged in mini shoeboxes, are available in a number of different colours and sizes.

Robot makes discovery

Scientists from Cambridge have created a 'robot scientist' capable of independently making scientific discoveries. The team designed the robot, named Adam, to carry out scientific processes without human intervention. Adam hypothesised that certain genes in baker's yeast code for specific enzymes which catalyse biochemical reactions in yeast. It then devised experiments to test these predictions, ran the experiments using laboratory robotics, interpreted the results and repeated the cycle. Stephen Oliver, Professor of Systems Biology and Biochemistry, said: "The novel thing is that Adam is able to formulate hypotheses on its own and test them. In the future it will be necessary for human and robot scientists to work together to achieve the goals of biological research." Professor Ross King, also leading the experiment, agreed. "Ultimately we hope to have teams of human and robot scientists working together in laboratories. Because biological organisms are so complex it is important that the details of biological experiments are recorded in great detail. This is difficult and irksome for human scientists, but easy for robot scientists," he said. Adam is a still a prototype, but Prof. King's team believe that their next robot, Eve, holds great promise for scientists searching for new drugs to combat diseases such as malaria.

Robbery on YouTube

A video posted on YouTube last month shows a busker being robbed in the centre of Cambridge. The incident occurred in October last year on Market Hill. The footage shows the busker, Charlie Cavey, singing the Oasis song 'Wonderwall' to a crowd of students and locals when his microphone and cap holding donations from passers-by were snatched and the thieves ran off. A group of Jesus students pursued the thieves, but were violently attacked on Sussex Street. Jamie Ptaszynski, who was a victim of the incident, told *Varsity*: "One of them was carrying a knuckleduster and hit one of my mates. There was a lot of blood, so they ran off scared. It's lucky, we got off pretty lightly."

Darwin spent more on shoes than books, accounts reveal

» *Evolutionary scientist preferred to spend his allowance on alcohol and shoes than on books*
» *Egg from Beagle voyage also discovered in Cambridge archive*

Beth Staton

Recently discovered records have shed new light on the manner in which Charles Darwin spent his student days.

The naturalist's spending accounts from his years at Christ's had previously been overlooked as dull administration, but are now available online after being spotted by Professor Geoffrey Thorndike Martin.

They show that Darwin employed servants to carry out daily tasks, including polishing his shoes and tending to the fire in his room. Accounts for a tailor, grocer, barber, hatter and smith, among others, suggest Darwin was a 'well-to-do' young gentleman who enjoyed a privileged existence. His rooms, which are now open to the public, appear to have been among the best and most expensive available.

Although he paid just £14 for tuition fees, over three years his bills amounted to £636.0.9½, which is £46,000 in today's money. Students were billed quarterly by the College for service and accounts which they set up with traders.

Students eating in College received a nightly meal of a joint of meat and a glass of beer, but Charles paid extra for vegetables with his meals.

Student reaction to the discovery of Darwin's spending habits has been characterised by a lack of surprise. Joanna della Ragione, a third year art historian, said, "Good for him. That's exactly what I would do".

Rhodri Thomas, head of the Caesarians, the Jesus drinking society, and also a NatSci student, said, "This proves that scientists are the biggest lads."

The find came as a surprise to experts, who assumed that no significant evidence of Darwin's lifestyle remained. "Before this we didn't really know very much about Darwin's daily life at Cambridge at all," John van Wyhe, director of The Complete Work Of Charles Darwin Online, said. "Now, in his 200th anniversary year, we have found a real treasure-trove right in the middle of Cambridge."

There is scant evidence of Darwin having paid much for books, and he reportedly spent little time in lectures or studying, preferring to ride in the country, shoot, and collect beetles. He later described his days at Cambridge as "the most joyful of his happy life".

Although the accounts don't include information of spending on alcohol or socialising, evidence suggests that Darwin wasn't completely devoted to his studies. "What we do know is that a friend made a joke coat of arms which made drinking and smoking Darwin's trademarks," says Dr van Whye.

An egg collected by Darwin during his HMS Beagle voyage has also recently been found in a Cambridge archive.

The egg, from a Tinamou bird, was discovered by Liz Wetton, a volunteer at the Cambridge Museum of Zoology, whilst sorting through the

eggs. Believing the egg not to be a new find, she noted it and thought no more of the matter. It was a number of days later that the collection's manager, Matthew Lowe, first realised the importance of the specimen.

The egg, bearing Darwin's name, is the only one thought still to exist from the Beagle collection.

The small brown egg bears a crack down its shell, but the crack appears to have been there for over a century. An entry in the diary of a friend of

Darwin, Alfred Newton, a 19th-century zoology professor, revealed that "The great man put it into too small a box, and hence its unhappy state."

On the find, Mr Lowe commented, "To have discovered a Beagle specimen in the 200th year of Darwin's birth is special enough, but to have evidence that Darwin himself broke it is a wonderful twist."

Celebrations of Darwin's bicentennial continue throughout Cambridge all year.



Order to release test data

Lisa Barrington

The University has been ordered to disclose information about its animal experiments under a ruling by the Information Commissioner's Office.

Cambridge is one of five British universities now being told to release data regarding the number and species of primates used in past and current experiments.

This decision follows a refusal by Cambridge in 2006 voluntarily to release the figures after a request by the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (BUAV) under the Freedom of Information Act.

The universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester, and London's King's and University Colleges, decided to withhold this information, which BUAV wanted to use in assessing their current primate research, because of concerns for employee safety.

A spokesperson for the Information Commissioner, Richard Thomas, said: "Releasing the information would not increase the risk to the

physical health, mental health or safety of any person. The Information Commissioner accepts that the universities remain a current, active target and understands that there is a 'sustained campaign' which continues to pose a 'very real and substantial threat to individuals'. However, he notes that this activity is on-going regardless of this information request and can see no evidence to suggest that the current threat would increase with the release of the information requested."

Chief Executive of BUAV Michelle Thew said that "risk to personal safety, though real in isolated cases in the past, is hugely exaggerated and often used as a smokescreen when researchers do not want to tell the public what they do."

The universities will comply with the ruling, but stand by their arguments that the disclosures would endanger staff.

Animal experiments in Cambridge have had a troubled history. In 2004 the University cancelled plans for a new primate research centre because of security costs.



Cambridge requires A*AA

» *5,000 students with 3 As rejected last year*

Continued from front page

Other universities planning to use to A* in making offers this year include Imperial and University Colleges, London.

Mr Lammy added, "This goes back to the importance and transparency of retaining public confidence. That confidence will be undermined – and the sometimes corrosive debate on widening participation inflamed – if talented young people are rejected, only to find that their peers are accepted as near-misses, thanks to more optimistic predictions but not achievement."

"More broadly, I think it can only be right that actual achievement is rewarded. But for as long as our applications process relies on predicted grades in making offers, or turning candidates down, then we – and you – need assurances that A* grades can be predicted accurately."

There are concerns that the introduction of the A* grade will damage initiatives to widen access to elite universities, as anecdotal evidence suggests that state schools will be less likely to predict talented students A* grades, thus lessening their students' chances of successfully applying to

some leading universities.

Aidan Irwin-Singer, in the lower sixth at St Edward's School in Oxford, plans to apply to Cambridge next year. "It will make it harder but should reduce the competition, because people who don't think they'll get A*s might apply to Oxford instead," he said.

"It probably won't reduce the random aspect of admissions, because they'll still take people who do well in interviews."

Plans to implement the much-feted A* grade were introduced in 2007, with the then Education Secretary Alan Johnson commending proposals by the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority (QCA) for the top grade as "simple and transparent".

In response to the proposals, Mike Sewell, Chair of the Admissions Forum at Cambridge, said that he envisaged the A* grade being used "sparingly" in offers until its usefulness had been established.

A number of other Russell Group universities, including Oxford, Durham and the London School of Economics, have ruled out making offers including the A* grade until further reviews on the grade's usefulness have been conducted.

Library fines fall due to web renewals

Bhavya Dore

Library fines have dropped drastically over the last two years because of on-line renewals and holiday loan extensions, according to official figures.

Two years ago, the total amount paid in fines and costs for the replacement of lost books came to £27,635. Last year's figures have been totted up to a significantly reduced sum of £20,503. The number of students fined has remained relatively stable, with figures coming in at around the 3200 mark since 2005.

One poor student was forced to cough up the princely sum of £214.99 to cover the total cost of his fines for the year. He was the borrower of *Victorian Poetry: Poetry, Poetics, Politics*

and was forced to pay the highest fine possible as well as bear the additional burden of replacement costs and fines.

The story is one of overall success, however, as seen by the reduction of fines by about 25 per cent over the past two years. This has been facilitated by improved library services and the implementation of more efficient technology.

E-mail reminders have both cut down on paper wastage and served as a more effective method of keeping students informed of the state of their library books, whether due, overdue or ready for collection.

The online renewals system, introduced a year and a half ago, also seems to have played an important

role in the re-organisation of the library system: 77 per cent of books borrowed so far have been renewed online.

Recently appointed University Librarian Anne Jarvis said: "We are greatly encouraged by the introduction of our new renewal service at the Library. Whilst the cost per student of fines is small in these difficult times, the fact that students will be paying less in fines, and can renew their loans online, is a positive development.

"A Library only ever

levies fines for overdue books as an incentive to have them returned so that other readers can benefit from access to these resources.

"At the University Library, fines income has been used to support the Library's strategy of continuously improving services and facilities for its readers," she added.



Hawking set for 'full recovery' after hospital scare

Lizzy Tyler

The University has allayed fears over Steven Hawking's health after his recent admission to hospital.

The world-famous physicist was rushed to Addenbrooke's Hospital in an ambulance on Monday with chest problems.

Hawking, a Fellow of Caius, was forced to cut short his recent visit to America during which he failed to make an appearance at Arizona State University due to illness.

Prof. Hawking flew back to England on Saturday and, following a consultation with a doctor, was swiftly admitted to hospital on Monday with a suspected chest infection.

His condition has, however, stabi-



PAUL ALERNS/NASA

lised and on Wednesday a Cambridge spokesperson said that he was "on the road to recovery".

The 67-year-old Prof. Hawking has worked at the University for over 30 years, and is best known for his book *A Brief History of Time*.

He is stepping down from his post as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics of Cambridge at the end of this year. He has said that he intends to continue working after his retirement from the Chair.

Prof. Hawking was diagnosed with motor neurone disease whilst studying in the 1960s and is one of the world's longest-surviving carriers of the disease.

He had received numerous honours for his work, including the Albert Ein-

stein Medal, and became a CBE in 1982.

One of his last public appearances was at the unveiling of the controversial Corpus clock in September last year.

He has guest-starred as himself on *The Simpsons* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

Colleagues and students have been wishing Hawking a speedy recovery. Prof. Peter Haynes, head of the University's Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics, said he was a "remarkable colleague".

He added: "We all hope he will be amongst us again soon."

Upon hearing of the Professor's improved condition, one second year Caius student said, "I think it's really good that he's getting better and I hope that he is able to get back to his research soon."

Donors can buy influence, says report

» Cambridge has compromised academic independence to foreign donors, argues think-tank

» Senior don concerned 'to see academic policy so openly revealed to be driven by financial considerations'

Andrew Bellis

Cambridge has compromised its academic independence by giving influence to significant donors from overseas, a think-tank report has claimed.

The report also criticises the University for receiving donations from countries with poor human rights, such as Iran.

'A Degree of Influence', a report by the Centre for Social Cohesion, a right-leaning policy group, argues that the University's management is "potentially altered" by allowing donors to appoint representatives to help oversee some of the University's work.

An £8m donation by a Saudi Arabian prince, Prince Alwaleed, is singled out for particular criticism. In 2008, the prince donated money for a Centre for Islamic Studies to be created in his name. The report claims that he can exercise "considerable influence" over the centre by appointing several members of its managing committee.

In addition, any changes to the regulations governing the centre must be subject to the approval of the prince.

Richard Bowring, the Master of Selwyn, expressed concerns about the arrangement in March last year. "It is a little depressing to see academic policy so openly revealed to be driven by financial

considerations," he told a Senate House discussion.

Cambridge says the report exaggerates the power of big donors. "The influence that a donor might potentially have through the right to nominate a representative on a specific management committee is over-stated," the University said in a statement.

Peter Agar, the University's director of development, added: "Donor representatives will always be in a minority [on management committees], but may

well themselves be academics who can bring an informed external perspective, adding to the expertise of the internal academic members."

Cambridge remains convinced that the existing measures "ensure that the academic integrity of the University is fully protected".

The report also reinforces Professor Bowring's criticism that donors are concerned primarily with "outreach" and achieving favourable publicity through the way their money is used. "Outreach may be important but must always remain secondary to scholarship in a University such as ours," he said.

The report's authors criticise the control that donors can exercise. "A worrying precedent has been set where donors

are allowed to have a say in guiding the aims of an academic institute in return for a large donation," they wrote.

Cambridge also comes under fire for receiving money for a research scholarship from the Iranian government, although the University says that the fund has received no additional money in the last ten years. It says that it E.G. Browne Memorial Research Studentship will remain "for so long as the Iranian Government shall continue the benefaction".

Cambridge was not the only university criticised in the report. Questions are also raised about the academic independence of certain areas at Oxford, SOAS, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Exeter among others.



Prince Alwaleed of Saudi Arabia

In Brief

Police warn of rising crime

Cambridgeshire Police have warned that crime is on the rise in Cambridge. The number of thefts occurring inside Colleges has experienced a recent increase. Series of thefts have been reported in St John's, where five rooms were broken into over the Easter vacation, Christ's, and Jesus. Laptops, money and valuable personal items all went missing in the incidents. Police have urged students to exercise particular vigilance in order to protect their property. Other criminal incidents are also on the rise: police are asking anyone with information about a man reported to have been exposing himself in and around Colleges to come forward.

Theatre restaurant closes

The Arts Theatre has closed its top-floor restaurant in response to the "harsh economic climate". In a message posted on the theatre's website, chief executive Dave Murphy reported the move – which resulted in the redundancy of six staff – to theatregoers: "Sadly, and after a lot of thought, we have taken the difficult decision to close our restaurant on the fourth floor. In today's harsh economic climate and given its fourth-floor location we can no longer justify the considerable cost and risk of keeping it open." He added, "The restaurant has closed because we were struggling to make it pay its way. Fewer and fewer people were using it." But he denied the influence of the recession, claiming that "the theatre did very well last year", and pointing out that plans for a £6 million extension remain on track. Following the closure of its restaurant, the theatre has arranged for the Chop House to offer a pre-theatre menu.

9 genes linked to disability

Cambridge researchers have contributed to a global project that has discovered nine genes on the X chromosome which are linked to learning disabilities. The team, comprising more than 70 researchers from around the world, say their report reflects the largest sequencing study of complex disease ever published. "As well as these important new gene discoveries relating to learning disability, we have also uncovered a small proportion – one per cent or more – of X chromosome protein-coding genes that, when knocked out, appear to have no effect on the characteristics of the individual," Mike Stratton, from the Wellcome Trust, said. "It is remarkable that so many protein-coding genes can be lost without any apparent effect on an individual's normal existence - this is a surprising result and further research will be necessary in this area." Lucy Raymond, a Reader in Neurogenetics and one of the report's authors, said: "This new research uncovers yet more genes that can be incorporated to improve the provision of diagnostics to families with learning disabilities and allow us to develop more comprehensive genetic counselling in the future."



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Varsity Profile

» Week 1: Blueprint, Cambridge's first boyband

On a dark December evening last year, five men from four Colleges crowded into a music practice room in Sidney and resolved on an unprecedented and peculiar course of action: the formation of Cambridge's first boyband. Determined to storm the Cambridge music scene, Ed, Dan, Oli, Matt and Zed collectively entitled themselves 'Blueprint' and prepared to fly without wings.

The self-proclaimed brave followers of big-name bands Five and Blue have acknowledged the dangers of assigning themselves to such a genre, especially in a place like Cambridge. "The question is always the same when I tell people here I'm in a boyband," says Ed. "They always ask why – surely Cambridge performers and audiences get their kicks from stuff like a cappella groups and orchestras, or even jazz, at a push? I think they think that a

once-weekly helping of cheese at Cindies ought to satisfy you."

The story began just over a year ago, when Daniel Garsin had a lightbulb moment following a fortnight spent prancing around the ADC stage dressed as fairytale characters. After a particularly strenuous performance, Dan realised that the reason he and his friends had agreed to get up onstage in the first place had nothing to do with desperate thespian passions. No, the real motivation for their performances was nothing more than the simple but undeniable gratification of the ego massage at the end: the rapturous applause. The logical extension of this realisation, and the friends' next career move, clearly presented itself: why not form a group capable of generating even more extreme adulation – a group in which a man could send girls wild simply by changing key and dismounting his stool?

Over the next eight months, Dan conducted painstaking research into the precise blend of carefully balanced attributes crucial to the formation and success of the "ultimate boyband". Matt Eberhardt, with his love for all things Westlife, boyish good looks and Nureyev-esque dancing skills, was an immediate shoe-in. Ed Stephenson supplied the all-important boyband arrogance, and Oli Hunt's charm and baby faced complexion quickly secured his own position in the line up. But the group still lacked a certain *je ne sais quoi*. The pain of further auditions was saved by the imposing form of his housemate

Zed Akanga, described by observant critics as possessing "a voice like chocolate" and looking "loads like Lemar".

The picture, at last, was complete: Dan models himself on Gary Barlow, Oli on Mark Owen, Ed on Howard Donald, and Matt on "the other one...What's his name again? Oh yes, Jason." Zed, meanwhile, sees himself as a "black Robbie Williams".

Despite such auspicious beginnings, Blueprint's ensuing career has not been without its challenges. From the ankle injury Oli sustained during an overenthusiastic rendition of Take That's 'Pray', to Zed's inability to appear at rehearsals less than an hour after the appointed time, the road has been rough.

The challenge of naming the band was particularly traumatic, so much so that it caused some members to question their very identities, Oli's suggestions of 'Grab This' and 'Electric Tuner Fish' astounding his fellow members. However, the emotional rollercoaster the band has taken together has only served to help the group grow together, and early rumours of a rift have now been decisively put to bed.

What does the future hold, then, for Blueprint? If you miss them at one of the balls in whose musical line-up Blueprint feature then, they are convinced, you will miss out. In the meantime, with negotiations with various venues ongoing, watch this space – Blueprint's here, alright?

As told to Clementine Dowley by band manager Ed Stephenson

1

number of accidents sustained during choreography

199

number of admin emails sent since January of this year

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MICHAEL DERRINGER

Bollywood comes to Cambridge: 'Teen Patti' being filmed at John's

Bollywood came to Cambridge this week as the film crew for Indian flick *Teen Patti* descended on St John's. The location filming took place on Wednesday on John's Backs against the backdrop of the College's New Court. Bollywood megastar Amitabh Bachchan (*inset*) stars in the film, allegedly inspired by Hollywood's *21*, as a professor who tutors five of his brightest pupils for high-stake gambling. Oscar-winning British actor Ben Kingsley is rumoured to be attached to the movie, and there has also been talk within the film industry of Richard Gere acting alongside Mr Bachchan (known as 'Big B'), although these rumours have yet to be confirmed. E-mails were sent out to students across the University by the film company responsible for the shoot, Serendipity Films, asking for extras to take part. Other filming locations for the film include Mumbai, India and Dubai, United Arab Emirates. The release date for the Hindi-language film is yet to be set.



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Family pays tribute to don who was 'married to maths'

» Hughes Hall DoS collapsed while cycling in Cambridge, aged 43

Christos Lavidas & Beth Staton

Dr Andrew Plater, Director of Studies in Maths at Hughes Hall, has died suddenly this week from a blood clot on the lung, aged 43.

Friends and family have spoken fondly of the well-respected academic and his passion for mathematics.

"Maths was going round in his head and out of his ears all of the time," his father, John Plater, said. "If you picked up his pad, it would always be covered with mathematical symbols."

Those who knew the doctor also paid tribute to his humble and unassuming personality.

Born and raised in South Bedfordshire as one of four children, Dr Plater studied in Boston and San Francisco after completing a PhD at Trinity College aged 23. He subsequently returned home in order to spend most of his working life in Cambridge, where his

career has focused on a special interest in number theory.

As well as mathematics he was a keen ultimate frisbee player and backgammon enthusiast, travelling to Monte Carlo for the 2007 World Championships.

Plater suffered a pulmonary embolism whilst cycling past the Hopbine pub on Fair Street in Cambridge. He was attended to by paramedics, but they were unable to revive him and the academic died before reaching Addenbrooke's.

His family have arranged for his funeral to take place at 1.30pm in the Cambridge City Crematorium's West Chapel.

"Our proudest moment was when he got his PhD," his father said. "To go into Senate House and be there with him will stay in my memory forever."

"His family and maths – those were the two great loves in his life. We will miss him."



Cambridge Spies



Trinity

“Mum, dad – I think I’m straight”

At a start-of-term soirée, an evening of pizza and more, one delicious belle cut quite a figure as she took a break from the UL, and set herself to getting really, really smashed. She soon attracted the attentions of the male masses, but her heart had grown fond for her absent beau, and she battled them off. Rumours still spread, however, that one lucky man had managed to break down her defences for a cheeky peck on the lips. The jealousy felt by this Casanova’s rivals were only compounded when they remembered that this was a very rare foray into the gentler sex for a lothario who usually saves his affections for his fellow Y-chromosomers. Is he going back in to the closet?

Exam mishaps

Desmond vs Geoff

A man of Teutonic persuasion, whose indubitable good looks and Midas swagger have made him somewhat the envy of lesser mortals, had a crushing blow landed to his revision schedule this week. Not an academic by persuasion, he was working hard one day in the UL to avoid a Desmond Tutu (in dreamer moments, he thought he might go for a Geoff Hurst), when he was invited to a friend’s for a quick session of the lesser-known drinking game ‘Three Man’. In a few unlucky rolls of the dice he had a lampshade or two on his head. He woke the next morning without his wallet, keys, phone or trousers, with his dream of a Geoff having slipped that bit further away.

Jesus

Fire! Fire!

A hallucinating young fellow thought he sensed a conflagration at his friend’s birthday bash. He finished off his beverage in one motion and confidently strode to solve the problem, and maybe even save a damsel in distress. He took the nearest fire extinguisher off the wall and, cackling with glee, proceeded to coat the party and its goers in an even level of foam. It later became clear, despite our man’s protestations, that there was not fire and he was just pissed. So it goes.

Centre for imam training to open in Cambridge

» *Wolfson’s theology DoS founds college for Muslim leaders*

Beth Staton

A centre for training British imams has opened in Cambridge.

The Cambridge Muslim College, which is not affiliated to the University of Cambridge, aims to help religious leaders assimilate classical training with the more specific needs of British Muslims.

At present the majority of imams in Britain’s mosques studied in the Middle East or on the Indian subconti-

nent, and it is felt that many younger, British-born Muslims may feel unresponsive to the language and values of such institutions, which do not equip leaders for work in a western context.

The college’s one year diploma in ‘contextual Islamic studies’ will focus on dealing with issues like social exclusion, poor communication, criminalisation, and doctrinal radicalism.

Shaykh Abdal Hakim Murad, Islamic Studies lecturer and Wolfson’s Director of Studies for Theology, founded the col-

lege in the belief that “Islamic leadership [in the UK] needs to be upgraded.”

“We’re not replicating the curriculum of Islamic universities. We’re giving these kids a bridging course so they will understand how to apply what they know to a western reality,” he said. “We’re not telling them what sort of Muslim they should be.”

The diplomas modules include Western intellectual history, Islamic political thought, Islam and gender, and astronomy. There will be a focus on leadership

and communication, and study will be aided by teaching visits.

It is hoped that the centre will address the “sense of confusion and aimlessness” which has resulted from an absence of Muslim leaders in celebrated national roles. It eventually intends to offer three- and four-year courses, becoming a centre for academic excellence recognised by Muslims and non-Muslims.

Applications for the diploma opened in March, and teaching will begin this September.

CUR1350 gets FM licence

Caedmon Tunstall-Behrens

Cambridge’s student-run radio station has been given an FM licence.

CUR1350, the station for Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin Universities, was awarded the licence by Ofcom on March 17.

The launch of the station of FM radio will coincide with Freshers’ Week 2010.

The move has prompted station management to re-launch itself as a “new community radio station aimed at bringing together all students, staff, academics and alumni from both universities.”

Martin Steers, manager of the station, oversaw the application process. On the successful outcome he said: “This is representative of all the hard work and dedication from members of the station, presenters, teams and the management committee over the last few years. A big thank you has to go out to all that has been involved past and present.”

The station is also celebrating its 30th birthday this year. Set up as the Cambridge University Broadcasting Society in 1979, the station has come a long way. It was originally established as a series of restricted licence broadcasts in the basement of Churchill graduate accommodation.

After it was given an AM license in 2001, it went on to become 2007’s number one student radio station.

Andrew Spyrou, presenter of Subterranean Trawler, an underground and alternative music show at 11pm on Tuesdays, is extremely excited about the expansion. “Hopefully a lot more people in the Cambridge community will be able to listen to CUR’s great shows,” he told *Varsity*.

The exact frequency of the station will only be released a month or so before it is launched.



Admissions figures confirm state school success

» *8% rise in applications from state sector*
» *Arts subjects are ‘easier to get in to’*

Clementine Dowley

Undergraduate admissions statistics for the last academic year have shown a marked increase in applications made by state school pupils to the University.

The breakdown of Cambridge’s admissions figures, published on Monday, reveals that the number of state school applicants has risen by eight per cent over the past year.

The number of state sector acceptances increased by 16 per cent. Overall, 59 per cent of those of who accepted places overall hailed from the state sector, compared with last year’s 55 per cent. This is the highest proportion of maintained sector admissions since 1981.

Arts subjects applicants are far more likely to be offered places: 29 per cent of those who applied were accepted, compared with 18 per cent of applicants for social science subjects including Economics, Land Economy, Law and SPS.

The 2007 to 2008 admissions cycle also showed discrepancies between application and acceptance numbers for subjects across the board. Only 10 per

cent of those who applied for Architecture were accepted, whilst the school of Classics offered more than half (51 per cent) of its applicants places.

30 per cent of overall applications came from outside the UK, but only 18 per cent of acceptances, suggesting that it may be harder for foreigners to attend the University.

Geoff Parks, Director of Admissions for the Cambridge Colleges said: “We have been making steady progress with inevitable year-on-year fluctuations.

“We’re hopeful that the message that Cambridge is for anyone with the required academic ability may be finally sinking in and we’re obviously pleased that the great efforts the University and Colleges make in this area seem to be bearing fruit.”

But Director of Undergraduate Recruitment Jon Beard has warned against complacency. “Every year we must appeal to a new audience of prospective applicants. The University really can be for anyone – but ultimately we can only consider those who apply,” he said.

The University spends more than £3 million a year on a range of initiatives designed to encourage applications.

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PETERHOUSE THEORY: “IDEAS OF WAR”

Gary Knight, war photographer, will give a talk on “Shooting War: Ethics in Conflict Photography” on Thursday April 30th at 5.30pm in Upper Hall, Peterhouse.

Knight has covered wars for Newsweek in Bosnia, Kosovo, Iraq and Afghanistan. The event is essential for anyone interested in journalism, photography, human rights or the response to tragedy, and is open to everyone.

The Essay



Democracy? What Democracy? Paul Cartledge

We've become accustomed to invoking Ancient Greek democracy as a template for today's governments. However, a leading Classics don argues that such comparisons are not as straightforward as they seem.

A recent *Varsity* feature article (February 20th, 2009) came with a bold banner headline: 'Chinese Democracy'. Oxymoronic, of course, as well as bold, because as heroic pro-democracy dissident Wang Den was quoted as observing, "We have had economic reform for 30 years, but it has never led to democracy. It won't start now." Yet what exactly did he – or, more to my immediate point here, what should *we* – understand by 'democracy'?

As A.G. Leventis Professor of (ancient) Greek Culture, I've a professional (academic) as well as a personal (civic) stake in giving a good answer to that question. Last February, just before that feature appeared, I delivered my Inaugural Lecture as the (inaugural) A.G. Leventis Professor, holder of the first chair in Classics to have been established and permanently endowed at Cambridge since before World War II. (Unlike some others who shall be nameless, I happen to think Cambridge's 800th anniversary campaign for massive fundraising is a good as well as absolutely necessary thing.)

I argued in the Lecture that this new chair should be seen as something like the equivalent of the Charles Simonyi chair at Oxford for the advancement of the public understanding of science – that is, as a chair within the Arts and Humanities for the advancement of the public understanding of ancient Greek (pre-Byzantine) culture and, no less vitally, its continuing impact on our own.

