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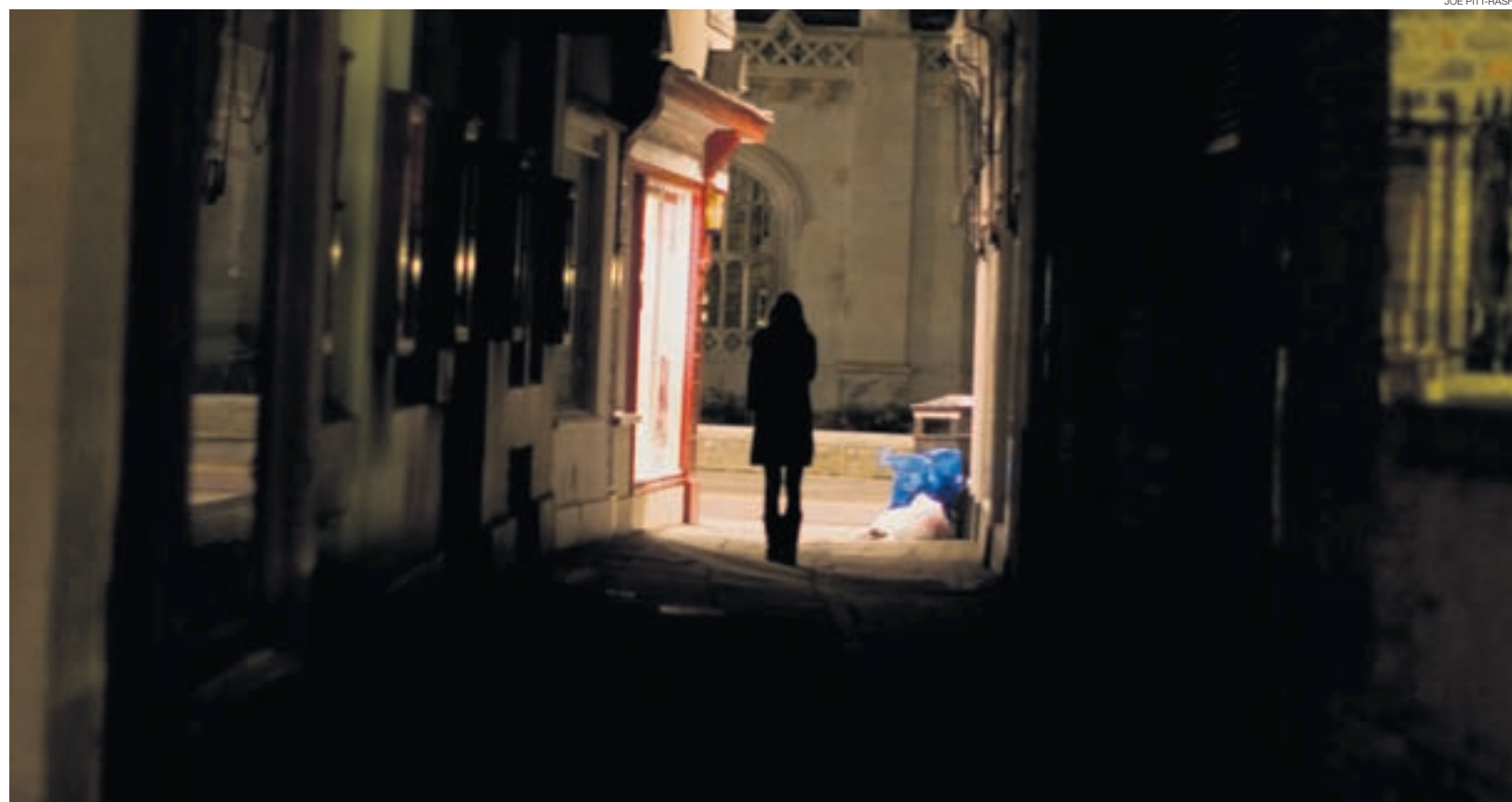
THE INDEPENDENT STUDENT NEWSPAPER SINCE 1947

ISSUE NO 726 | [VARSLTY.CO.UK](http://varsity.co.uk)

Students assaulted in poorly lit streets

Failure of colleges and City Council to improve street lighting compromises student safety

Cambridge on the hook for carbon tax



JOE PITT-RASHID

CATHY BUEKER

The University of Cambridge will be subject to a carbon tax, according to a statement released by the Department of Energy and Climate Change.

The tax, which will be levied on over 4,000 of the country's largest public sector bodies and businesses, is expected to bring in revenues of £3 billion or more per year.

Among the organisations affected, in addition to Cambridge, are many large companies, hospitals, and the University of Oxford.

Under the new system, private or public groups who use more than 6,000 MWh yearly must buy carbon allowances proportional to the amount of energy they use per year.

The announcement, which was not included in Chancellor George Osborne's speech to Parliament, affirmed that the Carbon Reduction Commitment (CRC) would be restructured so as to raise revenue via the carbon pricing tax.

This is a change from the plan's previous form, in which the money would be recycled to the plan's participants based on which groups cut their carbon footprints the most.

According to the statement, "Revenue raised from the CRC Energy Efficiency Scheme will be used to support the public finances (including spending on the environment), rather than recycled to participants."

The new allowances will start at £12 per ton of carbon dioxide.

The University is considering the implications of the policy before releasing an official statement, a spokesperson said.

NATASHA PESARAN & JEMMA TRAINOR

The Cambridge City Council and Cambridge colleges have come under scrutiny over failure to improve lighting in St Edwards Passage, putting students at risk of attack.

Despite the assault of three students on the passage whilst walking back to their accommodation in March, along with numerous other complaints, no progress has been

made in the improvement of lighting on this street.

Bureaucratic red tape and concerns for maintaining the historic character of the passage have proved major obstacles to ensuring adequate lighting in an area which has been the site of attacks on a number of students.

The Cambridgeshire City Council are responsible for the maintenance of public lighting and own two street lighting columns in St Edwards

Passage.

In speaking to *Varsity*, the Council has admitted that these two lights are "inefficient" and "do not give out as much light as a highway-designed lantern would."

A spokesperson for the Council told *Varsity* that "this is being dealt with" and has stated that delay has been due to "the process of obtaining brackets and lanterns which are in keeping with the historic design of the post."

The Council added, "It is hoped that the Cambridge City Council will have funds to pay for this work."

The Council have no plans at present to install any additional lighting.

Varsity was told, "The Safer Communities Team did make contact with various other building owners in the passage to see if they could provide additional lighting but I am not sure if this has progressed."

CONTINUED ON PAGES 4 AND 5

Interfaith football builds relations

Muslim and Jewish students in Cambridge are trying a new approach to foster better understanding with each other. Their first interfaith football match was held last Sunday, giving them a chance to build better relationships. »p3

How safe are the city streets?

Poorly lit streets and paths continue to pose a myriad of dangers to students, from muggings to assault. *Varsity* looks at the most dangerous streets in the city, and speaks to college and town authorities to find out why paths continue to remain unlit. »p4

News Interview: Robert Griffiths

The General-Secretary of the Communist Party of Britain talks to *Varsity* about why the Party disassociated itself from Stalin, why cultural marxism is problematic, where communism went wrong, and what the future holds for the movement. »p6

Universities spending halved

Coming at the heels of last week's Browne Report, the Coalition Government's Comprehensive Spending Review was released this week, highlighting the Government's spending priorities. *Varsity* looks at what the review means for universities. »p7

Beloved King's College cow dies

It was a tearful week for King's College students, as a cow that has long grazed in the College's pastures passed away. Adding to the tragedy was the fact that the cow was expecting to give birth to a calf, who was now delivered stillborn. »p8

The Essay p14

Israel's apartheid demands a response: Ben Whyte



Varsity

Established in 1947
Issue No 726

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King’s bar closing

King’s students have been attempting to prevent the College from changing the opening hours of their popular JCR bar area.

While the bar stops serving at 11.30pm on weekdays and 12.30pm on weekends, the bar area normally remains open until 2am. The College’s current intention is to reduce this ‘drinking-up-time’ to just half an hour after the bar closes.

Monday saw an emergency meeting on the issue attracting many students and a number of prominent fellows.

In truth, the plans to curtail drinking-up-time would only be bringing the King’s bar into line with most college bars in Cambridge, but King’s students are keen to protect what they regard as important social time in an vital social space. The College claims that if the JCR is to remain accessible once the bar is closed, it will need supervision which may cost as much as £5,000 per year.

The King’s students could point out that the bar at Sidney Sussex is still entirely student run. Consequently, the bar is supervised by students whenever it is open and no further supervision is imposed.

However, the importance of the extended bar opening hours is questionable. Other colleges have much earlier closing times and their students don’t seem to feel deprived by this.

More interesting is the premise behind the King’s students’ argument. They, like most students in Cambridge, believe that they work hard enough to deserve some leeway when it comes to leisure time. This attitude is most clearly embodied by the numerous and decadent May Balls.

While the pressures of Cambridge life are undoubtedly significant, students are guilty of indulging themselves a little too much. A more mature perspective would be welcome when it comes to just rewards for a little hard work.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

In your analysis of the Browne review (*Varsity*, 15th October 2010), you quote the Cambridge Conservative Party spokesperson Nick Hillman, as saying:

“Cambridge’s MP has taken the easy option and come out against Browne. But it is not responsible to oppose things without providing a workable alternative. The question he must answer is what would it do to ensure Cambridge stays as one of the best universities in the world.”

Should he decide to take up Mr Hillman’s challenge, Mr Huppert would do well for a response to look to the University and College Union (UCU), which favours a Business Education Tax, raising the level of

corporation tax in the UK to the G7 countries’ average and to raise enough money to abolish all university tuition fees. Doing so would still leave the UK’s main corporation tax below that of France, Japan and the United States, and 96% of companies in the UK would be unaffected by the change. Only the richest four per cent would pay. The UCU’s plans for a Business Education Tax are a coherent attempt at making business pay its way for the numerous benefits it gets from UK higher education. The landmark 1997 Dearing report listed the three beneficiaries of higher education as the individual, the state, and the employer, and said the key was finding a fair way to get all three to pay their share. Since the report fees and top-up fees have been introduced, the State has continued to invest, but the employers’ contribution has been negligible. Despite benefiting from

more generous business tax arrangements than other countries, UK employers spend less on employee training and development and invest less than the global average in supporting university research and development. I would like to urge students to join CUSU and UCU in London on Wednesday 10th November 2010 for the Fund our Future march and demonstration, and to write to Julian Huppert MP to ask him to support the proposal for a Business Education Tax as a progressive means of reaffirming his pledge to oppose any increase in tuition fees.

David Goode
Faculty of Divinity
President, Cambridge
University and College Union

Sir,

The Chancellor and the Coalition Government are right to

ring-fence foreign aid. The cuts will hurt, but, as we move to cut the deficit and face pain at home, I am proud that we haven’t run away from our responsibility to the world. We have done the right thing by honouring the promise that we made to the world’s poorest people in terms of aid. Fighting poverty overseas isn’t a luxury; it’s the just and right thing to do.

I’m a supporter of the poverty education charity the Global Poverty Project, who last night premiered the film *1.4 Billion Reasons* to 500 people in London. I’m one of thousands of people around the country doing my bit to fight poverty overseas, and today I’m proud that my government has kept its promise to help the world’s poorest get out of poverty.

Tigran Manukyan,
Gonville & Caius College

Online this week



BLOGS

Work already getting you down? Matthew Topham has joined forces with *Varsity* in his new column. Its sole aim? Distracting you from work.

VARSITY

Check out this week’s new content. There’s something for everyone.

varsity
cambridge



TWITTER

Make sure you’re up to date with all this week’s trending gossip. The elusive Cambridge Spy is out there, and if you don’t dish the dirt for him, he’ll do the honours. Tweet him **@Cambridge_Spy**

Inside this week

MAGAZINE

In need of a conversation piece this week? Let V good and V bad do the hard work for you.



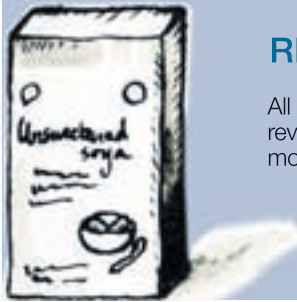
COMMENT

Hugo Gye argues that the Browne reforms are the fairest way to plug the funding hole



ARTS

Mr Scruff gets a move on, and offers *Varsity* a few recession busting tips.



REVIEWS

All this week’s latest reviews, by some of our most trusted reviewers.



Get involved

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

News: Monday 4pm, Pembroke College Bar

Magazine: Wednesday 5pm, The Maypole (Portugal Place)

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

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

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Muslim and Jewish students build bridges over football

ALEX COHEN

Jewish and Muslim students at the University of Cambridge are attempting to build better relationships with each other through football.

The inaugural CU Islamic Society and Jewish Society inter-faith football game, which took place last Sunday, was a far cry from the frayed communication which has characterised the relationship between the societies in recent years.

Robert Mindell, the Co-Inter-faith Officer of the Jewish Society, explained that the event was an attempt to build better relationships between students of the two faiths. "Rather than focusing on our differences of faith and opinion, both societies agreed that a decent kick around would be a far better use of our efforts," he said.

Aamer Hason, Joint Organiser and Communications Officer of the Islamic Society, had a similar outlook.

"The main aim of this match was to increase the mutual understanding and co-operation between the two societies, and create well-established links between the two societies, as part of our inter-faith work."

Dialogue between the two societies has been frayed in recent months. Last year, both societies were asked to be involved in CUSU's Israel-Palestine Awareness Week, an initiative



Students from the CU Islamic and Jewish Societies mid-game at the St John's playing fields

which ultimately collapsed.

Whilst joint events were taking place last year including 'prayer swaps' and an event with other faith societies entitled 'Illuminating the Soul with Divine Love', much of the official dialogue was focused around the political situation in the Middle East.

Sunday's football match was a

chance to change the dialogue. In order to foster greater understanding, it was decided that both teams should consist of members of both societies.

Rather than one team being Islamic Society FC or Jewish Society FC, both teams were Cambridge University United, which helped to ensure that all partisan feelings

were left at the side-lines. This, combined with the fact that a number of players who were being fielded by both sides were unaffiliated to either faith, enabled the game to turn into a casual Sunday afternoon football match.

The light-hearted nature of the event was best evidenced by the cameo of Yonatan Mandel, the five-

year-old son of the Jewish chaplain. Performing with a few of his friends, Yonatan proved himself to be promising talent to watch out for in the future.

Sunday's match was also particularly significant due to the participation by men of both societies. In the past, there have been numerous successful women's inter-faith events, while men in both societies have had a less successful track record in organising interfaith events.

In particular, MoJoW (Muslim and Jewish Women) has run a number of very successful events over the past few years. Now, with the introduction of inter-faith football, there appears to be an opportunity to break down misconceptions between the men of the Jewish and Islamic societies and build avenues of co-operation.

Students at the University applauded the two societies for putting aside their differences and building mutual understanding. According to one second-year law student, who is not affiliated with either faith, "This is a wonderful example of how sports bring people together."

Ultimately, the event appeared was a great success, with many hoping that another would be organised before the end of term. Students who may be interested in participating are encouraged to contact either of the societies.

PEOPLE. PASSION. RESULTS.

BAIN & COMPANY

What is management consulting? What do consultants do? Would you like it?

Richard joined Bain in September 2009 after studying Social and Political Sciences at Churchill. Richard spent his first 6 months supporting Bain's Oil & Gas practice and developing Bain intellectual property (including a Bain point of view on alternative energy). Subsequently he worked in South Africa for 4 months, and is currently co-developing a leadership training program for senior executives at one of our largest clients.

Why Bain? I applied to Bain because I believed the training, coaching, and exposure would enable me to do any of the things I saw myself doing 5 years down the line; owning my own business, international development, further study, or, if I liked it, staying in consulting. So far I'm liking it a lot and see myself here for a while, but its cool to know many other paths remain open to me.



My Passion at Bain? Coaching – whether helping friends apply or training new AC's – I'm astonished at how much I've learnt in just a year. I enjoy coaching for the appreciation I receive from those I coach, because it's a valuable skill in its own right, and because it teaches me how to seek out support in developing my own skills more effectively.

My personal results story? Whilst comfortable with arithmetic I had no experience of Excel before I joined, and Excel modelling was something I was nervous about. On my last case I spend 4 weeks interviewing senior management and worked with them to build a model that forecast what profitable organic growth our client could achieve in their fuel retail business given regulatory and market constraints. It was really rewarding to see my analysis presented to the CEO and the board at the end of the case, and form part of the base for their investment decisions over the next 5 years.

What training have you received at Bain? Like all London AC's I had two weeks orientation right at the start, and then a further 10 day crash 'min MBA' in Boston 2 months later along with 200 other starters. These were a great foundation, though I honestly loved them most for the friends I made from San Francisco, Australia, India and elsewhere – many of whom I caught up with again at Bain World Cup in Munich this weekend. I've learnt the most on the job through coaching and just observing others who are really good at what they do.

A final thought? By the time interviews come around you should be looking forward to them. You only have a few half hour slots to make an impression, knowing how you're going to approach the case studies and what you want to say about yourself will allow you to make the most of the opportunity. This doesn't mean having the perfect scripted answer, but you should be able to display some self-awareness and have thought about why you want to do consulting, plus being prepared will allow you to relax and engage with the interviewer more naturally.

Where to find us...

Wednesday, October 27, 2010
Case study workshop

Trinity Hall Lecture Theatre and Terrace:
12.30-2.30pm and 3.00-5.00pm

We will take you through a typical case study and share hints and tips on ways to prepare for strategy consulting interviews.

Bain & Company Presentation

Howard Building, Downing College:
7.00-9.30pm

An opportunity to find out more about Bain & Company: includes a case study example, giving an insight into the work we do and the skills we look for. After the presentation, speak with Bain staff over drinks. Everyone attending will receive a DVD guide to case studies.

We would be delighted to meet you at any of our events; please pre-register via the Cambridge University page at www.joinbain.com



Student safety compromised by College Council dispute

CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE

In order to install additional lighting themselves, the owners of the buildings on Passage, which include both King's and Corpus Christi, would need to obtain listed building consent.

Kings' College, who own buildings on the passage told *Varsity*, "The County Council is responsible for providing adequate lighting on public streets. King's would certainly consider a request from the Council to help meet the costs of installing lights, but so far no request has been made."

The Senior Bursar of Kings' added, "The College would like the lighting to be restored to an adequate level as soon as possible in order to reduce the opportunity for further attacks on students or others."

Corpus Christi has also stated that they "fully support any attempt to improve lighting in that area in order to increase the general safety of students".