To illustrate the sorts of topics and issues that I believe a Leventis Professor should address, and given the time constraints of an Inaugural Lecture, I selected just four 'myths' about ancient Greek culture that I wished to deconstruct:

Myth 1: that there really was an 'Ancient Greece' – when actually, despite common language, religion and customs such as monogamy, there was no single 'country' or 'nation' of Ancient Greece but instead about 1000 radically self-differentiated Greek politico-cultural entities, Athens and Sparta for instance, most of



which called themselves a *polis* (from which come our 'politics' etc) or what I call a citizen-state.

Myth 2: that technologically all ancient Greek culture was irredeemably backward – against which I cited the Antikythera Mechanism made probably in the second century BC, an extraordinary scientific instrument consisting of a complicated combination of dials and geared wheels that was designed to predict eclipses, foretell the dates of the Olympic Games and perform other such complicated astronomical manoeuvres.

Myth 3: that the ancient Greeks behaved or looked anything much like they are depicted in Hollywood movies (such as *Troy*, *Alexander* or *300*). All of these make rather grave historical errors, those of *300* being especially detectable and culpa-

ble since we have the world's first historian, Herodotus', account of the epic encounter between Greeks and Persians at Thermopylae in 480 BC as our bedrock-solid guide.

Finally, myth 4: that the ancient Greeks invented and practised democracy in anything like the sense or senses we give that plastic term today – as in Britain's 'democracy' at home, or the war for 'democracy' in the Middle East.

It's this myth that I want to deconstruct a little further now. For we're all 'democrats' these days, aren't we, and the word 'democracy' is in origin ancient Greek, so there's a natural temptation to assume at least some sort of affinity between their democracy and ours. But to do so would be wrong, as a brief look at the trial and death of Socrates at Athens in 399

BC, which I have discussed in much greater detail in a forthcoming book on *Ancient Greek Political Thought in Practice*, makes uncomfortably plain.

Socrates was tried on a twofold public-political charge of impiety (for not duly acknowledging Athens' officially recognised gods and goddesses, and instead inventing new gods of his own) and subversion (for being an anti-democrat and for turning out pupils who were actively anti-democratic). Contrary to most scholars, I think, I argue that Socrates was found guilty mainly on grounds of his alleged impiety, since at Athens as elsewhere in ancient Greece religion was thoroughly politicised, and this was in the fullest sense a political trial; and – even more controversially – I maintain that his 501 Athenian judges, mostly ordinary Athenian citizens,

were right, according to the lights of their own democratic political system and culture, both to find him guilty and to condemn him to death on those grounds.

Actually, Socrates need not have died even so: if he was a martyr (Greek word) to freedom of thought and speech, he was in the fullest sense a voluntary martyr. But what matters in the present context is, as the classically educated poet Louis Macneice once put it, how "unimaginably different" it all was there and then. Whatever the original ancient Greek – that is, the Athenians' – democracy may actually have been, and however we might want to characterise it today, it emphatically was not a modern-style, liberal, Western democracy.

The key difference, I'd say, between their democracy and any of ours is that in an ancient Greek democracy the *demos* (the people) really did rule, whereas we (to borrow from Abraham Lincoln's funeral oration at Gettysburg) understand by democracy the government of and for, but not also directly by, the People. Their democracy was direct, ours is representative.

We also insist on a division of powers between the executive, legislative and judicial functions of government, and we claim (less plausibly) that we don't do political trials, at any rate not on religious charges.

Not that these radical differences of conception and practice make ancient Greek or Athenian democracy any the less interesting or important to study, from a comparativist, cultural-historical point of view, or indeed to learn from, from a practical-political standpoint.

On the contrary: usually, I think, one learns and understands more from well-judged comparisons that bring out and highlight fundamental differences than from those that merely elicit or emphasise possibly superficial or otherwise deceptive similarities.

Paul Cartledge is A.G. Leventis Professor of Greek Culture, and a Fellow of Clare College.

Foreign Correspondence

Cambridge goes all over the world in a riot of semi-imperialist journalism



Week 1: Iran

There are few trips more daunting in the globalised age than one whose stated destination begins with 'The Islamic Republic Of', particularly when that trip is made with a head full of peroxide and a pierced ear.

Popular perceptions of Iran in Britain are worryingly different from reality. This is probably because Western media coverage of Iran generally depends on the words 'nuclear' and 'threat'. The truth is that Iranians are among the most kind and socially relaxed people in the world. The prohibition of alcohol – something many Britons consider a breach of human rights – encourages a culture of discussion and respect.

Ahmadinejad's speeches and Islamic government lack any real popular support, particularly among the country's large middle class, who have been hit hardest by poor economic performance. While in Isfahan, I witnessed President Ahmadinejad announce a new nuclear reactor to an audience of around 10,000. This might suggest a significant amount of support if it weren't for the fact that around half of those attending had been paid to be there. Iranians are angry at Ahmadinejad for the economic mess they are in, and many refuse to vote because they do not wish to endorse Islamic government.

However, in rejecting the image of Iranians as fanatical religious warriors, I am in danger of building up an equally prevalent stereotype of Iran as a country of helpless individuals oppressed by Islamic totalitarianism. Islamic government and Ahmadinejad's Presidency are popular among the poor who prefer the asceticism and morally principled rule of the clerics to the opulence of the Shahs.

Furthermore, Iranians are not oppressed on a daily level. The hijab has been reduced by many to a thin veil of material, barely covering the hair, and the amount of make-up worn by some Iranian women would shock a drag queen. In liberal cities like Shiraz and Tehran, people do as they please. And many Iranians are proud of their moral code which guards against many of the issues Western societies suffer from: crime rates are startlingly low, for example.

Iran suffers from authoritarian rule, economic depression and a culture more absurdly paradoxical than any other. But Iranians have a unique spirit that brings into question our own notions of freedom and happiness, particularly when we face problems of our own.

Jack Rivlin

Tom Cheshire



Twitter No More

Let's use the internet profitably

There is a lot of stuff whose relevance I don't understand. Much of it is related to my degree, but some of it I really should know as a member of Generation Y. Twitter is one of these. What's the point? A Facebook status update couched in the most consciously twee vocab. 'Tweeting' is for *Looney Tunes* characters, not rational adults.

It's spawned its own annoying language. You take a word, used by normal people, and replace the first syllable with tw-. So you go 'tweet up' with someone: clever, eh? If you're really good, stick to the twetiquette and don't twis anyone, you might become part of the twitterati. It's like a Furby learned English.

Maybe I'm being a tweetard and missing the point. But I've done some proper journalistic research on this topic. Encouraged by the examples of celebrities like Obama, Stephen Fry and, er, Sarah Brown, I signed up.

With an acute sense of the moment, I posted my first ever tweet: "Tom is on twitter." Not stunningly original, but accurate enough. I sat back and waited. Surely it was only a matter of time before Barack re-tweeted "!!LOL dnt b a failwhale tom, cum join the twit-terserve!:-)!!" or Fry invited me to share a small lift with him.

A month later and my tweet count stands at four. Despite this, I have seven 'followers', which in real life would constitute a minor cult, but is small fry compared to Stephen's 431,404. It might be that I'm not showing enough commitment.

Mark Wilson, from the USA, memorably tweeted "Holy fucking shit I was just in a plane crash!", a statement which surely deserves its exclamation mark. His 737 had skidded off a runaway in Colorado, caught fire, fallen into a ravine, and his first thought was to tweet. That's deranged. But the lesson for tweeters here is stick at the tweeting game and you're bound to end up posting something interesting: Mr Wilson's previous tweets had told the world that he had just filled his car with petrol and that his fishing trip had sadly been cancelled.

But technology shouldn't require such an insane level of commitment – it should be helpful, and obviously helpful. Spotify is another Next Big Thing, but it is also Quite A Useful Thing. As much free music as you want – good. All you have to do to get it is sometimes listen to 'Dan from Spotify' (Spotify employees don't have surnames. It's the internet.) gently urge you to upgrade to Premium, and frankly you don't have to pay attention.

You can see the point of Spotify immediately though, and it hasn't had nearly as much hype as Twitter. And because it is obviously useful, it has nearly as many users already. I might be missing the point of Twitter, but good technology announces its function. A sharpened piece of flint makes you think it will be good for killing other cavemen. A Segway scooter makes you wonder what the fuck to do.

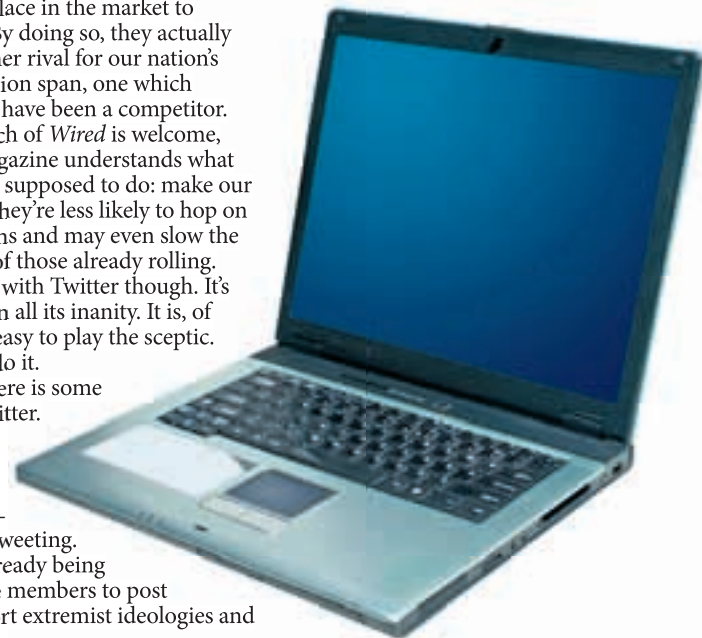
The popularity of the useless Twitter can be blamed – and someone should be

blamed – on the media. They missed out on Facebook and MySpace and were determined not to repeat the mistake. Twitter was perfect, as it does actually need to be explained, whereas the purposes of Facebook and MySpace are self-evident. As a result, 20% of all British tweeters are over 55 years old. They all read about the new sensation sweeping the nation's young and trendy. Except we weren't: we were all on Facebook, and still are.

Editors didn't really understand the technology, but were determined to push it at all costs, concerned about losing their place in the market to new media. By doing so, they actually created another rival for our nation's limited attention span, one which should never have been a competitor. The UK launch of *Wired* is welcome, since this magazine understands what technology is supposed to do: make our lives better. They're less likely to hop on to bandwagons and may even slow the momentum of those already rolling.

It's too late with Twitter though. It's here to stay, in all its inanity. It is, of course, very easy to play the sceptic. That's why I do it.

Perhaps there is some benefit in Twitter. According to a US army intelligence report, terrorists are now tweeting. "Twitter is already being used by some members to post and/or support extremist ideologies and



Declan Clancy



Worst Place in the World?

It's London

"I would rather start out somewhere small, like London" - Britney Spears.

Brilliant. I take back everything bad I've ever said about Britney Spears. She is a musical genius. Her children will grow up perfectly normal. She did lose her virginity at twenty-one.

Apparently unbeknownst to all of you living in the Greater London area, there are *other* places, and *other* people in Britain. And we're not overly fond of you. Nor are we fond of how so much of Britain is London-centric. Why are London Underground maps in the back of diaries? I don't see a page devoted to the Altrincham-Bury Metrolink. Oh, and the less said about the £9 billion the government is burning on the London Olympics the better. I could bloody well fund the Olympics if I had a pound for every time I've had to endure Londoners having 'hilarious chat' about how everything above the Watford Gap counts as 'the North'.

This ignorance is one of the most universal truths of Londoners: they have no comprehension of anything that exists outside that circle of hell which is the M25. Once, whilst in the scrum for Cindies entry, a fellow scholar and I exchanged a few choice words. Squaring up to a fight, he puffed out his chest and proudly declared: "Do you know where I'm

from? I'm from Brixton bruv." Was I really supposed to know where or what Brixton is? A couple of weeks later, a friend and I were discussing a few bands. He remarked that he was not a fan of a lot of artists because his delicate ears weren't fond of their "regional accents". I nearly choked on my steak and ale pie. Never mind my pint of Boddingtons Bitter. Pre-2004 vintage of course.

There's only one thing better than this mockery of regional accents: when Londoners attempt regional ac-

tion, but unavoidable biology. Those who live there just cannot grasp what to travel into London is for those of us who don't do it much.

First of all, to go to London is massive. It's scary and exciting. Before I last went I met a Londoner friend and mentioned I was going that night. "Oh, that'll be nice," he said. Nice? Nice has got nothing to do with it. This is a bloody adventure, a voyage of mammoth proportions. I'm going to this otherworldly place for the night. For the night? It's taken me three

revel in the fact we're getting the tube to Camden Town. I cannot hide my own delight at how cosmopolitan I am when I return home. "Yah, I've been in London. It's no big deal. Have you seen my Oyster Card?" (the necessary buy for any man who can count the number of times he's been to London on one hand).

I become a small, small boy in a big, big city, and it knocks me for six. As a loyal and proud Mancunian I'm loathe to emphasise any form of difference between how I react when I enter the two, but there is. And it's not just because I'm used to Manchester. I've been to Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, and they are not the same. London's overwhelming in the same way as New York is; two vast behemoths, domineering and alien.

Now this isn't me going soft and crossing the anti-London picket line. I still bloody hate the place, even more so for the fact that it does move me. To best explain it I can only return to the mentality of the nine-year-old once again. London is the girl in class who makes me feel a little bit weird, a little bit queasy. This in turn makes me more and more mean to her; I prod and poke her, throw mud in her eyes, snap her pencils. Yet, the second I'm finally alone with her, I flutter, panic, and go very weak at the knees.

"We're not overly fond of you Londoners"

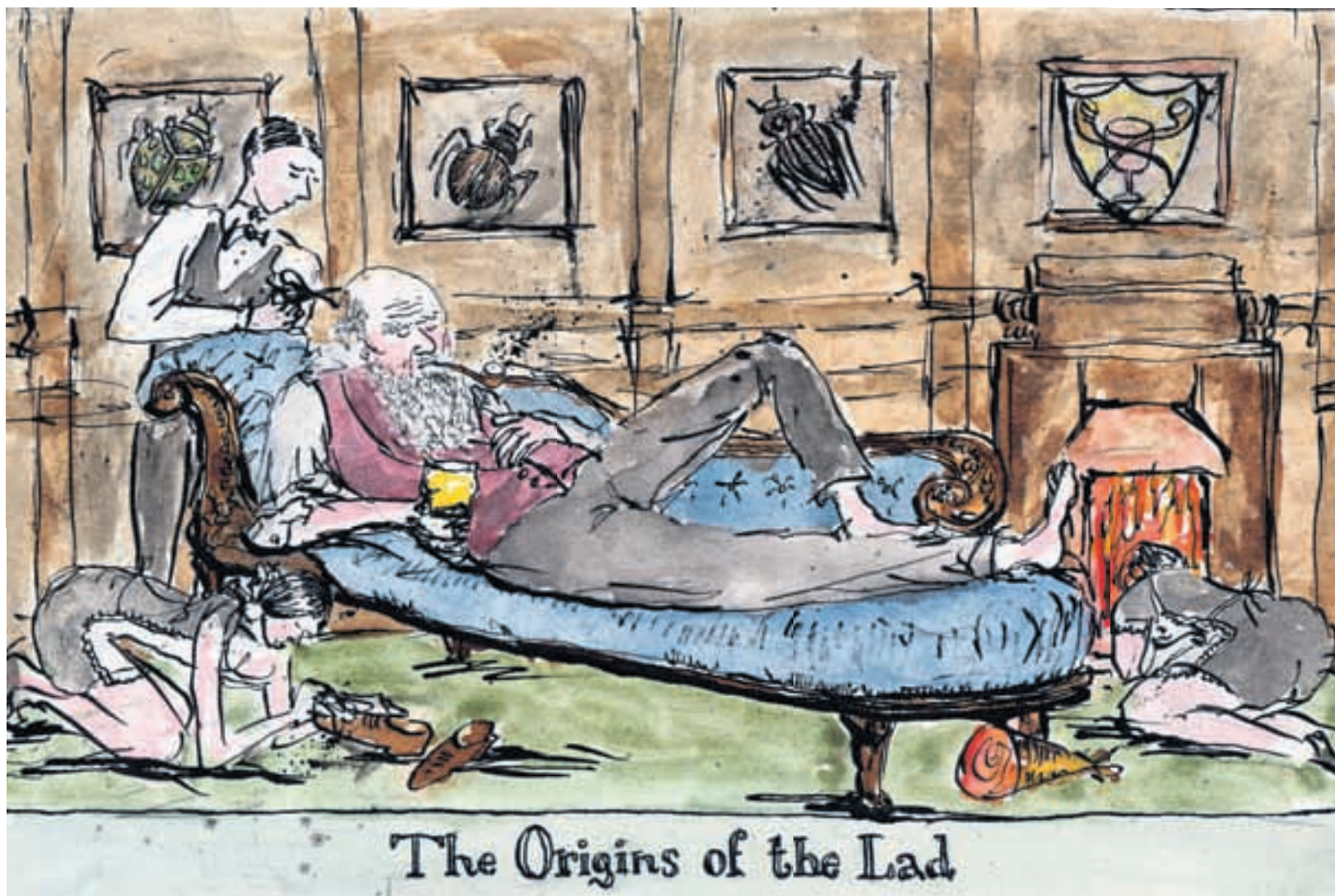
cents themselves. Mancunians become Scousers, Scousers become Scots, and Newcastle becomes nowhere.

And how do we sound? Well, to many Londoners, simple. The large majority of those living in the pristine shelter of the Greater London dialect cannot deny that their first response to a Northern accent is to think the person stupid.

All these things aside, here's the kicker, the real thing that grinds my gears about London. It's the feeling I get when I go there. Regardless of how much you hate the place, it exudes an undeniable magic. This is not affec-

weeks to mentally prepare for this trip and I'm only going for the night?

Once you finally work up the courage to go, there's that stir in the gut, and a rush of adrenalin. It's the actual length of the trip to get there, the sheer scale and size of the place, the buildings you catch a glimpse of as you arrive. I'm nine years old again, respiring on the glass, yearning to try and get the first sight of the places you see on TV. It's the street names, the street signs themselves. If the font is fascinating, the postcodes are riveting: Camden, Westminster, Pimlico! Londoners stare at me in confusion as I



Hugo
Schmidt

The Return to Areopagitica

Free speech is under threat again, this time from religion

The recent non-binding UN resolution 62/154 (prohibiting the offending of the religious) is the latest outrage against freedom of speech and opinion. It closely follows Canada's prosecution of Mark Steyn, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre discontinuing the play *Behtzi*, the barring of Geert Wilders from the United Kingdom, the hounding of Ayaan Hirsi Ali from the Netherlands, the blocking of Richard Dawkins's website in Turkey, and the slew of prosecutions against Oriana Fallaci in the months preceding her death.

The premise underlying all these can be stated as follows: "The opinions of some are offensive to others, and therefore these opinions' authors must be silenced." This mush is usually spiced with attempts to amalgamate discrimination by race with discrimination by religion.

The moral and logical offence should be obvious. Racism is an evil because human beings do not differ according to pigmentation. Yet they do differ vastly according to the content of their skulls, of which religion may be the most important example. This distinction was drawn by Dr King when he spoke of the day when men would be judged by the contents of their character and not the colour of their skin.

Criticism of religion is not merely a right. It is a responsibility. For all the resolution's loose talk about human understanding and ending 'hate', it is precisely religion that is the greatest source of blind, irrational human hatred. Whether the Christian doctrine of deicide, the Buddhist

support for Japanese Imperialism, the Hindu persecution of untouchables, or the various Islamic genocides in East Timor, Armenia, and Sudan (amongst others), religion is the greatest creator and intensifier of human hatred.

But let us have no false moral equivalence. All religions have histories of cruelty, but they are by no means equal or equivalent. It should come as no surprise that the religion pushing for this measure is the one most addicted to violence and bloodshed, and the one that is most willing to pursue censorship through extra-judicial threats and fatwas.

This resolution originates in a meeting held in Tehran, where mobs routinely use mushroom clouds as banners while calling for the annihilation of Israel, and whose president denies the last Holocaust while preparing for the next one. This self-same regime now pushes a document that asks in shocked indignation how anyone could associate Islam with violence – while cries of "The Jews to the gas!" rise not merely from the streets of Damascus, Qom and Riyadh, but in Amsterdam, Fort Lauderdale and Toronto.

I for one refuse to be spoken to like that. I reserve the right, not merely to say what I want, but, more importantly, to read what I want. This second half of free expression is very often forgotten, but nonetheless central to the classic texts on this matter (Milton's *Areopagitica* et al). If all mankind were agreed on the truth of a proposition, any single heretic's dissident opinion would be of utmost importance, because it might be right,

might contain some grain of truth, and would certainly force us to re-examine what we think we know. I have deepened my knowledge of evolutionary theory by debunking creationism, sharpened my understanding of the human species' unity by criticizing eugenics, and gained a deeper respect for the abolitionists by studying the arguments supporting slavery.

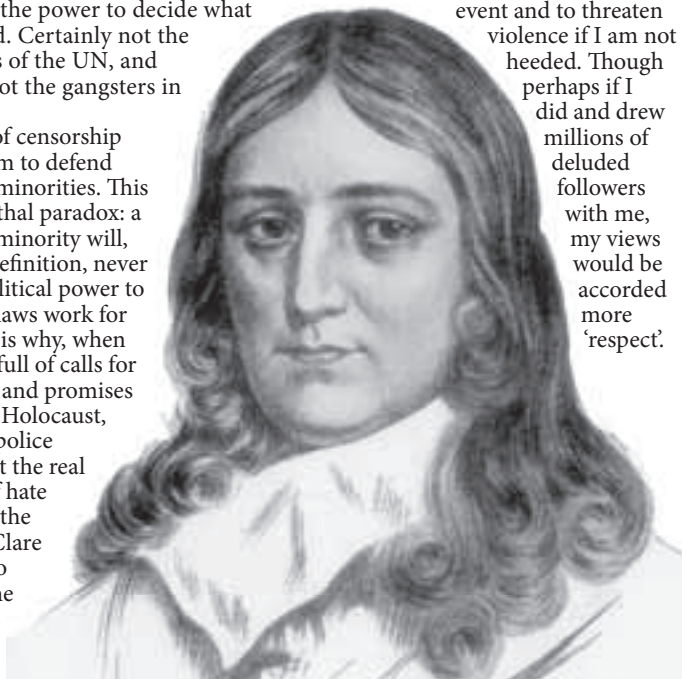
Even if this truth was mutable and there were some theoretical virtue in censorship, to whom will the power be given to decide what is and is not permissible? I cannot think of a single person, living or dead, to whom I would give the power to decide what I could read. Certainly not the bureaucrats of the UN, and definitely not the gangsters in Tehran.

Pushers of censorship usually claim to defend vulnerable minorities. This ignores a lethal paradox: a vulnerable minority will, almost by definition, never have the political power to make such laws work for them. This is why, when the air was full of calls for beheadings and promises of a second Holocaust, the British police decided that the real purveyor of hate speech was the student of Clare College who reprinted the cartoons at the centre of

the fuss. Similarly, when Channel Four's documentary *Undercover Mosque* detailed the calls for murder against Jews, Hindus and gays coming from mainstream mosques, the Crown Prosecution Service decided to prosecute the makers and not the imams.

As I would not be censored, I will not be a censor. Cambridge recently held an 'Experience Islam' week. Well, I happen to be deeply offended by the mendacious nonsense peddled at this event, the wholesale whitewash of oppression and genocide it promoted. I claim that right. I do not claim the

right to try and forbid the event and to threaten violence if I am not heeded. Though perhaps if I did and drew millions of deluded followers with me, my views would be accorded more 'respect'.



Spk yr brains

The Wit and Wisdom of the World Wide Web



Week 1: MPs' expenses

Nothing Gormless Clown and his motley mob do, except calling an election ASAP, will restore my confidence. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once".

oliver_cromwell, Glasgow

Of course it won't restore confidence. The horse has bolted, the pigs have their snouts in the trough and the cat is out of the bag.

Animal Farm - you better beieve it!!

maninthestreet, Cheltenham, UK

Seems that Christmas has come all at once.

irritated_jenny@hotmail.com

Snoughts im the trough limke novodys buysiness. It's a national disgrace the way they carry on./ i subscribe regularly to the guido fawkes blog and have been DIS-GUSTED utterly disgusted and sickl to my stomach with the behaviour of this little crowd, let by ther scots and mcbrown and mcpoison and his crew of numpties. They want to legalise homosexuality and take us back to the 50s as they rip out all that britain used to be in the victorian era: hard-working, proud of its heritage and with an empire that covered half the globe. i am sick to my elbows of this bejhaviour and will not let it continue. NOT IN MY NAME MR BLAIR if we're going to go to war with anyone y not go to war with the green lobby, based in scotland, who are telling us we cant drive or cars or make love to women anymore. sick sick sick a sad day for this country ps. I see oxbridge is alive and well.

honesttaxpayer, bedford

Rules are rules. they will now go to the EU court of human rights to protest, of course!

EnglishnotBritish (or european)

I remember when I was conducting an interview with a young girl called Tracey Playle and she said to me that she wanted to serve her country by becoming a Member of Parliament. She couldn't read Greek and didn't know who Hitler was so I let loose with a whirlwind of gender-based abuse and accused her of being a stupid little oik from Essex. She didn't deny it, running out of the room crying instead. Pathetic what girls are like in Blair's Britain today isn't it cf. Richard Littlejohn.

eg1000000000001@cam.ac.uk

Edit this paper

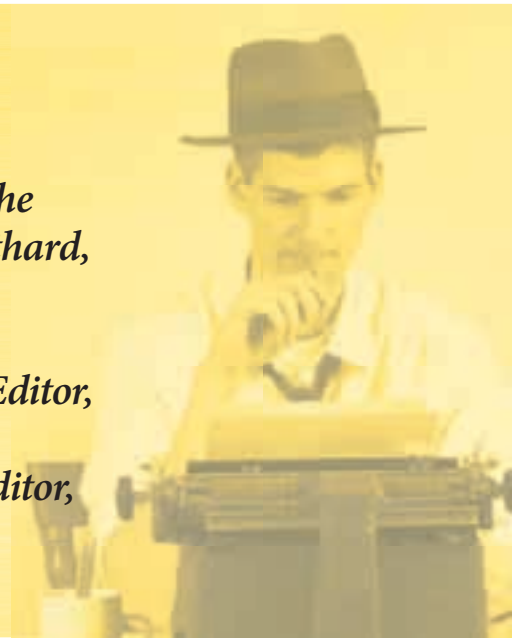
Applications are invited to edit Varsity in May Week or Michaelmas 2009, or to be a section editor.

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

The deadline for editorial applications is Monday April 27th. The deadline for section editor applications is Friday May 29th.

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MAGAZINE

THIS WEEK IN THE MAGAZINE: ISRAELI-PALESTINIAN RECONCILIATION / MARLOWE MASTERCLASS / ADC ANNIVERSARY / DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY / OFFENSIVE T-SHIRTS / A-Z SPRING FASHION

Photograph of the week by *Charlotte Runcie*



“It was one of the last really warm days of summer, and everyone had taken to the river. There were so many punts that there was a fairly solid traffic jam all the way from Trinity to the Mathematical Bridge, and a few unfortunate ducks had become trapped in the middle. Suddenly they flew up in the air. I like all of the different reactions on people’s faces in this photo, from amused to nervous to all out hands-in-front-of-your-face terror. And in the middle of it all are the punters, trying to steer everyone safely around each other, and the ducks making their escape.”

If you have a potential Photograph of the week, send it to features@varsity.co.uk



Saturday

Woke up this morning with the sun on my face and the cobblestones of my alfresco mattress digging into my back. I was awakened, not by my preferred method of a 9am urination that warms my legs as it rouses, but by a student trundling a suitcase over my feet. Oh. They’re back, are they? I felt this warranted a drink, so I expelled the remainder of last night’s port artfully onto my shoes, and dashed to the nearest vendor of a crisp vin blanc. Spent the rest of the day picking up cigarette ends in the Market Square and offering tourists erudite speeches on the architectural merits of Great St

Mary’s. The bounders didn’t seem all that interested.

Monday

In fifty years I’ve seen them come and go, these rosy-cheeked young whipper-snappers, and it never ceases to amaze me how wonderfully oblivious they are. This morning I took a walk through the Sidgwick Site, armed with an old *Big Issue* and a lovely vintage of Breu d’Especale. I brandished my tattered magazine at harrowed chaps emerging from one building only to scurry determinedly towards another. It was as if I wasn’t there.

I took up a perch on the steps of

the University Library and implored passers-by to throw away their books and bask in the sun with me. I was having difficulty getting my words out, however; I’m not sure I got my message across.

Wednesday

Saw Bertie today, and chased the cad down King’s Parade so I could cadge a few pennies for a lovely mellow whisky to go with the cigar end I’d found floating in the river. He pretended not to see me, so it took me five minutes to catch him thanks to the old gout. When I did he looked a dash embarrassed, and fobbed me off with a fiver.

Funny cove, Bertie. I remember when we played rugger together for the Corpus XV he was always the one to lead the charge, so to speak, in the post-match quaffing. He dashed away into College, mumbling something about a meeting. Jolly strange, really, that half a century after graduation we’re both still here: him as a professor, and me, the same old Percy who used to chuck pebbles at the library window when he was trying to revise.

Thursday

I spent today chucking pebbles at library windows where silly students were sitting hunched over their books,

trying to revise. Now and then I took a break from this important work for some liquid refreshment. Occasionally, a bleary face peered out at me and quickly looked away again despite the dance and song I would perform when this happened. Foolish young blackguards, all of them. If I had been in their position, fifty years ago, revising for some dreary exam in the College library, and had looked out to see a jolly old Percy cajoling me and singing about drink, and sun, and all the good things in life, I know what I would have done. *La vie est belle.*

* As told to Joe Hunter

NUTTY ADVENTURE (STARTS HERE): You are a bacon sandwich. A humanoid sarnie, it’s true, but a sarnie nevertheless. Anyway, you’re doing a spot of *leche-vitrine* on King’s Parade - eating fudge, and that - and you remember you’re peckish for a bit of real nosh. So you pop into the Eagle and ask for a steak. But the barman is having none of it. He points aggressively at a sign. It says: »p14 “We don’t serve food.” »p15 “Have you paid and displayed?”

Ed at large

HUNGOVER EDITOR-AT-LARGE ED CUMMING CRAWLS OFF THE BEATEN TRACK FOR A BLOODY MARY HANGOVER CURE AT B-BAR

The nocturnal exploits of Cambridge students are well-documented. In fact, alongside the latest CUSU ents scandal, and the occasional story about scientists inventing a pig which can lick its own bum, nightlife inspires more column inches than anything else about the University. Only last term a photo of a bikini- and cellophane-wrapped lovely drinking on her knees adorned the pages of some quite respectable newspapers, as well as the *Daily Telegraph*. This is a consequence of a broader rule, which is that the only thing that anyone's ever been interested in as entertainment is attractive people doing dangerous stuff.

And on the whole, Cambridge people are attractive. Not all of them, certainly, but the majority, compared to the world at large, which is a very ugly place. For anyone who doubts this, I recommend that the next time you are on a bus or a train with another Cambridge person, you conduct a short but lively experiment. In this experiment you imagine having sex with everyone on the bus, irrespective of gender, and try to count the number of people whom you would prefer to your current travelling partner. Very few, I predict. If you play this game a lot it becomes hazardous to travel, as you'll find yourself having to depart certain vehicles for fear of causing irreparable psychic damage. I was

once sat two rows behind John Virgo on the National Express to Luton and almost missed my plane.

And also, on the whole, drinking is dangerous. Newspapers are keen on the idea that the glamorous, hard-working, intelligent young people of the University also enjoy running around in their pants trying to kiss

but the failure of an enemy will always boost my soul.

All of which is rather a long way of getting to my point, which is that after these benders we students are entitled to feel a bit sorry for ourselves, though we should also remember, very quickly, that we're still better than everyone else in the



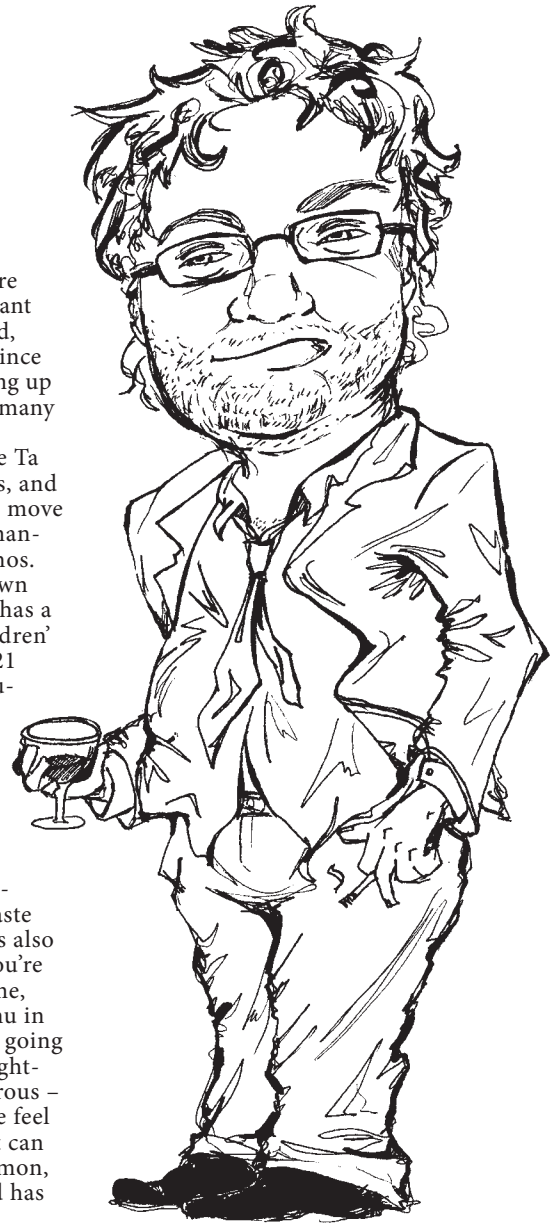
each other (with tongues), sleeping in bins, vomiting into their handbags and then eating a kilogramme of starchy cheese. They wring their hands with glee over hospital visits and brawls, revelling in the second (and related) fundamental human joy which is the failure of those more talented than you. Gore Vidal said that a piece of him died every time a friend of his succeeded, and the opposite is equally true. Maybe I'm a sad, petty little man,

country, and behave accordingly. The best way to achieve this is to have a huge, decadent and restorative meal, in which you talk loudly about what a good time you had last night and pity everyone that wasn't with you being attractive and dangerous too. This meal should include a Bloody Mary, several phone calls revealing minor scandal, the purchase of newspapers which remain unread and a pile of very unhealthy food.

Your choices in this regard are somewhat limited. You don't want a curry or a pizza. Toast is good, particularly with marmalade, since it tastes exactly the same coming up as it does going down, but not many places do marmalade.

Usually I find myself outside Ta Bouche in these circumstances, and then immediately afterwards I move inside Ta Bouche, where the manager nods and fetches the nachos. This week, however, I was drawn to B-Bar, opposite. This place has a refreshingly imposing 'no children' policy, with an age barrier of 21 that's very funny if you're a student, since it scythes through your group like the height limit at Alton Towers.

The place is like a temple to the hangover breakfast. It has a very high ceiling so you don't get a headache, and it also provides you with newspapers so you don't have to waste your money on them. Since it's also a bar, you get the sense that you're revisiting the scene of the crime, as well as the best brunch menu in town and wireless internet for going on YouTube. I'd never go at night-time – it's probably too dangerous – but in the morning it made me feel very attractive. Anywhere that can do that with some smoked salmon, some eggs and some hot bread has got to be worth a visit.



You'll Never Eat Alone



Who needs to cook during the exam term? You – kitchen facilities permitting – for a number of reasons.

Firstly, this is definitely a term to eat adequately, and eat well. Don't rely on acid reflux to provide you with all your vital nutrients.

Secondly, revision imposes its own circadian rhythms on us all, and the likelihood is that at some point these rhythms are not going to coincide with subsidised halls, picturesque cafés, or even the opening times of any notable national supermarket.

Thirdly, it has to be said: there are just occasional, brief periods between April and June in which you may not want to revise. For those moments when *Shackling The Queen: An Inquiry into Bee Gender* just seems a bit too much, cooking a mighty pot of deliciousness is a productive method of procrastination, and will save you time over the remainder of the week.

So what to eat? One-Pot Wonders (not noodles) are actually a relatively smart choice during revision, insofar as they take minimal effort, can be reheated endlessly, and are likely to provide the complex carbohydrates conducive to maintaining concentration at the desk for long hours. No complaints from the Atkins camp, for

students can't live on cheese alone.

It seems a little churlish to give you my favourite recipe for a heartwarming soup/stew/casserole/curry given that you probably have several anyway, but you may be wondering how to keep it interesting over several meals.



As with an essay that on repeat reading seems to become progressively more bereft of original thought, the solution is spin-doctor simple: sex it up. I like to keep a few ingredients on hand throughout the term – some yoghurt, citrus, an enormous bunch of herbs from the market and some monstrously fierce chilli chutney.

Reheat bowl of magnificent soup/stew/casserole/curry in microwave, sex it up, add a generous handful of salad, fruit and hey presto! An appetizing meal in exactly four minutes.

Alternating with noodles, pasta, rice, steamed vegetables and flat bread (laffa, pitta, naan) will provide some much needed relief from your monotonous schedule. What more could you ask for? (Apart from a ceasefire from the endless Tripos cannons. Or possibly world peace. Whatever.)

There is one other thing that springs to mind. One of the true calamities of exam scheduling during early summer is that some of the greatest feelgood local produce one could think of – fresh asparagus, tangy rhubarb, and those cherries in which any of us could happily eat our own bodyweight – are practically gone by May Week, and I would urge you to take an hour to remind yourself of the season, even if the idyllic spring sunshine doesn't prevail.

Reason four for cooking during the exam term: sometimes, in spite of everything else you should be doing, it can make you feel inordinately happy. Which Twixes at your desk can't. Don't stew in silence, get some friends and do it collectively.

There are, while we are on the subject of advice, other pastimes to kick start your serotonin in the exam filled times. Chiefly sex, really rowdy sex with a cherry on top, but I'll leave that to the sex columnist.

HOURS SPENT IN SOLITUDE? RICHARD DORRELL MAKES SURE THAT YOU'LL HAVE CUPBOARD LOVERS TO SOFTEN THE EXAM TERM LONELINESS

Sudanese Potatoes

Serves 4

True to much East African food, this is substantial, aggressively spiced, and very difficult not to eat. Even the busiest of revisers will be able to find the ingredients locally, as garam masala is sold in most shops on the Mill Road.

2 tbsp oil
2 large red onions, coarsely chopped
1 bulb (in its entirety) of garlic, broken into cloves
4 large – jacket size – potatoes, diced in 1-inch chunks
2 tins tomatoes
4 red chillies, finely chopped
3 tbsp garam masala
A spoon to mix it all up with
Probably a bowl
Seasoning
1 bag spinach, washed
Yoghurt or feta cheese, and limes, to serve

Fry the onions in the oil for three minutes; add the garlic, and cook for a further two. Add all of the remaining ingredients other than the spinach, yoghurt and lime; add water to cover, and simmer for upwards of one hour, until the potatoes begin to collapse into the sauce. Stir in the spinach. Serve topped with a squeeze of lime juice, and either a spoonful of yoghurt or a few cubes of feta.

Summery Rhubarb Thing

Serves 4

This is to remind you that good times await those who complete the term. Kewra water is an extract of the pandan tree (the larger brother of the monkey-puzzle tree), and is easily obtainable from any Asian supermarket; if you do not wish to make the trip, either substitute with something else fragrant or leave it entirely.



4 sticks of rhubarb, sliced into 1 inch lengths
2 limes
1 orange
2 tbsp demerara sugar
1 tbsp kewra water

Place the rhubarb in a casserole dish; sprinkle with sugar and squeeze over the citrus juice. Place under a hot grill for five minutes until the rhubarb is tender but still retains its shape; alternatively, two minutes in the microwave should suffice. Stir in kewra water, and smile.

NUTTY ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): Indeed, it says, "We don't serve food." That's exactly what it says. But this is obviously un peu ambiguous. Do the coves at The Eagle mean that they no longer maintain an Aga? Or do they still have Agas, but would rather not use them to nourish humanoid bacon sarnies, such as your good self? »p16 Agas are out. »p17 They just don't sell food.

What the Folk?

UNABLE TO FIND ANYONE TO GO TO THE CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL WITH HIM, ROB PEAL ASKS WHY ENGLISH FOLK MUSIC MAKES PEOPLE CRINGE

There are many reasons to be envious of the Irish. They are charming, they are witty, and they have an accent so amiable that even if they're violently abusive it still makes you feel warm and fuzzy inside. There are fewer reasons to be envious of the Americans, but nonetheless they do have deep-pan pizzas, Barack Obama and *The Wire*.

However, one overriding reason for the English to be jealous of these two nations is their traditional music. Both Irish and American folk music have amalgamated with pop and come out the other side as fresh and healthy as ever, which is far more than can be said for their English counterpart. English folk seems to be unable to pull itself out of the connotations of lame rural innocence and warbling simpletons.

Type
Ewan
McColl
into



YouTube and you will see what I mean.

Most English artists from the last few decades who have claimed the mantle of 'folk' – such as Nick Drake, Davy Graham and more recently Jonny Flynn – have in fact been playing a version of American folk. There are currently artists such as Seth Lakeman and Bellowhead who attempt to record authentic English folk music which is palatable to pop sensibilities. However, there remains something essential to their sound that makes the majority of music fan's toes curl. Irrelevant of their quality, play these songs to your friends and you will be met with a reaction akin to admitting that you attend *Star Trek* conventions. Basically, English folk is hopelessly uncool.

Why should this be? Americans remain hip while revelling in a folk tradition stretching from Woodie Guthrie and Bob Dylan all the way to the Fleet Foxes and Lambchop today. Similarly, the Irish have the Pogues, Susan Sharon and Damien Dempsey as popular modern providers of traditional tunes. But embracing English traditions would be musical suicide for any English pop musician. This thought first occurred to me a few years back when I heard that folk singer Sufjan

Stevens was planning to write an album inspired by each of the fifty states of America. Can you imagine Laura Marling claiming that she planned to do the same with English counties, starting with an evocation of poaching eels in Lincolnshire before moving on to an elegy to Somerset cider-presses? It just sounds absurd.

Perhaps this is just a symptom of a wider trouble that the English are perennially uncomfortable with celebrating their national heritage. It could be a sense of collective guilt for England's blemished history that makes its current inhabitants so unsure about how to treat its traditions. This would ring true with the often repeated observation that, while the English are more than happy to dye their hair green and down pints of Guinness on Paddy's day, we are uncomfortably confused by how to spend St George's day. What music would you put on the jukebox – Chas & Dave?

Maybe this is just making excuses for the fact that English folk music is, and always has been, fundamentally rubbish. But I have my suspicions. The reception of art depends so much on preconceived ideas of taste that music will always be judged more on its connotations than its innate quality. So until it gets rid of connotations of fat, bearded sandal-wearers who drink real ale and learn Tolkien by rote, English folk music will remain a minority pursuit.

THE CAMBRIDGE INVADER

MISSION: TO DELVE INTO CAMBRIDGE'S SECRET ORIFICES
WEEK 1: TRINITY COLLEGE BAR

I've heard that you can walk from Cambridge to Scotland without ever leaving land owned by Trinity. Or is it France? I'm pretty sure they own the Channel Tunnel, anyway. I applied to my College by mistake, and ever since I have regarded the huge edifice next door with greedy eyes.

"It's so big," I whisper as I walk past each day; "So powerful." It's got a statue of Henry VIII over the gate, and he was a fat man who liked a drink.

The bar invasion was a must. It had to happen eventually. Not because it would be hard, or even very interesting, but because I had to see the beast from the inside. I imagined a vast, palatial hall, long tables, and golden goblets hoisted aloft by hundreds of merry Trinitarians.

It would be an adventure, I decided as I made my approach along Trinity Street, even to find the bar in so vast a place. The prospect of questing through the dark and silent College thrilled me strangely. When I met H outside the gate, however, she informed me primly of the exact location of the watering hole, having looked it up beforehand on the internet.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that," I declared as we entered the expanse of Great Court.

All in vain, however. Yes: it seems that knowing the precise whereabouts of a prospective drink turns me into a homing pigeon these days, and presently we were standing guiltily outside a locked door, our minor-college cards not containing the right electronic juice to get us inside. Soon enough an unnervingly polite man of indeterminate age and fashion sense let us in, and I beheld the scene.

The place was small, quite small, and virtually empty. Sure, they had the kit (TVs and games tables) and free magazines, but this bar was ugly as sin with a large piece of highly questionable artwork on one wall and shit-coloured chairs carefully arranged at strange angles. I was blinded by the over-bright lighting, deafened by the over-loud music, and in a state of great perturbation lurched over to the bar and asked for wine. In my confusion I forgot to look like a native, but the barman didn't blink. This College is so gigantic, I thought, he probably doesn't recognise anyone in here. I bet

he sleeps in here after closing time in preference to spending several hours trying to find his room again.

It was only when H and I sat down with our wine that the paranoia started to creep over me. This place was just too damn small – and what was with the weird watercolour on the label of the college white? Looked like something aimed at placating tourists to me. H murmured to me about how young everybody else in the room looked. I slapped the table.

"You're right," I fumed, "they look like fucking sixth-formers." I could smell conspiracy, and I was incensed; but a few faces turned towards us, so I quietened down.

"This isn't the REAL bar," I hissed at H, "this must be some place they fob outsiders off with."

The real place had to be somewhere else, I thought, underground probably, and these strangely youthful people must be social rejects and outsiders excluded from the proper venue. I would be damned if I was going to be one of them. We drank quickly and returned to our own College bar. It felt like coming home.



Competition adc theatre

Each week we set a different creative writing exercise. The person who submits the winning entrance has their story printed in the next week's *Varsity*, and is rewarded with two free tickets to an ADC Theatre show.

Final competition: An exercise by John Gardner: A man is waiting at a bus stop. He has just learned that his son has died violently. Describe the setting from the man's point of view without telling your reader what has happened. How will the street look? What are the sounds? Odours? Colours? What will his clothes feel like?

Winner:

There is a man and a woman. The woman is wearing a black coat with a tight band around the waist. The man is lost in the bus timetable which is nailed to the side of the shelter. It is a brittle cold day near the end of the week and the air smells slightly sweet, like liquorice. It is very quiet and the flecked tarmac of the road is unrelenting.

I see that the number eighteen stops here three times a day.

There has been snow at some point and the ground is compact and unyielding. The air is still – so still that the woman's breath makes smoke that curls in on itself and hangs in the air like fog on a windowpane. The cheap thin plastic sheet protecting the bus timetable is fogged as well, although there is a small patch where the man has wiped the condensation away. He can see through that small patch alone the writing on the timetable clearly.

It is printed in Times New Roman in red and white in six columns. I think that the different columns correspond to the different buses.

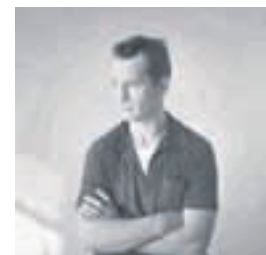
Although still, the air is cold and it numbs the hands of the man. He is wearing corduroy trousers which are a bit ridiculous – out of fashion and too thin. His feet look strangely small. The woman is wearing heavy black gloves. The tendrils of mist from her mouth drift terribly slowly across the empty shelter. It is sometime in the afternoon and the light is very vivid, as if the scene is carved in relief.

I think I understand it now: each bus follows its own schedule. If you run down the correct column, you can see exactly when your bus will arrive.

Sean Lovett

SPECIAL EASTER CREATIVE WRITING FUN ZONE

Pick out the similarities (there are at least ten) between the following two pictures, and you could win two cases of *Varsity* wine. E-mail funzone@varsity.co.uk with your answers.



SPRING FASHION A-Z

A IS FOR ASYMMETRIC



B ALMAIN



CROP TOPS



D



E BAY:
NEON LIFE VINTAGE
THE FAMILY VINTAGE
LULLIE VINTAGE CLOTHING



F RINGING



G REY
ARDENS



H IGH
WAISTS



I SABEL
MARANT



J ELLIES



K EDS



L IBERTY PRINT SHIRTS



M ICHELLE
OBAMA



N AILS:
LEOPARD PRINT
OR HEAVY
METALS



O UTNET.COM



P LAY SUITS



Q UICKSAND
BY LA ROUX



R ODARTE



S HOULDER
PADS



T IE DYE



U P-TURNED
CUFFS



V IOLET
EYES



W ILLIAMSON
FOR H&M



X - STRAPS



Y EAH
EAH
EAHS



Z IS FOR
IPS



THE VARSITY WEEK

THE COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE NEXT SEVEN DAYS

Theatre

Friday 24th

Dan Atkinson & Andy Zaltzman

The Junction: 8pm, (£10-£12)
Catch two comedic corkers from the 2008 Edinburgh Festival coming to Cambridge for one very special night only.

Sunday 26th

Rapunzel & The Tower of Doom

The Junction: 11am and 2pm, (£5-£9)
In this daring new adaptation of everyone's favourite fairy tale Rapunzel is bald, on account of which the Prince is forced to use a ladder to climb up the tower.

Antigone

Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio: 10pm (free)
Did you wake up this morning to find yourself thinking that you wanted something that was simultaneously Greek, tragic and free? Well, you know where to go. Runs until Sunday 26th (except Saturday 25th).

Tuesday 28th

English Touring Opera

Arts Theatre: 7.30pm (£15-£30)
Have you always wanted to see *The Magic Flute* by Mozart and *Katya Kabanova* by Janáček in one evening? Now is your chance - you can catch one after the other at the Arts Theatre until Saturday May 2nd.

Wednesday 29th

Sweet Charity

ADC: 7.45pm, Saturday matinee 2.30pm (£8-£10)
A musical that follows a girl on her quest for the man of her dreams. Includes the song 'I Like to Cry at Weddings'. Need I say more? Runs until Saturday May 2nd.

A Play: On Words

ADC: 11pm (£4-£6)
A medley of darkly comic short plays, including a piece of new writing, an unfinished Jane Austen and a devised mime. Something for everyone then. Runs until Saturday May 2nd.

Music & Nightlife

Friday 24th

Noise Ensemble

Corn Exchange: 7.30pm (£16.50)
Spectacular drumming ensemble bring their rhythmic assault, tour-honed at Glastonbury and London's South Bank, to Cambridge.

Tuesday 28th

Lloyd Cole

The Junction 2: 8pm (£17 adv.)
Back in the 80s, Lloyd Cole and the Commotions were founders of the college rock genre, along with R.E.M. et al. Now Cole is doing a solo tour of the country, stopping at the Junction tonight. Insert joke about causing a commotion here.



Cambridge Band Competition 2009 - Heat 3

Corn Exchange: 7pm (£5)
Four more of Cambridge's finest move ever closer to taking home top honours in this year's competition.

Thursday 30th

Whole Lotta Led

The Junction 1: 8pm (£11 adv.)
Given the thumbs up by Jimmy Page, the leading Led Zep tribute band celebrate the 40th anniversary of *Led Zeppelin I* by performing the album in full. Guaranteed to leave you dazed and confused.

Art & Classical

Ongoing Exhibitions

Fitzwilliam Museum (free):

- **Changing faces:** Anthony Van Dyck as an etcher (until May 31st)
- **The Immortal Stone** - Chinese jades (until May 31st)
- **Kachōfūgetsu** - the natural world in Japanese prints (until May 17th)

Kettle's Yard (free):

- **David Ward:** *Slow Time* (until May 10th, see our review p27)
- **Museum of Arch and Anth (free):**
- **Assembling Bodies:** Art, Science and Imagination (until May 30th)
- **Pouhaki:** Historic Maori Flagpole
- **Botanic Garden (free):**
- **Carnivores:** *Plants That Bite Back* (until December 31st, see Pick of the Week)

Friday 24th

Harpsichord recital

Robinson College Chapel: 6.30pm (free)
Bobby Maguire performs seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French keyboard music.

Sunday 26th

Fitzwilliam Quartet 40th Anniversary Concert

Fitzwilliam College Auditorium: 8pm (£4-£12)
A celebration of four decades of outstanding chamber music-making.

Oliver Coates

Kettle's Yard: 12pm (£4-£6)
Coates, who splits his time between performing with Massive Attack and the London Sinfonietta, performs works for cello and electronics, including a newly-commissioned piece by David Fennessy.

Tuesday 28th

Fitzwilliam Museum Sculpture Promenade

Fitzwilliam Museum lawns fronting Trumpington Street (free)
New outdoor exhibition at the Fitz. See Pick of the Week.

Talks & Events

Friday 24th

Cambridge Wordfest 2009

Various locations, times and prices
Cambridge's four-day literary festival started yesterday and runs until Sunday 26th. Andrew Motion will make an appearance in his last week of tenure as Poet Laureate, David Starkey will be discussing Henry VIII and there's a celebration of Newnham College's contributions to the literary world. For details go to www.cambridgewordfest.co.uk.



Poetry Reading at Queens'

Bowett Room, Queens' College: 8pm (free)
The Dial Society presents readings from contemporary poets Ian Patterson and Tom Raworth.

Tuesday 28th

Perdika Press

Old Combination Room, Trinity College: 8pm (free)
See our review of the Press's reading at Catz in Varsity last term - this event will be featuring more work from the modern poetry publishing house, with readers including Mario Petrucci, Peter Brennan and Jacqui Rowe.

Thursday 30th

'Shooting War: Ethics in Conflict Photography'

Upper Hall, Peterhouse: 5.30pm (free)
Gary Knight, conflict photographer and co-editor of *Dispatches*, the new quarterly journal, will give a talk showing his work as well as that of fellow photographer Yuri Kozyrev.

Film

In The Loop

Arts Picturehouse: (daily) 11.45am (Sun only), 2.10pm (except Sun/Wed), 4.30pm (except Sat/Sun), 6.45pm (except Fri/Wed), 9.10pm (except Mon), 11.30pm (Fri/Sat only)
Sharp political satire from the writers behind *Alan Partridge*. See review p27.

I Love You, Man

Vue: (daily) 12.30pm (Fri and Mon/Tues only), 3pm (not Weds/Thurs), 5.30pm (not Weds/Thurs), 8pm (not Weds/Thurs), 9.20pm (Weds/Thurs only), 10.30pm (Fri/Sat only), 11.45pm (Weds only)
Expect plenty of guy humour and faux-awkwardness about male intimacy in this comedy featuring Paul Rudd going on 'man dates' to find a best man for his wedding. Watch out for Andy 'I'm On A Boat' Samberg in a supporting role.

State of Play

Arts Picturehouse: (daily) 12.15pm (not Tue-Thu), 3pm (not Tue), 5.45pm (not Mon/Tue), 8.30pm, 11.15pm (Fri/Sat only)
Tues only: 11.00am, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm
Another adaptation of a TV series. This time there's an investigative journalist, a suspicious Congressman, a series of brutal murders and Russell Crowe, fat.

The Boat That Rocked

Vue: (daily) 12.40pm, 3.30pm, 6.30pm
Everything's golden, well, until a leak develops, in another Richard Curtis feel-good flick, this time about some '60s pirate radio DJs. If you think naming a character Twatt is funny, snap up some tickets now.

St. John's Film

Sunday 26th: 7pm and 10pm
Slumdog Millionaire

Thursday 30th: 9pm
Rear Window



Fitzwilliam Museum Sculpture Promenade

Tues 28th - Jan 31st 2010
Fitzwilliam Museum lawns fronting Trumpington Street (free)
The nearly year-round outdoor exhibition of modern sculpture, featuring work from members of the Royal British Society of Sculptors, opens this week. Acclaimed artist Helaine Blumenfeld has helped to select the pieces, including pieces by David Begbie, Richard Fenton and Diane Maclean.



Carnivores: plants that bite back and other Darwin discoveries

Until Dec 31st
Botanic Garden, 1 Brookside: 10am - 6pm (£3 - £4.50)
Carnivorous plants were one of Darwin's life-long botanical studies - this stunning new display features everything from Pitcher Plants to Venus Fly Traps. Plus, if the weather stays nice, what better way to enjoy Cambridge in the sunshine than strolling around the grounds?