Both the Corpus Playroom and Indigo Café, as well as a Kings' College student accommodation, are situated on St Edwards Passage, a small alleyway off King's Parade, making it a regular thoroughfare for students.

One student who has been campaigning for improved lighting in St Edwards Passage is "frustrated and dismayed" at the lack of movement on the issue.

She told *Varsity*, "Students who are residents of Spalding and King's Parade have to walk through this pitch dark passage on their way home. It's not a coincidence that it's been nicknamed 'Rape Alley'."

"I have heard of incidents of assaults that happened there both last year and this year, and yet nothing has been done to improve the lighting – it is absolutely unacceptable."

A report compiled by the Home Office in 2002 lends weight to fears about the effects of poor lighting on student safety in streets around Cambridge, showing that an improvement in lighting leads to a decrease in crime by up to 30 per cent.

The dangers posed by dark and

poorly lit streets have prompted student complaints and concerns at other Colleges as well.

Students at Trinity have been involved in an ongoing dispute with the College over the lighting of the Avenue and the path through the Fellows' Garden which leads to second-year accommodation in Burrell's Field.

JCR President, Alexandra Sault, told *Varsity* "It is one of the most common complaints that I receive from students and TCSU have taken it frequently to Liaison Committee to discuss it with College"

"It's not a coincidence that it's been nicknamed 'Rape Alley'"

A spokesperson from Trinity said, "Trinity College takes seriously its responsibility for the safety and security of its students. Police advice is that because the route, even if it were lit is very isolated, it should not be used. Students are advised to use instead the route via Garret hostel Lane and Burrell's Walk which are well lit public areas."

Sault commented, "People just can't be bothered to walk that far, and so laziness seems to win out over concerns for personal safety among students."

"In honesty, we are leaving the issue: the path will not be lit due to police recommendation dating from the time that Burrell's was built, and pushing the issue might only lead to regressive steps on the locking of the Fellows' Garden Gate."

However, student safety remains a concern. In early 2009 there were several incidents in the area of Grange Road and Burrell's Field, which prompted the College to institute a temporary minibus shuttle service in the evenings between the accommodation and main College for use by students.

Students have been victims of assault in other poorly lit areas of Cambridge. At the beginning of this term, a female student near Clarkson Road was approached by a man on a bike who pestered her for 'directions' and then followed her to Madingley Road.

Other incidents have taken place on streets near Homerton on Hills Road and near the Gonville and Caus accommodation on Mortimer Road, as well as on Parker's Piece.

In speaking to *Varsity* CUSU Womens' Officer, Sarah Peters-Harrison said, "We are lucky to be living in a relatively safe student town. But there are still important issues surrounding street safety that students need to be made aware of."

"We need to combat the culture of criticism that surrounds being a student and going out and having fun. Rather than telling students they should be more responsible we need to educate and inform students and help them to become responsible adults."

She added, "Assault is something that affects both sexes. Many people may not realise that men are actually statistically more likely to be assaulted than women, although women are of course vulnerable."

Some students do decide to equip themselves against potentially dangerous situations by taking classes in self-defence.

Varsity spoke to Andrea Cockerton, from Brick Handbag, an organisation which runs self-defence classes in Cambridge. She said, "If you are out in the streets alone, whether you are male or female, situations can arise that you just can't plan for. Self-defence teaches people how to avoid these situations in the first place and strategies for getting out."

Phil Stephenson, Dean of Homerton, advised "Obviously most of it is common sense, but after a few beers that can go out of the window. Homerton is different of course in that it is a far-out College, but if students haven't got money for a cab, the porters will always pay the fare and students can reimburse them later."

Madingley Road Area

At the beginning of this term, a female student in the vicinity of Clarkson Road was approached by a man on a bike who pestered her for 'directions' and then followed her to Madingley Road. The presence of other students then caused him to leave.

In an email circulated by the Senior Tutor, Churchill students were told, "Those of you who are not new to Churchill know from experience that this area, like any other, is periodically subject to the attention of prowlers and sneak-thieves."

The College in particular advised females to be "on their guard" in the vicinity of Clarkson Road and to avoid walking there alone after dark.

The area around Churchill, Murray Edwards and Fitzwilliam is notorious for the number of incidents of assault, including flashing and the menace of prowlers.

One student commented, "I have heard a lot of cases where my female friends have been followed or harassed on their way home. I certainly don't feel safe walking back alone at night."

Grange Road

In Easter term this year, two female students from Homerton were assaulted at 23:00 on the junction of Grange Road and Barton Road.

As they were cycling they were approached by three males in hooded jackets, who pushed one of the girls from her bicycle and attempted to steal her bag.

Homerton students were warned by the Police Liaison Officer for Cambridge that, "although Cambridge is a safe place to study and to work we would encourage students to think about their personal safety when out and about and to always [sic] report any suspicious activity immediately to the Police if appropriate, or at the very least to the Porters' Lodge."

At the time, extra patrols were arranged by the Police and by University Security.



An Assault Victim speaks to *Varsity*

"Two other King's students and I were assaulted in St Edwards Passage in March. As my friend and I were crossing the road from King's a man started heckling me, asking for a kiss, making sexual gestures, and racial comments. We told him to leave us alone he became violent – at this point the third student walked by on her way home, and I asked her to call the porters or the police. As soon as the man heard me and saw her take out her phone, he turned on her, but we managed to pull him off and call the police, who later arrested him."

I no longer feel safe returning home to King's Parade. The man who assaulted us knows where I go to school, my name and where I live, and he threatened both of us, saying, "You've dug your own grave".

I'm also very concerned for the safety of the students who have to walk through this pitch dark passage on their way home. I have been trying to work with my College and the County Council to solve the problem, but although the existing lights outside the passage are being updated there are still no plans to improve the lighting in the passage. I feel extremely frustrated with the rate things are progressing, it's completely unacceptable."

ANDREW GRIFFIN

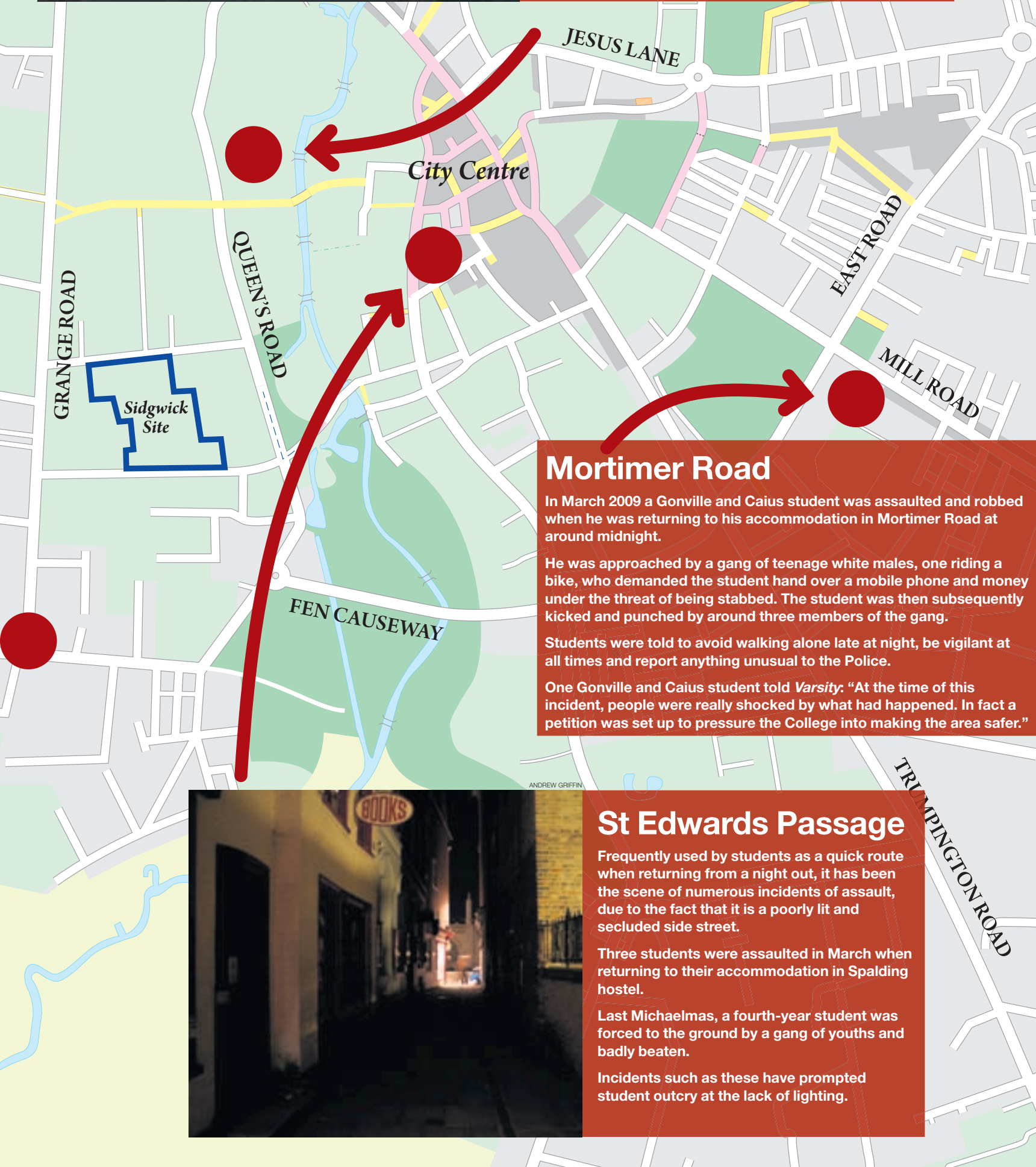


The Avenue, Trinity College

An unlit path leading from Trinity backs to second-year accommodation in Burrell's Field, has caused an ongoing dispute between students and the College.

Trinity has advised its students to use an alternative, better lit route. However, the JCR President commented, "People just can't be bothered to walk that far, and so laziness seems to win out over concerns for personal safety among students."

Being attacked is not the only worry for members of the College. Concerns have also been raised by Fellows of the College, who drive along the Avenue after dark. One Fellow expressed fears of running over students when driving out of College in the evening, because his visibility was so impaired by the lack of lighting.



Mortimer Road

In March 2009 a Gonville and Caius student was assaulted and robbed when he was returning to his accommodation in Mortimer Road at around midnight.

He was approached by a gang of teenage white males, one riding a bike, who demanded the student hand over a mobile phone and money under the threat of being stabbed. The student was then subsequently kicked and punched by around three members of the gang.

Students were told to avoid walking alone late at night, be vigilant at all times and report anything unusual to the Police.

One Gonville and Caius student told *Varsity*: "At the time of this incident, people were really shocked by what had happened. In fact a petition was set up to pressure the College into making the area safer."



St Edwards Passage

Frequently used by students as a quick route when returning from a night out, it has been the scene of numerous incidents of assault, due to the fact that it is a poorly lit and secluded side street.

Three students were assaulted in March when returning to their accommodation in Spalding hostel.

Last Michaelmas, a fourth-year student was forced to the ground by a gang of youths and badly beaten.

Incidents such as these have prompted student outcry at the lack of lighting.

Student Opinions

"The university 'hub' is an extremely safe part of the city, and beyond that I think any discomfort students feel is likely due to internalised fears of a town/gown divide. Believe it or not, the only place I have ever experienced intimidation is on college grounds, by a group of locals who had gathered late at night on the Avenue at Trinity."

Jamie Goodland, Trinity College

"I feel safe – because I am six foot three and have a brown belt in Karate. Many of my female friends feel less so to the extent that I often get asked to walk them back. I've witnessed at least one case of assault on the streets"

Hugo Schmidt

"I wouldn't say that Cambridge is exactly an 'unsafe' place to walk about at night, but there are many areas which are poorly lit and isolated, so some streets can feel quite threatening if you're on your own at night. But I think it's the Council rather than the University's job to change this."

Clare Mohan, Selwyn College

"In Cambridge, the probability of being struck by a reckless cyclist/motorist on the roads in the day, far outweighs the chances of being mugged in a dark alley at night"

Rosie Gillett, Murray Edwards College

"This is a police matter more than anything, but more needs to be done about several of the itinerant 'homeless'. They are frequently hostile if not given money, especially if it is a student that has turned them down. I have had one man begin screaming violently, with attack dog in tow, in response near to the Hill's Road Cooperative (he is often in that area) and another throw a bottle at me on Regent's Street."

Tom Maguire, Gonville and Caius

"There's nothing quite like having a Great Gate and twenty-four hour surveillance to make you feel safe at night, even in dark corners. The College couldn't possibly do more."

Angus Morrison, Christ's College

"My experience here so far has been extremely well lit and, due to reduced bike traffic at night, I may even feel slightly safer walking at night!"

Hannah Walker, King's College

"Cambridge City is a funny mixture of being really picturesque but really threatening with its particular aesthetics and history. People who are being violent are exploiting the archaic beauty of Cambridge"

Anonymous

NEWS INTERVIEW

Union Diary



This week, in addition to the weekly Cocktail Workshop, Poker Night, and Pub Quiz events, the Cambridge Union welcomed Niklas Zennstrom, renowned Swedish entrepreneur, investor, and philanthropist, who is most notable for founding several high-profile online ventures with Janus Friss, including Skype and Kazaa.

The event proved to be an exciting one for aspiring technology moguls, many of whom have come to see Zennstrom as something of a legend in the technology sector.

The Union debate this week was on the perennially contentious topic of the Middle East conflict. This year's controversially-worded motion proposed, "This House believes that Israel is a Rogue State."

The proposition speakers included Lauren Booth, a journalist, vocal opponent of the Iraq War, and sister-in-law of former Prime Minister Tony Blair. Booth has famously described the Gaza Strip as "largest concentration camp in the world today."

Also speaking for the proposition was Mark McDonald, founder of Labour Friends of Palestine and the Middle East.

Facing down Booth and McDonald were Ran Gidor and Shiraz Maher. Gidor is the Counsellor for Political Affairs at the Embassy of Israel in London, and has also served as the Head of the UK & Ireland Desk at the Israeli Foreign Ministry in Jerusalem.

Maher is a former member of Hizb ut-Tahrir, a radical Islamist group. Maher left the group in 2005, and since then, has committed his career to raising awareness about the nature of extremism.

For those who had attended last year's fiery debate on whether Israel demands too much in the peace process, this year's reprise turned out to be much more muted.

Audience members described Booth and McDonald as "interesting and engaging, though saddled with having to defend a very inflammatory motion". Gidor and Maher, on the other hand, were described as "polished and competent".

Robert Griffiths: Communist Party Secretary



Robert Griffiths, General-Secretary of the Communist Party of Britain, talks **Dan Hitchens** through the future of communism

The Communist Party received 947 votes in this year's election. But the true significance of the party is as the visible remainder of a tremendously important political and social force. Among those who used to carry the membership card are well-established cultural figures like Kingsley Amis and Iris Murdoch, political commentators of today (David Aaronovitch, Seumas Milne), and, of course, a quartet of major historians – Eric Hobsbawm, Christopher Hill, E.P Thompson and A.J.P. Taylor – who really did believe that Marx had definitively answered the great questions.

So, I ask Robert Griffiths, the current leader of the party, what happened to communism. It was partly the decline of traditional industries, he says, and partly the infighting which distracted and weakened the party.

But the ruling classes were to blame, too. "Cold War propaganda really was enormous and intense," he tells me. "We compounded that by some of the mistaken decisions that we as a party took. There was the failure to make a proper, deep analysis of everything that went wrong in the Stalin period."

Griffiths, a lifelong socialist, joined the Communist Party in 1984. "I became persuaded over time that we need a party that is based explicitly on, and dedicates itself to, the fight for socialism." He is right to say that many of the party's policies are not so far from the mainstream: their '10 points for the Shadow Cabinet' include

strengthening the equal pay laws and investing in renewable energy.

But there is a problem with the word communist: "Yes," Griffiths chuckles, "so I hear." At the debate at the Union in which he has just been speaking, the other side could raise a laugh just by mentioning that Griffiths is a communist. Maybe it's time to drop the name.

The problem, he says, "is that

Like most Marxists, his conversation is limited by the very narrow and exact circle in which every idea has to move

once you start going down that road, where do you stop? Maybe you should drop the word socialist... You end up a pale pink imitation of what you once were."

Griffiths argues that, although most people doubt the virtues of communism, they are hardly any more enthusiastic about capitalism. Communists must make the case, he says, that "what we saw in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union was the first attempt to build socialist societies, in very adverse conditions, not in the circumstances we would have chosen. Nevertheless,

the opportunity was there and those parties had to do the best in the circumstances."

Griffiths gets impatient with opponents who bring up Stalin. "The international communist movement dropped its association with Stalin in 1956." Does he really mean to say that Stalin has nothing to do with communism? "I'm saying the communist movement made an assessment of Stalin's role, including its enormously negative features, in 1956."

To Griffiths' credit, this is the only time in our conversation when he gives the politician's stonewalling non-answer. It is true that, like so many Marxists, his conversation is limited by the very narrow and exact circle in which every idea has to move. Still, he is earnest, open, occasionally and disconcertingly self-deprecating. So would anyone be, you may retort, if they were on 947 votes. But then Griffiths has a difficult record to defend.

Communism's dependency on violence does not begin with Stalin. It is there from the start in the disturbing rhetoric of *The Communist Manifesto*. And it is there, overwhelmingly, in the life and writings of Lenin. In a speech earlier this year, Griffiths advised that "whether communists are supporting Labour, Communist or other left candidates, we should conduct that work in a Leninist way."

Surely, I say to Griffiths, it's better to leave Lenin alone. "Lenin played a vital role at a pivotal point in the history of Russia," he replies.

"He rescued Russia from anarchy, from despotism, from discrimination against minorities."

"I don't think Lenin's got quite as much blood on his hands as some recent British prime ministers"

Less arguably, Lenin also shut down the press, founded the Gulag, and set up the secret police, the Cheka, who in 1918-19 averaged well over 1,000 executions per month.

Lenin had explained: "We'll ask the man, where do you stand on the question of the revolution? Are you for it or against it? If he's against it, we'll stand him up against a wall." This exemplary communist has blood on his hands. "Um, well" – Griffiths sighs, then regroups impressively – "I don't think he's got quite as much blood on his hands as some recent British prime ministers and so on."

Come on, he's a bad figure to be associated with. "Well – no I don't – well, that's, that would be..." – again, he recovers – "that was certainly the assessment of the British ruling class when he nationalised all of the assets in Russia."

It is worth remembering that until recently the British intellectual elite made these kinds of excuses all the time. Some of them still do.

Griffiths is sceptical about the 'cultural Marxism' movement, which fought for feminism and environmentalism, and against the traditional family, and which has been communism's biggest success in Britain.

The cultural Marxists, sometimes known by the oddly sleazy term 'Eurocommunists', claimed to take their cue from Antonio Gramsci. In Griffiths' view, "they rather distorted and misrepresented Gramsci's ideas."

"Insofar as some of the elements within the Eurocommunist trend were raising these questions, particularly about women, they were raising important questions. But they were raising these questions a) For the wrong reasons, and b) In order to put forward completely wrong solutions."

In particular, the Eurocommunists neglected the class divide. "They raised feminism to say, this shows how the politics of class are now irrelevant. It's now the politics of gender, and the politics of sexuality, and the politics of the environment that have taken over."

So they have, and the militant labourism which Griffiths represents has been left behind. But communist ideas only seem frightening when they are in power, and as long as Robert Griffiths is a million miles from power I can't help but like him. He is only a quiet, pious believer, in the midst of the long decline of a religion which has had its great fanatics.

Government spending on universities set to be halved

JANE ASHFORD-THOM

Almost half of government spending on universities is to be cut, in the deepest spending cuts since the 1970s.

The Chancellor George Osborne announced as part of The Comprehensive Spending Review yesterday that the universities budget is to be cut from £7.2 billion to £4.2 billion in 2014-15. This goes further than the proposals of the Browne Review, which implied net savings of £1.2 billion.

Mr Osborne praised universities in the UK as “jewels in our economic crown,” but suggested that they should be funded by graduates. “Clearly better off graduates will have to pay more – and this will enable us to reduce considerably the contribution that general taxpayers have to make to the education of those who will probably end up earning much more than them”. However, he rejected the idea of a pure graduate tax as “unworkable”.

Dr Wendy Piatt, director general of the Russell Group of elite universities, which includes Oxford and Cambridge, said: “We are concerned that the cuts will mean it will be tough to maintain the high quality teaching, learning and research environment our universities currently offer, even under the Browne system.”

The impact is likely to be varied between different university departments, with the arts likely to be hit harder as maths, science, technology and engineering degrees are afforded greater protection. The budget for scientific research has been frozen in cash terms at £4.6 billion, which in real terms is projected to amount to a reduction of 10% over four years. However, this is far lower than the 25% cut predicted, and has gained a positive reaction from the scientific community.

The spending review has had a mixed reception in Cambridge. Lord Rees, President of the Royal Society and head of the astrophysics department at the University of Cambridge, welcomed the settlement over the science budget, but warned: “There remain areas of concern, especially with regard to capital spending, and the funding of universities.”

Professor Michael Thorne, Vice Chancellor of Anglia Ruskin University, has criticised the review in decreasing government spending in relation to other Organisations for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECDs). Speaking after yesterday’s announcement, he said: “It seems to be along the lines we expected when the Browne Review was published last week, in that most of the burden for funding teaching in universities will be transferred to students, which will leave the Government of the UK spending less on its universities than any sensibly comparable OECD country.”

The University of Cambridge, however, has refused to criticise the review at this stage: “We are currently assessing the impact of the Comprehensive Spending Review on Higher Education. Since we do not know the implications for individual institutions it would be premature to comment at this stage.”

Cambridge’s Labour party candidate Daniel Zeichner has criticised the Liberal Democrats for his involvement in the review. He stated that the review “will make the deficit worse not better and is uniquely bad for Cambridge.”

“The Chancellor confirmed a huge reduction in funding for universities which will hit Cambridge particularly hard, and further assaults on housing benefit which will drive younger people out of the city...In the city of John Maynard

Keynes, how ironic that it is Liberal votes that are underpinning this historic mistake.”

However, Liberal Democrat MP Julian Huppert has argued that the review “has sought to protect education on many fronts”, especially through secondary school education, and the protection of science funding.

On the issue of tuition fees, he stated: “I continue to work with Vince Cable to try to find a better solution to funding our universities

other than increasing fees for students. I have reaffirmed my promise to fight any increase in fees because I stand by my belief that those who have the ability to go to university should not be denied that chance because they cannot pay.”

However, NUS President Aaron Porter said: “This is a devastating blow to higher and further education that puts the future of colleges and universities at risk and will have repercussions for the future prospects of students and learners.

“Government ministers from both parties keep telling us that the deficit must be reduced to avoid passing a poisoned legacy to the next generation, but now they are proposing to eliminate almost all funding for university education whilst simultaneously transferring the debt onto students.

“Ministers who themselves received their university education for free are now saying that the next generation will have to do without.”

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UL to be powered by solar trees

RAPHAEL GREY

The University Library has begun what it hopes to be a green revolution by unveiling an array of four photovoltaic 'solar trees' outside the University Library.

The trees are a collaboration between the architectural firm Sadler Brown and the photovoltaic expert EvoEnergy. They should generate ten per cent of the library's annual energy needs for the archive stores – approximately enough electricity to power a large house.

Comprised of large glass panels mounted on five meter high steel 'trunks', the trees are said to be modeled on the tessellated windows of the main University Library building.

The windows were designed by the renowned architect Sir Giles Gilbert Scott in the 1930s, creator of the London red telephone box.

When contacted by *Varsity*, University Energy Manager Paul Hasley seemed extremely pleased with the project.

"The 'trees' at the library are performing better than expected



The solar trees outside the UL

and solar PVs will be seen at more university buildings, including a large array on the roof of the Sainsbury's Laboratory in the Botanic Gardens which is currently under construction."

The University has, however, been evasive about where the cost of the array comes from.

CUSU Environment Officer

Beatrice Patrick agreed that the initiative is "really positive", adding that she "would also like to see steps forward on a smaller scale."

"These could include an increase in ethically, environmentally and locally sourced food, and better recycling facilities."

Other students are more ambivalent. After being shown the panels for the first time, Helen Simpkins, a first year historian at Christ's, said that they were "inoffensive" and admired their "unusual design".

When told of their energy output, however, she called them "a complete waste of money".

The University Library, generally not associated with trailblazing, is beginning to develop something of a reputation for nurturing contemporary design.

Feminist writer Germaine Greer declared the institution "a beacon of naffness" earlier this year after fourteen bronze bollards shaped like stacks of books were installed outside the library entrance.

For those interested in seeing the solar trees for themselves, they are located at the far south-western corner of the library building.

King's College cow dies

OLIVIA CRELLIN

One of King's College's three cows sadly died earlier this week.

The cows, which graze on the field on the King's Backs have become a much-loved aspect of the College's beautiful landscape.

The cow, who was expecting to give birth to a calf imminently, died on Monday after an infection set in. Unfortunately, the calf was stillborn.

One student at King's told *Varsity*, "It was startling to hear. Our cows are normally healthy so this was very unexpected. I feel guilty now as the cow's bellowing in the days before she died was really starting to annoy me."

The relationship between the College and their cows has not always been as sympathetic. According to unconfirmed rumours at King's, the cows have, on occasion, found their way onto the College's Formal Hall menu.

The now depleted herd of cows does not in fact belong to the College, but to a local farmer who rents the field.

This arrangement is in keeping

with the College's philosophy of balancing the amenity of the Backs with its practical value. In the 19th century, sheep were used to keep the grass of the back lawn in good condition but the Fellows had to have somewhere to graze their horses. "Today the cows carry out a similar function in a rather more decorous manner," the King's College website tells visitors.

The main function and origin of King's field on the Backs is, however, disputed.

One theory maintains that the field was an important aesthetic aspect of the College's landscape design: the field, when viewed from a particular window the College's Senior Common room, is meant to look like a Dutch painting.

Another hypothesis is that the College grazed cattle on the area for so many months of the year to deny St. John's, who apparently owned the land, permission to build accommodation on it.

King's students have expressed sorrow at the loss of the cow. The loss will be keenly felt by all who appreciate their presence on the Backs.

CUP donates 100,000 books

TEODOR ZIDARU



School children studying in Kenya

ANNA GOLDBERG

The Cambridge University Press (CUP) have donated 100,000 UK primary school books to the charity Book Aid International, finding a solution for outdated and unused school textbooks.

This London-based organisation sends new yet unsold books to libraries in some of the world's poorest countries.

Among them are 12 sub-Saharan African countries, the Palestinian territories and Sri Lanka.

As a library charity, Book Aid International is dependent on donations by large press houses such as CUP, Oxford University Press, Orion and Wiley to supply school libraries, prisons, refugee camps and community centres.

"Each year, our warehouse turns over around 750,000 books, so one single donation of 100,000 is a big logistical challenge," explains Jacqui Scott, Head of Fundraising and Communication at Book Aid International.

"CUP has agreed to stagger the deliveries into three tonne weekly shipments, which means that we can handle them much more easily," she

continued.

According to Heidi Mulvey, Community and University Relations Manager at CUP, all the books are in perfect condition, but are more than five years old and therefore no longer part of the current UK curriculum.

As the curriculum in many African schools especially is close to the UK's, these books are useful as supplementary books in school libraries.

Not everyone is enthusiastic about the move, however. Priya Khetarpal, a student from St John's College, disagrees with the scheme.

"I don't think that donating books from Western countries to developing countries is particularly useful," she said.

Having taught in a secondary school in Kenya, a country supported by Book Aid International, Ms Khetarpal told *Varsity* that these donated books were hardly ever used.

She explained: "The books in our school were written in Kenyan English that the children could understand," going on to explain that, "Books from the UK are likely to be in a different style which they would struggle to read, even for recreation."

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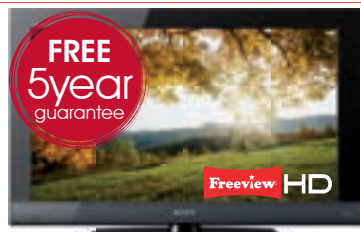
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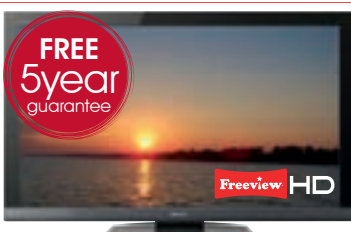
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King's students upset at plan to close bar early

JAMIE GOODLAND

An emergency open meeting was called at King's on Monday night to discuss plans to change the opening hours of communal space in the bar area.

Dr David Munday, who took over as Designated Premises Supervisor or bar 'licensee' earlier this year, claims that because it is a licensed area, licensing laws do not allow the common room to remain open after the bar itself has closed, unless supervised by a member of staff.

"At all times when it's open I have to be satisfied that it's properly supervised," he said.

Although the bar usually closes at 11.30pm on weekdays and 12.30pm at weekends, the common room is not locked until 2am.

Dr Munday proposed a drinking-up time of up to 30 minutes after the closure of the bar, which he said is "much more than most other establishments offer".

He said that police regard the consumption of alcohol after the closure of the bar as equivalent to a lock-in, adding that he has a legal duty to prevent "disorderly" behaviour.

Dr Munday's proposals came up against overwhelming opposition from the College's student population.

Several students suggested that alcohol need not be consumed on the premises after the bar has closed, but Dr Munday emphasized

that supervision is the legal issue.

In response to this, King's student Luke Hawksbee told *Varsity* that Fellows "seem to be confusing the issues of what is legally required and what they believe would limit undesirable side-effects of alcohol consumption."

It is important to remember that these changes would actually make no difference to the consumption of alcohol, since by definition they concern times when alcohol is not being sold."

Outgoing KCSU president Juan Zober de Francisco stressed the importance of the common room as a social space for all of King's members, occasionally Fellows as well as students.

"There are always students here," he said, adding "some of the best memories I have are of [the bar area]. It is a space where you can socialise with people, and it's far easier to speak here than at Cindies or Fez."

Dr. Stefan Uhlig, the College's admissions tutor, was present at the meeting in a private capacity, and Lay Dean Dr. John Barber, who is responsible for disciplinary matters was also present. Both were sympathetic to the students' position and hoped to reach a compromise but emphasised the need to meet legal requirements.

Daily supervision of the common room after the closure of the bar would be expensive, costing between £3000 and £5000 a year.



King's students enjoying the bar area

Cambridge Spies



Did you know that it's possible to concuss oneself on an oak staircase? Neither did I, but thank you to the special one who enlightened us all.

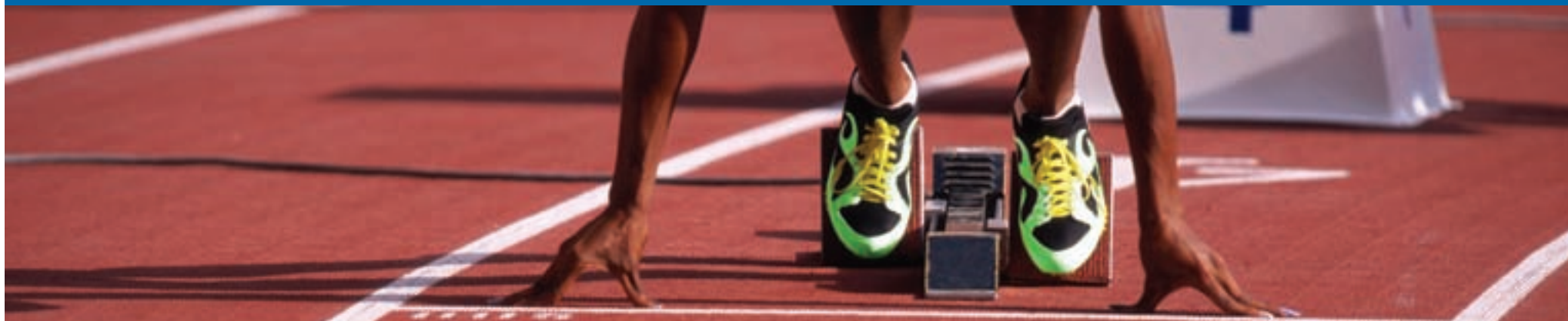
Spent the evening skinning and cooking game. I *do* hope no-one in the building is vegetarian. Well, maybe I do...

Very strange chap out beagling today. Hair like a haystack. And Who wears urban jeans, polyester coat and black moccasin boots hunting?

I wonder if the dullard who begged to inform that "Clare college are full of Nazis" offends more because of poor grammar or pure stupidity?

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Comment

Education, education, consternation

Only the Browne Review holds the answer to the shortfall in university funding caused by fiscal crisis and an explosion in student numbers



HUGO GYE

In these pages last week, Rahul Mansigani described the Browne Review as “flawed and unjust”. He argued that the projected increase in tuition fees risked making Cambridge “a preserve of the privileged”, and turning education as a whole into “a cold financial transaction”.

One hesitates to contradict the CUSU president; however, when he is so manifestly wrong he forces our hand. Mansigani, like so many other opponents of the review, has fundamentally misunderstood the purpose of higher education, and the duty of students to take responsibility for their own choices

and privileges.

Pace, Rahul. Increased fees need have no effect on access: students from poor families will be no less able to pay fees, as the government will continue to demand payment not from parents but from graduates. Lord Browne has recommended that student loan repayments do not start until the debtor is earning £21,000, a salary on which most twenty-somethings can live comfortably; the brunt of fees will be borne not by students' families but by students themselves, and only when they can afford to pay.

Higher education remains free at the point of delivery, and there is no reason for even the poorest families to avoid it. The rise in tuition fees will not affect maintenance costs, so the day-to-day expense of student life will stay the same; indeed, the report recommends significant rises in grants to students from poorer families.

Not only will higher tuition fees not shut the disadvantaged out from university, they will correct

a historical injustice which has long favoured the elite. It is a gross spectacle for public money to be spent on giving already well-educated young people the tools to boost their future earnings. By any measure, university students are far better-off than their contemporaries who skipped higher education; to subsidise their gilded lifestyles is unacceptable at any time, let alone in a period of acute stress on the Exchequer. Public money is being spent on entrenching the traditional supremacy of the well-educated elite.

A conservative mindset has convinced us that university education should be free; a rational look at the issue shows that this view is unfounded. Higher education is a way of acquiring highly specialised skills and knowledge, not a fundamental universal requirement: it cannot, therefore, be treated in the same way as the education of schoolchildren. Its costs are high, and the benefits to society are far less than the benefits to its

participants.

There are two reasons people go to university. One is to deepen their knowledge of their chosen subject, under the tutelage of

A conservative mindset has convinced us that higher education should be free

world-class experts in the field – surely anyone driven by passion in this way recognises that their education is worth paying for? The other, perhaps more common, reason is to enhance one's employment prospects. Like it or not, this is education undertaken for financial reasons, and it is only fair that this boost to future salaries should be paid for with a part of those earnings.

Perhaps the most vicious gripe of anti-Browneites is that variable fees will create a ‘market’ in higher education. It is easy to see why this might sound unappealing, but its effects could become hugely beneficial to the university

system. Students will have to think carefully about what they want to get out of higher education; and universities will have to strive to give it to them. If weak institutions are offering courses with little educational or practical value, students will not pay £20,000 to do them, and they will fold as they should. Students will be more vocal about demanding value for their money, and universities will increase efforts to advertise their assets and attract custom. A regulated market in higher education will help to lessen institutional complacency, and give students the ability to make realistic choices about their future.

It is ultimately futile to oppose a substantial rise in tuition fees; like it or not, it is inevitable. Fees – introduced by Labour, extended by the Conservatives and supported by the Lib Dems – are the only realistic answer to the shortfall in university funding caused by the fiscal crisis and the explosion in student numbers. Let students pay for the world-class education they get, and let universities prove themselves in a competitive education market. Finally, let us end the unfairness of having the public purse pay for our over-privileged educational experience.



Rogue-Rage

Debating the Middle-East question merely serves to perpetuate the unfair criticism and caricature that Israel is a ‘rogue’ state



ROB MINNELL

The Israel-Palestine conflict has been a prominent feature in international relations for the past 60 years. It is set to continue to do so, even if a peace agreement is reached this year. And yet, is it so pressing an issue that it demands such prominent media coverage?

The Union this week seems to have gone further than this by turning the Israel-Palestine question into an annual debate. It is of course a prominent issue, and one that has, in the past, agitated many in Cambridge with pro-Palestinian

activists ‘occupying’ the law faculty and student societies inviting hate speakers.

The Union debate is simply not a reflection of the reality of the conflict. The accusation of ‘rogue state’ cannot possibly bring about a sensible discussion of the issues. In a year when the two sides have been closer to a peace agreement than ever before, it seems senseless, indeed reckless, for the Cambridge Union to host an event designed to demonize the side making the most concessions.