The Deal with Stephen Frears

DIRECTOR AND TRINITY ALUMNUS STEPHEN FREARS DOESN'T WATCH FILMS AT HOME, BUT HE WATCHED LOTS OF PALIN YOUTUBE VIDEOS DURING THE ELECTION. HE TELLS TOM MORRIS THAT ASPIRING DIRECTORS SHOULD RECONSIDER THEIR CAREER GOALS

If you want to become a director, study economics," says Stephen Frears, not for the first time, during our interview last term. "It's all economics now," he goes on; "cheap films are the best to make, the real danger is in excess. As soon as you take on a big budget, you also take on a lot of stakeholders who all want a say. I've never found big budgets helpful."

Frears is a man who is fiercely protective of his creative process, and has made a catalogue of small, interesting films. Some were for television, some for the cinema, some made big splashes, others were largely unnoticed. *My Beautiful Laundrette*, with Daniel Day-Lewis, was his breakthrough project, and gave him the clout necessary to pull Glenn Close, John Malkovich and Michelle Pfeiffer for *Dangerous Liaisons* in 1988. From there he went on to a bit of success with *The Grifters*, a bit

you all these tapes, but it's the wrong time of year because you're so sick of these bloody films by the time these awards have gone through that the last thing you want to do is see one of the bloody things." What about TV? "Not really." YouTube? "Well, I did watch a lot of Sarah Palin videos during the election."

Frears has often worked in both film and television simultaneously, sometimes moving the same project between the two as budgets and expectations change. When I asked about the differences between filming *The Deal* and *The Queen*, he explained that the he'd intended the latter to be a television project as well, but the budget was too big to make it a viable prospect on the small screen. "I thought 'oh blimey, I better somehow flex my muscles', and I remember sticking in a helicopter shot to give it a bit of oomph."

"PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS GIVING ME A RING AND SAYING 'I'VE GOT JUST THE KIND OF THING THAT YOU'LL LIKE' AND I THINK 'WELL YOU'RE SMARTER THAN ME BECAUSE I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT I LIKE'."

of a failure with *Mary Reilly*, a shiny Hollywood film with *High Fidelity*, the grungy British film *Dirty Pretty Things*, and most recently the tag-team of *The Deal* and *The Queen*.

Do big famous directors still have time to watch films? "Only in the cinema, never at home... This is a terrible thing to say, but I'm more and more interested in my own work. They send

"You shoot on a wider sort of canvas, and the frame has more detail in it... but really it's the subject matter that has to be big enough to justify the scale."

Since he has a relatively eclectic back catalogue, it's difficult to pigeon hole Frears into a single genre, or even a group of genres, but are there any which he would never touch? "Sci-Fi, or anything with lots of visual effects,"

is the disappointing answer, since I rather liked the idea of a space-bound period-dressed epic about gay royal audiophile con artists.

When asked whether the success of *The Queen* had increased his power in Hollywood, he said, "Well I know how the world works, but I don't think that those things are necessarily the advantages you imagine. In other words, you're just given more room to make a fool of yourself. In my experience, because I've been very lucky, the raising of the money has never been a problem, it's always been finding good material that's the real challenge. I don't know that anyone else in the world would say that, but I would."

Frears credits some of his best work to having just stumbled across good scripts. "I just walk around and then someone sends me something and then I discover that it just lights up the inside of my head, but it's completely random and capricious. People are always giving me a ring and saying 'I've got just the kind of thing that you'll like' and I think 'well you're smarter than me because I've got no idea what I like.'"

Despite his best intentions, Frears admits to a bit of jealousy when he sees one of the actors he's worked with getting stuck into their next project. "I remember Dan Day-Lewis, who did *Laundrette*, and next time I saw him his hair was dark, and I felt awful, like he'd dumped me or something, when of course he was just playing another part, but it was very very shocking. You can't not be interested really." When I asked in particular

about Glenn Close, an actress he has famously worked with twice, and her recent success in *Damages*, he credits her as being "great, terrific". Would he ever consider making a high-budget high-profile mini-series if he could find an interesting project? "Yeah, I'd definitely do the pilot for one, happily."

So what does the future hold for a British director who isn't Danny Boyle? "I'm looking at films. A film set in Hawaii. There's a big British film, a little eccentric British film, which in a sense is just about British social life. These are all the things that I'm wrestling with at the moment, because you're always thinking 'if I do this, will I end up in the wrong place?'"

Right, I definitely needed to fire off a serious, arty, question, the kind you might hear on *Newsnight Review*, asked by a 'writer and broadcaster' with their head tipped slightly to one side: "How does your vision for a film at the start of the project typically compare to the finished article?" "I don't think I have a vision." Oh dear. "You read things and you think, oh,

these characters are wonderful. Like when I read the script to *Liaison*, I just thought, 'I wish I could spend the rest of my life with these characters, it's so wonderful, like a Hitchcock film'. When I read *Laundrette* I thought 'well this is paradise'. So it's a much more in-articulate thing. I just think this world I'm reading about is fantastic and entertaining and complete and coherent. I remember my wife, she was lying in bed and I brought home an early cut of *The Queen* and she said, 'well I could spend the rest of my life watching this, it's so funny.'"

Is there any way I can spin this interview into a comment on the Credit Crunch? Well here goes: in a previous life as a Cambridge student, Stephen Frears studied law at Trinity, and says he was "rejected by all the recruiting television companies, so that I thought my life was over, when really I was just getting started." Also, he lives in London, and house prices have fallen a bit there recently.

Finally, any advice to an aspiring director? "Don't... other people are a nightmare."

Nothing to Frears but Frears Himself

1941	Born in Leicester
1960	Comes up to Cambridge to read Law at Trinity
1972	Release of Frears' first film, <i>Gumshoe</i>
1985	Draws acclaim as director of <i>My Beautiful Laundrette</i> for Channel 4
2006	Release of Frears' most recent film, <i>The Queen</i>

NUTTY ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): Yup. "Fack off," the barman says. "Fack right off. We don't serve sarnies like you." You take umbrage. "I am not a sarnie," you explain. "I am a humanoid sarnie." But the fellow is having none of it: "I DON'T CARE HOW OLD YOU ARE. ONCE A SARNIE, ALWAYS A SARNIE." You need to sort him out. »p22 Smear him back. »p28 Take it on the chin.

Academy Man

CHARLES SAUMAREZ SMITH, LACONIC DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, TELLS LAURA FREEMAN WHAT HE'D MOST LIKE TO STEAL FROM HIS OWN COLLECTION

Charles Saumarez Smith, director of the Royal Academy, is a man who chooses his words with care. He uses the words 'balance', 'stability', and 'consistency' six times apiece in a twenty-five minute interview. This is not the Saumarez Smith I have been expecting. A trawl of the online newspapers yields descriptions of him as a 'fop', 'flamboyant' and a 'fine art dandy'. But today he is thoughtful, measured, guarded even.

Perhaps he has learnt caution. His PR team certainly seem anxious. On the morning of our interview I receive e-mails from two separate members of the press office requesting a list of the questions I propose to ask. When I don't reply immediately (I'm on the train), a third arrives. A fourth advises that the Head of Press will be joining the interview. She arrives late and takes a seat – a silent and stately golem. Her presence is admonitory: watch what you say, she seems to warn.

Saumarez Smith isn't giving much away. Even on personal matters he is cautious. When asked if he has fond memories of Cambridge (from which he graduated with a double first in History of Art) he replies: "I enjoyed doing History of Art... and I liked King's..." He trails off, gives it a moment's further thought and concludes,

"Yes. I did like it." He approaches post-graduate life in similarly laconic fashion. "I was of a generation," he tells me, "where there was very little pressure to think about what one was going to do." Following a Henry Fellowship at Harvard, an MLitt, a PhD, and a research fellowship, he modestly considered himself at the age of twenty-six "sufficiently well qualified" to set about

"MUSEUM DIRECTORS USED TO BE SUPER-CURATORS – NOW THEY'RE FINANCIAL MANAGERS"

looking for jobs. He recalls the "drying up" of academic jobs in the early 1980s and the creeping realisation that "the writing was on the wall" as far as university posts were concerned. His job search yielded eight openings: six at the department of History of Art at the University of Perth, one in Sydney, and two closer to home at the National Gallery and the V&A. "I didn't expect to get it," he says of the V&A post, "but I got it."

He claims he was never a "conventional curator". Never a back-room cataloguer, his career has put him in the glare of the media spotlight, first as director of the National Portrait Gallery, then as director of the National Gallery, and now at the Royal Academy. His reticence today may be attributed to his departure from the National amidst press speculation; the *Evening Standard* in particular was partial to picking over the details, suggesting that all was not well between Saumarez Smith and the Gallery's Board of Trustees.

For all that the interview feels like a Pinter play, full of long pauses and thoughtful silences, I warm to Saumarez Smith. He doesn't do soundbites, or glib, media-friendly vox pops. His cautious and subtle choice of words is evidence of thirty years' turning over in his mind of the challenges of the modern museum: the conflict between blockbuster crowd-pleasers and exhibitions which appeal to the academic turn of mind; the ever-pressing issue of government funding and the obligation that galleries face to meet the dictates of arts policy.

The thorny problem of funding clearly occupies a lot of his time and energy. He observes that museum directors "used to be 'super-curators'

– now they are financial managers". He uses the phrase "economic imperative" several times. At the government-funded National, he spent "quite a lot of time following and responding to arts policy. I realise that [now] more than I did at the time." I ask if he saw arts policy as a constraint. He gives it a moment's thought, and replies, "It's a benefit having the cheque". It's a characteristically diplomatic response.

The role of the museum in society also occupies his thoughts. He laughs heartily when I mention that Tate Modern has been accused of being a superannuated crèche. He worries that the museum has become a "venue," citing the "ace-caff-with-quite-a-nice-museum-attached" problem.

I finish with a hypothetical question: if he could have anything from the Royal Academy collection, what would he take? He thinks carefully, considering the practicalities, and decides on a group of small Constable sketches. Nothing big, nothing flashy, nothing too heavy to carry, but something small enough to spirit out of the building without his watchful staff noticing.



All-Star ADC Reunion

THIS EASTER, THE ADC INDULGED IN SOME PRETTY SERIOUS SELF-CONGRATULATION. BUT THEN, THEY HAVE A LOT TO CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES FOR, SAYS JOEL MASSEY



At the start of the Easter holidays, the ADC Theatre gathered alumni and students together to celebrate, well, a veritable smorgasbord of noble themes: the University's 800th anniversary, the completion of the Theatre's redevelopment, the role of drama in undergraduate life, and the contribution of Cambridge alumni to British entertainment, to name a few.

It was a cracking evening. We were treated to highlights of most of last term's biggest shows – *Match of the Day* for Lent Term drama, if you like. The Gilbert and Sullivan Society, European Theatre Group, CU Musical Theatre Society, Footlights, Marlowe Society and CU Amateur Dramatic Club all performed in front of an audience that included Prince Edward, Germaine Greer, Gryff Rhys Jones, and Trevor Nunn, among others. Indeed the true stars of the show were no doubt the theatre staff and other organisers of the event. Getting ten different productions onto one stage in one evening is probably about as logistically difficult as a winter invasion of Russia.

The proceedings began with various speeches and other ceremonial activities. Prince Edward had been

charged with unveiling a plaque to mark the completion of the ADC's redevelopment programme. He soon showed himself to be on fine form. "Now I must warn you," he began with feigned sincerity, "the unveiling of a plaque is not necessarily the most exciting thing in the world." It was just as well he'd brought his sense of humour with him, as the Footlights Committee soon showed themselves willing to test it. In a brilliant sketch Liam Williams played a boy who kept telling "absurd but very specific lies". He was then confronted by a wolf who demanded he stop lying, to which he responded, "Wolf, wolf, I believe that the British Monarchy is not an obsolete and redundant institution, that exists only to perform acts of vacuous ceremony, and that it does serve a useful function for British society." Needless to say, the wolf had started eating him before he'd finished speaking. With the Prince sitting in the audience people were understandably shocked.

The gag was followed by stunned silence, hissing and finally a wild burst of laughter, presumably as everyone remembered that pushing boundaries has long been a tradition in Foot-

lights and, indeed, the wider comedic canon. In any case, the Prince seemed in such a beaming mood, that one suspects he saw the funny side.

The first half of the show also saw a series of songs from the CU Musical Theatre Society, introduced by renowned musician and songwriter Richard Stilgoe. "There was hardly any musical theatre when I was here," Stilgoe explained. "I remember going up to the music faculty and asking if there was a chance of studying any. After I explained that most of it was written after 1490, it became clear that there was no chance." The extract from John Kander and Fred Ebb's *Kiss of the Spiderwoman*, sung powerfully by Phoebe Haines, was perhaps the most impressive performance. As Stilgoe gleefully remarked, "Time to stop Andrew Lloyd Webbering, let's get John Kander and Fred Ebbering." ("I've never had a chance to use that line," he continued. "During several years working with Andrew Lloyd Webber, the right moment never seemed to crop up.")

A highlight of the second half was an extract from the Marlowe Society's *Romeo and Juliet*. The death of Mercutio (played by James

Walker) was portrayed with magnificent energy and intensity. Trevor Nunn, in his pensive introduction to the piece, remarked, "It's history tonight that we're celebrating, the history of the University and now the history of the Marlowe Society. Eighteen months ago," he continued, "I came back to Cambridge to direct the 100th anniversary production of the Marlowe Society. It was extraordinary to meet oneself coming back, of course, everything had changed... and nothing had changed. There was still the almost professional feel, and still the sense that you were working with people you were going to hear a lot more about in the years to come. And we've seen a few of those tonight as well."

And that point, I suppose, just about hit the nail on the head. As James Baggaley, the current ADC Theatre Manager, remarked in the programme, "since Cambridge has produced no fewer than four of the five artistic directors who have so far run the National Theatre, and none of them had any formal training after they went down, there must be something very right with the University's undergraduate theatre."

LEAVE YOUR ATTIC!

COLETTE SENSIER INTRODUCES THE MARLOWE MASTERCLASS

This term, a unique presentation of new writing is due to take place, as the Marlowe Society showcase work from the best of Cambridge's young playwrights. *Jenny Boon, Luke Butcher, Josh Coles-Riley, Emma Hogan, Jess Hyslop, Iain Maitland* and *Freddy Syborn* have been working on their pieces since February and a 'spotlight' from each will be presented – first in Cambridge, on April 26th (Sunday), and then in

During the Masterclasses, three of the plays – Emma's *LIFT*, Jess's *The Heights*, and Jenny's *Historical Fiction* – were produced in Cambridge, with the writers able to interact with actors and directors on their productions. However, the Masterclasses, like the Scriptlabs also run by the Marlowe Society, are primarily designed to put the writer centre stage, without need for considerations of budgeting, administration or collaborators.

The participants' blogs, updated after each class (and to be found, along with the writers' profiles, at www.marlowemasterclass.co.uk) are intended to benefit other writers or aspiring writers by giving an insight into the creative process. The mission statement of the website shouts, "Scriptwriters, Leave Your Attic!", emphasising the perceived need to bring talent out, not just directly onto the critical stage, but also into a constructive and productive community of peers.

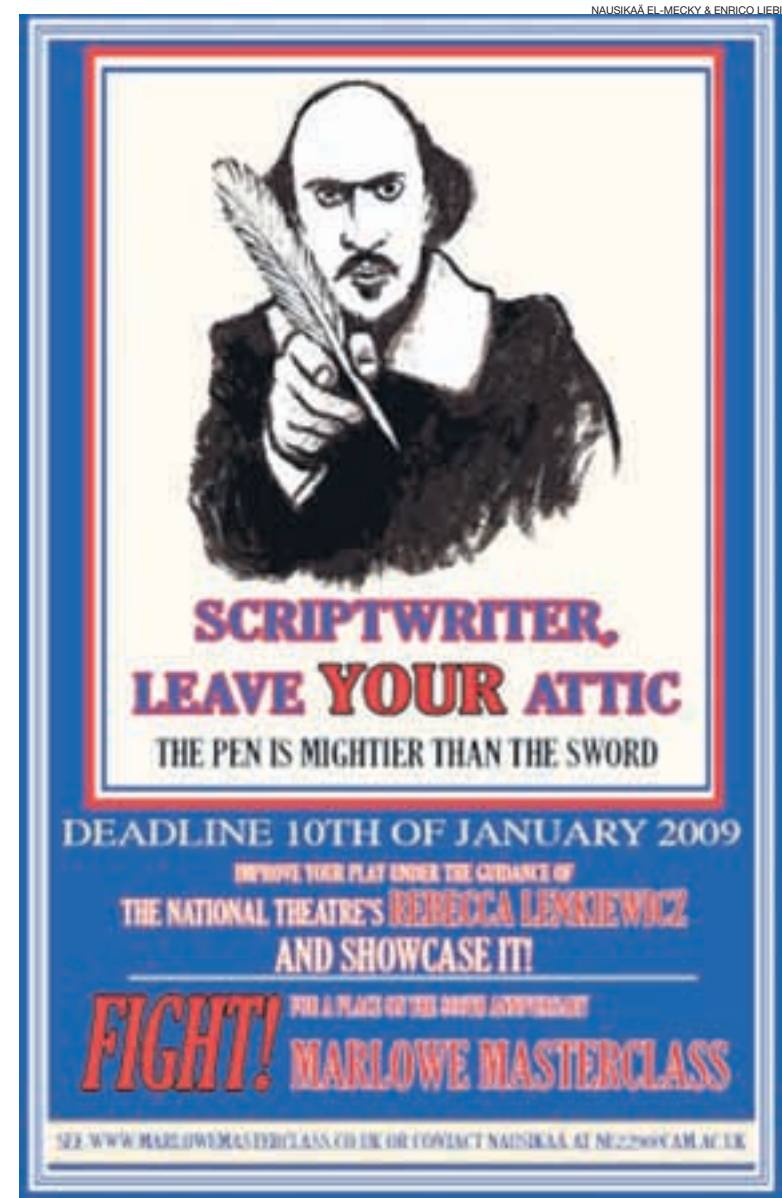
Cambridge has, as Freddy enthuses, "an extraordinary number of opportunities for new writing." Aside from the "fruity little club" of the ADC, a wealth of small, buzzing drama societies are eager to stage new plays; and of course, Cambridge's history of producing dramatic stars is well-known. Despite this, the university scene can be somewhat narrow-minded, and many of the Masterclass participants used the workshops as a platform to devise innovative, experimental scripts. Jess's script, for instance, features an opening performed by shadow puppets; she stresses that now is the time to be experimental, as in university theatre risks can be taken "that we won't be able to take out in the big wide world."

The group's mentor, Rebecca Lenkiewicz, is a renowned playwright and the first female writer to have her work – suffragette-themed play *Her Naked Skin* – produced on the National Theatre's Olivier stage. She's led the group over the term with writing exercises, reading recommendations and feedback. Like the eventual 'Spotlight' show this May, Rebecca herself formed a helpful link between Cambridge and the professional theatre community. As Jess comments, "It's nice to get reassurance from someone who knows much more about theatre than I do!"

The writers taking part have varying levels of experience – Freddy has written and directed seven plays over the last five terms, while *The Heights* is Jess' first foray into scriptwriting after writing mainly short stories. Iain started workshop writing from scratch with a different script to the one he submitted, while Josh's play has been through several forms, "starting out as a short story and then a play and then a radio play and now back to a play again". Playing with form was encouraged in the workshops, as participants wrote prose character biographies and worked closely on their scripts' structure.

Writing routines vary massively among the seven: Freddy often writes a play in a day or less, keeping scripts to under an hour in line with Mies van der Rohe's "less is more" formula, whereas Luke has spent years refining his current two-and-a-half hour long script. There is also extraordinary variety and diversity in the scripts: one reads "almost like a novel," Nausikaä

As Jenny comments, "Writing is generally solitary, and what you produce is then very private and personal. Then as soon as it becomes public you're vulnerable to criticism and judgement." Playwriting in particular can be a difficult activity to pursue alone; approaching writing can be difficult because, Jess points out, "whatever you produce is inevitably incomplete until it's staged." We all know that writing is a lonely art – a weekly essay can be difficult enough, without the extra stress of staging a production when the piece is finished. The idea behind the Masterclass is to bring the solitary struggle of creative writing into a wider, supportive community. The Masterclasses are driven by the desire to bring young writers together, so that they can talk about and support each other's work. Essentially, they aim to form a co-operative community of creative writers.



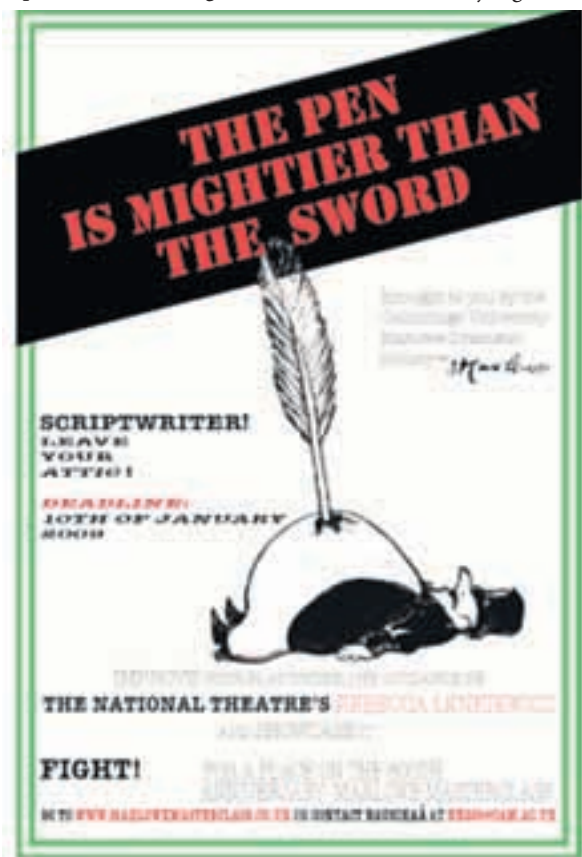
comments, with a pages-long opening monologue; another is more "like a poem" in its delicate minimalism. Many of the plays will encompass a tragi-comic, often surreal, mood, dealing with, among other themes, the invention of a time-machine, the Pitcairn Island paedophilia trials, and flooding in the Tryweryn valley.

Five-minute writing prompts and character exercises proved "freeing" and exciting for the writers, who have also benefited from general discussion and listening to each others' work. Scriptwriting can be hectic, especially if executed in conjunction with direction and production; the Masterclasses have provided an opportunity for these young writers to sit back and look "seriously and systematically" at the structure and form of a piece. Work on combining skilled literary language and theatrical technicality was emphasised, with the aim of fully embracing an art combining poetry and technical skill.

The Masterclass writers now face the task of putting on a ten-minute extract from each of their scripts in a

Spotlight show on the May 1st, in London's Soho Theatre. The show will be managed by a professional director, and performed with actors selected by the playwrights. Hopes are high: after the Marlowe Society's 'Action Showcase' in February, most participants came away with agents. However, Jess says, "even if nothing so major happens, the Masterclasses have still been a brilliant experience, and I've loved being part of it." The Masterclasses are a very positive step forward into exploring and promoting new writing and will hopefully lead to some stunning young writers receiving the recognition they deserve.

The very high quality of all submissions received demonstrates even more untapped talent working in Cambridge. The image of a writer locked down in a garret is out of date; hopefully the Marlowe Society's call to young writers to "Leave Their Attics" will encourage writer of all sorts more fully to explore their talent, within the context of a supportive and dynamic writers' community.



VISIT WWW.MARLOWEMASTERCLASS.CO.UK FOR MORE ON THE SEVEN STUDENT PLAYWRIGHTS AND THEIR WORK

NUTTY ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): Starving, you return home to the missus. "Clemmie," you begin. "Missus Clemmie, I am a ravenous little bacon sandwich. The Eagle has stopped selling food!" The Missus replies: "Jermaine, stop pretending to be a bacon sandwich. It's disgusting." »p13 You refuse, and so she throws you out. You go shopping again. »p24 You agree, but only if you can instead pretend to be Descartes.

Home Sweet College?

YOUR COLLEGE MAY BE YOUR HOME FROM HOME, BUT OUTSIDE THOSE FOUR COSY WALLS THERE'S AN ENTIRE UNIVERSITY WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED. MIRIAM BEYTHANS DISCUSSES THE MERITS OF BEING OUT IN THE COLD



SARAH WOOLLEY

Sitting in someone's room a few nights ago helping to plan a forthcoming dinner a friend of mine admitted, "I can't think of anyone to invite, everyone I know is in this room." "Yes," somebody else agreed, "I don't really have any constant friends outside this College." I was momentarily astonished until I realised that most people rock

home along King's Parade after downing gin in an attempt to forget the enormity of the situation. More than once I thought about leaving and I don't think I did any work at all in the first term as I struggled to settle in. It was hard, I won't lie. It gets easier though, and then some. These early days of uncertainty gave way to late

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE CUT ADrift WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IS FIRMLY ANCHORED?"

up in Freshers' Week, slot into whatever clique suits them best, and never look back. Their College life is, for all intents and purposes, their entire Cambridge experience. Because College is 'where it's at' Right?

Wrong, at least for some people. What if you don't like your College? What if your College doesn't offer what you need, what if you just never really managed to fit in there? Or what if you simply don't have a College? Wait, that's not possible, is it? Why, yes it is, and here I am: a Cantab without a College. So what do you do? What does it mean to be cut adrift when everyone else is firmly anchored? To be floating free, in a sea of other people's certainty?

For the first few weeks, it was pretty harsh. Turning up to social event after social event alone I would stumble

nights drinking port with friends, to crisp mornings out on the Cam, to moonlit walks to Granchester: everything I wanted my time at Cambridge to be.

So many people have so many good intentions upon coming to Cambridge but then they're sucked into an endless round of trips to the College bar, to Cindies and impromptu chats in the kitchen. They barely notice the three years slipping by. I'm so much more aware of everything I do, every decision I make. The fact that it's all down to me is exhilarating. I don't have to explain myself to anyone, if I fancy a night in eating toasties and watching iPlayer nobody thinks I'm being unsociable, because nobody knows.

For the shy and retiring, this could easily be hell. For the independently

minded, it's the perfect situation. How so? I've been able to build a life for myself here, with nothing predetermined. Pick and choose which bits of the place I liked and which I didn't. My drinking society is based in one College, I live in another, and row for yet another. I have breakfast, lunch, and dinner in three different places. (Well, okay, I'm rarely up in time for breakfast...) Don't like the colours of your College scarf? I've got four.

Of course my life here hasn't been all good – but show me someone who says they haven't had low times during their three years and I'll show you a liar. My academic work was sidelined in the earlier days so I could spend more time creating a life for myself and those lost terms will probably affect my overall result. I won't be shedding too many tears over that: my degree has been secondary to the real education I've received here.

It sounds trite, but I've learnt to believe in myself and not to follow the crowd. I've learnt to be discerning about the way I spend my time and more discerning still about the company I choose to keep. It's been a much better preparation for life than being cosseted by a College. When I leave it won't be with a strong sense of my College identity, it will be with a strong sense of my own.

Hell on Earth

'T-SHIRT HELL' MAKE SOME OF THE MOST OFFENSIVE T-SHIRTS MONEY CAN BUY, SO BAD THAT THE WEBSITE'S FOUNDER REGULARLY RECEIVES DEATH THREATS. PETE WOOD WONDERS IF THIS IS SATIRE

In times like these, it's important to keep your regular customers happy. It's their interest that'll keep you going in hard times. So who deliberately slaps the cash-cows by revealing that their "closing-down sale" was a ploy to increase sales? And forget the credit crunch; what kind of businessman receives so many death threats that he sets up a competition to guess how and when he will finally be murdered "by an angry moron"? Well, T-Shirt Hell isn't your average company.

The recent faux-demise is just another chapter in the website's coloured story. To some people, the site produces fragmented shards of inspired social commentary. To others it repulsively supports the latent racism, misogyny and general disdain for decency that permeates modern society. Either way, their slogans are pretty attention grabbing. "Slavery gets shit done" would have been a pretty good costume at the Emma May Ball.

The site understands that it's upsetting a few people. Most companies get complaints; Sunshine Megatron (the site founder's new name by deed poll) claims to have

been the victim of an attempted poisoning. This year he's brought back the most offensive Mother's Day presents, like "What about all the good things Hitler did?", and is pledging \$50,000 to the person who guesses what form the attempted murder takes this time.

It's impossible to tell if Megatron really believes in free speech, or just the incredible amount of money he earns. When thanking customers for their recent support, his official views are expectedly forthright: "No, not you, you racist idiots who thought we actually had racist intentions." The employee blog is just as direct: "I'm also not going to censor myself just because a lot of people in this world are ignorant assholes who miss the point... You really think some retarded gag I thought of in a pot-fueled stupor is 'empowering' these dicks? Rick from Meineke was going to hit Sheila tonight because he's a miserable sack of shit... He's not going to look at T-Shirt Hell and go 'The shirt makes a good point. Here comes the thunder, Sheila!'"