Israel was declared as a State without a single ally in the world, surrounded by enemies bent on its destruction, and having to fight for its existence on every border. And yet a country so economically limited, with much of it being barren desert, it has become one of the most civilised and developed societies. Next year, Israel will be the first country in the world to implement a fully electric car-grid nationally, to allow for battery-powered cars to diminish the country's dependency on oil, and thus giving Israel the lowest carbon emissions per capita in the world. Are these

the symptoms of a rogue state?

Israel, in a state of war, upholds freer press than many other nations, holds judicial inquiries into every military operation that received credible complaint (from which Britain and United States could learn a lesson in military accountability), invests in legal instruction and tutorial for each

The Union debate is not about the conflict, it's a platform for criticism aimed at one target. It is neither constructive nor conducive

every soldier who goes into battle, and allows some of the most vile

political dissidents to run in its parliamentary elections. Israel certainly makes its mistakes, but mistakes do not make a country ‘rogue’.

The Cambridge Union motion this week was not intended as an academic debate – it was an invitation for proponents to question Israel's legitimacy, a question that is not asked of any other nation. The Islamic Republic of Pakistan for example, came into existence in the same year as Israel, in the wake of a conflict with far greater casualties. It possesses nuclear weapons and has been involved in ongoing conflict since its creation, but never do we question its legitimacy or label Pakistan as ‘rogue state’.

A disproportionate attention to the Middle-East conflict is understandable. It is one of the most pressing issues of our time, which if handled

successfully will see an end to the conflict based on the fault lines of the greatest culture clash of modern history. However, the Union debate is not about the conflict, or any

of its developments this year. It's not about Iran's nuclear threat to Israeli security and Western civilization, it's not about the settlements, it's not about whether Hamas ought to be brought to the negotiating table. No, it is a platform for criticism aimed

at one target that is neither constructive nor conducive to reconciliation,

but once again raises the political temperature and religious divides present in Cambridge.

Perhaps by next year, the conversation will finally have moved on and will be crafted by those who, like President Abbas and Prime Minister Netanyahu, want peace rather than a double standard levied on a single-sided debate.





CHARLOTTE WU

David Cameron's face has been bulging from a folded old newspaper on my bedside table for the last week now, prodding the message "Your country needs you!" into my unconscious as I sleep. It's such an obvious reference for an Old Boy of the Old Guard to make that I'm justifying the dated subject-matter of this article on the grounds that I hardly felt it was worth commenting on at the time.

And yet, the problematic spores of the prime minister's martial reference took root in my mind, reinforced by his reassurance that "This is not a cry for help but a call for arms". I'd much rather it were the former. In our time, a call for arms should not inspire confidence, but make us question why all other enlightened methods have failed.

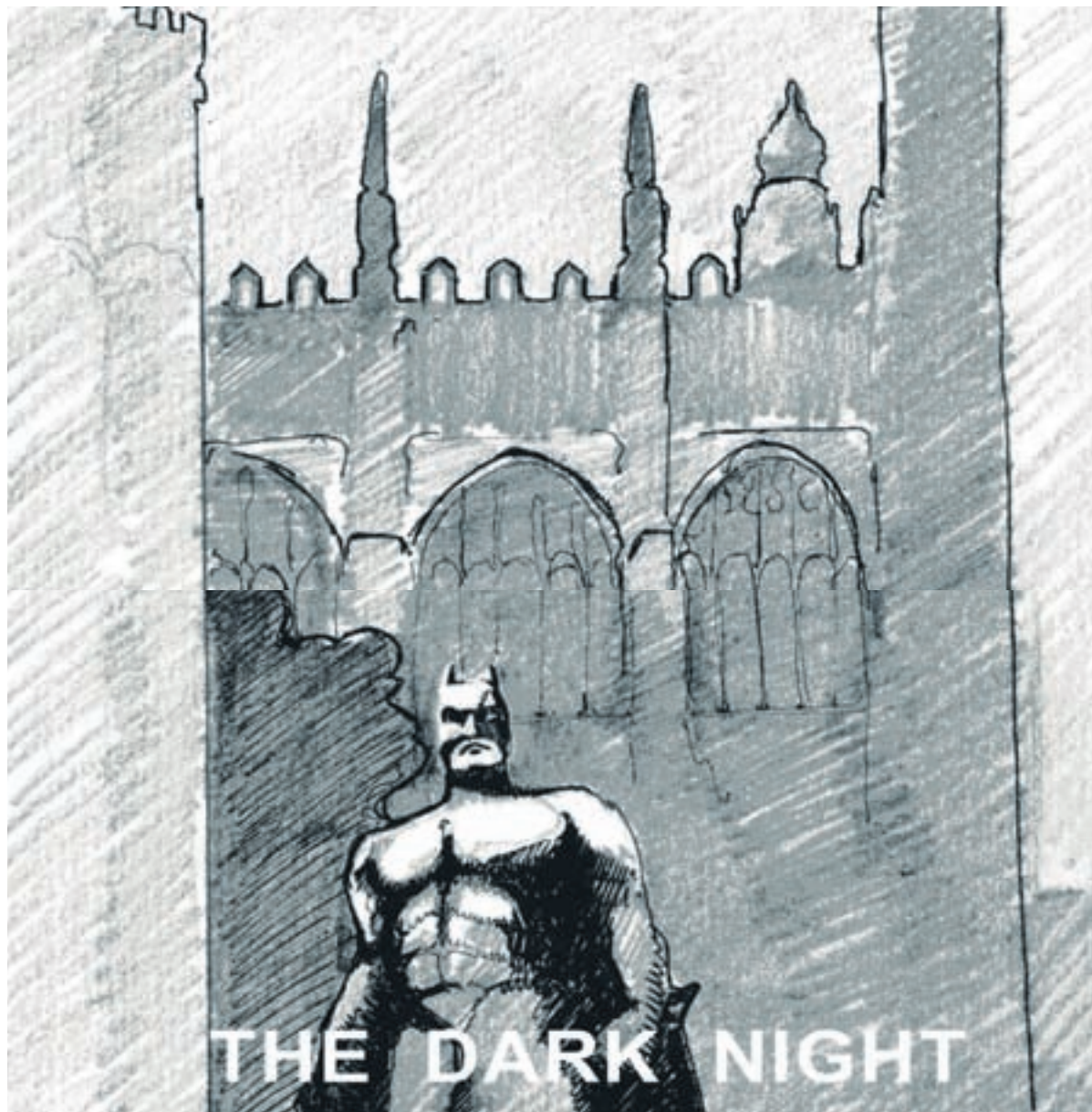
Nostalgia is a dangerous drug. Wishing for the good old days means wishing for the return of all that they entailed; you can't pick and mix history. You may, watching *Mad Men*, wish that drinking and smoking and taking four hour lunch breaks from the office were still par for the course, but don't kid yourself that life was better then. The pain of the civil rights struggle, the desperate sexual inequality, the encroaching war in Vietnam: would you trade the progress that we've made for a few bourbons in the mornings?

A British pop singer recently claimed in a magazine interview that her favourite historical period was the Fifties, because "women were ladies then". She meant, presumably, the immaculate hair and the full skirts and the graceful way they glided in and

A call to arms should not inspire confidence, but make us question why all other enlightened methods have failed.

out of Cadillacs; and not the part where they got a dishwasher and a slap on the bum for Christmas. But that just proves the danger of letting the past glaze over with the many superficialities of its zeitgeist; removing a cultural moment from its socio-ethical-political context damages our perception of why we needed to leave it behind.

Someone once told me about



Nostalgia isn't what it used to be

Why David Cameron's call to the past should fall on deaf ears

a greatly-admired teacher, who would eagerly tell his class about walking down streets of horse-drawn carriages as a youngster – a time when cars were the preserve of so few as to be almost non-existent. He'd pause, just long enough for the class to appraise their own traffic-clogged morning commutes wistfully, before leaning forward with the caveat, "Don't let anyone tell you how great the past was. The past smelt of horse-shit".

The spirit of Cameron's WWI exhortation, with its decorous side-stepping of the horse-shit of approximately 37 million casualties, a society which prohibited female suffrage, and a country that still held colonial reins throughout the world, feels to me somewhat tasteless. No more, perhaps, than the houses which still confidently display the Mughal memorabilia looted by past generations; no more, indeed, than the halls of the British Museum.

Founded as an institution for anthropological and cultural edification, it was nonetheless filled by items pillaged from conquered lands. Last weekend the a member of the Colombian Kogi tribe visited England for the first time, and amidst his account in the *Sunday Times* of "the big clock near the Houses of Parliament" and his

first beer, he wrote, "The British Museum was interesting. I looked at the South American collection

Nostalgia is a dangerous drug. Wishing for the good old days means wishing for the return of all that they entailed.

there and saw some Colombian artefacts. What on earth are they doing in the British Museum? Then I saw they'd done it to the Egyptians, too! And the Greeks! If it had been in my nature to get angry, this would have been the moment I really hit the roof."

These things are so familiar that at first the idea of it filling someone with indignation was surprising. We praise our multi-cultural society as though it's a spontaneous, serendipitous product, rather than the side-effect of an attempt to create a worldwide

social club of Westerners and their indigenous under-classes.

The kitsching of empire (as demonstrated by Emmanuel College's choice of it as a May Ball theme in 2009, along with the tagline, "Party like it's 1899") seems to be becoming more prevalent and acceptable. From Libertines-esque military jackets to heirloom bayonets adorning student houses, the owners of such 'retro' items don't seem to recognise the potential offensiveness of such symbols. For someone whose parents remember their own city hung with signs proclaiming "No Chinese, or Dogs", history has an edge to it which isn't easily blunted by post-colonial 'irony'.

When Cameron declares, "Your country needs you," it rings with an outdated and insular nationalism. What cause are we fighting for this time? Britishness? What that means is amorphous, but underneath the pastel twin-suits and tweezed lawns, let's just remember what else has contributed to make Britain what it is. Is Cameron even talking to people like me, I wonder? If he wants to play the nostalgia card, he needs to remember what those bygone days entailed, or risk alienating those against whom it was once aimed.

Our Man in Amman



War. Huh. What is it good for? One might say "absolutely nothing", although judging by the way the Middle East goes at it hammer and tongs, you might be forgiven for thinking maybe we're missing something here. The Israel-Palestine conflict is one of the messiest and most harrowing clusterfucks in recent memory. Just when it seems things are starting to take a turn for the better, you can bet that one of the parties will do something so spectacularly unhelpful (Israeli settlements and Hamas rocket attacks), and the whole peace process gets thrown back to square one.

There are no natural resources here in Jordan, no oil to sell, so the economy is powered in large part by aid from America and Britain, who employ Jordan to act as a neutral, mediating power in the region. Add to this the fact that 50% of Jordan's population are of Palestinian origin and you have a country whose fate is heavily determined by the course of the Israel-Palestine saga. Speaking to people about the conflict is tricky, because it's a subject that arouses great passion and resonates very deeply with ideas of identity, homeland, and religion.

One taxi driver told me that he blamed Britain for the whole mess, and that he believed it was only a matter of time before Muslim armies "destroyed Israel". My flatmate's tutor doesn't even use the term "Israel", preferring to refer to "the Jews" or Palestine (when talking about whose land it is).

Educated upper class Jordanians are more moderate, and usually have a sharp grasp on the issues at hand. I talked at length with one of my local friends, who was dismayed by the anti-Jewish propaganda pumped out by Hamas (type "Hamas propaganda" into YouTube and you'll see what I mean) but at the same time heavily criticised the Israeli settlements in East Jerusalem. Overwhelmingly though, there is a feeling that a huge injustice has been committed against Palestinians, a feeling that is hard to argue against. Furthermore, whatever the Jordanian government's moderating role, a considerable number of its citizens hold much more extreme views.

I can't help but feel that even if God does decide to provide a long overdue miracle and a solution to the conflict is found, selling that solution to ordinary people will be yet another almighty struggle.

TOM CROOKE

THE ESSAY

Israel's apartheid demands a response

When I visited Israel and Palestine in July (my eighth trip since 2003), I once again witnessed the reality attested to by countless human rights organisations, journalists and Israeli and Palestinian peace activists: Israel's brutal occupation and apartheid is only worsening.

Take, for example, Daoud and his family in the Bethlehem Governate of the West Bank. Like millions of Palestinians they are under military rule, denied basic rights we take for granted. The family has owned a farm for generations, yet must fight to maintain their presence there.

This summer, Israeli soldiers issued the family with demolition orders for several structures on the farm, including an outside toilet, chicken coop, and underground water cistern. In 60% of the West Bank, Palestinians must apply for building permits from Israeli occupation forces; yet according to a 2008 UN report, 94% of applications are denied. Building illegally means demolition. Meanwhile, all around the farm's olive trees and vines, Jewish settlements expand and flourish.

This is a snapshot of life under Israel's 43-year occupation in the West Bank. Here, Palestinians are shot with impunity, snatched from their bed in the middle of the night to appear before a military court, and denied basic rights to freedom of movement and clean drinking water. Two days after visiting Daoud's farm, I was standing alongside the demolished ruins of dozens of Palestinian homes in the Jordan Valley region of the West Bank, while the neighbouring Israeli settlements produce agricultural products for European markets.

Israel's regime of racist privilege is not restricted to the Occupied



Labelling calls for a moderate dialogue over Israel's policies in the Palestinian territories as 'patronising', **Ben White** talks of apartheid in the Middle East and calls for students to join the global campaign to return dignity and equality to Palestine.

Israel continues to be guilty of serial and grave breaches of international law

Palestinian Territory. Palestinian citizens of Israel (20% of the population) are systematically discriminated against and marginalised. As Human Rights Watch recently observed, since 1948 Israel has established more than 900 Jewish towns and cities and only seven towns for Arabs. The current PM Binyamin Netanyahu has described Palestinian citizens as a "demographic bomb". Ask yourself: what kind of politics describes minorities in such a fashion?

Israel continues to be guilty of serial and grave breaches of international law. The network of settlements Israel has established in East Jerusalem and the West Bank have been condemned as illegal by the UN Security Council,

UN General Assembly, and High Contracting Parties to the Fourth Geneva Convention. Amnesty International recently slammed this policy of colonisation as inherently discriminatory and a "war crime" according to "the statute of the International Criminal Court".

In Occupied East Jerusalem the state, municipality and right-wing Jewish fundamentalists work together to 'Judaise' Palestinian neighbourhoods, while just 13% of the annexed area is available for Palestinian construction. An EU report in 2008 said the Israeli Government uses settlements, home demolitions, discriminatory housing policies and the separation wall as a means of "actively pursuing the illegal annexation" of East Jerusalem.

The Gaza Strip remains besieged and devastated: a "prison camp" according to PM David Cameron. Palestinian fishermen are shot by Israeli naval forces implementing an illegal 'no-go zone'. The economy is aid dependent, and the ability for Palestinians to travel between Gaza and the West Bank is almost non-existent.

Much of Gaza is still ruined from the brutal onslaught between December 2008 and January 2009, when Israel killed 1,400 Palestinians, including 300 children. The

The call for boycott from Palestinians is supported by courageous, dissident Jewish Israelis

Red Cross reported "whole neighbourhoods" being "turned into rubble" and Amnesty International described how "unarmed civilians" were shot "going about their daily activities". The UN's Fact Finding Mission headed up by Judge Richard Goldstone concluded that 'Operation Cast Lead' was a "carefully planned" assault intended "to punish, humiliate and terrorise a

civilian population".

Israel's apologists have recently begun complaining about a so-called 'delegitimisation' drive (a variation of the tired 'anti-semitic' smear). But Israel is isolating itself: when the ambassador to the USA can boldly defy anyone – including the UN – to "dictate our borders", then the only way Israel is being 'singled out' is in its ability to flout international norms with impunity.

But what can we do about the situation? There is a need for education and political lobbying. Most importantly, there is the growing BDS movement (Boycott Divestment Sanctions), an international campaign of ordinary citizens – students, trade unionists, academics, artists, the faith community – that seeks to pressure Israel to comply with basic standards of international law and realise fundamental Palestinian rights.

Boycott is an invaluable tool in the Palestinian struggle for dignity and equality, and a tactic with a long history in campaigns for justice. It is simple and effective. It is a strategy, not an aim

in and of itself. It is non-violent, and a response to the call from Palestinians under occupation for solidarity. BDS has emerged in the context of a vacuum of international accountability for Israel's human rights violations.

Students can get involved with the global campaign for a just peace by connecting up with the Palestine Society. There is much potential for effective activism, including examining the question of the University's complicity in Israel's crimes, and working towards boycott and divestment.

A popular tactic by Israel's

Israel's apartheid policies are unsustainable and undermine the hopes of both Palestinians and Jewish Israelis

defenders – particularly on campus – is to urge 'dialogue' and 'moderation', the same patronising words heard from preservers of the status quo in the segregated Deep South and apartheid South Africa. In 1963, Martin Luther King wrote from jail about the accusation being levelled by white 'moderates' that the civil rights movement was 'creating tension'. King pointed out that activists were "not the creators of tension" but were bringing "to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive".

The call for boycott from Palestinians is supported by courageous, dissident Jewish Israelis, like the 'Boycott from Within' group and Israeli Committee Against House Demolitions. Internationally, groups like Jewish Voice for Peace in the US, and Jews for Justice for Palestinians and Jews for Boycotting Israeli Goods in the UK, show that there is no single Jewish community or viewpoint.

The real division is between those on the side of human rights and international law, and those invested in shoring up and excusing colonisation, dispossession and segregation. Israel's apartheid policies are unsustainable and undermine the hopes of both Palestinians and Jewish Israelis to live in peace. There is another way, one of inclusion and equality, but it won't be easy to realise this vision. Everyone can play a part.

Ben White is a writer and human rights activist who will be talking at Emmanuel College on Thursday 4th November. His book, 'Israeli Apartheid: A Beginners Guide' was published in 2009.

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE



Mr. Scruff gets talking
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A brief history of activism
p18

My Degree: History of Art
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Charlotte Runcie: On Nigella



'The Übermumsch': Why we all want the Domestic Goddess to be our real mum

If you, like me, had been waiting excitedly all year for the return of Nigella Lawson to our screens, something may have seemed slightly amiss over the last few weeks. We all had our insouciant aprons crumpled and ready to "just throw on", and our chocolate melted in a pot ready for some flirtatious finger-dipping, but there's been just a hint, recently, that her new series has lacked... well, what? A cherry on top?

The last time we saw Nigella she was wandering alone through Paris, or somewhere that looked like Paris, in her deep crimson winter coat, slipping into a café to escape the snow and ordering a naughty little chocolat chaud. Then, as the waiter turned his back, she sneaked a chunk of her infamous Christmas Rocky Road from her handbag and took a generous bite. Take that, Paris! 1940s swing swung festively in the background.