It's easy for them to say that political correctness is preventing people from debating real problems in

society, neutering comedy, or simply that being able to shock with clothing is a fundamental right. However, is there anything more than a cry for attention in, "Thousands of my potential children died on your daughter's face last night"? Furthermore, this argument denies one of the pre-requisites of free speech in liberal society; that self-restraint is vital to avoid anarchy and the imposition of moral standards by the state or mob. It might be OK to joke in private that: "Rape is no laughing matter, unless you're raping a clown." To do so in public, however, knowing the impact the joke might have, is less easily done.

But repression can always be turned around. The site shows, or at least cherry-picks, many photos of its happy customers wearing their shirts in ironic resistance to bigotry. Take the "Whore of the month" wearing "Sorry boys, I eat pussy." It's not eloquent, but it's definitely affirmative action. Moreover, should a company base its product-range upon any criteria besides profit? Eventually, only the wearer can decide what is decent. But of course, Sunshine Megatron already knows

these arguments intimately; he was poisoned for them.

T-Shirt Hell seems torn between trying to make crude, but frequently intelligent satire or catering for a lucrative market of attention seeking idiots and casual bigots. It's hard to say which they achieve. But if you see a hooker-filled limo at lectures next week, you'll know that a communist albino really did push a toaster into Megatron's bathtub, and I'm spending \$50,000 the way he would have wanted.



NUTTY ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): You think of a relevant return smear. "Barman," you shout, "you look like a flagellating mongoose." Big mistake: he slices you in two and serves you to his other customers.

A Middle Eastern Miracle

BORN IN SOUTH AFRICA, ROBI DAMELIN HAS LIVED IN ISRAEL FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, AND WORKS FOR THE PARENTS' CIRCLE – THE ISRAEL-PALESTINIAN BEREAVED FAMILIES FORUM – TO IMPROVE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO PEOPLES. SHE TALKS TO MOYA SARNER ABOUT HER HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

Robi Damelin's son, David, was killed on the March 3rd 2002. He was twenty-eight, a Master's student, and active in the peace movement. He was shot by a Palestinian sniper while serving as a reservist in the Israel Defence Forces. Later that year, Robi joined the Parents' Circle, a forum for grieving families from both sides of the conflict, founded in 1994 by Yitzhak Frankenthal after the death of his son. Seven years on, Robi now works full-time for this unique organisation which aims to challenge each people's perception of the other, so that all Israelis and Palestinians "can live in dignity", and, eventually, in peace. "I'm saying the same things I've said all my life," she tells me, "but now people listen. It's a pretty high price to pay, but people listen."

They listen because all those who work for the Parents' Circle, whose members total several hundred bereaved families of which half are Palestinian and half Israeli, have lost immediate relatives as a result of the conflict. This gives them some standing in their communities. "We serve as an example: we are the people least likely to make these overtures of reconciliation, and yet we are doing just that. If we can do it, anyone can." As such, the forum is unprecedented, continuing to foster empathy regardless of the military situation on the ground: regular meetings were held even throughout the recent war in Gaza.

It may seem impossible, but it works because the Parents' Circle is about humanity, not politics. "All agreements up to now have been made and signed by politicians, with no consideration for the people," Robi explains. "And when they eventually decide where our borders will be, it won't help unless the people are ready." By establishing a framework for reconciliation through depoliticised means, connecting individuals through the shared experience of grief, the forum hopes to tackle hatred at its roots. "Though we are all political people, we are not aligned to any party or credo; we are dedicated to combating stigma, and trying to humanise each side so future peace agreements can work. As tough as it looks now, that is the work we have to do."

And that is the work they are doing, thanks to a variety of projects that have helped to break down resentment and build relationships across the divide. Perhaps the most compelling of these is the 'classroom dialogue'. Over 1,200 of these sessions were held last year, in which two members from the group, one Israeli and one Palestinian, visit school children to tell their stories of loss, to explain their roles in the Parents' Circle and their alternative way of viewing the conflict, then take questions from the pupils. "It's very difficult," Robi relates. "In the Israeli schools, these kids are seventeen and

they have never met a Palestinian in their lives until we walk in. It's the same in the Palestinian classes; this is the first Israeli they've seen who's not in uniform and not a settler. This is how we create another picture for them."

For those in higher education, there is the year-long programme 'Ambassadors for Reconciliation Together', which involves students from the West Bank working with those from

charity telephone line called 'Hello Shalom' ('Hello Peace') was set up to encourage communication between Palestinians and Israelis, and since 2002 the toll-free number has received over a million calls. Not all of them friendly, by any means: "There have been some vicious conversations. But this is, nonetheless, the beginning of a dialogue. We're making inroads".

The forum capitalised on this progress with a television series, aired

"I'M SAYING THE SAME THINGS I'VE SAID ALL MY LIFE," SHE TELLS ME, "BUT NOW PEOPLE LISTEN. IT'S A PRETTY HIGH PRICE TO PAY, BUT PEOPLE LISTEN."

a college in Sderot, the city targeted by the Qassam rocket attacks from Gaza. After a problematic start, this collaboration has proved extremely fruitful, and last year's participants are poised to continue pursuing their successful partnership. "Considering the background of these kids, I think what they have achieved is amazing. They are potential leaders."

But the forum also strives to reach those who might not be accessible through educational institutions. The

in late 2008: a fictional drama following two women chefs, one from Ramallah and one from Tel Aviv, which, through their individual stories, recounted the historical and personal narratives of the two families. "We have to learn about each other's culture and where we have come from. Knowing the tragedy builds sympathy; understanding the history allows for empathy."

But for people to feel real empathy, surely they have to be willing to

listen? Can Robi and her colleagues really get through to those who are indoctrinated into hatred, and just do not want to know? Her voice is one of sadness and of hope; but not blind optimism. She is convinced of the difference they can make, but remains realistic. "If you walk into a classroom of kids who have never met a Palestinian in their lives, and afterwards some of them want to meet others, then surely that's progress. I'm not saying that everybody leaves our sessions aspiring to be Martin Luther King – we can't change everyone, I wish we could. But if they grasp the humanity behind the story, as opposed to blindly swallowing what they see on TV or hear from their parents, then we've opened up a new way for them to think, and a new way for them to encounter one another."

Despite the advances being made on a grass-roots level, recent political events have not improved the situation, particularly February's parliamentary election results; a viable two-state solution seems even less likely with the right-wing Benjamin Netanyahu as Prime Minister. Though not keen to talk politics, Robi admits her own frustration. "Personally speaking, I think that as it was with the Palestinians voting for Hamas, so

too the Israelis vented their anger in the ballot box, in the aftermath of the war in Gaza. There was a lot of rage flying around, and this produced a very sad result for Israel. But we cannot afford to give up hope, because we live here."

Robi hasn't always lived in Israel. She grew up in South Africa and was an active player in the fight against apartheid. "I am obviously a product of where I come from," she states, seeing a clear link between her past and present experiences: "I have always been very conscious of equality and dignity." Though acknowledging that South Africa has its problems – and they are many – she argues that the end of apartheid was nothing short of "a miracle". What are the chances of another one? "I don't think the hatred is any greater between Palestine and Israel than it was in South Africa. I think we can have a miracle in the Middle East."

Well, I think we might now have found one.

The Israeli-Palestinian Bereaved Families Forum will be hosted by the Cambridge Union Society and the Woolf Institute of Abrahamic Faiths, on Wednesday May 6th at 7.30pm, in the Union.



View from the Groundlings



There are lots of things I want to do this term; not make a complete fool of myself in my finals; actually visit Grantchester (although I've not heard great things); and, of course, complete my collection of stolen crockery from formals up and down the city. I'd also like to see the following shows:

As You Like It (ADC, Week 2): the last time we saw Matt Bulmer, he was on the ADC stage with his cock out. Now he's back (probably in clothes), directing a highly anticipated production of Shakespeare's pastoral comedy, in which girls pretend to be boys who then pretend to be girls. Early rumours also abounded that a live sheep would number amongst the cast, although they may have been trying to pull the wool over our eyes. This comes highly recommended, although you might decide never to return to the city again.

GO SEE THIS IF: you fancy a rural escape from the stresses of exam term life.

Blithe Spirit (Corpus Playroom, Week 2): Noel Coward's elegant and sophisticated English summer comedy features a séance, a number of deceased wives, and a lot of spilt ectoplasm. When Charles Condomine arranges for an eccentric medium who can converse with the dead, he comes into contact with an unexpected guest, one whom only he can see. The fallout is unexpected, uproarious, and messy. Although you might decide never to do any research again.

GO SEE THIS IF: you fancy a laugh to break up the revision.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf (ADC, Week 3): not only is this play a modern classic, a superb portrayal of marriage and the ensuing domestic hell, but its cast features Ed Rowett, who, it appears, is attempting to beat Ian McKellen's total of 22 performances during his time in Cambridge. Mr Rowett, who will also be sitting his finals in the near future, deserves commendation, and an audience. Even though you will find yourselves in the middle of a conflict that makes you wonder whether you should remain single for the rest of your life.

GO SEE THIS IF: your own exam-based nightmares need to be placed in stark perspective.

Midsummer Night's Dream (Queens' College, May Week): Queens' May Week shows are always a joy to behold, performed as they are in one of the prettiest venues in Cambridge. So what if you've already seen this play in Cambridge a billion times, this annual production traditionally produces exciting and invigorating theatre. Although you might feel a bit of an ass.

GO SEE THIS IF: you like looking at really picturesque scenery and Shakespeare in tights. **Oscar Toeman**

THEATRE

Guys and Dolls by Frank Loesser
ADC Theatre, March 10th-21st
Dir. Uriel Adiv; CUADC
★★★★★

This was a crying shame: a collection of some of the best individual performances you'll see on a student stage (musical or otherwise), undermined by some lumpen directing and dancing that would make John Sergeant blush (one for you bourgeois BBC viewers out there).

The show started on the bummiest of bum notes, a mish-mash of bad harmonising that prepared the audience for the low-spots of the group numbers that would mar most of the first half of the show. And yet, even in this gloom, positives start to appear: Jonathan Kanasooriam as Nicely-Nicely Johnson is and remains a pillar of strength despite everything around him, singing and swaggering with the sort of charisma sadly lacking from the group scenes.

And it's here – in these scenes – that the show really shot itself in the foot. This is a combination of two factors. Firstly, despite the best efforts of Dance Captain/Milk Monitor Tadhg Barwell O'Connor, the choreography was pretty leaden. O'Connor was symptomatic of the wider problems of some of the other dancers, who combined the steely-cold eyes of an assassin (never a good idea in a musical that tries to make enjoyment infectious) with a violence and deliberateness of movement that made it look like they were trying to stamp through the stage.

But the buck cannot stop there. The finger must be levelled fairly accusatorily at director Uri Adiv for trying to fit a West End-sized chorus on a Royal Court-sized stage, and then for trying to clutter it with all sorts of additional gunk. The number that opened the second half of the show even featured a man on a chair sitting fairly centrally downstage. Adiv may have reasoned that this positioning only affected a few unlucky souls, but when one of them is your reviewer it's probably wise to finding a way of not putting the "blocking"

in "where the fuck was the blocking?"

It's occasionally hard to divorce bad acting from bad direction, but I honestly believe that most of the speaking parts in this can hold their heads high (and, indeed, the rest of the cast, who mainly had The Powers That Be to blame). Ned Stuart-Smith and Tara Crabbe were wonderful as the play's secondary love interest, singing some touchingly intimate duets that were only undermined by a glacial amount of movement (the direction again, for my money). Stuart-Smith in particular brought his undeniably strong voice to bear on some of the show's best numbers, making 'Luck Be A Lady Tonight' one of its highlights.

Even better was Oli Hunt as Nathan Detroit, who managed to fuse an accent that was pitch-perfect Brando with the wiry sexuality that made you understand why Adelaide (Melanie Heslop) had stuck by him for 14 years. And it was his relationship with Heslop that provided most of the show's high spots; 'Adelaide's Lament' towards the end of the first act was outstanding, mixing a perfectly nuanced spunky onstage presence with jaw-droppingly good vocals. Heslop, in fact, was so good that she almost single-handedly redeemed the show when it started to lag – the wizened ball-sacks who think musical theatre demands less of a performer should think again and book themselves in for something of a masterclass.

Ultimately, this wasn't all bad. The second half was certainly more energetic (and, consequently, more exciting) than the first, with a fantastic version of 'Sit Down You're Rocking the Boat' (Kanasooriam again) stealing the show, and I really cannot stress the quality of the individual speaking performances (cheeky mention for Tom Cane, too, as Lt. Brannigan). But I wish someone – hopefully the director – would tell the whole cast that this is supposed to be FUN. **George Reynolds**



STEFAN MEINEL

PREVIEW

A Play: On Words by The Company
ADC Theatre, April 29th-May 2nd
Dir. Anna Maguire & Juliet Shardlow; CUADC

It is hard not to be excited about *A Play: On Words* as you hear its two directors, Anna Maguire and Ju Shardlow, enthuse about it. Despite a rather predictable overuse of the phrase "darkly comic," they've got lots to be enthusiastic about, for the ambitious nature of this project ensures that everything else will take the audience completely by surprise. There is mime, work by T.S. Eliot, Jane Austen and Enda Walsh, and a piece of new writing by Ju herself.

The enjoyably ramshackle sound of this selection is not just a case of throwing everything at the wall and seeing what sticks; providing some cohesion is a wider concern with

language and communication. This anxiety about words has developed naturally on towards a self-conscious theatricality in the production; they want to investigate the division between the actor and the audience and question what it means to "perform."

But this does not mean that the audience is subjected to an hour's worth of self-congratulating pretension. What was so refreshing about the directors' approach was the importance they placed on enjoyment. Amidst extolling the virtues of their ensemble cast, they emphasised the collaborative nature of rehearsals, with all the actors contributing to the writing process as well.

Match this with a dedicated and hard-working technical team (the producer Sam Clear, for instance, has a hernia-inducing timetable which also includes producing *As You Like It* a week later) means that the rehearsal period has been relaxed and stress-free, allowing the actors' natural comedic talents to rise to the challenge. Infused with wit, *A Play: On Words* provides an exciting change from the usual fodder on offer in Cambridge. It's nice to see the ADC finally embracing such an original and creative piece of theatre, one that promises to be both challenging, experimental and, of course, "darkly comic." **Nick Beck**



LIDIA KUHIVCHAK

BE THE FIRST TO READ THE REVIEWS ONLINE AT VARSITY.CO.UK/REVIEWS

Mark Thomas: *It's the Stupid Economy*

The Junction, April 20th-21st

★★★★★

Mark Thomas is a comedian different from the rest. Instead of droning on about his rubbish life, complaining about his mother-in-law or telling anecdotes of what happened to him on the way to the gig, his jokes are fresh, political and relevant.

I must admit, I was a bit dubious pre-gig. The audience consisted of generic middle-aged people and youths with fluorescent turquoise hair. I actually sat on the dreadlocks of the guy sitting next to me – now that was awkward. However, after a slow start Thomas became increasingly likable and excited.

Mark Thomas, author of a recent exposé on Coca-Cola, *Belching out the Devil*, started his gig by recounting tales of his political activism. Like the time he turned up to Parliament to sit on an anti-torture council, forgetting he had thumb cuffs and shackles in

his pocket. He also spoke about the trouble-makers at the G20 summit – you know, the ones in the blue uniforms with numbers on the shoulders and funny hats.

There was a guest comedian called Will Hodgson who did a quick set before the interval. He had bright pink hair and fingernails (which explained the rainbow-splattered audience) and was covered in “taòos.” I suppose he could be found funny if you enjoy monotonous and empty ramblings from a 30-something, with one of those accents in which every syllable with an “r” doubles in length. I happen not to.

After a ridiculously long interval (did a Tesco shop) Thomas returned to the stage and was really on form. The idea was, whilst making gags about the current political, economic, social and everything situation, to

collect in policies from the audience and at the end of the tour to have created a manifesto which Thomas has promised to follow up on. Policies discussed included, “Force all *Daily Mail* readers to live abroad as asylum seekers”, “Make Margaret Thatcher pay for her own funeral” and “Change the national anthem to the Imperial March from *Star Wars*”.

The gig was interesting, gave humorous financial advice (“the biggest oxymoron since Channel Five News”) and opened a forum for political discussion in an environment of comfort and laughter. And in true British style, we ended by singing the national anthem. All together now: Dum, dum, dum, dum da dum, dum da dummm. **Lauren Davidson** *If you missed this, you might like Dan Atkinson & Andy Zaltzman at the Junction, tonight.*



THE JUNCTION

Context



Week 1: *Beyond the Fringe*

I was recently extremely excited to discover that *The 2009 Footlights National Tour Show* will be performed in Cambridge as early as June 9th. I had thought that its first outing on home soil would be in October, after the run in Edinburgh and the rest of the UK. What a wally I was. I thought I'd celebrate this happy revelation by taking a long view and looking at one of the more famous tour shows involving Footlights members.

Beyond the Fringe was born in 1960 when Robert Ponsonby decided to combine the best talent from the Cambridge Footlights and the Oxford Revue. The Oxford side contributed Alan Bennett and Dudley Moore. Footlights threw in recent alumnus Jonathan Miller and the undergraduate Peter Cook. Cook is understood to have been the true comedic powerhouse, responsible for two thirds of the material according to Moore. Many of the sketches he contributed first saw light in his shows with Footlights, which is a testament to the unrivalled training that the student society offers generations of comedians.

The revue itself was a sensation, touring Edinburgh, the West End and Broadway. It became one of British comedy's most significant milestones. Its first performance at the Lyceum Theatre on August 22nd 1960 is perhaps as a good a date as any for the start of the swinging 60s.

The show pioneered anti-establishment comedy, with even the monarchy and the government becoming legitimate targets. It ignited the so-called 'Satire Boom' of the 1960s, inspiring other cultural phenomena such as *Private Eye* and *That Was the Week That Was*. The willingness to parody authority is apparent in *The Great Train Robbery* sketch, where a police officer being interviewed about the crime systematically fails to understand every question he is asked. ("Who do you think may have perpetrated this awful crime?" "We believe this to be the work of thieves, the telltale loss of property, the snatching away of money substances, it all points to thieves." "So you feel that thieves are responsible? Good heavens no, I feel that thieves are totally irresponsible, ghastly people who go around snatching your money." "But who do you think is behind the criminals?" "We are, considerably").

The revue also developed the surreal style of comedy that later found fruition in the work of Monty Python. This absurdist element is exemplified in the show's most famous sketch, *One Leg Too Few*, where a one-legged man auditions for the role of Tarzan. ("I've got nothing against your right leg, Mr. Spiggot. The trouble is, neither have you.")

Well, all this reminiscing has got me in the mood for a tour show. I know where I'll be on June 9th.

Joel Massey



BIRMINGHAM STAGE COMPANY

Why the Whales Came by Michael Morpurgo

Arts Theatre, April 21st-25th

Dir. Greg Banks; Birmingham Stage Company

★★★★★

Michael Morpurgo writes excellent children's books; I avidly read them all when I was younger. He is a well-known author. Not playwright. As such, it was with some trepidation that I entered the Arts Theatre for this adaptation to the stage: how could it possibly live up to the beauty and power of the original? I need not have feared.

Why the Whales Came is set in the Isles of Scilly, during the First World War, and tells the story of two youngsters and their encounter with the local social pariah, the little understood and much feared Birdman. Living in his cottage on the beach, the Birdman is a mysterious, supposedly cursed, old man who is followed by a ghostly chorus of birdsong wherever he goes. Growing up surrounded by rumours and hearsay,

Daniel and Grace cannot help but be intrigued by the peculiar man and are desperate to find out what it is he is hiding and why he lives set apart from the world.

The Birmingham Stage Company deserves nothing but the highest commendation for this beautiful production. The adaptation included narration spoken by the actors, which kept the storybook feel. The two protagonists of the tale were played by adult actors, who treated the roles with fitting respect and enthusiasm and perfectly captured the age and situation of their characters. A sense of mystery and intrigue was maintained throughout and every member of the audience sat on the edge of their seat, as if egging the actors on to reveal the next bit of the mystery.

PREVIEW

The Dumb Waiter by Harold Pinter

Corpus Playroom, June 2nd-6th

Dir. Patrick Garety; Clare Actors & PG Theatre

If you were to ask me – and no, no one has – I think putting on something by Pinter is a dangerous game: it's like knock down ginger. His hostile rhythms, plainish sets and strange dialogue prove too delicious for some eager, young, studenty types who extenuate every pause to sandy and barren extremes. It's all quite beastly.

I'm glad to report, then, that Patrick Garety's upcoming production of *The Dumb Waiter* sounds like it's going to be a really interesting and carefully thought-out piece. Fresh from directing the critically acclaimed *Waiting for Godot* at the Corpus Playroom, Garety turns his hand to one of Harold Pinter's earliest and most intense works.

Set in an airless basement, *The Dumb Waiter* focuses on two ruthless hitmen as they await their next grisly assignment. Tense, guarded and really rather funny, the short play unfolds with Pinter's trademark wit and unsettling dialogue. Starring Oliver Soden and Ben Kavenagh (whom Garety borrows from *Godot*), the production will make the most of the Corpus Playroom's dark and claustrophobic space.

After speaking with him, it's clear that Garety is very keen for the production not to resort to caricaturing Pinter. "There's a sharpness in the text," he says; "I want to keep that fresh." He goes on to talk about the infamous Pinter pause: "I don't think you need to emphasise

these things," he explains, "it's all there on the page." What really intrigues Garety, it seems, is not the strangeness of Pinter's characterisation, but its humanity. "I want to show the casualness with which the characters talk about their day job," he says. In much the same way as films like *Bonnie and Clyde* or *True Romance*, Garety talks about bringing out the uncomfortable humanity of people that are no stranger to a bit of the old ultra-violence.

Well, I have to say it all sounds rather exciting doesn't it? Why not take a break from all that tawdry exam nonsense and stroll down to see this atmospheric and vigorous little ditty. I'm rather looking forward to it. **Nathan Brooker**



PATRICK GARETY

iWatch

Week 1: *The Apprentice*, Wednesday 9pm on BBC1, available on BBC iPlayer



The *Apprentice* is a deliciously ironic television program for our credit crunchy-nut times. And that, plus the fact it's filled with a bunch of cocky knobs we love to hate, is what makes it such a tasty mouth-full of escapism. (Forgive me, I'm only following the fashion of the show's writers here, who packed this week's show with the most gratuitous wordplay of the series so far.)

This week's task was to design, package and market a family-friendly cereal, with a cartoon character. The emphasis was on the cartoon character. So, how about a pirate parrot? Yeah, that works. How about a terrifying, misshapen superhero with Y-fronts? No. Fuck off Phil, your idea is shit and so are you. The infantile Phillip should be eating the cereal himself. He shouts, he stamps, he strops, and he's apparently sleeping with Kate (which is slightly irrelevant, but fascinating nonetheless). At the beginning of the series he was almost quite fit, in a Scouse estate agent sort of way; but he's turned out to be the biggest (or smallest) knob of them all.

Kimberly, the American with the unnaturally glossy hair, led one team. Blonde Kate, who can only speak out of one side of her mouth, led the other.

Basically, Kate's quite pretty and charming and her team did really well. They worked as a team (Sir Alan loves that) and had decent ideas. Everyone loves a pirate, everyone loves treasure, their advert was rubbish, but at least they made a cereal box. Make a cereal box. That's another crucial aspect of marketing cereal. The team led by Kimberly (who, let's not forget, works in marketing) didn't actually make a box. They just shoved their impotent superhero on the front and vomited apple green all over it. No, actually, they didn't even do that, the bemused external designer did.

A lack of team spirit let Kimberly's team down. Classic mistake. Team spirit is paramount to a team's success. It was the poisonous mixture of Phillip the Prick and Lorraine that mucked it all up, though their incessant arguing. Poor Lorraine, she has such an odd face. Sort of crumpled and twitchy. But her complete lack of social competence makes her rather likeable.

I'm glad those two weren't chucked, though. Blind, big-headed figures like Lorraine and Phillip are vital ingredients to the success of *The Apprentice*: they give it its snap, crackle and pop (sorry).

Anna Trench

MUSIC

Swoon
Silversun Pickups
Warner, out now

★★★★★

When Silversun Pickups appeared in our record stores in 2005 they were easy to love. They quickly captured affections with a guitar sound so laden with distortion you could be forgiven for thinking their CDs actually weighed a little more than usual. They mixed this with some lovely boy/girl vocals and bit of well-placed cello that gave their sound a dreamy, shimmery quality that quickly became their signature; as was, it seemed, being compared to 90s rock stars. They were the next Smashing Pumpkins, the next My Bloody Valentine or some sort of super-grunge hybrid. As great as all this is to get you noticed, if you're always thought of as a bit of a throw-back you won't get too far. The Silversun Pickups needed to produce something original.

There are a few tracks on *Swoon* that do nothing to challenge expectations. 'There's No Secrets This Year' could nestle quite nicely on *Gish* and would probably have done pretty well on the college radio circuit in 1994. I was a little disappointed; I didn't want this album to be grunge-by-numbers. But, thankfully, it isn't. This album has some gems and you can hear that it's the Silversun Pickups beginning to show their individual identity.

'The Royal We' is a track as delicate as it is forceful. Putting strings on what is essentially a rock record is risky; it can so quickly encroach on tacky teenage-ballad territory. But the contrast the stings create here with the ever-so-serious guitar riffs gives the song its uniqueness. 'Panic Switch' is the most

radio-friendly track on *Swoon*. Although that can be a slightly back-handed complement, here it is a positive: the track is well-constructed, stirring and (even when clocking in at just under six minutes) never drags.

The production on the album does let it down occasionally. When listening, you quickly get the impression these tracks are being held back by the techniques used and you can tell that live they have the potential to really explode.

This album is a step forward for the Silversun Pickups. Fans of *Carnavas* will be pleased the band have kept their signature sound, but we'll all be happy that they've used it in engaging, innovative ways. *Swoon* still gives a little nod to the 90s, but it doesn't get too wrapped up in it. This time around, the Pickups



won't be so bombarded with comparisons; this album just has a little more of themselves in it.

Lucy Bryant

Jewellery
Micachu
Rough Trade, out now

★★★★★

Ihad the pleasure of seeing Micachu live last term. It was appalling. Bemused Junction punters awkwardly shoved fingers in their ears, wincing at the cacophony of distorted guitar, mumbled vocals and deafening drums. Yet this wasn't an average support slot, but a performance so memorable - for all the wrong reasons- it was impossible not to search for the album on Spotify afterwards.

Fortunately, the racket made by Mica Levi, Raisa Khan and Marc Pell (collectively known as Micachu & The Shapes) on record is much more listenable. A musical mosaic which shatters any attempts at genre classification, flashes of grime, punk, and lo-fi electronica are briefly swallowed up only to be bru-



tally spat out, forming *Jewellery*, a debut which establishes Levi as one of the

most fascinating new talents of 2009.

The frantic guitar strumming on 'Vulture' leaps through the speakers before Levi's snarled vocals emerge, supported by a psychedelic keyboard and syncopated handclaps. For all its urgency, it still manages to morph into bizarre afro-beat trance. Such innovation continues when she urges us to 'tie your lips up in a lie' on the thrilling 'Lips' and even a vacuum cleaner is enlisted on 'Turn Me Well', one of the few more down-tempo tracks. The wonderful 'Curly Teeth' is another standout moment; essentially an acoustic ballad but distorted with a fine helping of blips and beeps to complicate matters. You'll be hard pushed to find anything similar sounding.

However easy it is to focus on such gimmicks, perfect pop songs hide behind the sonic mess. 'Golden Phone' and 'Just In Case' see Matthew Herbert's exquisite production bringing Levi's strong sense of melody to the fore, despite the surrounding chaos and a limited vocal range. Of course, the bizarre cut and paste approach to songwriting produces many awkward moments, but if you persevere through the discordant beginning of 'Wrong' - resembling a musical car crash - the results are quite rewarding and an even greater treat if you listen on a pair of headphones. *Jewellery* is certainly an early contender for album of the year - let's just hope their live show improves.

Paul Smith

Cambridge Cantat800
Various musicians, conductors and venues
April 11th - 19th

★★★★★

Quite rightly, the University's 800th birthday has sparked musical celebrations. In June, CUMS will play Beethoven's Ninth and a new commission from Sir Peter Maxwell. The week prior to term, however, saw a collection of concerts entitled Cambridge Cantat800, dedicated to the choral and organ music which forms the daily bread of Cambridge's musical life.

The first of the three concerts I attended saw world-renowned organist Simon Preston play the organ of King's Chapel. Bach's 'St Anne' Prelude and Fugue sandwiched Messiaen's 'Les corps glorieux', a programme echoing Bach's third Clavier-Übung. The prelude was, like much of Preston's complete recording of the composer's organ works, fleet of foot and refreshingly unmonumental. 'Les corps glorieux' was written in 1939,

depicting "seven brief visions of the life resurrected". Preston's playing, with registrations sounding almost French, was mesmeric, conjuring an other-worldly experience. The Bach fugue, the Lutheran affirmation of faith following Messiaen's Catholicism, was all too brief.

Stephen Farr's organ recital in Jesus Chapel was more of a collection of miniatures. Technical problems denied us the opportunity to hear Naji Hakim's work (Hakim is Messiaen's successor at La Trinité in Paris), but the new organ at Jesus was put to colourful display in Bovez, Rameau, Bach, Mendelssohn and Rogg, culminating in a wonderfully perky piece by Percy Grainger, 'Handel in the Strand', in the great Baroque composer's anniversary year.

Trinity College Choir completed

the week's festivities with a Sunday lunchtime concert. Stephen Layton has them at the peak of their form, and this concert more than matched expectations. David Briggs' 'Messe pour Notre-Dame' brought a pure, rounded sound, especially from the sopranos, not to mention some exceptionally virtuosic playing from organist Michael Waldron (so much so that, at times, it seemed that the choir was accompanying him). Mystical hymns from Holst, for female voices only, were pointedly characterised, with nymphs around a stream giving way to a misty sunrise. Unabashedly romantic 'Nocturnes' by Morten Lauridsen were lovingly dispatched, and though the individual parts in Bax's 'Mater ora filium' could have been more clearly heard, the stratospheric soprano writing was perfectly, if ear-splittingly executed. The highlight, however, was

Tarik O'Regan's 'Care charminge Sleep', with the disconcertingly tight tonal clusters evocating the disorientation of light sleep. Ligeti-like in places, the work of this young composer, a Fellow of Trinity, deserves great attention.

David Allen



ART, FILM & LITERATURE

David Ward: *Slow Time* *Kettle's Yard* Until May 10th

★★★★★

David Ward's 'Slow Time' at Kettle's Yard is the result of an artistically fruitful attic clear-out. Collecting together, for the first time in forty years, the flotsam and jetsam of his studio, Ward has put together an exhibition of miscellanea: favourite postcards curling at the edges, haphazard life drawings, and odd photographs that never got put into albums. For one reason or another, these were the thoughts that never came to fruition, that lingered in shoe boxes, sketchbooks and stuck drawers while other more favoured works had their turn in the sun.

It's a charming and unassuming collection which showcases an enduring interest over four decades in serpentine lines, subtle shifts of monochromatic tone and the softness of surfaces. A

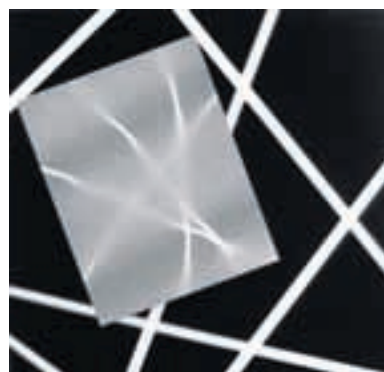
collection of museum postcards entitled 'Compositions', compiled between 1980 and 2008, highlights curious affinities between, say, an E.H. Shepherd drawing of Winnie the Pooh and a Surrealist photograph of a dog seeming, by some trick of the light, to levitate on its leash, or between the filigree detail of Claude Perrault's Corinthian Capital and a spot-lit conch shell.

The exhibition opens with a display of abstract photographs which revel in smoky, patinated surfaces, half rusty, half biscuit-crumbled. On another wall, unearthed from amongst the studio odds and ends are a series of 'blind' life-drawings. These are silkily erotic despite their arbitrarily overlapping lines and thighs and curves that dissolve with an unsteady pencil. A

series of seabird drawings from the 1970s replace the slender pencil lines of the life-studies with heavy-handed black ink. The gulls tumble and wheel through white skies, with something of the sinister darkness of crows.

Ward is at his best when confined to blacks, whites and earth colours. His essays in colour are less successful and have something of the banality of the Dulux colour wheel. A pastel-painted corrugated bar struck an uncharacteristically facile note. Equally, his hall of mirrors smeared with painterly calligraphic swirls was a weak link in the chain, but over the course of forty years an artist is entitled to an off day or two.

The comments book at reception is full of purple prose and eulogies of



Ward but the verdict that lingers, and which I quote here with thanks to the enigmatically signed 'K' is: "Dearest David, Love your squiggles."

Laura Freeman

In The Loop

Dir. Armando Iannucci

Starring: Tom Hollander, James Gandolfini and Peter Capaldi

★★★★★

Last week, those seeking laughs from the cinema would have had to sit through the dismally leaky new Richard Curtis vehicle *The Boat That Rocked*. But this new political satire from the writers of *The Thick Of It* proves that the more vital strain of British comedy is still securely afloat.

Shot in the same fly-on-the-wall style as Armando Iannucci's TV show, the film follows ineffectual government minister Simon Foster's foray out of Whitehall as he stumbles haplessly along the corridors of power in the State Department, putting the 'special' into 'special relationship' as those around him try desperately to drum up a case for war. His own mealy-mouthed anti-war sympathies are sidelined by a cast of warmongering neo-cons, pacifist generals, power-mad



press officers and interns-on-the-make as he becomes a pawn in their attempts to manipulate him (and the evidence) to

suit their own agendas.

The trade in vapid aphorisms ("In the land of truth, the man with one fact is the king") obviously recalls *The Office*, but here double-speak and middle-management mean miscalculations risk troops and not paperclips. Despite this, Iannucci has managed to recover something desperately funny out of the Iraq war and gives you no time between laughs to feel morally queased. The characters portrayed are reasonably low-level, but the scary point is that their office politics do end up as Foreign Office policy.

A running joke in this movie is that Washington is run by adolescent Harvard graduates ("like Bugsy Malone but with real guns", as the Gina McKee character quips). Back in Britain, the characters are mainly venal or inept. Some

of the relentlessly funny parts of this movie derive from the splenetic tirades of Peter Capaldi's menacing press officer Malcolm Tucker, whose streams of alliterative insults are almost as funny as the more fey characters' attempts to recover their pride in the face of them.

At its crudest, the film's characterisation of our respective political cultures pits Americans who refer prudishly to "curse words" against Brits who shoot them out like clusterbombs. See for instance this face-off between a bullish neo-con and a Downing Street PR man: "You are an S-star-star-T," the American seethes, with restraint. "You are an F-star-star-cunt," replies the Scot.

Alistair Campbell is said not to have found this movie very funny. You will. Izzy Finkel

The Manhattan Review

Ed. Philip Fried; various writers and contributors

Volume 13, No. 2; out now

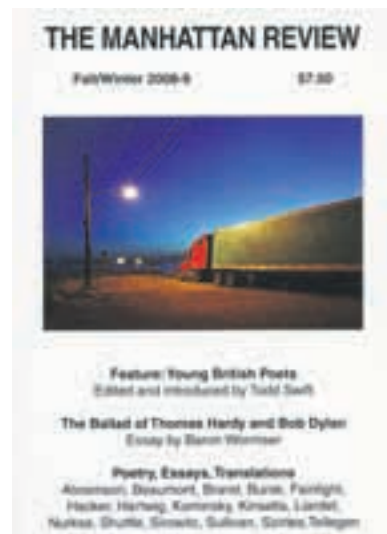
★★★★★

The Manhattan Review, published in New York and distributed across North America and Europe, has its thirteenth issue out now. This issue's introduction quotes John Berger, claiming that "All human pain is caused by one form or another of separation... Poetry can repair no loss but it defies the space that separates." Healing separated spaces is a theme throughout this issue, with writing drawn from across diverse boundaries, "gathering," in the editor's words, "a variety of places and times." These include Julia Hartwig's writing translated from Polish, Toon Tellegen's translated from Dutch, and the post-war writers, Holocaust survivors, featured in Marc Kaminsky's article 'Reinvention of Holiness'.

This issue showcases, in particular, 17 young British poets – two of whom

are Cambridge alums. Helen Mort, in particular, represents Cambridge with her poem 'A Bear on the City' on Byron's student pet; here, a night-porter, watching the strange visitor, "thinks the night is dancing". The new British poets represent radically new voices, in contrast to the poems from the last century featured alongside them. Todd Swift, the Canadian editor of the feature, concludes that these poems can be characterised as "acts of serious lightness of touch", playing delicately with form and representation.

Perhaps, however, the most potent defiance of separation is attempted in Penelope Shuttle's poetry, much of which, including her latest collection *Redgrave's Widow*, remembers her husband, poet Peter Redgrave. Slowly, Shuttle becomes accustomed to her new space, accessing her husband through



his ring, his portrait and her writing. "When Happiness returns, after a long absence," she comments, "she's a very small creature indeed."

The joining of disparate elements characterises literary journals, when varying voices, and ideas, are presented in the same space. Literary journals exist in a particular space of their own between literature and criticism: Baron Wormser's essay here, 'The Ballad of Thomas Hardy and Bob Dylan', is an excellent example of the calling together of areas which might remain separate in practically all other spaces. Here, pop culture meets 'high' culture, and writers communicate across generations and landscapes – and, tougher still, the spaces which poetry attempts to defy: image and idea, death and life, narration and imagination. Colette Sensier

Take V YouTube clips



Five of the Best

Sneezing Panda

How many times can watching a small panda sneeze be entertaining? 34,461,887 times apparently.

Bricks man

Not only is it impressive that this Bangladeshi man can balance 22 bricks on his head, but the non-chalant way he throws the 22nd on to the top of the pile is the icing on the cake.

Powerthirst 2: Re-Domination

Screw you Red Bull, Powerthirst is here! The power of the energy drink taken to its natural extreme: watch out, drinking Powerthirst may turn you into Juice Springsteen.

Bale Out! Christian Bale Remix! ACOUSTIC VERSION

Christian Bale's infamous rant re-imagined as an angry, violin-toting folk-rap.

Jackass – Golf Course Airhorn

They do say the best things in life come for free... who'd have known that dressing up in camouflage and using an airhorn to distract golfers could have been the source for so much comic gold?

Five of the Worst

Charlie bit my finger - again!

One of the most watched videos on YouTube, featuring a baby called Charlie biting his brother's finger, with a view count of over 92 million. That's over 92 million people out there with no better way to spend 56 seconds.

Kersal Massive

Apparently Jay-Z threatened to throw in the towel after watching this prime example of chav-rapping. Sample lyric: "Got on the bus with my Day-saver, smoked a reefer in the car nah."

Flip Throw To Face

One football player's new throw-in technique goes terribly wrong for another player and his face. If you can watch this without cringing, you aren't human.

Peter Doherty Queues For Oasis Album

A now slightly tragic video showing a fresh-faced, non-drug-addled Pete Doherty using an Umberto Eco reference to describe Oasis.

Young Simon Amstell

The *Never Mind The Buzzcocks* host before the Preston/Winehouse years – look out for the priceless expression on the male presenter's face.

Great Works Of Art In Cambridge

#27: Lutyens Building by Edwin Lutyens

Magdalene College

Magdalene College, to borrow a phrase, could have been a con-tender. She could have boasted a court to rival Trinity in scale, St Catharine's in pomp and majesty, or King's for sheer frontage. As it stands today, Magdalene's Mallory Court is a hodgepodge of cot-tages, rooms above a pub and a council block tower in miniature.

In 1931, the future was rosy red-brick. Fresh from carving out the streetmap and sculpting the townscape of New Delhi, Edwin Lutyens took on the commission for a monumental new court. His projected scheme would have swept away the mediaeval houses and blue-wash brick work of Bridge Street and replaced them with three colossal ranges in red-brown brick. This would have transformed Magdalene's village green and cottages into a massy and no-ble, though perhaps impersonal, court.

Only the south range, long and sym-metrical, an unusual mix of Tudor ga-bles and staircase doors in the manner of James Gibbs (of Senate House fame), was ever built. Inside, the staircases are evocatively *olde England* – dark, monastic. The basement storey, with its windows set low into the skirting of

the court, is at river level, a warren of passages and cellars. Lutyens was partial to a castle air and there is something imposing and impregnable about the South Range, particularly when com-pared with the light, Rococo frippery of the Magdalene Pepys building. The Lutyens range is a bruiser of a building. Pevsner accused it of being “a little too convinced of itself”.

But it's not without its charms. Each of the staircase balustrades boasts unique, identifying carvings, harking back to Lutyens' childhood spent learn-ing traditional handicrafts in the Surrey village of Thursley. This interest in hand-wrought craftsmanship endured throughout his long and international career as an architect. College lore has it that the balustrades were designed to help guide drunken undergraduates to the right staircase after a night of revelry in roaring '30s Cambridge.

Had Lutyens' plan been executed, Magdalene would be very different, grandiloquent and formal. But as it is, Lutyens' south range lends just enough statesmanlike grace to a pick-and-mix court. A little Lutyens goes a long way.
Laura Freeman



KATY KING

Sex in the Univer-City



Week 1: Supernatural Snogging

Among the teenage sorority there is no greater sex-symbol than the sallow of skin, sharp of tooth vampire Edward Cullen in Stephanie Meyer's *Twilight* books.

For today's university undergrad-uate who cut her romantic teeth, so to speak, on Buffy the Vampire Slayer and her undead paramour Angel or the tousled haired extra-terrestrials of Roswell High, the appeal of the otherworldly romance is legend. The American Right have seen Meyer's tale of high school girl and vegetarian vampire as a celebration of abstinence; Edward cannot become inflamed by Bella or he might surrender to a moment of carnivorous abandon. So, in the in-terest of keeping things above-the-waist here's a guide to the potential perils of supernatural kissing.

The Vampire – In which the gentleman having delivered a perfunctory kiss on the lips, lunges with blood-thirsty intent at his victim's neck and then gnaws, bites and tenderises virgin flesh. Do not confuse a well-judged love bite with the full-on Nosferatu routine.

The Alien – Aim is everything, gentlemen. No female earthling welcomes a sliming. Try not to leave a saliva trail across our cheeks, dripping from the ends of our noses, or oozing over our chins. Get this right and we might let you take us back to your spaceship and examine us with your probe.

The Frankenstein – Whereby the upright English gentleman holds his neck perfectly erect and still throughout the kiss as if it were held there by screw and bolt. Lo-gistically this means that the noses of both parties are uncomfortably squashed for the duration. The counterpart to this is...

The Igor – The Igor tilts his head at a lopsided angle and then seizes your neck and bends it likewise. Prolonged kissing in this dislocated position guarantees a cricked neck, a wrenched shoulder and agony when bent over an essay the next day.

The Werewolf – I appreciate a fine beard and a smattering of designer stubble as much as any girl but, gentlemen, do be aware of the sandpaper factor. Don't bring your girlfriend out in a rash.

Lastly, there will be no accusa-tions of sexism in this column, so girls, beware of...

The Cousin-It effect – Long, glossy locks are a winning seduction tool but when it comes to the kiss beware of stray hairs, or your Dracula may find himself pulling silken strands from between his pointy teeth.

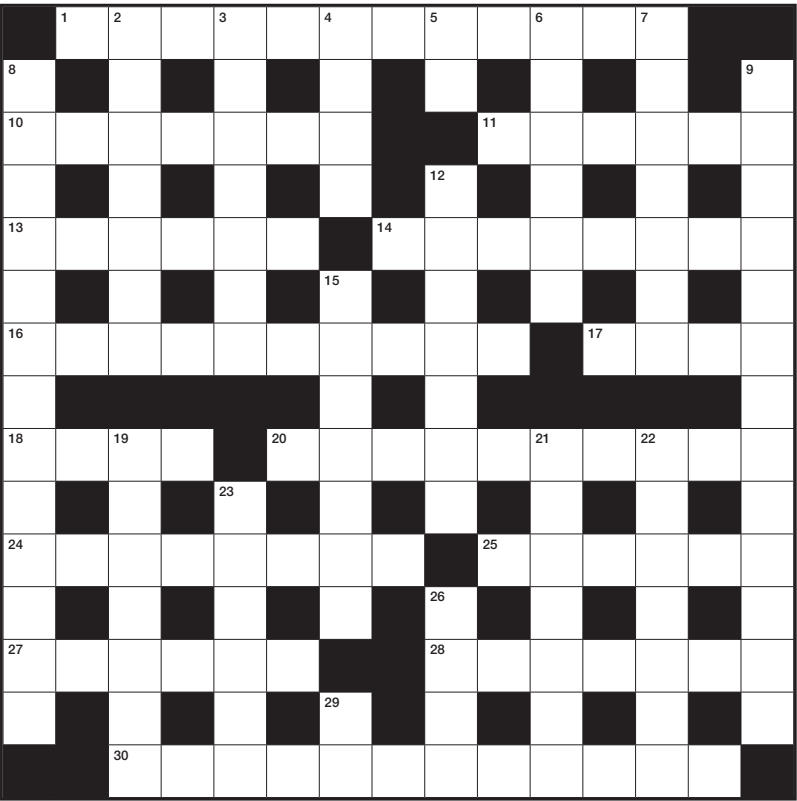
The Unpenitent Magdalene

Games & puzzles



Varsity Crossword

no. 503



Across

- 1 Student paper to poke fun at queen? No ta, it's offensive (12)
- 10 Transmitted within the family (7)
- 11 Force from Samson's head some of what was taken from it (6)
- 13 Injured, lacking in energy, broken (6)
- 14 Pet cow in a big car to go on holi-day (8)
- 16 Quietly joined church lines, mak-

- ing space for violent types (6,4)
- 17 What boaties manipulate by mouth: love, approximately (2,2)
- 18 Story's end follows another's mid-dle with skill (4)
- 20 Foul bra Eva dressed in fashion (10)
- 24 Brisker organ about to rest (8)
- 25 A fantastic way to articulate fur-ther (2,4)
- 27 Muted annoyance puts Hisashi in a dull mood ... (6)

- 28 ... However, I retain a state of calm (7)
- 30 Between the start of yesterday and the end of July, body parts of attractive man comprise what one should pursue at university (5,2,5)

Down

- 2 What blows no good (as they say), Hisashi will conquer: start dinner (3,4)
- 3 Put, er, those in your pipe and smoke it! (2,5)
- 4 Drunken idiot, entirely reliable, heads out for journey (4)
- 5 What locates things concealed by bathers? (2)
- 6 What politician is in trampy items, still to be dealt with? (2-4)
- 7 More dependent one in bread-maker, by the sound of it? (7)
- 8 Movement of influential paint-ers beginning with ephemeral art, spurning Michelangelo's lead (3-10)
- 9 We at home vanished, also somehow finally to begin thinking intelligently (5,4,4)
- 12 Party decoration everyone re-ceived by gift (7)
- 15 Coarsely brushed morsel with lit-tle education (7)
- 19 Furiously exist briefly in a lazy manner (7)
- 21 A way to regard well (7)
- 22 Suspiciously late in bed, as a sheep said (7)
- 23 Torn, unidentified epidural mem-brane (6)
- 26 (Very) Little Richard, extremely loudly, plays a bit of music (4)
- 29 Constitutes a demi-god? (2)

Set by Hisashi

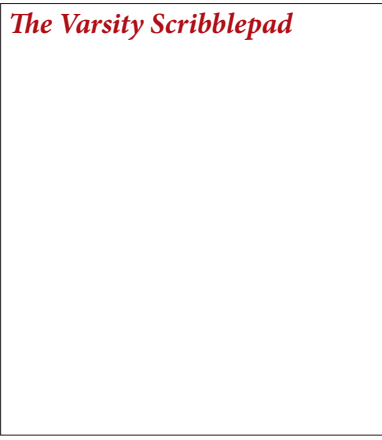
Sudoku

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

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

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The Varsity Scribblepad



Last issue's solution

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

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 502)

Across: 1 Rhyming slang, 9 Pears, 10 Van, 11 Probe, 12 Abhors, 13 Knee-jerk, 15 Ernie, 16 Oxon, 17 Anal, 20 Orca, 22 Sari, 23 Annoy, 25 Mermaids, 26 Gateau, 28 Ascot, 29 Ohm, 30 Orbit, 31 Barney Rubble. Down: 2 Heathen, 3 Miseries, 4 Navy, 5 San Antonio, 6 Apples, 7 Grope, 8 Berkeley hunt, 9 Plates of meat, 14 Dog and bone, 18 Nonverbal, 19 Catacomb, 21 Corncob, 24 Faster, 27 Emir.

NUTTY ADVENTURE (STARTS ON PAGE 13): You try to diffuse the situation with a nut-based joke. "Barman," you ask, "what do you call nuts on a wall?" "Er, walnuts?" he responds correctly. "Correct!" you say. "What about nuts on a chest?" He pauses. "Um...chestnuts?" "Correct!" you say. "And what do you call nuts on your chin?" He is dumbfounded. "Er...chin-nuts?" »p27 Oh, the suspense: is the barman right? Find out on page 27!

REPORTS

Glory for rugby girls in Grange Road grudge match

» Women come out on top in clinical Varsity encounter to cap fantastic season

Jenny Morgan

The women's rugby Blues stormed to Varsity victory for the second year running on a day of Light Blue domination at Grange Road.

The girls made the most of the home advantage, starting confidently while Oxford made a series of early mistakes, fumbling the ball in the lineout and knocking on to gift Cambridge the first penalty. Feeling flush they kicked to touch then launched their offensive across the pitch. Oxford somehow managed to keep them out but gave away another penalty in the process, this time kicked to goal by Helen Bellfield.

But the Dark Blues were quick off the restart and counter-attacked to within metres of the try line. The tackling was desperate but the line held, and the error was eventually forced as a crunching hit forced the ball to be lost forward. Soon afterwards captain Rachel Thompson led from the front, taking a quick penalty and running through three players, with some

Cambridge	9
Oxford	0

great supporting play from Anne Venner and Kate Robson to keep the Oxford defence pinned on their own try line.

No points were forthcoming, though, and it was actually a Dark Blue attack two minutes from half-time that looked dangerous. A series of missed tackles let the Oxford centre make up some ground, but the ball was turned over in the nick of time to leave Cambridge 3-0 ahead at the whistle.

The second half saw wave after wave of attacking play from Cambridge. An early penalty just deflected off the posts, but the Blues were quick to win it back and Lucy Hartwell made a fantastic drive to within inches of the line. When the ball was held up, Cambridge came away with three points as Bellfield slotted over the

penalty kick.

Oxford's handling errors added to their woes as the play remained rooted in their half. The Cambridge forwards trundled in for the kill, unfortunately just edged out this side of the corner flag, but support was on hand to turnover and drive once more within the next few minutes. Even when cut down to fourteen after the flanker was sin-binned, Cambridge remained in control.

As the minutes ticked on the scoreline was increasingly irrelevant; it never looked again like Oxford could come back to life. Another penalty was to be the last nail in the coffin, stretching the final score to 9-0 for Varsity victory.

A match short on tries, for sure, and with areas of less than perfect play from both teams. But an admirable performance nonetheless from one of Cambridge's most successful outfits this year.

Mention must also go to the second team who played at Grange Road earlier in the day, securing a resounding 34-5 victory.



Kerry Bloxham stays strong in the tackle



Michael Stark looks confident on the ball

Oxford take victory at the Cottage

Pranav Sood

Both teams went into this year's Varsity fixture, held once again at Craven Cottage, full of confidence, having finished second in their respective leagues.

As has been the case for the past few fixtures, Oxford played their league football in a higher division than Cambridge. The Dark Blues' already strong side was further bolstered by the inclusion of a number of returning Blues. Cambridge, though, had little reason for pre-match nerves, particularly given the emphatic nature of their 5-3 victory in last season's fixture.

Nonetheless, and despite the last-minute inclusion of veteran striker Michael Johnson, the Light Blues began the game tentatively and struggled to stick to any sort of game-plan. Oxford, meanwhile, grew increasingly

Cambridge	0
Oxford	1

confident in possession and began to probe the Cambridge back line. Striker Toogood was particularly impressive in the early exchanges. The Light Blue defence held firm, soaking up the pressure as the midfield looked to regroup. But another clever run from Toogood found him enough space to pick out the guileful number twelve, who slotted home from just inside the area.

Oxford, visibly boosted by the strike, continued their siege of the Cambridge goal, hitting the bar and spurning yet more opportunities to increase their lead before the interval.

Perhaps conscious of their slender advantage, the Dark Blues began the second half more nervously and excellent work from Cambridge winger Mark Baxter saw the team haul themselves back into contention through a spell of sustained possession. But they failed to capitalise as the service to centre-forwards Johnson and Amos left much to be desired.

The Light Blues were further strengthened by the introduction of Day and Harrison, the former providing Cambridge with defensive solidity and the latter some much-needed attacking penetration. Despite Harrison's pace and skill, which briefly threatened to bring about an equaliser and certainly left many in the crowd wondering why his introduction came so late in the day's proceedings, Oxford held on to take a well-deserved 1-0 victory.

Eddie's see red in crunching Cuppers encounter

» John's dominate to take the double for the fifth year running over a brutally physical St Edmund's XV

Jenny Morgan

Chances are if you're reading this, you don't like John's. If you've ever bumped into the rugby team on a night out, chances are you hate them. But quids in you haven't beaten them either, and the now five times League and Cuppers winners sure as hell aren't going to let you forget it. Love 'em or hate 'em, you can't deny they're bloody good at rugby.

Lining up against St Edmund's, a team with nine of this year's Varsity squad in their starting fifteen (and another in the mascot outfit), it looked to all like the reign of those mightiest of rugby disciples was to come crashing down about their cauliflower ears. But they hadn't quite factored on the passion that outgoing captain Will Hall could summon from his loyal band of Redboys. John's came out fighting that sunny afternoon, and it

St John's	23
St Edmund's	12

was all Eddie's could do to keep up.

Early pressure on the St Edmund's backline led to a John's lineout deep into enemy territory. A few minutes later that pressure forced an error, leaving Scott MacLennan with a gift of a penalty to pop over for the first points. But the great Blues machine was gradually grating into gear and soon it was an Eddie's drive steamrolling its way up the pitch. John's desperately pulled it to ground, but eventually after wheeling a scrum and breaking the ball loose, Chris Perera stole through for a try.

With all to play for, John's were looking more imaginative in their set play,

although with some of the fastest players in Cambridge in the Eddie's arsenal, there was certainly plenty of danger to contend with. But suddenly John's golden boy Sandy Reid burst through from the back of a ruck before handing off to Lloyd Rickard who stormed up the wing to take the try. With John's thus holding a precarious lead into half time, the match was really starting to hot up.

Despite an early penalty to stretch that lead, it was Eddie's who came out firing from the restart. In a fast and furious effort involving every member of the team, they retained the possession for a good fifteen minutes and surged on towards the line an excruciating number of times. Within metres, even inches of scoring, eventually the ball was held up and turned from what had seemed a point of no return.

John's were quick to hit back, and some silky smooth play across the full width of

the pitch found a Rickman-shaped hole in the defensive line for the storming centre to take his second try. But the twists and turns of this mega match were not over yet, and minutes later the leaders found themselves trimmed to fourteen men as the passion bubbled over into all out brawling.

But Eddie's failed to monopolise and in fact it was John's who took charge, Will Mayne leading the drive to the line with MacLennan the eventual and very deserving try scorer. When James Wellwood broke clear for the final try of the match a few minutes later it was but a consolatory effort for the defeated St Edmund's.

The passion and the glory, the sheer inspiration of the underdog team left even the most neutral observers a little breathless. And John's, the unstoppable, the rude, the unlovable, still unbeatable, it seems, for the fifth year running.



Team stalwarts Mayne and Cartwright feel the post-match love

Sport Feature: Mike Atherton Interview

Athers Opens Up

FORMER CAMBRIDGE BLUE AND ENGLAND CAPTAIN MIKE ATHERTON TALKS TO JENNY MORGAN ABOUT HIS CRICKET CAREER

Cricket and controversy seem to be increasingly common bedmates. From billion dollar fraud to international terrorism down to the less than gentlemanly behaviour of the sportsmen both on and off the field, it is cricket, but not as we

know it.

The sport as a whole is in a state of great upheaval, with a growing divide between those looking forward to a profitable and more watchable game in line with other professional sports and those defending the last bastion of an English sporting tradition from corporate corruption.