That was Nigella at her best: glamorous, luxuriant, a little cheesy and definitely over the top, but showing us it's okay to be a glutton, to be pretentious, to wish secretly that you lived in Paris and that every night was Christmas Eve.

And she's a gorgeous pillar of strength, because she's managed

to avoid the threat of morbid obesity (a bloody miracle given how much butter she puts in that Rocky Road) and relentless accusations of ridiculousness from all sides, all with an invit-



ing smile and a gung-ho attitude, sleeves rolled and pantry stocked.

Hey, you don't need me to remind you that Nigella is fantastic. We all suspect, deep down, that she might be our real mum.

We love our mums, of course we do, but Nigella is an every-mum, finely figured and hearty and a dab hand with a pastry brush. The *Übermumsch*.

It's just that in this series, the picture hasn't quite come together. For a start the fairy lights, trips to Paris and the swing music have

become scarce, replaced by boring, boring Florence and the Machine, and lazy stuff like 'Mambo Italiano' while Nigella whips up her maverick Marmite spaghetti.

There's still the trademark post-credit sequence of our heroine tiptoeing into the kitchen at night and chowing down on some leftovers, and we still get the descriptions of "a billowing

chocolate peanut butter cheesecake would jiggle crossly at you if you so much as hinted it might be low-fat – but, watching it, you do suspect that Nigella might have had to scale back a bit. You can imagine the BBC meeting in which it was decided that the performance should be reigned in, in keeping with the cuts and austerity measures taking place everywhere else.

Well, to this I say (through a mouthful of cheesecake), No! You can take our university funding, our child benefits, our pensions and our firstborns, but you can't have Nigella. We need her, because she's everything Austerity Britain isn't: flirtatious, indulgent, rounded, showy and generous. Mark Thompson and David Cameron, we just won't be able to deal with all the times you've slapped us in the face with cuts if we can't have Nigella's lemon meringue cake festooned with fairy lights and extra glugs of wine. She's doing her best with less than she's used to, but if this Christmas is going to be the leanest one yet, at least give us a proper spoonful of Lawson to help the medicine go down. Whatever would your mothers say?

For more cooking programmes see *Cooking Matters* on VarsiTV at varsitv.co.uk/efq19s/

V GOOD



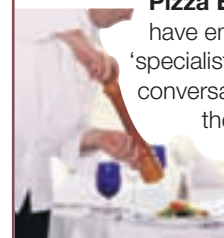
Willow Smith's new music video. She's NINE!!! (NINE!!!!)

No time to read but want to feel cultured? The re-publication of Felix Feneon's *fait divers*, now with beautiful illustrations by Joanne Nerborsky, should be perfect for your downstairs lav attention span.



Pizza Express

have employed a 'specialist in intimate conversations' to train their waiters to flirt. Why yes we will have some pepper with our pizza...



'Sarah Palin's Alaska' - we venture with her batshit family into the wilderness and learn that "This is flippin' fun...I'd rather be doing this than in some stuffy old political office!" (debuts next month: watch the hilarious trailer now)



Dear Varsity,

I wrote you a really long and well-formed narrative a couple of days ago, but the woman at the telegraph office accidentally sent it to "Farsi Tea, Tehran". And now I can't really remember what happened last week, and there's a man from Mossad hanging around on the other side of the canal. The goose flies at night.

So I am lying here surrounded by the detritus of the week, a dead lobster, a broken pair of handcuffs and a Viagra Calendar 2005. I have a scar on my elbow, a needle-mark on my arm and an odd disease eating away the skin on my index finger, the results of a concatenation of events so complicated that even Raymond Chandler doesn't know what's going on. So instead, I'm going to tell you about the Great Game.

When we were young we used to go to Southampton on the train to do battle with the night. Lacking anybody real to fight, in our vacuous existence, we had to set up imaginary adversaries. The club closed at three, you missed the last bus home, so you had to skirmish through the crowds employing all your luck and loveliness to get a bed for the night. You could just camp on the street until 06:30, but sleep-



ing with someone's much more fun, and retreating to the station is an admission of defeat.

But here, because of the vehemently methodical way the Germans railway-timetable their fun, the game's a bit too easy. You can find anyone you like on the internet, even if you're a hungry cannibal looking for a bite to eat on a Thursday afternoon. Berghain is always open. The whole of Berlin is an erogenous zone. So you play for higher stakes, you never sleep at all, you run around for days on end and wind up somehow in the upstairs of a bakery with two Swedish prostitutes, a jar of gherkins and a gallon of frothy mochaccino. And I have to tell you what I've been doing in 350 words?

The 349th word is, Ali



Hitting a 12 year old in the face is just not acceptable, Justin Bieber. Even if Laser Quest is getting serious.

M.I.A. wearing a burqa (on which she'd printed the lyrics to her own song XOXO) for the red carpet before changing into hotpants for the show.

X O X NO.



V BAD

SOME QUESTIONS FOR:

Ashley Walsh, CULC President

Alice Hancock and **Charlotte Wu** put the questions to Cambridge's top proletariat, President of Cambridge Universities Labour Club

College:

Downing

School:

Wetherby High School, Leeds

Date of birth:

15th September

Date of death:

I died a little bit on the day The Beautiful South broke up.

Sexuality:

Gay

Ethnicity:

Yorkshireman

Religion:

Atheist

Emergency contact:

Probably one of Cambridge's coffee shops. I'm a latte-leftie.

Smoker:

Nope. I just don't have the style.

Number of sexual partners?

Knowing how irritatingly smug it sounds, I am in the happiest of relationships

Mental health problems:

Foerster's Syndrome: compulsive punning.

Favourite book?

The Crucible by Arthur Miller (it's a play I know).

Actual favourite book?:

The Future of Socialism by Anthony Crossland (come on, what were you expecting?)

What are you reading?

The Betrothed by Alessandro Manzoni

Where do you live?

In a house with a charming view of College, but a serious damp problem.

Where do you sleep?

As above.

“My life is sufficiently cartoon-esque.”

Where will you be on Wednesday night?

Eagerly waiting for my interview to be published in *Varsity*, o'course.

When did you first realise that you wanted to be a megalomaniac?

When I first saw the tower of the UL.



Now there's a symbol of power, he said in a non-Freudian way.

Who's your favourite dictator?

It's only right that I say the proletariat.

What's the working title for your spill-all memoirs?

Jovial: The Relationship I Had With History.

How many copies will it sell?

One. I'm conceited enough to read my own work.

Who's your Cambridge arch-nemesis?

Fitzbillies. I spent too much money there.

What's the worst joke you've ever heard?

I'm not just going to give away my best material. I have, though, been known to use my Facebook status to test

audience reaction. I am losing friends daily.

If you could rule any country (UK and USA aside) which would it be?

Strikes? Coffee? Cheese? Seemingly endless holidays? It's got to be France.

When you're rich and powerful and the University is offering to name something after you, what will you request?

The History Faculty lavatories. I will demand an actual refurbishment too.

What did you want to be when you grew up?

Picked first in sports. Cue the clichéd violins.

“My mental health problem? I suffer from compulsive punning.”

What do you want to be when you grow up?

Pass. But probably (to be) picked first in sports.

What's the key to happiness?

Knowing what you want to be when you grow up.

What will be written on your gravestone?

“Best Before...”

Who would play you in the film of your life?

Bruce Willis, clearly.

Who will play your arch-nemesis in the film of your life?

Any generic, reactionary right-wing historian.

Which Pokémon would play you in the cartoon of your life?

I was never struck by the Pokémon craze. Fortunately my life is sufficiently cartoon-esque already.

What's next for Ashley Walsh?

The Maypole.

Do you have anything you'd like to ask us?

Was it a slow news week?

The Cambridge Universities Labour Club is a political society affiliated to the UK Labour Party for all students in Cambridge: at Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin Universities, and at all local sixth-form colleges. Its varied past has seen it go through several disaffiliations, including periods in the 1960s and 70s when it was under the influence of the Militant Tendency and disaffiliated with the national party. It is currently a part of the Labour Party and of Labour Students and offers the opportunity to debate, campaign and socialise with like-minded individuals. To find out more or to join visit <http://www.srcf.ucam.org/labourclub/>

Fight for your rights

As British universities face the biggest threat in their communal history, many of us are despondent and demoralised. But **Morgan Wild**, CUSU-GU'S Student Support Officer tells us that, throughout Cambridge's history, its students have refused to take things lying down.

The National Demonstration

Even if, ostrich-style, you've had your head firmly plunged in the metaphorical Cambridge sand of essays, supervisions and whatever NatScis do in their labs, you can't have missed it. It blares out from your tinny radio alarm clock at some godforsaken hour in the morning; headlines scream at you as you flash past newsagents on your way to lectures; any quick browse of the BBC website this week has had live footage of ecstatic Chilean miners and live footage of bloody angry academics.

It's safe to say, we're not happy. The Browne Review has caused an outcry among higher education institutions, among the academics that staff them and the students that attend them. Worries abound. The removal of the cap on fees and the interest casually tacked onto student loan repayments will see students paying astronomical amounts. The quality of this education will in turn suffer from the planned cuts of around 25% that will decimate funding. And if this rhetoric sounds slightly OTT for the tender amongst you, you ain't seen nothing yet.

Surely the Government weren't expecting these draconian proposals to pass by unchallenged? On 10th November, the streets of the capital will overflow with marching students objecting to the Government's decision to send British universities plummeting down the international rankings. At least, that's the plan. But to ensure the protest is as effective and affective as possible, they, rather obviously, need protesters. Here's a brief rundown of a Cambridge student's schedule on the day of the protest:

- 1) Hop on board a National Express coach to London. Return journeys are reduced by 30% if you book online before 3rd November.
- 2) Meet at Horse Guards Avenue.
- 3) March. Protest. Assert your opinion.
- 4) Get a burger.
- 5) Come home.

Five easy steps. You know in *A Bug's Life*, when the big, mean grasshopper suddenly gets overpowered by lots of little ants? Be an ant.

LYDIA ONYETT

In 1972, hundreds of students flocked into the Old Schools, the centre of administrative power in Cambridge, demanding that students have a measure of democratic control over the University and over decisions made by the University that affected them. Their list of demands was long and not all were achieved: the Proctors – the gowned University disciplinary force – are still with us, and the ultimate control of the University is still in the hands of a democracy of academics, not students. However, one particular demand transformed the power of the student body, and has had far reaching and important consequences to this day.

The Old Schools occupation was a profound challenge to the power relationship between students and the University. As a result of the occupation, the University published the Devlin Report, which recommended that students have representation on the University Council, the primary decision making body of the University. After further exhaustive discussions and deliberations, students were finally given a voice in the decisions of the University.

This achievement transformed the collective bargaining power of Cambridge students: from it, student membership of nearly all the committees that govern the University and the colleges followed and the student union was eventually given official recognition by the University. Much, if not most, of the work that CUSU and the GU do today in representing students, lobbying the University and securing change for its members, would be impossible without that initial victory.

The activist approach that helped to achieve this victory is more relevant than ever before. When effectively and intelligently done, it can continue to play a significant role furthering the student interest. We are currently facing the biggest political knife fight the student movement has ever seen and only through an approach that combines direct action with the more traditional tools of the student movement can we succeed in winning it.

Activism is a perspective that advocates taking direct action to achieve a political goal. It encompasses the traditionally lefty gamut of protests, demonstrations, occupations and strikes to achieve socially desirable ends; those approaches that have variably fallen into a state of disuse and disfavour in our modern, responsible

political age, but that students need to meet the challenges that we face.

There have been many achievements in Cambridge that have been enabled by collective student direct action, as even the briefest of sojourns into the *Varsity* archives reveals. The 1977 occupation of the Senate House by student parents helped secure University funding for the first time for crèches and nurseries; the occupa-

Protest has too often become for the left what a fox hunt is for your local Conservative Association: an opportunity for us to socialise, get together and chat, rather than a serious attempt to change society.

tions of the Lady Mitchell Hall and the Economics Faculty in the 1970s helped deliver substantial examination reform of the Economics Tripos, for the first time allowing students to submit dissertations. The New Hall rent strike in 1973 delivered a rents freeze; the rent strike at King's in 1979 made King's publish its investments and partially disinvest from South Africa; the University-wide rent strike and campaign in 1999, led by CUSU, helped ensure that rent increases were negotiated with college JCRs. More recently, the 'Penny the Vice-Chancellor' movement for socially responsible investment secured – admittedly in a tepid form – University agreement to balance ethical considerations when making investments decisions. I could go on.

However, activism has fallen out of favour in Cambridge and the wider world, as people have become disillusioned with its ability to deliver. Those of us who advocate it as an approach only have ourselves to blame, through the silly sectarianism, the grandiose claims about the demise of capitalism, the poor strategic thinking and planning and occasional straight out stupidity that plague the organised activist movement and severely curtails its ability to make meaningful political contributions.

Activism can again become an effective political force that can play a part in securing significant changes for

Cambridge and for the wider student movement. However, it requires clear and concrete goals and a realistic plan to achieve them. Too often the answer to the question, "Why are we doing this?" or, "What is this protest supposed to achieve?" is, "well, we're showing solidarity". Activism risks being emptied of strategic meaning and purpose. These vague affirmations of solidarity allow us to protest and parade and picket, without any clear conception of what it is we want to achieve and how we are going to achieve it.

Protest has too often become for the left what a fox hunt is for your local Conservative Association: an opportunity for us to socialise, get together and chat, rather than a serious attempt to change society and our objectives suffer from this lack of clear thought and political strategy. An attitude of, "This is wrong, we'd better have a protest about it" simply will not do. Activism is exhausting and often boring: we cannot afford to waste energy on protest for the sake of protest.

For all the flaws and failings of the activist approach, if we want to achieve lasting change in this university, this city and this society, then a serious part of our approach must be to protest, demonstrate, occupy, and do so effectively. Change does not happen, or does not happen often, just by writing

Activism can again become an effective force that can play a part in securing significant changes for Cambridge and for the wider student movement.

a letter to your MP or to *The Times*, or lobbying your representatives, or through dutifully voting every five years. In addition to this, it requires broad based social movements, mass engagement and participation, targeted and effective direct action: it requires activism.

I do not want to argue that it is only through collective protest that gains are made, nor that collective action is sufficient in and of itself. This sort of action will not deliver lasting change in isolation. Occupations, strikes and



protests will not work if they are considered the only tactic worth pursuing, as if the act of demonstrating student opposition, through some mystical process, will magically transform the University. Other tactics are necessary as well. All of the actions I have mentioned were part of a wider strategy to achieve particular goals; students were not protesting for the sake of it, they were engaged in a broad campaign, involving lobbying the University in traditional ways as well as making life difficult for them through direct action. Direct action, however, was central to their success:

activism has delivered results for them in the past, and it can deliver them again.

We face a situation where the future of the higher education sector is under threat: up to 80% of funding could be cut and tuition fees could hit £12,000. This is the biggest fight the student movement has ever faced and, for the sake of future generations of students, we cannot countenance the possibility of failure.

We will not succeed just by trying to pick off a few weak Lib Dem MPs through lobbying;

nor through pleading for the worst excesses of the Browne Review not to be implemented. We will only succeed if we create a political atmosphere and culture where it is impossible for the current proposals to be implemented.

The National Demonstration on the 10th November promises to be the biggest mobilisation of students in a generation – all *Varsity* readers should attend. But that will not be enough to stop this onslaught. We need to consider a range of action, including nationwide occupations, rent strikes and demonstrations. To win this fight, we all need to become activists now.

Recreational Revolutionaries

At last year's Freshers' Fair I very nearly talked myself into a fistfight with the Palestine Solidarity Society. I chose to ignore their kindly overtures and instead asked them whether they supported terrorism in Gaza. This was perhaps a bad opening remark. I then received a myriad of memorable scowls, which, I suppose, I had expected. I was, after all, being a gratuitous pain in the arse. But amidst the narrowly missed left hooks, I felt that I had acquired an improved understanding of the activists' mentality.

In *Don Quixote*, the protagonist places himself in the saddle and sallies forth across the arid plains of La Mancha indiscriminately beating up bystanders and robbing barbers. He is unprovoked except by chivalric paranoia and general amusement, and I have long imagined that this is it feels like to be an activist. The passion, the glory, the (unlikely) triumph; all that is required is a contrary opinion and a pugilistic outlook.

As a result, crude opposition is the activists' occupational hazard. But exactly who are these activists? If I were feeling facetious, I might present any ordinary conscript of the Tea Party movement as the gold-standard activist. Angry, anti-government, apocalyptic in rhetoric; their choleric solidarity is indistinguishable from your average Bolshevik cabal. Closer to home, I might cite those posh kids and their ample trust funds as model activists – after all, most of them seem *jolly* concerned about the environment.

The pattern in all these cases is the dilution of principle to mere comfortable contrarianism. In doing so, any activist movement essentially negates its own primary objective because it reduces its moral ambition to a moral analgesic: means become ends, protest is undergone for the sake of protest itself. This redundancy of aims often produces fanaticism – and fanatics break but they do not bend. Indeed, to borrow Santayana's definition, they redouble their efforts just when they lose sight of their aims.

They also become comically inept. Last January, the Cambridge Gaza Solidarity group staged a weekend sit-in at the Law Faculty to support their brothers and sisters in Palestine. I might point out to you that Law is perhaps the only properly heated faculty on the Sidgwick site, and the weekend is a period of partial closure for many of the departments. How valiant! *Don Quixote* would be proud.

But the activist bandwagon rolls on regardless, and now a new crusade has been found: university spending cuts. One can hear the sound of palms being rubbed: here, at last, is a cause that concerns everyone at Cambridge. We can but hope that the coming years see a principled approach taken towards this issue, and not merely activism for the sake of opposition.