Not a bad time, then, to look back to simpler years. When a stubborn and single-minded individual could step seamlessly from Cambridge Blue to future England captain. It was the 1990s, and Mike Atherton was at the helm of English cricket.

Atherton soon became a household name as he opened for Lancashire and England in the closing decade of the last century. Adopting a gutsy, traditional batting style, Athers was at his best when the chips were down and all hope seemed lost, winning him great admiration from the English public and a place in the hearts of cricketing traditionalists the world over.

But where did it all begin? Mike is quick to credit Cambridge with the leg up he needed to the international stage. Coming up to Downing in 1987 he was soon a regular on the cricketing scene making the most of the unique opportunity on offer. "Cambridge, along with Oxford, played first-class cricket so I was able to kill two birds with one stone: getting a degree and playing cricket. I played first-class cricket much earlier than I would have otherwise done."

That said, Cambridge cricket was a little different from anything he'd experienced before. "At Cambridge we weren't expected to win any games. It was a case of hanging in there and not disgracing ourselves." Not dissimilar, perhaps, to the England ethos that he came across in his later years as captain. But he was no stranger to success: playing for a Lancashire side that won eight domestic one-day titles and finished second in the Championship four times, he learned to take the rough with the smooth and to develop his own game, to keep his head while all around were losing theirs.

For cricket in the 90s needed someone who was driven by something more than just glory and success, someone who loved the game enough to hang on in there no matter what. Cambridge helped him to grow up and appreciate that, and provided him with a solid base of experience upon which to found his career.

It is an experience that he admits belonged to another time. "I think the days of Cambridge, or indeed any university having the kind of influence, they had in the past are long gone."

He puts the decline in standards and shift in values down to the "short-sighted, wrong-headed attitudes" of the people behind the academic system. "Young sportsmen are much less likely nowadays to be encouraged to go to university and

universities are much less likely to want anybody who does not fit the academic requirements. We have crossed a threshold not to return."

Talking warmly of the years he spent here, it seems a great shame that the road he travelled is increasingly difficult for young cricketers to take. Describing his time on the team as "great fun and a tremendous experience" and pointing out the useful exposure provided by the match coverage in the national dailies, Cambridge cricket was clearly crucial to the development of his budding talent.

The fact that then, as now, it received significantly less interest than, say, rugby or rowing actually served to reduce the pressure upon the players and allow them to learn to love the game for what it is. "I didn't expect anything when I came up here. I hoped I might meet a few decent players and that the pitch might be OK but other than that I was happy for the opportunity to play against first-class players and was determined to make the most of it."

Perhaps today's youngsters have unreasonably high expectations and demands, leading them to forget exactly what it is that really matters. "I didn't need great facilities to get myself fit and in good enough form to make a decent fist of things. You just need opportunity, belief, determination and a little talent."

It was this no-nonsense attitude

that recommended him to the England management and to his players. Hailing from Manchester he felt out of place initially at Cambridge, but was then ribbed for being a toff when he went to Lancashire. With slightly cruder variations on the nickname 'FEC' (Future England Captain) bounding about in the dressing room, this good-natured banter actually endeared him even more to those about him.

Looking back, however, he accepts that the game, indeed the world, has changed since his time at the crease. Unmoved by the warning calls of the staunch traditionalists, he sees a lot of good in the reforms that have come to the game. In particular, the amount of support the players now receive both on and off the pitch would have been invaluable to such a captain as young as him.

But no regrets for the gruff Lancastrian: "We are all products of our time. Had I been playing now I would be a totally different kind of player. I would have loved Twenty20 cricket, just as I loved limited overs cricket with Lancashire."

No stranger himself to controversy, perhaps this is the kind of level-headed attitude that English cricket now needs to adopt. With one eye to the future lying beyond the boundary fence but with legs firmly rooted in the past, ready for anything that the fast bowling fate can send his way.

With questions from Charlie Pearson

A cricketing great...

Athers began his career at Manchester Grammar School where he scored nearly 3,500 runs and took 170 wickets. This was enough to ensure him a place on the England U19 and Lancashire Schools teams.

In 1987 he came up to Cambridge where he was selected for the Blues. Soon afterwards he made his debut for Lancashire, and scored his maiden first-class hundred just a fortnight later.

His heady rise continued with his Test debut in 1989 against Australia at Trent Bridge and his first ODI against India the following year.

He took over the captaincy from Graham Gooch in 1993 in timely recognition of his leadership skills and consistency.

His career spanned more than a decade, despite repeated back trouble. His last Test for England was played in the summer of 2001.

Athers is now a respected journalist, transferring his no-nonsense playing style to his writing.

Twenty20 at Fenner's: the season ahead

CHARLIE PEARSON TAKES A LOOK AT THE SEASON IN STORE FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CRICKETERS

Wednesday June 10th will be a day of unprecedented excitement at Fenner's this term as the University Cricket Club host this year's Cuppers final, followed shortly by the hotly anticipated second Varsity Twenty20 match, sponsored by Charles Russell.

The match is a follow-up to the success of last year's inaugural contest at the Parks in Oxford, which Cambridge won by 29 runs. In accordance with the customary theatrics of slap-n-tickle T20 cricket, garishly coloured kit will be provided by Charles Russell, and *Varsity* is told that the delightful pink ball, as being trialled by the ICC for one-day cricket, will be in use.

The Cuppers final, also twenty-over cricket, will open proceedings at 11am, while the Blues are expected to do battle against the old opposition at 3pm.

A veritable jamboree of smashing cricket, all are encouraged to support the Blues, and of course the College finalists, who for the first time in years will have the privilege of fighting it out in front of the full grandstand at Fenner's. Tickets for the day are £3.

There's probably never been a

better time to follow College cricket. Caius are the defending champions after last summer's deserved defeat of Trinity at Fitz, and seem to be backing themselves to be protagonists in this year's final as well.

Similarly, the Blues will obviously be pushing for a repeat of last year's win and look well-placed to do so, with players of some pedigree in the ranks. Ruel Brathwaite has opened the bowling for Barbados in the past and toured with the West Indies senior squad when they visited England in 2007, while South African Marc Rosenberg has played professionally with both Leicestershire and Natal.

The man hoping to rudder Cambridge to victory in all three Varsity competitions this season, captain Akbar Ansari, is a product of the Surrey academy and scored a magnificent 193 in last year's four-day Varsity.

All should make for a fantastic prelude for the Varsity cricket series so I thoroughly recommend joining the party at Fenner's.

We also look forward to the Varsity one-day match at Lord's, July 4th, and the Varsity first-class match at Fenner's, July 7th-10th.





Imran
Coomaraswamy
Sport Comment

IPL: it's big, it's brash, it's biblical

Is Lalit Modi really cricket's Moses? The 45 year old Vice President of the Indian Cricket Board, Modi is the architect of the Indian Premier League, a competition that has transformed the landscape of the cricketing world.

It was ex-Indian captain turned TV front-man Ravi Shastri who first described the IPL supremo as a "Moses of the game, who has shown the path to blazing success". There is, of course, a fair chance that Shastri only made this pronouncement because his contract as an IPL commentator explicitly required him to do so. Nonetheless, it's worth contemplating this comparison for a minute, especially given what Modi himself has said about his agenda: "We have taken some bold steps. We're going forward and trying to change the world order."

Let's rewind a couple of years. "Let my people go - to Twenty20 cricket matches," Modi declared to the world, or words to that effect. The success of Twenty20 in England had initially been ignored by those in charge of Indian cricket. It took their national team's dramatic triumph in the inaugural ICC World Twenty20 to really spur them into action. Expanding the fledgling inter-state competition that had taken place in 2007 would have been a sensible next step, but a certain Mr Modi had other ideas. Big ideas.

His vision borrowed more from Premiership football than it did from county cricket, with the world's best players auctioned to the highest bidders, city-based franchises, billionaire owners and billions of fans. Not shy of American-style razzmatazz, Modi brought in cheerleaders and big

fireworks displays, but most importantly, he brought in Bollywood: every franchise (through either its owners or brand ambassadors) got film stars on board to grab more headlines and fill more column inches than runs alone could ever manage.

By this point, cricket's Moses had his mission, his vision, his people - not Israelites but IPLites. Next came the plagues. Not frogs, boils and locusts, but controversial internationally co-ordinated embargoes on players, administrators and even commentators with any links to the rival Indian

Aussies were awesome, Sanath still sizzled, Shoaib Akhtar still devastated - and then disintegrated.

Together with all this went just the right amount of drama and surprise, though even the Rajasthan Royals' classic underdog story was penned by a familiar hand; cricket's favourite overweight blond, whose nickname happens to be Hollywood, worked his magic once again.

Alas, disaster struck. Before the second season could begin, the threat of international terrorism forced the IPLites into exile in the wilderness of

"Let my people go - to Twenty20 cricket matches."

Cricket League. It wasn't just any old Twenty20 cricket matches Modi wanted the people to go to, it was his matches. By hook or by (shepherd's) crook, he would get his way.

Thus, amidst much fanfare, the Indian Premier League was created. And it was good. For all the grumblings by pessimistic and puritanical pundits, the tournament was a spectacular success. The one thing Modi could not control directly - the sport (is it cricket?) - was thrilling. Twenty20 may not be the same test as a Test, but the league's format ensured that those who just hit and giggled didn't get the last laugh. Reassuring patterns emerged. India's young guns blazed,

South Africa. Modi led them fearlessly across the sea in a logistical operation that was truly biblical in scale: booking 30,000 hotel rooms at three weeks' notice is a miracle in my book, if not in Exodus. Life in the wilderness would be tough - smaller squads, smaller crowds, no home-and-away format and no home cooking - but the IPLites had only to think of the bigger (live TV) picture.

The next chapter of this tale remains to be written. Perhaps credit-crunched sponsors will leave the IPLites needing manna from heaven to survive. Perhaps the exile will last several years. Moses died before reaching the Promised Land. What is the IPL's promised land,

and will Modi get there? Whatever happens next, however, the IPL story is already akin to a biblical epic. You might say this article is a testament to that.

The Ten Commandments Lalit 'Moses' Modi delivered to the IPLites:

1. I am the IPL, thy God, and thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt make thyself into an idol, so that lots of fans pay to watch matches and buy up plenty of merchandise.
3. Thou shalt not make wrongful use of my name, nor of any of my trademarks (no sixes - only DLF Maximums, please).
4. Remember the Sabbath; rest assured that a double-header of matches shall be played.
5. Honour thy father and mother, and franchise owner, and above all thy multi-million-dollar contract.
6. Thou shalt murder all types of bowling whenever possible.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery. By adultery I mean jumping into bed with anyone affiliated to the League That Shall Not Be Named. And by jumping into bed I mean breathing the same air.
8. Thou shalt help me steal the limelight from every other event in the cricketing calendar.
9. Thou shalt lie about whether thou hast caught the ball cleanly, so that my sponsors shall get plenty of airtime while the TV umpire's decision is pending.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy teammates' WAGs, nor any of the cheerleaders I have flown in from the USA. Well at least don't text them. Shane, didst thou get that?

Cooney's Marathon



Lauren
Cooney

Week 1

In which Lauren discovers that success really is just a state of mind...

Birthdays are traditionally times to feel good about oneself. We get to invite people who make us happy, fill us with joy, and buy us presents or drinks, to spend the day with us. I celebrated my 21st over the holidays and did exactly this. You bloody lucky things.

The following day I awoke feeling so much older and wiser. But this smug and cake-stuffed self-contentment was stumped by a rogue birthday card that slipped through my letterbox a day late. Kerplunk. On the front of this beautifully crafted handmade card was a picture of me, decked in teeny tiny hot pants that sculpted my fabulously taut bum, whizzing past a crowd of adoring fans, and jetting through the finish line to receive a trophy. In this wonderfully well wishing birthday card I had won the marathon.

My first instinct was to shove it in my attic and make a cunning prayer that it was I who won the race, receiving the glory and the money (stuff the charity), whilst the card grew limp and bruised on the 26.2 mile course. It then seemed that the only really rational thing I could do in this situation was to ask myself, what would it actually take to WIN THE MARATHON?

Well first I would have to shit myself, but that really goes without saying. I would probably also have to be black, and I'm not sure how I could do this by Sunday. The rest seem like comparatively easy sacrifices: shin splints, bleeding nipples, blisters, heat rash etc.

I turned to the internet for guidance, and, as with most things, managed to find a plethora of American websites telling me, "OK, it was eaaassy, I did it, I did it twice, all ya gotta do is bend the rules." It seems that you can WIN the marathon, if you simply bend the rules of what WINNING is. For instance, one Americano was the defending champion of the Georgia Summer Sizzler Triathlon, but he was the only man in his age bracket, which meant that he won. He defined the rule of what winning was and WON. AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS. Oh, so it's not the taking part after all.

I'll just stick with the OAPs and three-legged costumed racers, and claim that really I had always dreamt of beating a dinosaur with an 8ft tail and three other men on his back.

So if you're stuck for something to do on Sunday why not come down to London? The atmosphere will be fantastic, mainly because I can guarantee that you will definitely get to see me WIN THE MARATHON. And if you are stuck here, you can always support me, and my charity, financially instead: www.everyclick.com/laurencooney

Oxford outmuscle Cambridge on the river

Jenny Morgan

Returning champions Oxford came into the 155th Boat Race strong and confident. With the emphasis on the strong. Five Olympians nestled within their monster eight-man crew, weighing in at a stonking average of 100kg a person and with the steely-eyed look of absolute concentration. No prizes for guessing who the smart money was on.

But Cambridge weren't just going to let them row away with it. With a firm belief in their technical superiority, and knowing that anything can happen in a Boat Race, they came prepared for battle. And when CUBC President Henry Pelly won the toss and chose to gamble with a start from the Surrey station it appeared that they at least fancied their chances.

However an undeniably poor start for the Light Blue crew handed Oxford the opportunity to take half a length off the first six strokes. Recovering well, Cambridge was soon looking more comfortable and drew level with the big guns on a manageable stroke rate of 35. Some aggressive work from the cox Rebecca Dowbiggin had Oxford pushed right over to the Middlesex side so that her crew could enjoy the best of the early bend.

This combined with the long and powerful stroke of Silas Stafford at bow pulled the underdogs ahead and, as Oxford missed a stroke under pressure, allowed them to make it their race. Storming under Hammersmith Bridge, where 80% of leaders at this point have gone on

Cambridge	79
Oxford	75

to win, Cambridge still looked in good shape whilst Oxford battled an erratic stroke rate and a tightness that seemed to be holding them back.

But then in scenes painfully reminiscent of last year, and in that heart-wrenchingly incremental way unique to rowing, Oxford pulled up two seats at the two-mile marker. By the Chiswick Steps they had drawn ahead, and under passionate instruction from their cox, looked to be growing in confidence, relaxing, and pulling further away. This was the moment when the race was truly won or lost, and Cambridge failed to rise to the challenge until too late. Oxford's unmatched strength really began to tell and as Cambridge hit the wall, Oxford barged their way through it.

Oxford crossed the line several lengths ahead for their fourth victory in the last five years. Cambridge had given their all on the day, but were found wanting. Serious questions must now be asked of the rowing programme here as Oxford have started to look somewhat unstoppable. On a day where style and technique were rudely routed by sheer power, where beauty was ravished by the beast, the tactics of this Cambridge team seemed somewhat outdated. But at least there's always next year...



A dejected rower sums up the feeling in the Cambridge camp

Sport



In the summer time...

Jenny Morgan interviews Mike Atherton about cricket and Cambridge. p30

VARSITY MATCH RUNNING TOTAL: CAMBRIDGE 18, OXFORD 17. NEXT UP: DRESSAGE, CRICKET, ATHLETICS, TENNIS, CYCLING



Chris Webb catches Cliff Mark with a right jab

View from the River

Silas Stafford



The Boat Race is an incredibly hard race to lose. Almost a month on, I still find myself quite troubled by the race.

The entire race day was very surreal. After all those Stygian winter months, after the hours spent visualising race day, after thousands of strokes of preparation, my psyche had difficulty believing that race day was actually happening.

During the race it felt strangely as if I were watching somebody else race. I was so well prepared that my body and subconscious could race on autopilot, while my brain was curiously free to observe the race.

We threw the kitchen sink at Oxford at about seven minutes in, and to their credit, they did not crack. If we had 20 more strokes of "momentum" to give, the result might have been different. Unfortunately, we did not.

There are a million what-if's to consider: what if we had not botched the start? What if we had chosen the opposite station? What if I had waited to call the massive push? Hindsight will always haunt a loss.

We did not race perfectly, but nobody ever races the Boat Race perfectly. We lost because we raced an exceptional crew. I did everything in my power to prepare, and was confident that we would win. The only thing I had not prepared myself for was what it would feel like to lose.

Now back in Cambridge, I find myself a bit lost. Lingering disappointment is mixed with a sense of how incredibly fortunate I am. Before the race, I had such a strong purpose, and without that purpose it feels as though I am in a place I have never been before. Finally I can know the joys of being a "normal" Cambridge student. I feel honoured.

Boxing Blues Destroy Oxford

» Dark Blues left bloodied and bruised after second Varsity boxing whitewash in 102 years

Jamie Ptaszynski

Adrian Teare's explosive knock-out punch in the final heavyweight bout landed like a juicy cherry on the top of a beautifully tiered boxing cake.

The Oxford team may have been shaken by the disturbing end to one of the supporting fights, after which one of their female teammates was stretched off in a fit. It was a precautionary measure but it was also a reminder of how truly dangerous this sport can be.

But that is not to undermine the clear superiority of the Cambridge boys. Of the nine competition bouts, only one came to a questionable majority decision. The Oxford support were vocal about their disappointment

Cambridge	9
Oxford	0

when Cambridge's Jay Thomas got the benefit of the doubt after three tight rounds against Adam Levine.

Otherwise, the domination was absolute. Aside from Teare's KO, Hult, Chadwick and Chapman all had to be stopped before they caused their bloodied opponents any irreparable damage. It was Hult's rangy jab which first sent a red spray from Lowe's left eye and after a big hook hit the same spot in the second round, it would have been unsafe for him to carry on.

Two enormous lefts from Chadwick saw his opponent on the ground and the fight stopped inside the first minute, while Vitale was not allowed to continue against Chapman when he stopped throwing punches in the second round.

The competition actually started fairly ordinarily, with Irfan Ahmed eventually deemed to have landed more clean punches than Adam Blick. Ieuan Marsh was on typically destructive form and, having been slightly out-boxed in the first round, forced the eight count twice in the second. With yet more Oxford blood spilt in the third, the decision was not a hard one.

Chris Webb, who shone in the Town vs Gown match a couple of weeks be-

fore, again looked stable and assertive. His background in kickboxing clearly gives him an edge when it comes to footwork and balance and the only danger came when he briefly lifted his head and caught a couple on the chin towards the end of the second round.

The best fight of the evening, though, came from captain Will Rees. Landing three jabs immediately, Rees backed off and waited for the right moments to strike. He picked them perfectly and his quick combinations were too much for Chris Pearson. His head bobbed and dived out of the way of his opponent's fists and his counter-punching was a delight. It was a night for the Cardiff lad to be very proud, both of himself and of his team.

FREE SHOT COMPLIMENTARY OF BIG FISH
ENTS AND THE GENTLEMAN WYVERNS

OASIS

WYVERNS GARDEN PARTY LAUNCH
SUNDAY 26TH APRIL 2009 - 10PM

FezClub

WYVERNS GARDEN PARTY
SUICIDE SUNDAY
14/09/09

GOLD WRISTBANDS - £12
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FOR MORE DETAILS VISIT FACEBOOK
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COMPETITION

Win an A-Team DVD if
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last theorem
GET NO PAIN!

HEY NUDE!

Naked
epidemic
sweeps
Cambridge
See Full Story
Page 4



SHAME AND FURY AS CHINA CHANGE SHOE-THROWER TRIAL DATES

By ANDREW BELLIS

The trial of a Cambridge student charged with throwing his shoe at the Chinese prime minister has been moved – because it would have clashed with the anniversary of a HUMAN RIGHTS ATROCITY in China.

The Chinese embassy asked British officials to rearrange the trial of Martin Jahnke, a postgraduate at Darwin, to avoid coinciding with the 20th anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre.

This is despite the fact that China still claim that nothing of note ever even happened on that day.

FIASCO

FURIOUS campaigners have expressed their anger at the decision. "I'm extremely concerned if the real reason is to save the political embarrassment of the Chinese government," said Matt Whitticase, a spokesman for the Free Tibet campaign.

"The British justice system has enough pressure on it without it being for the convenience of the Chinese government," he said.

But the police have DENIED that they are aware of any potential security threats relating to the trial.

Mr Jahnke is accused of causing harassment, alarm or distress to the Chinese prime minister, Wen Jiabao, after throwing a shoe at the politician during a speech in Cambridge in February.

OUTRAGE

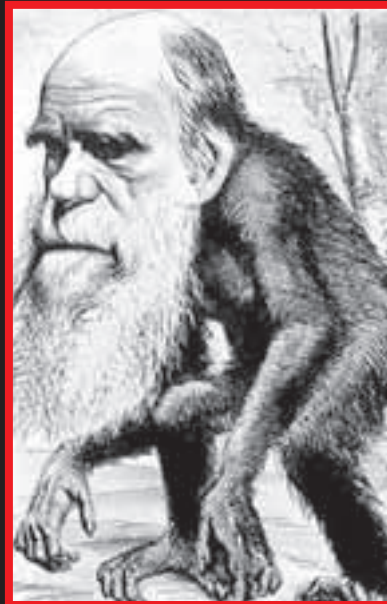
His trial was due to take place from June 2nd-4th, but will now begin a day earlier to avoid clashing with the Tiananmen Square anniversary.

On June 4th 1989, hundreds of unarmed student demonstrators were SHOT DEAD by Chinese forces crushing a pro-democracy protest in Beijing.

Continued page 2...

DANDY DARWIN IN BOOZE SHOES SHOCKER

Shoes and women are more important than books



By BETH STATON

NEWLY discovered accounts have prompted a massive **EVOLUTION** in our ideas about Darwin's student days.

Charles Darwin probably completed his undergraduate degree in a haze of lavish debauchery, new records reveal.

Experts were shocked to find that Darwin's newly discovered college spending accounts were those of a metrosexual young man who certainly wasn't thrifty with his cash.

Although tuition fees were a bargain at £14, his college bills amount to £636.0.91/2 over three years. That's £46,000 in today's money.

History professor Ian McCalman says this confirms Darwin's status as "an incredibly vigorous young bloke".

The man-about-town made the NATURAL SELECTION to spend his money on shoes over books.

Charles spent very little time in lectures and preferred to spend his days in the countryside RIDING, shooting and collecting beetles.

Continued page 2...

Wild man Darwin: 'Total Lad'

Continued from the front...

It is certain that Darwin "drank a lot, spent money on clothes and went out to parties" said Darwin boffin McCalman.

He also describes Darwin as a student who "fooled around" and was "really quite wild".

No accounts for Darwin's expenditure on ALCOHOL or cigarettes are available.

Augustus Henry Motague, president of the "barebacks" drinking society, was thrilled at the news that Darwin was a less than studious undergraduate. "Absolute L.A.D", he commented.

Tarzan

Darwin was such a mentalist than a friend even made a "JOKE coat of arms" where drinking and smoking were made his trademarks.

He also employed an army of tradespeople to carry out his daily tasks.

They include barber, grocer, chimney-sweep and tailor, APOTHECARY, porter, scullion, glazier, a hatter, smith, LAUNDRESS, linen-draper, painter, glazier and shoemaker.

One story recalls how the extravagant Darwin even used a GUN to blow out candles in his room.

L.A.D

Darwin was also a health nut and FORKED OUT for extra vegetables at college meals.

Other optional items apparently included PIES and CHEESE.

These discoveries will be a boon for the Cambridge 800th anniversary campaign.

Plan's for an honorary statue in the smoking area of Cindies remain unconfirmed.

I'M TOO SEXY FOR MY SCHOOL

Teacher totty: teaching toddlers by day, touting titties by night

By CAEDMON T-B



A LOCAL Cambridge primary school teacher has been at the centre of controversy after pictures of her posing nearly nude were found on the internet.

EXPOSED

The PORNOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHS were brought to the attention of Manor Community College principal Ben Slade by a letter from a parent.

The DAMNING letter branded the pictures as "GROSSLY

INAPPROPRIATE".

SHAMELESS

The provocative photographs on website www.imodel.com feature Miss Gray, a former CONVENT school pupil, under the name of 'Tasha' in revealing outfits.

One had her sporting a revealing pink SATIN NEGLIGEE and stilettos and another WRITHING on a faux-leopard skin rug.

The writer of the anonymous letter said: "I am disgusted that, even if these were taken before she became a teacher, Miss

Gray has not even attempted to remove them. I assume the pupils have a good giggle about it, but I find it rather crass."

The matter had been revealed to the mother after her child returned from school one day with the news that "one of their teachers had some, what I would call, provocative pictures on a website".

DECEIT

Natasha Gray, PE teacher at the community college on Histon Road, was named Britain's sexi-

est teacher in 2002 TV programme.

She narrowly missed being awarded "Britain's Sexiest" in which six winners from other professions participated.

Miss Gray, the former convent school pupil, was unavailable for comment.



TIANANMENTAL SQUARE

Continued from the front...

The official death toll for the bloody military action stands at just 241, but Amnesty International estimates that over 1,000 protesters could have died.

The court's legal advisor said that June 4th would be a "sensitive date".

But local police are unaware of any SECURITY CONCERNS that could arise from the trial.

"No security issues have been highlighted to police," a spokesperson for Cambridgeshire police said.

Mr Jahnke has already written a letter of apology to the Chinese government for his actions. In it, he reportedly APOLOGISED for failing to show the respect and courtesy the prime minister deserved.

China condemned the protest as "despicable".



SHOED... Wen Jiabao



LASH... Sidney Sussex bar

Sidney bar bows to police pressure

By JIM STICKY

Sidney Sussex bar management has cracked under pressure from the Master and police to RAISE DRINKS PRICES.

Bingo

Each shot of spirits will now cost 20 pence more, however in a bid to keep prices down they have made the decision to provide mixers for free, essentially lowering the price of a drink.

Monkey

They may, however, be affected by the NUS motion passed earlier this month to raise prices in all student bars to curb binge drinking and protect welfare. A Sidney student, who wished to remain anonymous, said "It's bulls**t. It's another obstacle put there to stop us from having fun."



PUMP IT UP... Cindies

Pumps now sold at Cindies

By RODNEY CASSOCK

Stiletto clad tottie can now relax with the knowledge that they won't have to hobble home after a night out on the razz in Cambridge after popular night-spot Ballare (aka Cindies) installed a vending machine selling roll-up ballet pump style shoes.

Lash-Hound

The 'Rollasole' units stock six pairs of shoes in a range of colours and sizes, each costing £5. Party-crazy lash-hound Jenny, a second year Historian at John's, said "that's brilliant. I won't have to wake up wondering why I have blood on my feet anymore!"

Disgruntled

Jamie, a disgruntled boyfriend to stilettoed stunner Stacey commented, "It's great. I won't have to carry Stacey home anymore, which used to be fine until she started chucking-up all down my back."

Mister Mystic: Your Horoscope predictions...

 ARIES MARCH 21 – APRIL 20 Watch out for good looks and bad books in the UL this week. Avoid the West Room.	 LEO JULY 23 – AUGUST 23 As Mercury enters the orbit of Uranus, the stars foretell new friendship based on mutual desperation. Lucky zoo: Bristol.	 SAGITTARIUS NOVEMBER 23 – DECEMBER 21 A trip across the pond could result in fireworks. Be sure to act before you think, and don't be afraid of men who look like spiders.
 TAURUS APRIL 21 – MAY 21 Expect a birthday surprise, with potentially sexy consequences. Lucky frog: Tyler's tree frog.	 VIRGO AUGUST 24 – SEPTEMBER 22 As Pluto enters the cycle of Uranus, you will be susceptible to seduction and develop a craving for tofu.	 CAPRICORN DECEMBER 22 – JANUARY 20 New flame? Take them to Bella Italia and order the fish fingers; Saturn will do the rest. Beware of falling down the toilet.
 GEMINI MAY 22 – JUNE 21 You may need some TLC this week after bad exam news. Also: beware Dawn French.	 LIBRA SEPTEMBER 23 – OCTOBER 23 As Uranus enters Uranus, your sense of humour will become more puerile, perhaps leading to love.	 AQUARIUS JANUARY 21 – FEBRUARY 18 Reading Varsity this week may bring heightened sexual potency. Venus advises a fashion makeover, but Jupiter thinks you're fine as you are.
 CANCER JUNE 22 – JULY 22 You have cancer. Get it checked out.	 SCORPIO OCTOBER 24 – NOVEMBER 22 Relationship drama is just round the corner: watch out, it's got a gun! Lucky rapper: Chamillonaire.	 PISCES FEBRUARY 19 – MARCH 20 You may find yourself alone in a punt with that special someone, but tread carefully – they have herpes. Lucky roast: lamb.