RHYS TREHARNE



Crossgown Traffic

Ryan Brennan is New York's most restless performance artist. For his latest project interrupted the lives of total strangers in Manhattan with his Living Exercises. We tried out Brennan's experiments on the frigid streets of Cambridge

Cottia Thorowgood

I still feel ambiguous about whether or not I should have done it. There's something awful about playing with other people's trust, and yet I was too intrigued to turn down the opportunity to try out Brennan's experiments in socially frigid Cambridge. We began with the harder-to-justify of the two tasks: approaching random members of the public with recent photos of ourselves entitled 'Missing Person'. Expecting to receive insulted outrage as a 2D and 3D version of myself, apparently suffering some identity crisis, intruded on innocent Sunday strollers, I was surprised by the reactions. I selected teenage girls as my first guinea pigs, in the hope they'd find me more weird than socially intrusive, but they simply looked with concern at the photo and apologised without looking at me. I was unnerved by a smoking male who smiled when I showed the picture, saying, "she looks a bit like you, doesn't she?" before explaining that he worked in a local café and had never seen the likes of 'her' around. There was intimacy

created between me and my victim: they'd been head-hunted from the masses to look at my paper, and intimacy in jest is deeply insulting. When asked by one man if I was playing a joke, I confessed it wasn't just him but everyone. It was noticeable in both experiments how people have learnt to avoid eye contact, for fear of being sold something, whether a meal deal or charity. There's a sense that the public forum has become a place in which people seem increasingly wary to interact, something well demonstrated in the second experiment: holding hands with strangers. On asking boys how they would feel if we walked down King's Parade holding hands, most felt it was "just too weird". Disappointing and also rather crushing. It took two Czech bikers, both called Peter, to embrace the challenge almost literally. So along we went, the three of us talking about how sad it was that there was such taboo on intimacy between strangers. Does it take foreigners, with a little more *carpe diem* in their outlook to break down

British social mores? Is it a reflection of our age, of Cambridge, or of a Sunday afternoon that there is reluctance to

"It took two Czech bikers to – almost literally – embrace the challenge."

get a little closer? But we are not truly free individuals. It's not appropriate, as a young female, to go and ask a married man to hold hands, with or without his wife's presence. Young children also seemed a little off-limits. Ultimately this experiment became rather introspective. Through one action, every decision as to who one does and doesn't select exposes an increasingly complex system of social mores, and to ignore them is perhaps more an act of naïveté than social liberation. No (wo)man is an island, and it can be problematic to act as if that were not the case.



Lydia Crudge

It was in the computer room, printing out my profile picture under the heading 'Missing Person', with freshers staring surreptitiously at the screen and then with incredulity at me, that I realised how awkward the afternoon was going to be. Accidentally accosting anyone who'd actually had to make the posters I was faking was a hideous thought, but once we started it became apparent how few people actually notice each other in the street. Standing in front of someone who categorically denies having seen you, despite scrutinising the clear photo you proffer, is a really bizarre sensation. A few cottoned on: one girl burst into giggles to her apologetic boyfriend's horror, berating him as I

walked away with, "It's her, you idiot!" Yet the majority couldn't be drawn out of their journeys and nobody offered to help us, which was a sobering experience.

"My first attempt to get a stranger to hold hands elicited a horrified NO!"

Once the barrier of a tragic photograph was withdrawn, and we began literally throwing ourselves at people, the quality of interaction improved. My first attempt to get a stranger to hold hands with me elicited a horrified "NO!" and the woman bolting. I toned it down, and found that

a friendly "hello, how are you?" was never rejected, though the wariness in people's eyes didn't abate until I dropped some hint it was a social experiment. The longest journey I managed was with a lady who took me from Ryman's to her bike outside St John's, where allusions to the romance of the situation ended our trip. Other highlights included clasping the blood-stained palms of an actress; and Dave from Trinity Hall, cradling his ice-cream tub of couscous, who worried about holding hands in case people assumed he had a new girlfriend but was perfectly happy to link arms: "Gentlemanly, isn't it?" Most people thought we were weird but they seemed to enjoy the strangeness.

Vicky Nwosu-Hope

It had been fourteen years since I had walked hand-in-hand with two people at once; but as I found myself strolling down King's Parade, a body either side, steps synchronised and fingers interlocked, I realised the feeling hadn't changed much. The situation differed only in that this time my companions were: a) complete strangers, and b) presumably disinclined to swing me over puddles – a desire I fought hard not to voice. I never asked, so perhaps their compliance wouldn't have been such a long-shot after all. There's a lot to be said for child's play. Aside from dwelling on the allure of '1-2-3-ah-whoop', Ryan Brennan's 'Living Exercises' provoked nostalgia for the bygone days of high street cricket and 'I dare you...' At the age of seven I didn't care whether people

I didn't know thought I was bizarre, nor did I have to justify my interaction with them. Public reaction to Brennan's exercises – gauged by facial expressions and intermittent gasps – revealed that I was perceived as whimsical and bizarre as I offered my mitten to passers-by, suggesting they might like to hold my hand. Few agreed, though most laughed, albeit nervously. However, when appealing for help with finding a missing person whilst brandishing my own Facebook profile photo, the response was very different. I had anticipated this would be received as a childish game, but was met instead with grimaces of pity. One man wished me luck, but admitted it was unlikely I'd find the girl this way, as "no-one really looks properly at people in the street, do they?" Apparently not. Faced

with involvement in a missing person search, almost everyone avoided eye-contact and no-one recognised that

"Ryan Brennan's 'Living Exercises' provoked nostalgia for the bygone days of high street cricket."

I was looking for myself. It was only when I was as an amusingly eccentric paradigm of child-like naïveté that Brennan's bid for social cohesion bore any fruit. "Hold hands with a stranger" was a conversation starter. This apparent child's play was magnetic for people, drawing them in so that the city really did become our playground.



'I like drinking tea in clubs'

Nathanael Arnott-Davies doesn't beat around the bush as he gets down to the details of how **Mr. Scruff** makes his eccentric music

You've definitely cultivated an alternative persona as 'Mr. Scruff'. Is this a conscious move?

Not really. The image I have came about because of what I'm into. I serve tea at my clubnights because I like drinking tea in clubs, it's the best thing in the world. The cartoons at my shows and on my albums are just what I like drawing. It's not really a conscious move to be 'alternative'. My music is eclectic but I try not to be too geeky about the music because if you do that you just end up with a dancefloor full of beardy blokes passing record sleeves about.

You've played a residency at Manchester now for ten years; how has that changed?

I've always liked it because Manchester's a bit like Cambridge in that it's got a decent-sized student population. It means that your audience always has a mixture of new faces and the hardcore regulars who keep you fresh and interesting.

You're well known for your marathon six-hour sets, something not so common nowadays. Why do you they last so long?

Well I actually started DJing in the 1980s and in the era I was influenced by the DJs who used to play all week at

the same club and for the whole night. They'd even sweep up the dance floor after the place had emptied. But I like long sets because I can set the mood for the whole night with the progression of my set. It took me ten years of DJ-ing in my bedroom to get to that stage, though.

Your music gets featured on television and in adverts – does that bother you?

Yeah, most of it's on trailers. I don't really have a problem with it because I understand that once you release something it's out of your hands, and music shouldn't be kept secret anyway. What's weird is that nowadays you'll hear better music on TV than on radio. When 'Get a Move On' was first released Radio 1 wouldn't play it because it was apparently too specialist, but it'll now get played 20 times on *Cash in the Attic*.

There's always humour in your work, do you think that dance music needs that element when certain scenes take themselves a bit too seriously?

I'm not going to say a scene's too moody because if a scene like dubstep has its share of moody people then fair enough, any scene's going to attract anoraks, looking for the next underground record. What I look to do is create a friendly atmosphere where people can dance

however they want to. What I also like is that I can leave behind the politics of different scenes because my music shifts between genres.

Does that lack of a consistent genre in your DJing and music give you freedom?

Exactly. I've used rappers on my music before but I wouldn't by any means consider myself a hip-hop artist. I also do a lot of collaborations, and the great thing about that is you can just say [to the other guy, "Keep going whilst I go and pick up some tea bags."

What do you like finishing your sets with?

I like to mix it up, but obviously something big because I hate that feeling when a night ends on something a bit half arsed. I like a bit of knees-up ska to end the night, or sometimes even something of my own.

And you've played at The Junction quite a lot?

I like the venue, it's got great acoustics, and the crew that work there are great, which is always brilliant. I also like the fact it's not just a club, but has other stuff going on there. You get the feeling that it's respected locally and is a bit of a community venue.

Facebook Envy: beware the second-hand self



LUKE MCMULLAN

This is the situation familiar: the midsummer slump, halfway between term and term, an empty month yawns before us. We wonder what our friends are doing – perhaps, consolingly, they have been as miserable as we have. We log into Facebook and begin the long photo-trawl, driven by the need of the involuntary voyeur: to see more, and never enough.

Album after album of exotic foreign realms is perused: Vietnam, Peru, Israel – a litany of the 'I-have-never-beens'. My friends beam out at me, but, to my surprise, I'm not pleased to see them happy. I feel a deficiency in myself; this evidence of others' enjoyable lives becomes a poor reflection of my own shortfall of fun. It's so easy to load another album; why do I not find it as easy to do these things and go to these places myself? There is an illusory gap between myself and others engendered by this viewing ease.

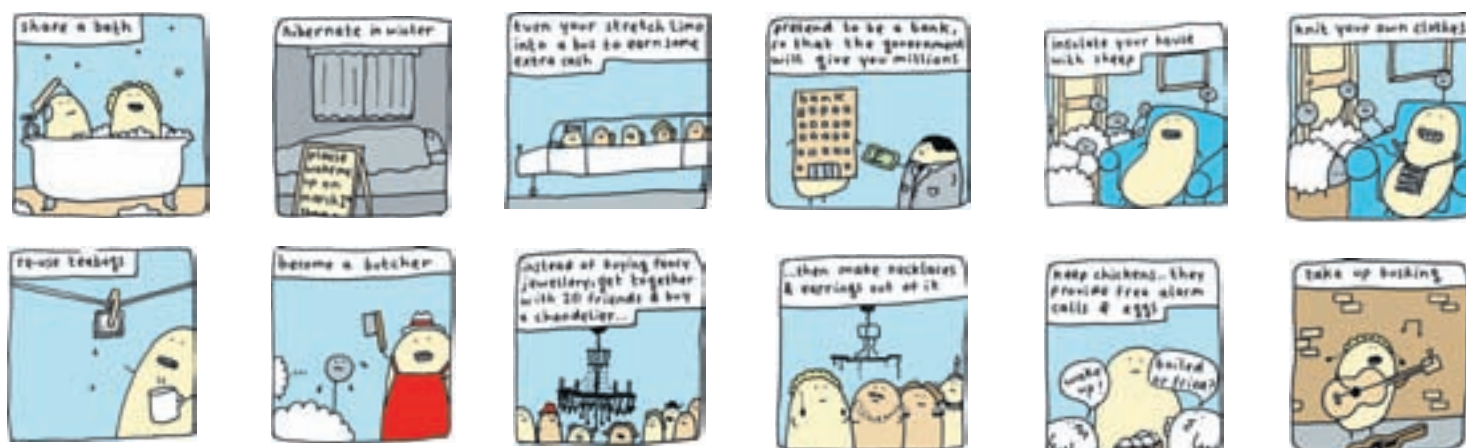
Like all advertising media, Facebook trades in the business of envy. Modern advertising relies on generating in the subject a feeling of deficiency, the perception of a gap between 'me' and the 'me-I-could-be'. A solution is offered: the product. The product is the missing value in the equation of our selves and our imagined selves. I must have it, otherwise I cannot fully be 'me'. On Facebook we are the product forced to advertise ourselves.

Prior to the advent of Facebook, if I wished to see a friend's photos, I had to visit his home, awkwardly sit side-by-side on a sofa, unfold a large album and hear halting anecdotes connecting image and reality. It's different now. Anyone can look and see my smiling face at whatever bar or party I have been to: "Look, it smiles, do I not seem happy?" We see ourselves at second-hand.

This imaginary community extends beyond the online photo album. A quarter of Facebook's income now comes from the purchase of imaginary gifts. Between my friends and me this is not the norm, but increasingly, for many others, it is. The symbol perverts the real. On Facebook, we occupy an imaginary conceptual space. What does a Facebook status mean, beyond what we would have others think of us? To be driven to this projection is to be absorbed by the second-half self-image, to promote a *méconnaissance* (misrecognition of oneself) to another.

We must beware the second-hand self. We must fear the distancing of ourselves from ourselves. Facebook, tread cautiously, for you tread on my dreams. A month parades in a minute: memories captured and reproduced and made forever. I am made forever; so are we all. Onward I click: Next, Next, Next.

'Thrif-tea' Business: Mr Scruff's Recession Busting Tips



Food and Drink

ALEX LASS



I love being ‘phoned up by friends on a Sunday afternoon and invited for lunch. Especially when that call rouses you from under four hours of deep slumber the morning after a ‘properly banging’ party. Stranded in that nightmare state between pissed and hungover, I tore out of the house, and cycled to the Rainbow Café.

As a non-meat-eater (though I do eat fish), it is surprising that this was my first visit to Cambridge’s only exclusively veggie restaurant.

Celebrating its 15th anniversary, the cute Rainbow Café is described by restaurant bible Harden’s as “a crowded and buzzing veggie café with a devoted regular following; it offers some first-rate dishes

& even has a convenient location in a cellar opposite King’s College.” I have to confess, I was disappointed. I missed ordering, but in ten minutes not a single member of staff appeared. The menu is full of exotic dishes from around the world, but the mere sound of Three Bean Chilli or the Cuban Pecadillo Pie made my stomach perform a backwards roll. I played it safe and ordered the Spinach Lasagne. Described on the menu as “so much more than a lasagne”, it didn’t taste of either spinach or cottage cheese. Thick, doughy and dry, I only managed to swallow it thanks to the glass of pomegranate juice. My friends gave me a taste of their choices: thumbs up to the Guadeloupe Aubergine Columbo and the Jamaican Patties (the homemade jerk sauce was perfect, smoky and piquant). But naughty Rainbow for putting relatively small amounts of the dishes on huge plates, engulfing them with far too much fruit, salad and rice, and charging us a tenner. We are innocent vegetarians, not tycoon rabbits.

Please do try Rainbow Café for yourself. It’s so important to support these places: they’re a rare species, especially in Cambridge.

We are not tycoon rabbits.

My degree: History of Art

So apparently my brother has bought me another horse. Boring. Anyway, as you’ve probably already heard, this week has been dazzlingly frantic for me.

Paris was fine, thanks for asking, but I’m beginning to worry about that place, it’s getting fucking French. I met up with Gvenne again at the Louvre (nightclub) which was chilled but also quite weird, which is chilled, and yet sort of weird?

Swam back to ‘Bridge for my seminar (joking: I flew, obviously), which was an absolute waste of my time because it was only for Economics grads and I wasn’t let in. Made the best of it by popping into the

buttery for a fairtrade frapp (those drinks are SO expensive – it’s brilliant).

As I chilled on my hemp unicycle I really got thinking about the Sidgwick Site’s design. I mean, it’s pre-Händel and plainly Messianic, sure, but I’d never realised how much its buildings are influenced by the work of Proust.

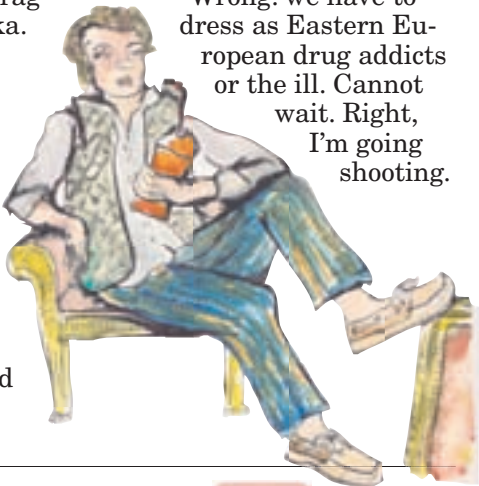
Holy Moles, that’s quite important as an idea actually; I’m going to Twitter it. Done. Still only five followers, but one of them is the niece of Jackson Pollock (not the artist).

Wednesday was essay day... NOT. Kamar for breakfast (why not actually? If it’s jokes in the eve then vis-a-very good

idea non?), followed by an appointment at Ede & Raves. Fulcher Esq. wasn’t in the shop that day, but Dorringo was his normal legendary self. Finally bought the gilet and those cords I’ve been after; they’re ochre yellow with dragon-blood blue pinstripepolka. Which was perfect for the Asian-themed night at Fez (which I think is actually an alright chill-spot now they’ve upped the prices). Only problem was that Dorian was there and was all like ‘check out my cool hat’ so I bailed and got a cab back to Kamar where Wendolyn’s sister and her flatmate’s old school friend were throw-

ing (literally) the ArcSoc Xenophobia soirée which was proper sarcastic. All proceeds went to next week’s event: a bonfire acoustic-pottery rave in Corpus playroom—sounds boring, right?

Wrong: we have to dress as Eastern European drug addicts or the ill. Cannot wait. Right, I’m going shooting.



SOCIAL NETWORKING: TOP THREE NEW APPS




CUSTOMGLUVZ (£3.99)
Choose between two template glove designs (basic/mitten) and you’re good to go. Share either of your designs with your mates by showing them the screen.


TWIT-TWAT PRO (free)
Scan your local chill-spot using 3G to find out who’s nearby. All you do then is take a photo of their face and Twit-Twat lets you know exactly what they look like.


PREZ-UPD8 beta (\$14.99)
Wanna know who’s the US President? Haven’t got the time? Just boot-up this revolutionary app and get 24-hour updates, telling you who it is at any given time. Get plugged in.



The Varsitorialist

Sarah Cawthorne, 3rd-year English, Jesus
“I nicked the hat from a costume my sister wore in ‘Bugsy Malone’ and the shirt and jacket are from a vintage shop in Sheffield (so much cheaper than in Cambridge!) I spent a bit more on the shoes - my frivolous purchase of the year!”

IF YOU'D LIKE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE VARSITORIALIST, EMAIL MAGAZINE@VARSITY.CO.UK

Faculty Horoscopes

Lectures more mind-numbing than usual? *Varsity's* resident fortune-tellers find out what's in the crystal ball



Covered in grease and surrounded by screws and bolts, you hang your head defeated. It finally hits you: you can't build Love. – ENGINEERING



This week your subject finally gets exciting when Luxembourg buys two cliffs from Mexico and a field in Devon opens a new current account. – LAND ECONOMY



This week you think to yourself: ‘Do I ask too many questions?’ You conclude that the answer is ‘Why?’ – PHILOSOPHY



At a lecture, you question your colleagues' commitment to the course. Why aren't they wearing their robes and waving incense? – THEOLOGY



You go to see groundbreaking new comedy *The Life Doctor* at the ADC. Though you take detailed notes, you somehow fail your Pharmacology exam the next day. – MEDICINE



Go for it, ask her out! She can only say ‘Yes’ or ‘No’, and you love Binary! – COMPSCI

FOLLOW @VARSITYUK ON TWITTER AND LOOK OUT FOR #FACULTYHOROSCOPES

Varsity Listings

Pick of the Week



The Life Doctor

ADC LATESHOW, WEDS 27TH - SAT 30TH OCTOBER, 23.00 (£4/£5)

New writing from Adam Lawrence and Phil Wang, the “greatest TV show never made” gets an airing at the ADC. Lawrence stars as the eponymous medic, tasked with solving the problems of three unfortunate ‘guests’. You’ve probably seen the trailer by now. And it does look quite funny.



ArcSoc Ents: Pull Shapes

KAMBAR, WEDS 27TH OCTOBER, 22.00 - 03.00 (£3/£4)

ArcSoc takes over Kambar for a night of utopian beats, cheap drinks and skinny jeans. Featuring a line-up including DJs Izi Perry and Oli P it’s bound to sound good, and with architects running the whole thing, it might even look a little less grimy than usual. Where else are you going to go on a Wednesday night anyway? Cindies? You square.

Film

The Arbor

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 18.30 (FRI-WED), 17.00 (SAT), 16.30 (THURS)



Pick of the week Film

New film looking at the life of playwright Andrea Dunbar, who died aged only 29. Dubbed ‘a genius straight from the slums’, Dunbar wrote three plays during her short life, all of which were performed at the Royal Court Theatre. Documentary investigation alongside moving performances from Natalie Gavin and Manjinder Virk.

Over your Cities Grass Will Grow

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 16.15 (FRI/MON/WEDS), 19.00 (TUES)

This one should get you serious bragging rights amongst your artier friends. Haunting documentary exploring the post-industrial landscapes created by artist Anselm Kiefer. Just when you thought it couldn’t get any edgier, it’s almost entirely wordless, too.

Carlos

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 20.30 (FRI, MON-WED), 19.00 (SAT), 18.45 (THURS)

Terrorist badman Carlos ‘The Jackal’ takes to the screens in this slick new biopic, directed by Oliver Assayas. Expect assassinations carried out to a soundtrack of New Order. The original, 330 minute version shows on Sunday at 12.30.

Restrepo

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, 12.00 (FRI), 20.30 (SUN), 16.30 (MON).



This challenging documentary follows a platoon of American soldiers on deployment in Afghanistan’s Korengal Valley.

Music & Nightlife

Friday 22nd October

Missa Gongso: A Bronze Mass

KING’S CHAPEL, 19.30 (£6/£12)

Concert bringing together groups from Cambridge and York for a programme including a choral mass by Neil Sorrell and a concerto for violin, cello and gamelan by Lou Harrison. A gamelan, apparently, is a form of Indonesian ensemble. Sounds interesting.

Britten Sinfonia

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, 20.00 (£15/£24/£29)

James MacMillan conducts a programme of Shostakovich and Beethoven, as well as his new oboe concerto. There’s a pre-performance talk at 7pm.



Mark Eteson

CLARE CELLARS, 21.00 - 00.30 (£5/£4)

Mark Eteson is a trance DJ and Godskitchen resident. If you’re still reading, he’s playing at Clare Cellars on Friday. But you really should know better.



Saturday 23rd October

Cambridge University Chamber Orchestra

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, 20.00 (£5/£16)

Toby Purser conducts CUCO in their first concert of the season. Beethoven’s on the menu, with Tom Poster taking the lead in Piano Concerto No. 4, alongside Symphony No. 3 ‘Eroica’ and *The Creatures of Prometheus Overture*.

Wednesday 27th October

ArcSoc Ents: Pull Shapes

KAMBAR, WEDS 27TH OCTOBER, 22.00 - 03.00 (£3/£4)

See Pick of the Week.

Pick of the week Music

Theatre

The Body of Macbeth

J2, THE JUNCTION, FRI 22ND OCTOBER, 14.30 (£6/£12)



If you’re lucky enough to catch Polish company Song of the

Goat Theatre on their brief stay in Cambridge, you’re in for a treat. This retelling of *Macbeth* opened at the RSC in 2006 and aims to expose the musicality and muscularity of Shakespeare’s language.

Baynard’s Auteur-Ego

PEMBROKE NEW CELLARS, TUES 26TH - SAT 30TH OCTOBER, 20.00

New sketch show from the Pembroke Players and David Baynard’s comedy ‘Auteur Ego.’

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

ADC MAINSHOW, TUES 26TH - SAT 30TH OCTOBER, 19.45 (£6/£9)

The ADC’s finest assemble bring Tennessee William’s classic play to a Cambridge audience. A searing examination of sex, lies and a family on the brink of collapse, this piece has lost nothing of its original intensity.

The Life Doctor

ADC LATESHOW, WEDS 27TH - SAT 30TH OCTOBER, 23.00 (£4/£5)

See Pick of the Week.

Pick of the week Theatre

A Beginner’s Guide to Opera

CORPUS PLAYROOM, TUES 26TH - SAT 30TH OCTOBER, 21.30 (£5/£6)

New writing from Rosie Corner, this one-woman sketch show promises a romp through years of musical history, taking a diffident look at the world’s greatest, gaudiest art form.

The Revenger’s Tragedy

CORPUS PLAYROOM, TUES 26TH - SAT 30TH OCTOBER, 19.30 (£5/£6)

A new production of Middleton’s violent masterpiece directed by Toby Parker-Rees, with costumes by Christ’s artist-in-residence Tom de Freston.



Arts

Ongoing exhibitions

Dream Voices: Siegfried Sassoon, Memories and War

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, MON - SAT 09.00 - 18.00 (FREE) UNTIL 23RD DEC

A rare opportunity to peruse the celebrated poet’s notebooks, diaries and letters, this exhibition examines the relationship between the documented, the remembered and the imagined in Sassoon’s writing. The wealth of exhibits on display is quite amazing, with heavily worked drafts of poems sitting alongside wartime journals describing the first day of the Somme and the moment he was shot by a sniper at the Battle of Arras. Which makes the UL seem almost bearable.



Watercolour Decoration, 1935
IMAGE COURTESY OF UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Sculpture Promenade

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM. UNTIL 28TH JAN

It’s been there since March, but if you haven’t yet made it down to the Fitz, this free installation features contemporary work by six British sculptors.

Intriguingly, the pieces themselves range from monumental bronzes to what are described as ‘mobile, wind-driven’ works. The grounds are open to visitors on Monday, so why not go and have a look yourself?



Talks & Events

Friday 22nd October

Volta Magazine

ST. CATHARINE’S COLLEGE, 20.00

St. Catharine’s College literary society launches the second issue of their creative writing magazine ‘Volta’ with a small party that includes poetry readings and kick-ass entertainment. Email zm244@cam.ac.uk to be put on the guestlist.

Sunday 24th October

Fungi Hunt

MYSTERY LOCATION, 10.15 (£10/£12)

Who could resist? A chance to escape Cambridge and forage for tasty mushrooms in local woodland. Like some sort of delicious rave, the location isn’t advertised until booking, so contact Mark Searle on 01223 748100

Tuesday 26th October

Pick of the week Events

Professor A C Grayling

CAMBRIDGE UNION, 19.00 - 20.00

The renowned philosopher and secularist speaks at the Cambridge Union. A prolific writer, Grayling has worked extensively in the field of logic, the theory of knowledge and the history of philosophy. He’s also a prominent critic of religion and a vocal human rights activist.

Thursday 28th October

‘This House Believes That The Free Market Has Failed’

CAMBRIDGE UNION, 19.45

Featuring Peter Tatchell and the President of the Adam Smith Institute alongside a senior lecturer in Economics and the Chief Executive of the British Bankers’ Association. Expect lively debate and a fair amount of mud-slinging.

Album Reviews



The Preview
CHIDDY BANG
★★★★★

Like all smart genre-busters, Chiddy Bang are pretty much amazing but they're never going to get much credit for it. College tours and unashamed indie sampling are always bound to stick out to 'real rap' specialists like a Lil Wayne video on TOTP2. The problem, one that Kanye 'imaletchufinish' West realised, is that hip-hop simply can't dip into Stevie Wonder's back catalogue forever. Sampling Passion Pit ('Truth'), MGMT ('Opposite of Adults') and Sufjan Stevens ('All Things Go') might put them on a slippery slope towards skinny jeans, but someone had to do it, and on *The Preview* Chiddy Bang do it with braggadocio and style. If you still don't like it, you're the opposite of adults. Sorry.

SAM GOULD



Grinderman II
GRINDERMAN
★★★★★

It would seem Nick Cave is incapable of releasing a sub-standard record. The album is book-ended by two balls-out rock 'n' rollers awash with screaming guitars and a thunderous rhythm-section. The conventional components of the garage band sit alongside bouzouki and electric mandolin to produce an intense, sweaty claustrophobia. Second track 'Worm Tamer' is both epic and sublime, synthesising marching drums with backing vocals reminiscent of The Beatles. The prehistoric soundscape of lead single 'Heathen Child' is the album's mind-blowing centre-piece: sinister lyrics comment on the illusiveness of civilization whilst a primal bass line holds together the diffuse instrumentation. *Grinderman II* reinvents, recycles and pastiches, undoubtedly making it one of the most refreshing records of the year: a compelling, essential listen.

JAMIE GOODLAND

Also Online

This week in Reviews:

Made in Dagenham
Chris Mullin at the Union
Extra album reviews and much, much more

MUSIC

Corinne Bailey Rae

Cambridge Junction

★★★★★

What a shame that because of a cold she was suffering from, I was unable to interview Corinne Bailey Rae before her gig at The Junction. Effortless in her art and elegant in motion, her live performance of new album *The Sea* and former hits from her self-titled first album were a breath-taking exercise in eclecticism. Corinne's achievement should not be downplayed: her debut sensitized British commercial radio to a new era of soul which has fed us the luxuries of Adele, Duffy and Ronson on tap and now she's expanded this already flourishing scene with a remarkably well-wrought second album.

Critics who liked to think that both album *Corinne Bailey Rae* and artist Corinne Bailey Rae were mild and lightweight back in 2005 should be reminded that her formative influences were Hendrix and Led Zep and that she was never straightforwardly straitjacketing soul. This particular performance was emblematic of her rich musical diversity, not least when the indie energy and funk rhythms of 'Closer' gave way to the introspective 'Love Is On Its Way'. Most unique were her two covers: a reggae rendition of 'I Only Have Eyes For You' had



HELEN SIMMONS

an irresistibly meditative effect, whilst encore 'Que Sera Sera' (the second cover of the set) was a mesmerising seven minutes of pure soul. It helped the audience to recover from what had been the standout performance, Corinne's powerful lament 'The Sea'. Playing on a small keyboard and illuminated in blue tones amongst an almost all-pervasive darkness, this outdid

even 'I'd Do It All Again' for poetic genius and delivery. Supported by her excellent band, Corinne's unique, organic voice came and went and the crowd waited on every breath, ending with "The sea, the majestic sea, breaks everything, crushes everything, cleans everything, takes everything from me..."

After a long hiatus and immense

personal tragedy, Corinne has created an enigmatically pleasing masterpiece, but one that should not disguise the original talent and musicality she has always possessed. I probably turned off 'Put Your Records On' when DJs Danny and Nicky played it for the umpteenth time back in 2006, and now I can't help thinking I got it wrong.

SAM GOULD

MUSIC

Mr. Scruff

The Junction

★★★★★

Andy Carthy, a.k.a Mr. Scruff, arrives every year in Cambridge with his outlandishly large record collection, picks a few out for six hours, and leaves audiences content and a little more musically informed. Rather predictably, Carthy did exactly this last Saturday.

With his trademark set-up of two screens displaying his own cartoon visuals, Carthy cut a rather diminished figure in front of his vinyl mountain. The night really kicked off with Dennis Brown's 'Breaking Down the Barriers', the Junction's ample sound system serving Brown's political barnstormer well. The mainly middle-20s crowd seemed to visibly enjoy the ear-tingling bass from the speakers.

Carthy then proceeded to expose his Mancunian roots, navigating his way through some classic 90s rave and Chicago house. Between them, however, he dropped his infectious 'Get A Move On', still sounding as fresh as ever despite widespread TV exploitation.

All night the crowd moved between the dancefloor, the smoking area and buying hot cups of tea, the sort of health and safety infringement that any manciple worth his salt wouldn't allow. Dancefloor numbers reached a peak when Carthy unleashed

'Chipmunk' and the humorous 'Fish', both from his defining LP *Keep it Real*. The highlight of the night soon followed with a collective karaoke to Hot 8 Brass Band's cover of 'Sexual Healing'. Vociferous and possibly misplaced outbursts of Gaye's famous chorus line rang out.

Carthy's subsequent move to jungle visibly thinned the crowd. So much so that when Roots Manuva's 'Witness' blazed out, only a dispersed dance floor was there to appreciate it. As the night drew to a close Carthy held up a vinyl he'd hurriedly pulled from the mountain behind him. The instantly recognisable police sirens of 'Ghost Town' rang out to a festive frenzy. The Mr Scruff experience eventually drew to a close with Little Richard's 'Long Tall Sally', arousing spins and jigs from all those left.

As the music stopped, Carthy rather humbly entered the audience and soaked up such incisive comments from an adoring crowd as "fucking hero!" One couldn't help but be impressed. Mr. Scruff nights are without question marathons, but they're wholly rewarding ones.

NATHANAEL ARNOTT-DAVIES



LYDIA MORRIS-JONES

MUSIC

Idyll & Abyss: Reflections on Schubert

Clare Hall

★★★★★

The thing that I love about Cambridge is just how easy it is to interact with experts. Whilst this may not be a good thing when having your weekly essay critiqued, it is certainly a good thing when it comes to music. On Saturday evening, in the intimate setting of Clare Hall, a group of music lovers were treated to an intimate, vibrant session with one of the rising stars of classical music. Shai Wosner played and then discussed an inspired and invigorated selection of Schubert's piano works, complemented by a selection of other composers' reflections on the genius of Vienna. Helped by an intelligently designed programme and an insightful commentary, the concert was clearly designed to deepen our knowledge of a composer who is too often overlooked.

Like the very best history teacher, Schubert takes you back into a previous age. Through Wosner's hands, we were transported from the stark modernism of Clare Hall into Vienna at the turn of the 20th century. Completely assured and superbly phrased, Wosner allowed the best of Schubert's rolling melodies to sing through the *Impromptus*

and the *Valses*. His phrasing and dynamics were sensitive and true to the original, evoking the naivety and innocence that characterises Schubert when played well.

The middle section of the concert was its weakest patch. Wosner was at his best when dealing with Schubert's lively dances; we were given a workmanlike but uninspired walk through Widmann's more reflective and contemplative *Idyll and Abyss*. Likewise, his treatment of Ravel's *Valses* was competent, without being truly exciting. By the time we got to the *Sonata in D*, however, we knew what to expect.

“We were transported from Clare Hall into Vienna at the turn of the 20th Century”

Wosner did not disappoint, with a lively and zesty rendition of the famous sonata.

The evening was completed by Wosner and David Dolan performing some inspired improvisation. In a deliberate nod to Schubert's love of the four-handed piano, we were given an energetic modern interpretation of Schubert that rounded off a delightful and inspiring evening. This was the first in the series of Intimate Engagements at Clares Hall this year, and it bodes well for an exciting season ahead.

SIMON JOHNSON

LITERATURE

Freedom

Jonathan
Franzen

★★★★★



PHIL MAUGHAN

Nine years after *The Corrections*, 2001's National Book Award winner, the highly touted and (perhaps fatally?) hyped Jonathan Franzen has returned with another inspiring book.

American families of the Midwest are his focus, harnessing the voyeurism and competition of suburban existence by having neighbours narrate each other's lives.

Franzen deals in large, heavy chunks of prose that stifle, intensify and frequently devastate. He is a sophisticated, yet accessible writer, whose sprawling familial epics speak to the zeitgeist, taking the complexities of 21st century life and showing how they gnaw at the individual consciousness. Overpopulation, ideology, social networking, fractured homes and the paradoxical burdens that freedom, so ingrained in the American state of mind, can levy on

individuals and the environment. These themes recur through both of Franzen's most recent novels, finely woven into a family drama easily worthy of luminaries such as Philip Roth or John Updike.

Around a quarter of the book

takes the form of an autobiographical confession, 'MISTAKES WERE MADE', by one Patty Berglund, "Composed at Her Therapist's Suggestion." Patty, a member of the gentrifying elite- retrofitting, recycling, renovating-has fallen on hard times. Her son has moved in with the obnoxious Republicans next door; she is unsatisfied and turning to the bottle.

"She didn't think she was an alcoholic. She wasn't an alcoholic.

“Freedom, at 562 pages long, is a novel with which you could do emotional, or even physical damage, if you so desired”

She was just turning out to be like her dad, who sometimes escaped his family by drinking too much."

Freedom, at 562 pages long, is a novel with which you could do emotional, or even physical damage, if you so desired. It's huge and unrelenting in its dramatization of relationships breaking down. It is not, however, without hope – although neither is it without an unwarranted scatological escapade, something that seems to be a bizarre calling card for the author.

No British writer is dealing with the present moment with quite as much force as Franzen. *Freedom* is smart, hugely entertaining, and does the important work of asking how best to act in an age of uncertainty.

LITERATURE



Hatch

Corpus Playroom

★★★★★

Giving up an hour of your life – an hour you could have spent, for example, watching *The Inbetweeners* – to listen to 'new student writing' seems like a dangerous, nay, subversive idea. Why risk melting slowly into your seat while wave after terrible wave of non-ironic half-rhymes and metaphors for heartbreak washes away any respect for the craft you may have had to begin with?

Yet Hatch manages to pull it off extremely well. Packing out the Corpus Playroom, the first night of the showcase was a success; what's more, most of the writing did not leave me inspired to write my own elegy. There seemed to be no obvious criteria on which the pieces were judged, suggesting a pleasing open-mindedness and inclusiveness from the organisers. Although this led to a *mélange* of styles, lengths and perhaps standards throughout the evening, an easy-going, casual collection one could dip in and out of was simultaneously created.

Inevitably, some poems stood out more than others, such as Sophie Peacock's *Maths*, which harkened back to the margin-doodling boredom of that doom-laden class, and profited from the writer's excellent comic narration. Poems which were not delivered well inevitably suffered in what is, after all, a performance space. The highly anticipated short plays were something of a disappointment, often falling just short of

suspending disbelief, despite using Cambridge's most experienced actors. However, Thomas Moodie's *Timothy Kills Frederic* paired a simple piece with great comedy talent in a laugh-out-loud performance that ended the evening with a bang.

Anyone who has heard Tinie Tempah's 'Pass Out' will know that there ain't nobody fresher because he's ravin with the freshers. Hatch is like the Tinie Tempah of Cambridge. One of the best things about it is that it provides not only a platform for new talent (often freshers), but an audience full of experienced writers and actors, who are then exposed to the new writing. It's also a comparatively approachable opportunity to have the Footlights perform your work, short of spending half your life at the ADC, and should be a great encouragement not only to future Smoker participants but to serious playwrighters, too.