WHAT'S ANGRY GEORGE THINKING?

Rachel, 20, from Homerton

NEWS IN BRIEFS

RACHEL is angry that the University is refusing to release documents from the Law Faculty occupation, despite Varsity's Freedom of Information demands. Rachel said: "What are they trying to hide?"

Eyesore

outrage at St John's

By LIZZY TYLER

The Cripps building of St John's was at the centre of scandal this week, sparking outrage within the elite University city.

In a new and shocking move, the abomination was listed by the English Heritage, usually a move aimed at preserving Britain's architectural and cultural ancestry.

Built in 1960s by famous architects Powell and Moya, the building is said to be "an outstanding post war building, beautifully composed and constructed".

Catherine Croft, Director of The Twentieth Century Society, said the CONTROVERSIAL building had "a picturesque quality which demonstrates a very humane and romantic side of modernism".

RAGE

The majority of students – in fact anyone with any sanity – failed to see the 'romantic' side of this monstrous grey and, frankly, ugly building. "It looks like a Russian prison, why would you

want to preserve that?" one angry second year student asked.

The 60s shitstack has been given Grade II* listed status, which means it is a "particularly important building of more than special interest" that must be "celebrated as having exceptional architectural or historic special interest".

Most listed buildings are much older than the Cripps Court site, which means that it must have been seen as 'outstanding' for its age. It doesn't seem to be all that different from other Cambridge eyesores such as Queen's Cripps Court. Could that be next on the list?

PORRIDGE

Like most 60s crazes, such as lava lamps and the infamous "prawn cocktail", the Cripps building is seen by most students as out of date and a bit rough. It sits between two Grade I listed buildings, and although it was praised for its "boldly modern approach" by Roger Bowdler, of English Heritage, you've got to wonder what is going on when a 1960s concrete block is given Grade II* listed status. Next thing you know the Grafton Centre will be a world heritage site or better the eighth Wonder of the World.

Angry George

He says what we're all thinking



It is often said that what the Luftwaffe failed to do to British architecture during the Second World War, town planners finished off in the 1960s.

Where the firebombs of Heinkel He 111s failed, the concrete of soulless architectural philistines up and down the country succeeded.

In Cambridge we may have been lucky with regard to the indifference of Goering's squadrons, but the same cannot be said of the missionary zeal of the foot-soldiers of Le Corbusier, who were allowed to desecrate our idyllic vista with several acts of modernist structural vandalism.

Incandescent

As if the existence of these carbuncles on the delicate complexion of Cambridge were not enough of an insult to our aesthetic sensibilities, it now turns out that one of them has been listed as a Grade Two building. Its like giving Ben Affleck and Oscar.

I speak, of course, of the Cripps building of St John's College, a construction that hangs limply from the beautiful torso of the College like a gangrenous limb in desperate need of emergency amputation. It is a classic example of the mysterious love of Warsaw Pact brutality that inexplicably engulfed British architecture during the 1960s.

It would not look out of place in the middle of Ceausescu's Bucharest. Building it in the heart of one of the most architecturally sublime towns in England was analogous to dumping a multi-storey car-park in the middle of the Garden of Eden – and now this gross act of artistic vandalism is to be officially sanctioned, even rewarded.

Sickening

To celebrate an example of this travesty is not only a symbolic victory for the barbarism of the modern architectural orthodoxy, it will also deny recognition and protection to genuinely beautiful buildings, from the resplendent majesty of our Baroque erections to the solemn austerity of our plentiful Victoriana. May eternal shame be poured on the dullards responsible.

George Owers

Text VARSITY: WOOF WOOF to 60300 if you want to begin a text conversation with a man in Penge pretending to be Rachel.



CAMsay Street Returns!

LET ME HOLD YOUR BAG FOR YOU.

THANKS, YOU'RE AN ANGEL!

INSIDE THE UL...

I'M REALLY ENJOYING READING ABOUT FERTILITY IN 17TH CENTURY EAST ANGLIA.

YES, ISN'T IT RIVETING.

I HOPE HE DOESN'T MAKE A HABIT OF THAT!

I JUST DID A TIMED ESSAY, BUT I FINISHED OFF TOO EARLY.

I'VE BEEN SO DISTRACTED! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY WORK DONE TODAY.

ME NEITHER. WHY DON'T WE STICK AROUND FOR SOME LATE NIGHT STUDY?

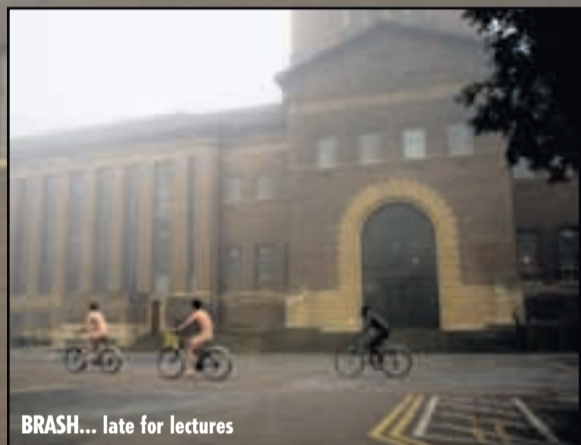
BY ROB PEAL, STARRING BROOKE SADLER AND MAX STECHMAN

NAKED EPIDEMIC SWINGS THROUGH CAMBRIDGE

NAKED CAMBRIDGE



CHEEKY... ball baring



BRASH... late for lectures



DIGNIFIED... a broadsheet

Nudists spotted naked in brazen display of their nads

By ALBERT ROPE

Shock has been reverberating round the refined and well mannered Cambridge, which has been shaken to the core by a flurry of flesh and blurred bodies.

Reports have been circulating of a Naked Epidemic sweeping the sleepy University town.

Undergraduates have been seen in the early hours cycling to their lecture rooms wearing literally nothing. Two merry nudists have even been photographed leaning against a railing outside one particular faculty building.

MENACING

The reason for the sudden outburst of barefaced bareness remains unknown. This group of sketchy, menacing nudists peeled off down an alleyway before any-

one could question their purpose.

OUTRAGE

Possible reasons for this spontaneous shedding of clothing include the unseasonably warm weather, unstable behaviour due to exam stress, or perhaps a culture shift in favour of a more continental attitude towards nudity.

"This is deeply suspicious," observed a second year Trinity student. "I believe these failing students are trying to bring others down with them with their unnecessary distractions."

BOLLOCKS

Behaviour once limited to showers, baths and boudoirs has not been welcomed by this East Anglian town. One passer-by offered his own sage advice. "If you want to take off your clothes, find somewhere else to do it!"

However, many have been questioning the scale of the reaction. One Cambridge student we talked to remains unimpressed, and was unsure whether a few chaps with no clothes on really constitutes an epidemic. "It's just a load of bollocks really," he claimed.



CHILLING...

EXCLUSIVE**CAITLIN MORAN SPILLS ALL**by **TASH LENNARD**
Celeb Editor**Caitlin Moran, columnist and 'celeb-watcher' for the Times is a force of nature. She even has white stripes in her mane of black hair, like Halle Berry as Storm in X-men.**

"The thing that I do," she tells me, "is write about the most inconsequential things on the planet". The topics she goes on to talk about, however, totally belie her claim to inconsequentiality: Jade's last days; Michael Jackson's comeback; and Russell Brand's sexual penchants.

MENTALISTS

When it comes to writing about famous people, Moran admits that weird fans often provide the most fruitful material. So she was disappointed when attending the announcement of Michael Jackson's comeback performances, to be met by 7,000 seemingly normal people.

"You usually know when you're around people with nutty fans: very, very fat people from Belgium turn up, who are crying as soon as they step off the tube.

"But there were no fat crying Belgians at Michael Jackson's press conference, although there was one bloke who'd flown over from Cyprus who, Alan Partridge style, had had Michael Jackson's face tattooed across his torso. One of his nipples was Michael Jackson's pupil".

Moran summarises her role writing about the most inconsequential things on the planet: "Basically, I go and look at weird people and write sarcastic things about it". How she started in that job is a story in itself.

DEPRIVED

Caitlin is the youngest of eight children, raised in

a three-bedroom council flat in Wolverhampton, "which, in case you didn't know, is a bad place, where all the bad things happen". From the age of eleven Caitlin was home-schooled. She claims there is a simple explanation for her unconventional education: "Given that there were eight of us, our parents clearly decided that they could not be shitted to sort out eight clean pairs of socks and eight clean pairs of pants for five days a week."

Caitlin describes her parents as "spectacularly lacklustre" her 'school days' mainly consisting of watching Hello Dolly and drinking undiluted Ribena. "But we did have a houseful of books, and so we read a lot". When it comes to being a writer, Caitlin notes that it is helpful to read a lot. She refuses, however, to give "advice" about becoming a writer: "Advice is annoying when you're a young person. It's annoying when you're an old person. It's just annoying".

For Caitlin, writing seemed like the only option: "I had no qualifi-

**Branded a DISGRACE**

cations. I figured it was become a writer, or I'd have to be a check-out girl at Somerfield. Or a prostitute." After a "ludicrously jammy sequence of events", Moran now writes a permanent column for the Times.

PEARLS

Caitlin condenses the rest of her pearls of wisdom into the following: If you're ever interviewing a celebrity in their home, always check out their loo – "you'll learn more about them from their toilet than from an hour of conversation". Also, if you're writing an article and struggling for a concluding paragraph, copy and paste your second paragraph into the conclusion – "I think you'll find it infallible".

EGG SEX

Luckily, talking to Caitlin has not left me struggling to fill a concluding paragraph. "Have I talked too much or do I have time for a celebrity sex story?" she asks the audience. When is there ever not time for a celebrity sex story, I wonder? So Caitlin asks for another glass of wine and tells us a story about Russell Brand asking a friend of hers, and sexual conquest of his, to insert Cadbury's Mini-Eggs up her bum and re-deposit them on his chest.

Caitlin recounts this salacious of story with adorable candour. Whether her subject matter is considered inconsequential or not, Caitlin Moran is a joy to read, and an even greater joy to talk to.

CAMBRIDGE DATING SERVICE**MEN SEEKING WOMEN**

COMPUTER SCIENTIST. Avid gamer - ranked 93rd in the world at Empire: Total War. WLTm own Lara Croft to fulfil Tomb-Raiding fantasies.
6' 5" RUGBY HERO. WLTm cute, blonde trophy girlfriend to accompany me to formal dinners and on nights out. No emotional involvement necessary. Must promise not to laugh at my preposterously small penis.
LATIN LOVER. Caecilius est in horto. I, however, am in my bedroom with a stiffy. Seek Classicist for epic times.
ENDEARING SIMPLETON. Very limited conversational skills. Seeks partner for uncomplicated pleasures: collecting sticks, chasing butterflies, poisoning swans.
POSTGRADUATE ENGINEER. Very shy, possibly suffering from Aspergers. WLTm the

perfect factor to solve the following equation: me + love = happiness.
ANGRY MAN. Seeks calming influence. Mustn't mind eating off plastic cutlery and administering sedatives. Passion guaranteed.
DEPRESSED ECONOMIST. Girton college. May not have gotten any internships, but in the City of love you can bet my stock goes all the way up.
CORPULENT OCTOGENARIAN DON. WLTm bold nubile undergrad with platinum hair, nutcracker legs and an inexplicable penchant for dirty old pervs. Interests include cricket, sherry and alleyways. Afflictions include deafness and gout.
EX-CON. WLTm highly suggestible girl, willing to be my alibi for the night of Friday 16th. Must be a good actress and free to meet at Cambridge magistrate court next week.
COME ON BABY. Light my fire. 19 year

old pyromaniac seeks trashy lady for a hot time.
ROWER, 22. Looking to perfect early-morning stroke with my oar and rollicks. Coxes need not apply.
HERMIT. Holder of an awful secret. Seeks companion for ultimate commitment. Must be tight lipped and non-judgemental.
WORKING CLASS BOY. From Liverpool. Looking for blonde public school girl. Together, we'll make class war.
WANKY ENGLISH STUDENT. Preposterous pretensions, inflamed ego and good syntax. Seeking female repository for my verse.
LAW STUDENT. I'm looking to thrill a mockingbird. Seeks similar to discuss courtroom drama.
MEDIEVAL ENGLISH LITERATURE EXPERT. Seeks fellow enthusiast for Chaucerian role play. I'll be the gallant knight, and you'll be my maiden fayre.
THIRD YEAR MATHMO. WLTm a

girl. Any girl
WAITER AT CURRY RESTAURANT. WLTm female Cambridge student who does not dress in slutty uniform outfits, scream like a banshee and fall asleep in her Tikka Masala after drinking a bottle of wine. Are you out there?
DASHING ORIENTAL STUDIES STUDENT. From Wales. You: Girl of Asian ethnicity (I'm not picky). Ni hao ma?
FRUSTRATED AESTHETE, 20. Did you do an Art foundation course? Seeks artistic muse to down apple sourz with in Kambar. Kings students preferred.
HARD AS THE ELGIN MARBLES. Herculean Classicist and Rugby Blue WLTm a Helen of Troy for Bacchanalic revelry.
RAVENOUS CARNIVORE. WLM.

MEN SEEKING MEN

HARDCORE SOCIALIST. Seeks Tory boy for fiery arguments and dirty hate-sex. Is that you, John Major?

WOMEN SEEKING MEN

DEVOUT CHRISTIAN. Geography student. WLTm fellow worshipper for wine, dinner and everything but.
KET FIEND. Sparky, funny and gorgeous by day. Dribbling, nonsensical maniac by night. Seeks steady relationship with clean man to help me through.
BORED HOUSEWIFE. WLTm hunky gardener to cut back the lawn and plant a tree in my border.
IMPLAUSIBLY RANDY. WLTm strong young man with a 10" tongue who can breathe through his ears.
Hopeless romantic. Prone to wearing a bonnet. Seeks a true gentleman of impeccable breeding for courting by day, and bodice ripping by night.
STUDENT RADICAL. Law fac. veteran. WLTm dreadlocked dreamer willing to spend afternoons/evenings overturning capitalism through the peaceful means of Yoga, slogans and

acoustic guitars.
GIRTON VET. Friendly and outgoing. WLTm fellow student from in-town college willing to be summoned up the hill at any time at night, and still have the stamina to take me to heaven and back.
CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER. WLTm man with balls that I can handle.
EXTREMELY SHY LAWYER. Searching for a well-mannered asexual. Must like cuddles.
SEARCHING... I saw you at Jesus Lane: plaid shirt, scruffy hair, skinny jeans. You did English. Is this specific enough?
BLONDE FROM JOHN'S. In Karen Millen dress. You: boy in pink shirt at Cindies on Tuesday night. Is this specific enough?
CHOIR MEMBER, 20. Seeks partner with mellow tones. O Come all ye faithful!
FEMALE ECONOMIST. Looking to observe the trickle-down effect in action. Groups of 2 men or more only.
HOCKEY GOAL KEEPER. Built like an

outdoor lavatory. Seeks a resilient partner.
FELINE FRIENDLY? It's not bestiality if it makes you purr. Vet student, 21, seeks cat lover.
GIRL WITH PEARL EARRING. Looking for necklace. Your brush in my paint pot could be classic.
BLONDE ENGLISH STUDENT. 20. looking for Wonderland. Can I bring my white Rabbit?
FIRST YEAR UNDERGRADUATE. Spent last year travelling round South East Asia with my best friends Polly and Flo. It was, like, sooo amazing. Seeks man who can tolerate my stories.
THEOLOGY STUDENT. Seeks atheist for sexy role-play. You be Dawkins, I'll be

Jesus. Smite me on the Cross?
DESPERATE. You: Boy with terrible hygiene and tendency to fart in bed. Me: Not very discerning.
LIE TO ME, BABY. Klepto seeks compulsive liar for obsessive relationship. Send photo of someone else.
INTERNET ADDICT. Seeks similar for loltimes and rides on the roflcopter. Brb to my place lol? No typos.
MOLECULAR BIOLOGIST. No sexual urges whatsoever. Seeks lab partner.

WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN

SOMETIMES I THINK I'M A LESBIAN. Will you let me feel one too? Cunning linguist, 21, Trinity.



Ed Cumming

Cumming in your face



I once waited on Jade Goody at the Brit Awards. I incompetently served her three courses — I think the main was lamb. She was very small, and very polite, and didn't eat very much. At her table of executives and big bosses she looked completely out of place, a tiny girl. People didn't really notice her until she was pointed out, and then they couldn't stop looking. She's dead now.

When not worrying about Saint Jade of Goodyear RIP (pboh), recent headlines have been dominated by political SCANDAL. In a touching reminder of how politicians face the same problems as the common man, Jacqui Smith has had to deal with her husband's addiction to PORNOGRAPHY.

And frankly, what self-respecting man wouldn't be tempted to bash one out had they the mind-boggling misfortune to be married to Ms Smith? We can easily avoid these problems in the future: all politicians must be men, and all must have independent means. Gladstone would never have claimed for BASHING his considerable bishop, and John Major would never have needed to.

Tax

I know almost nothing about politics. But I've read that Gordon Brown has raised the upper band of tax to 50%. HALF. Half is a lot of anything to give to someone, let alone the government. It's basically taking £20 out of a cashpoint and given £10 to the man who checks the cashpoint is working ok.

I was under the impression that one of the things New Labour wanted to do was not be like Old Labour. New Labour has been so successful at THWARTING Old Tories that the Old Tories have been trying very hard to turn into New Tories. Now they can just go back to being Old Tories again and win the election by a mile.

The Mirror, of course, reported that Brown and Darling were ROBBING the rich to feed the poor. This isn't true. He's really robbing the rich to in a desperate attempt to get short-term spending to remain in power, when he'll point he can continue to rob the rich.

As long as government borrowing keeps increasing in hare-brained schemes to prop itself up, it is we, the future, who will eventually have to pay for it. So my personal solution is to add to the great British brain drain by moving to the Caribbean as soon as I've secured a middling DESMOND.

Rapid

Reducing the speed limit to 50 on 'A' roads? STUPID. People will just drive faster on the motorways. And what's the last thing respectable, decent Englishmen want? More cars on the motorways.

The 'A' road is the last preserve of decent England, where a chap can drive to the pub, eat a quail, drink until his TROUSERS fall down and drive at 124 mph before falling asleep in a lay-by. Don't let the government waste its time and yours on STUPID measures like this.

Think about it...

Want to come in Ed's face?
Send your righteous rants to
large@varsity.co.uk

Crank God

Crank, starring Jason Statham

★★★★★

by MOHAIR STORMS.

Every few years, a film comes along that makes you thank your star reviews that you're a critic, and Crank: High Voltage is one of them. Imagine packing Jason Statham with dynamite and then exploding him in a room full of WAGs, and filming the whole thing in slow motion. It must be how Shakespeare looks to clever people.

I thought Crank 1 was impossible to top, but I was wronger than a dwarf on Zootube. Crank 2 brings it bigstyle, and ramps everything up to 11, with more cars, guns, bombs, babes, tattoos and shattered glass than Manchester on a Saturday night.

MAJESTIC

I literally cried with joy during the action sequences, which brought to mind the kind of stunts that you always wished you could do as a child, like smashing an ethnic-minority doctor through a chair using your elbow, or throwing an ethnic-minority gangster out of moving limo.

Crank 2 is also, without a doubt, the funniest film of the year. The sight of Chev Chelios rubbing himself against an old woman to charge up on static electricity made me laugh so

loudly I literally sprayed diet coke all over the seats in front. A stripper gets shot in the breast! Genius! Jason Statham is clearly this generation's Robert De Niro. He's manly, masculine and butch all at once; the kind of gent that pisses Red Bull.

The plot kept me literally on the edge of my seat from start to finish — having gangsters steal Statham's heart and replace it with a mechanical one that needs regular recharging could have been really dull — like working in Carphone Warehouse — so the producers come through yet again by having him juice-up with live electrical cables literally clamped to his tongue. Honestly, it's so balls-to-the-wall amazing that it makes The Transporter look like Gok's Fashion Fix.

REVELATORY

This is a true piece of cinema: the camera's always zooming in and out, using fisheye lenses, jumping into space and lurching into the ground. The director, Mark Neveldine, is like Martin Scorsese on crack, like Michael Bay with the gloves off, like Russell Brand from the waist down.

There's plenty for the ladies, with Mr Statham providing a bit of topless eye-candy in many tasteful sex-scenes, and there's even a sequence where some glamorous and feisty female gangsters show the boys what for!

In conclusion, Crank: High Voltage is like snorting party powder off Jessica Alba's buttocks: bloody brilliant.



ELECTRIFYING... Jason Statham

Bedroom blues?
Sexual setbacks?
Agony Aunt Dr Divine is here to help

Horses for courses

Dr Divine says it can be hard to work out what is reasonable in the bedroom and what isn't.

Dear Dr Divine,

I've always had a bit of a thing for posh girls, and I'm seeing this girl with massive blonde hair who went to Stowe and is now in CUCA, at John's, occasional Pitt Club WAG etc. So everything's perfect really, except one thing that really worries me, which is why I'm writing to you, Dr Divine. When we're having sex (or 'sax' as she calls it...wow) she sometimes starts slapping my bottom, which she calls my 'rump', and calling me 'Charlie Chopp's'. Now, I wouldn't mind (heat of

the moment and all that), but my name's Adrian. I looked on her dressing table (Mason Pearson hairbrush, rosettes, Jo Malone moisturizer, Liberty note cards... my objets fétiches) and saw under the photograph of her at the 1999 Cheltenham gymkhana that Charlie Chopp's is the name of her pony. I assumed this was a coincidence until she started making clicking noises with her tongue when she wants me to, well, go faster...what shall I do?

Dr Divine says...

Don't worry; this is absolutely normal. If a girl pronounces sex, 'sax', the chances are she broke her hymen while riding around Hampshire at a particularly fast gallop. Practice your 'neigh', and perhaps consider a whip.

'My DoS is a secret swinger'

Saucy...but swinging can ruin a relationship, says Dr Divine.

Dear Dr Divine,

I'm worried that my DoS has become interested in swinging, and I'm struggling to cope with feelings of jealousy and disgust. He's started to arrive late at our supervisions, and is being distant and moody. Whenever I think of him supervising students from outside college I feel really angry, and I've been drinking a lot which just makes things worse. I used to really respect him for his erudite prose in Orgy: Organs in Conflict (Cambridge University Press, 1972), but now I think he just uses academia to justify his disturbing addictions. Should I tell him I know?

Dr Divine says,

He needs to know that his behavior is upsetting you and that he needs to change. I feel for you, because somebody you respected and trusted now seems dangerous and frightening. He's somebody you thought you knew, and now you feel you don't know him anymore. This is not right. He is the same person inside, and is probably struggling to deal with some very serious problems. Expressing his difficulties with this sort of behavior is a cry for help. As we get older, supervising can

sometimes seem less exciting, and its importance can be undermined more easily by new insecurities as our minds and bodies change, and by the pressures and strains of adult life. Your DoS needs to learn to value himself. He needs to know that supervising is valuable, that he is valuable, not to be squandered on someone he does not know very well, or who does not care for him. Leave this letter in his pigeon hole. I hope he will learn in time that it's always better to stick to his own college. Show your DoS this letter.

'My Master embarrasses me'

Dr Divine explains what to do when an authority figure takes advantage.

Dear Dr Divine,

My Master keeps embarrassing me in social situations, and it's really getting me down. Sometimes he steals clothes from my room while I'm in the shower and then wears them to Hall. He thinks it's funny, but I've had enough of everyone's jeers. Sometimes he comes round to my room when I've got friends over and plays stupid pranks, like de-bagging people. No one thinks it's funny, and it's really embarrassing because he doesn't do it to anyone else, and I don't understand why he's picking on me. I'm worried about talking to him about it because I might get sent down. Please help.

Dr Divine says,

The most important thing to realize it that it's not your fault. This is a problem with the university in general, and it's atrocious that it's students like you who have to take the flak. Understanding the reasons why should help you to deal with your feelings. With the economic crisis, it's not surprising that colleges are allowing bogus Masters to buy their way in. These Mickey Mouse Masters are just a way to bring in some extra cash, now that arms dealing is out. It's a common problem, and I'm afraid you'll just have to put up with it until the crisis lifts.

'Is he just using me for sex?'

Dr Divine tells it like it is.

Dear Dr Divine,

I've been involved with my college dad since Freshers Week, but it doesn't seem to be going anywhere. I don't want to scare him off by talking about our future...is he just using me for sex?

Dr Divine says,

Almost certainly.

Need your sexual queries answered? Send questions to drdivine@varsity.co.uk

THE Tab

www.cambridgetab.co.uk

COMING MAY WEEK

THE TAB is Cambridge's first tabloid news website launching May Week. Think the illegitimate lovechild of Tatler and The Sun.

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On top of all that, we have our resident columnists, Fashion Bitch and Societies Spy to give you all you need to know about your fellow Cantabrigians. THE TAB is about what really matters to Cambridge students.

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Señor

Paparazzi

"Say hola and show me your chi chis at every May Week garden party and Caesarian Sunday!"



Sunday 19th April,
photos from
Fez and Life.



Varsity Sport

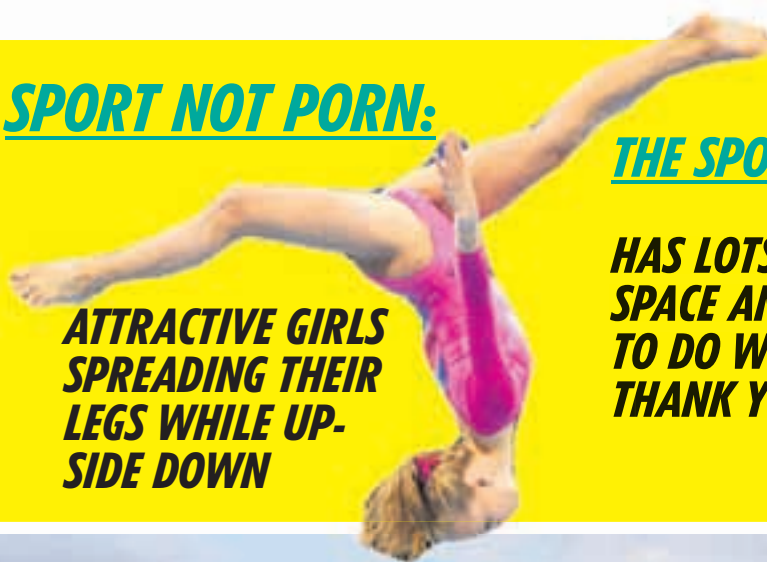
sport@varsity.co.uk



BALLS, BALLS, BALLS AND BATS:
IF ITS ROUND, WE'LL KICK IT
IF IT'S HARD, WE'LL HIT IT

SPORT NOT PORN:

**ATTRACTIVE GIRLS
SPREADING THEIR
LEGS WHILE UP-
SIDE DOWN**



THE SPORT MISSION:

**HAS LOTS TO DO WITH
SPACE AND NOTHING
TO DO WITH SPORT
THANK YOU NASA**



TOFFS BEAT TOFFS

in Annual TOFF Race on Thames

By **JIMMY PICKLES**

In an unsurprisingly Toff-dominated event, eight Toffs and one smaller Toff came out on top for the 155th time since 1829.

The tedious display of what can only be described as rowing yielded familiar results, with one team

reaching the end an unremarkable distance ahead of the other.

RICH

Clearly the race would have been much quicker if the boats had engines on them, but this would give the overprivileged oarsmen less time to admire all the lovely houses they own.

One losing toff said: "We had to slow down coming through

Chiswick because our stroke man was considering buying a detached five-bedroom pad with expansive river views and he wanted a closer look."

Responding to the allegations that he may have cost his team the utterly irrelevant trophy, the stroke man simply said, "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA." The winners were very happy, but that may just be because the over-educated twats are now guaranteed good job offers from

various banks and accountancy firms.

LYCRA

One of them, who had stashed a couple of rolls of fifty pound notes in his lycra to exaggerate his manhood, is quoted as saying, "I like rowing because other rich people do it, but really we're all just looking forward to the next recession when we'll be in line for some properly massive bonuses."

We can only hope that next year's race will be equally pointless



MUPPET...