“open-minded and inclusive... a casual, easy-going collection”

It was also pleasant to see director's nightmare Corpus 'why-the-L-shape' Playroom turned into a cosy, informal setting for an evening of poetry. At the extortionate price of £5, though, with all profits going "straight back into Hatch", we can only hope for something even more special next time. **JULIA CAROLYN LICHNOVA**

THE NEXT HATCH WILL BE ON MONDAY 1 NOVEMBER AT 9.30PM. THE SUBMISSION DEADLINE IS IS WEDNESDAY 27 OCTOBER.

FILM

A Town Called Panic

Director: Vincent Patar,
Stéphanie Aubier

★★★★★



indulge in as it follows the three protagonists. The success of this is that though the initial setting of the village is humbly provincial, the protagonists pass through a bottomless pit and out again, traverse an arctic wasteland, and scuttle along the bottom of the sea floor.

Much has been made in other reviews of the lo-fi aesthetic of the animation when, in fact, Patar and Aubier are masters of attention to detail. Yet their most technical achievements are brought about through their games with time and space, such as hilarious slow-motion shots and a disregard for any sense of a unifying scale. For all the supposed restriction in character movement, the postman still impresses with his breakdancing skills and Stephen, the apoplectic alpha-male farmer, is a tiny plastic figurine who eats his way through an entire slice of bread the size of the table it lies on.

The film is also full of quirky voices and noises. If you (like me) still giggle at the scampering sound of Stewie's feet in *Family Guy* after a gazillion episodes, then you should probably see it just for the sound effects. **HELEN MURRAY**

DEBATE

Too Many People,
Not Enough Planet?

McCrum Lecture Theatre

★★★★★

Of course there are too many people – the world's population is growing by 83 million people every year. So why did the Triple Helix Society organise a panel debate on the issue?

Fred Pearce, Environment Editor at *The Guardian*, explained why the issue isn't quite so simple. "Each birth in the US causes 200 times more climate-related environmental damage than each birth in Ethiopia", he remarked. Furthermore, if the population of the globe today all enjoyed the same standard of living as in the UK, we would need four Earths to sustain us. Such shocking statistics peppered the debate.

Ludi Simpson, Professor of Population Studies at Manchester, kicked off proceedings by shunning responsibility. "Overpopulation is not a demographic concept", he began, "it is really a moral debate." Nevertheless, he claimed that, "population is more and more within our abilities to manage."

Professor Guillebaud, Emeritus Professor of Family Planning at UCL, works tirelessly to educate people about family planning

and contraception. His 'orgasms without babies' slide was met with titters from the audience. Professor David Coleman, a demographer at Oxford, took a more measured approach, suggesting that "we don't need to define an optimum population to realise that overpopulation is an issue".

In fact, total fertility rate – the average number of children a woman has in her lifetime – has fallen from around 5 to 2.5 globally over recent years, whilst replacement fertility rate, one that is needed to ensure that the population remains constant, is only around 2.3. Guillebaud believes there is a battle to be fought. "There is demographic momentum in many countries; it will take another 60 years to reach a stable global population", he explained.

“population is within our abilities to manage”

Pearce, took a different stance. "Rising consumption is a far bigger threat than rising head count", he argued, "the population bomb is being diffused around the world, but we haven't even begun to diffuse the consumption bomb". If he has got it right, then the real elephant in the room is not overpopulation at all – it's overconsumption. **TIM MIDDLETON**

Classics From
the Crypt

The Old Dark House (1932)



This seminal black comedy bestrides two great horror traditions: Universal Pictures, the studio that mythologized Dracula and Frankenstein, and James Whale, the demonically inspired, Dudley-born film director. Despite exemplifying the American Gothic, this picture remains very English at heart. Nowhere is this clearer than after the shockingly messy brawl with Karloff's drunken butler, when the protestation that "This is an awful house!" is diffused by the absolute sincerity of "It isn't very nice, is it?" The film also boasts a rogue's gallery of deranged and florid eccentrics. The principal grotesques are Ernest Thesiger (*Bride of Frankenstein's* Dr Pretorius), a prissy skeleton intent on burning flowers, and Eva Moore (Laurence Olivier's improbable mother-in-law), a withered, cackling crone shrieking 'No beds!' at would-be house-guests. Equally striking is Gloria Stuart (best known as Old Rose in *Titanic*), only recently deceased and now forever young, the eternal white flame of Whale's extraordinary imagination. **JAMES SWANTON**

Back to Basics

Sainsbury's Basics
Soya Milk
★★★★★

I can't really remember what any other brand of soya milk tastes like – just that it would cost you about 70p more to find out. I don't even buy milk (as in real, animal milk). In fact, if it wasn't for the existence of Basics soya, I would have surrendered all cereal eating, white coffee-drinking pretensions long ago, some time in Michaelmas in first year. The stuff is incredible, especially in terms of longevity: unopened, I can store a carton away until at least 2013, making it a nuclear bunker essential. Yet more importantly, once opened it keeps in the fridge without going off for at least a week. Trust me, I know. The only thing it's absolutely useless for is putting in tea, when it proves to be grainy and flavourless. Then again, there's nothing wrong with scrounging milk from friends when overwhelmed by cravings for a builders' with two sugars. **MOLLY GAVRIEL**



View from the Groundlings



EDWARD HERRING

Yesternight, when on one of my infamous mid-night prowls through the orangey side streets and blacked-out back alleys of this dear, dirty town, I was approached by a stranger. This shadowy, shambling creature hailed me from behind and, clawing at my cape-draped shoulder, wheezed this haggard plea into my ear: "Please, for the love of Theatre, tell me what's on this week that's good!" I turned but before I could glance at his face he had frantically shuffled back into the half-light to hide it. "I need to know" said he, "before I break at the seams! I need my fix of good theatre, but have been unwillingly cold turkey for the past term!" At first I was unmoved by the supplications of this ragged, mephitic churl and advised him to email varsity@theatre.co.uk. "We all suffer in our own ways," I selfishly moaned. "I mean, do you know what 'ADC' stands for?" He quit his whimpering and replied: "Anything Dreadfully Coarse?" but soon returned to his theatre-addict's vibrations.

I then began to feel for this lowly wretch, half-hidden from sight, and was struck with feelings alien to me, such as empathy and charity. I suggested he go see *The Revenger's Tragedy* at The Corpus Playroom (26th-30th) but he spat emphatically on the ground. "Pah! All that skeletal gore and bony aping: sickening." Perhaps, then, a *Smoker* (Tuesday 26th) would lighten his mood? He refused. "Another blood-bather's horror show! Have you nothing with which to satisfy me?!" With this he began to fidget with an erratic, febrile thumbing of his tattered tweeds and sniffed violently. "What about *The Life Doctor* (27th-30th)?" was my next suggestion, but he remained stonily close-mouthed.

I grew afraid and tried to gain egress from the company of this theatre-starved ogre, but as I rotated to run away he grabbed me again, his grubby talon tugging me by the hair. "Have done with me, will you?" growled the malodorous fiend. "I thought you knew all about the theatre, do you?!" I contorted under the pressure of his grip and cried: "What about *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (ADC 26th-30th)?! It's got SIMON HAINES in it!" He then released me from his strongman's grip, sighed longingly and said: "Ah, HAINES: so groin-gripping!" before escaping into the night.

The Fire Within

ADC Mainshow
(until Sat 23rd)

★★★★★



Beatrice McKechnie gazes languidly past her observers. As pendulous storm clouds gather and exotic birds swoop and circle over her head, her eyes are fixed somewhere distant on the horizon; she is ethereal, powerful and, dare I say, really quite hot. Unfortunately, this is a poster. And this supremely sexy bit of advertising meant that *The Fire Within* delivered nothing it said on the tin.

Patrick Garety's new play casts itself, at least in the blurb on its Facebook group, as a fresh look at one of the darkest hours in British history: the colonial subjugation of India.

Claimed to enter this challenging historical period from a new standpoint but rehashed old ground

Now, this is a tricky subject. We know the Indian population was treated with disgust, disrespect and terrible injustice. Set in the dying moments of the Raj amidst Indian celebrations of independence, *The Fire Within* claimed to enter this dark, challenging historical period from a new standpoint, when in fact it merely rehashed old ground.

The plot turns on McKechnie's Eve (please note subtle Biblical



allusion), the tearaway daughter of the boorish Charles (George Johnston), a wealthy English business man and his dutiful but dull wife Ruth (Susanne Curry). Accompanied by Eve's elder brother James (Edwin Ashcroft) and Eve's nice-but-dim suitor Colin (Tom Clarke), tensions simmer on a sweltering Indian evening, before coming to the surface as the monsoon breaks.

In fact, the script itself is this production's Achilles' heel. The acting was often engaging; Olivia Crellin's direction was subtle in

tone; Georgia Haseldine's skilful costume designs nicely complemented David Pugh's impressive (if a little precariously wobbly) set. And, as if that didn't suffice, there was even a curry eaten right there on stage – because they do that in India, you know. However, not even these capable hands could lift Garety's script out of the realms of cliché.

The ever-reliable Oliver Soden dealt most successfully with the dialogue; a strange blend of naturalism and well-worn cliché.

View from the Graduate

Freddy Syborn



This is a strange column to be asked to write because I haven't achieved anything and because I generally had nothing to do with the Cambridge 'theatre scene'.

Professionally, I do a number of things I enjoy but which I don't love. I love playwriting. I can't bear my work – my real work – being compromised. I hate clubs, societies and committees. I loathe cultures of automatic deference. These are selfish traits, but without them I'd never have done what I did at Cambridge.

What I did was make plays. Over five terms I wrote, directed, produced and sometimes appeared in seven shows. They are all largely fine but their frequency made me contentious, a weird consequence which I had to overcome. So when

the ADC refused to stage *Father/Son* – even though, having won the Other Prize, it was entitled to a late show – I staged it at Corpus and I hope it was good.

I'm an egomaniac, but I lack what that remorseless self-belief required to "sell myself". I refuse. This is not a sound business plan, but what's there to sell? My ideas are not unique; my humour, crudely derivative; my philosophies, seasonal; my talent, small and uncertain. I haven't found my sound, and I'm in no rush to.

I hate those ambitious people my age who insist "you have to play the game." You don't. It costs under £200 to put a play on in Cambridge. I know – I did it seven times. So take a risk. Don't accept staticity. Grow a bigger pair (use Adam Lawrence as a benchmark for big balls) and do your own thing. Don't wait. Don't delay. It's fucking good fun.

I wanted to be a teacher but I've got a criminal record. I wanted to be a guitarist but I've got fat fingers. I wanted to write novels but then I realised that James Joyce has happened.

I decided to write plays at Cambridge because nowhere else is it so easy and enjoyable to be independent. I didn't see many plays

there but I read and re-read a lot: *The Life of Galileo*, *Ubu Roi*, *The Blacks*, *Henry IV*. And my writing made me friends but it was also made through friends and I'd like to thank Jack Whitehall and Orlando Reade for their help.

I feel I started myself on an apprenticeship at Cambridge and I aim to continue it until I am satisfied with what I do. I'm going to



His portrayal of the bumbling, philosophical neighbour Lambert engaged thanks to his prodigious ability to give learned lines the cadences and slight hesitance of everyday, improvised speech. Scenes between male characters tended to be more successful, but, as banter between Ashcroft and Clarke garnered chuckles, McKechnie and Curry were challenged to flesh out the faintly drawn women of the play.

Garety misjudges the intelligence and sensitivity of his audience quite substantially; instead of allowing subtle metaphors and allusions to pervade his

The script itself is this production's Achilles' heel.

play, the naturalism of the dialogue is compromised by a perceived necessity to mash symbolism into the audience's faces. Award for the evening's most notable offender goes to Eve's ridiculously lengthy monologue about a beautiful, strong bumble-bee that gets trapped in the web of a large, black spider. Answers to this enigma on a postcard, please. Second prize is awarded to a variation on Forrest Gump's life philosophy, in which Forrest's 'box of chocolates' is changed, rather jarringly, to a 'bag of marbles'. Insert obligatory 'marble-loss' quip here.

Without revealing too many plot twists, the main arc of the play was woefully predictable. While moments of *The Fire Within* did show promise, it is a theatrical truth universally acknowledged that naturalism is only pleasurable to watch when done impeccably. *The Fire Within* indicates that this should be made the mandatory mantra of every student writer.

LYDIA ONYETT

keep writing, directing and acting because the only time I'm truly happy is when I'm doing these things. Cambridge made it incredibly easy for me to be happy. London makes it harder unless you galvanise yourself with conviction and a bit of aggression and hope and joy. And I've managed to do six plays since leaving Cambridge, so it's not impossible for anyone.

I'm about to start my next play with my five best friends and I can't wait. And I'm writing this in Ireland, on the way to the Martello Tower. It'll be shut but I hope I can circle it before going home, knowing that the world and we are full of possibility. And now an example of hypocrisy:

Pathillogical, a new comedy by Freddy Syborn. 10th-14th November, Etcetera Theatre, Camden High Street.

That wasn't so hard.

In his time at Cambridge Freddy Syborn wrote and directed a variety of plays, including *Flesh-Eating Jacobean Zombies*, *Indivisible* and *A Beast for Three*. His play *Father/Son* won 'The Other Prize'.

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ Burning Down an Orphanage ★★★★★ Heartburn ★★★★★ A Good Scolding
★★★★★ The Application of a Hose ★★★★★ Gaviscon

4.48 Psychosis

ADC Lateshow

★★★★★



The Facebook group promoting the ADC Lateshow this week promises the ultimate in schadenfreude; a badass production that guarantees to leave us feeling awesome about how much better your life is in comparison. Such assertions seem incongruous with the deeply personal, clamorous lament that is normally expected from a performance of *4.48 Psychosis*. Accompanied by some frankly embarrassing ‘concept art’, the posters and teaser trailers depict a horribly literal, juvenile approach to Sarah Kane that is, in fact, unrepresentative of the performance itself, which proved to be highly sensitive and wholly competent. The program is an incoherent clash of poor taste jokes about overdosing and sincere (I think) discussion of director Chloe Mashiter’s approach to the play. It aims to distance itself from other, often highly-stylised interpretations, and to focus instead

on the notion of love. It is difficult, however, to escape the fact that the play is, in essence, a complex insight into the chaos of an inconsolable mind. Chloe Mashiter’s excitement regarding awkward conversations (about genitals!) did little to persuade the audience to disregard that passé topic of depression and

The unwillingness of the director to take her own production seriously inspires great reluctance to take the production itself seriously

focus instead on the proposed emphasis on love and human connection.

The apparent attempts of the director to produce an immature, trite, dark drama were fortunately thwarted by Hannah Wildsmith’s excellent performance as The Lover. Perceptive and wholly credible, she holds very little back in her astute portrayal of the bleak mood swings of the central character. She

is well supported by the even performances of Nikki Moss and Archie Preston in their respective roles as The Doctor and The Partner: both give naturalistic, grounded performances that balance the highly-strung lead. Wildsmith’s impressive consistency was echoed by the understated but effective soundtrack that accompanied her performance. The insistence of the heart-beat that pervaded the production was, if a little obvious, a thoughtful and important complement. A modest, but perhaps unambitious, set design does little



to attract or distract attention from the main performances.

The unusually popular opening night of the lateshow demonstrated

The attempts to produce an immature, trite, dark drama were fortunately thwarted by Hannah Wildsmith’s performance.

the proclivity of Cambridge audiences for modern, off-beat theatre, and the ability of such shows to generate the necessary profit for a successful run in a space like the ADC. However, the unwillingness of the director to take her own production seriously inspires a great reluctance to take the performance itself seriously, although it is an undoubtedly accomplished overall success.

SIOBHAN FORSHAW

Cherry and Blossom

ADC Lateshow

★★★★★

Cherry and Blossom: A Night at the Movies is a live performance of some popular show tunes (including ‘The Lady Is A Tramp’ and ‘Pet Me Poppa’), all taken from the period between the silent movie and the fifties. Fitted in between these numbers are the squealing and occasionally amusing antics of Cherry (Eve Rosato) and Blossom (Emily-Jane Swanson – both performers are also the show’s writers), their story relating to the songs in the usual tenuous way that musicals’ stories do.



The two characters are unsuccessful auditionees in sparkling yet seemingly disappointing early Hollywood, until they at last land coveted roles in the motion picture ‘Guys And Dolls Prefer Blondes Who Like It Hot At Christmas’. It’s a good enough concept to hang

the story on, though the ‘filming’ sequences towards the end of the musical feel too much like simple repetition of the production and not enough like a fresh Hollywood homage.

It was all very tongue-in-cheek. Cherry and Blossom, as enamoured by Hollywood as the target audience supposedly is, were shown to be not to be the sharpest knives in the drawer – “we’ll be in Cuba,” said the marginally stupider Blossom, “so we’d be speaking Cuban”. And so on. There were some nice pastiches of famous scenes: an intentionally badly acted version of Rhett leaving Scarlett in *Gone With The Wind* was a particular highlight. But for the most part, the general chatter and the expected (and gleefully under-developed) romantic sub-plot just wasn’t funny or interesting enough to fill the hour.

Thankfully, the singing was of a very good quality (particularly Rosato’s), even if it’s not especially exciting, and the cast’s accents (both when singing and speaking) were fine. The girls’ American twangs were sometimes particularly annoying, but this was surely an intended result of their characters’ traits rather than inadvertently unpleasant shrillness.

The set and costumes, clearly more budget-restricted than this weeks’ sumptuous, all-cooking mainshow, manage to be kitsch yet glamorous.

This was depth-free entertainment, which is a perfectly acceptable thing for entertainment to be. But Cherry And Blossom is not entertaining enough to justify that lack of depth. Though clever in its own way, there was nothing particularly special about this production. Either go with a huge group of friends and resolutely sing along in the stalls, or just stay in your room and search ‘A Guy Is A Guy’ on YouTube instead.

HELEN YOUNG

The Actor’s Nightmare

ADC Lateshow

★★★★★

Corpus Playroom was host to several plays tonight in Christopher Durang’s comedy *The Actor’s Nightmare*. Accountant George Spelvin (Danish Babar) suddenly finds himself backstage as the understudy, and has to face up to an audience and perform a series of plays he has never rehearsed. The audience, much like George, also embark on a game of guessing what line comes next. The play takes on an almost interactive dimension: getting George’s obscure references proves strangely satisfying, such as the “Brush Up Your Shakespeare” routine he bursts into when caught up

Babar captured the progression from awkward to confused, without losing the sense of excitable frustration, cleverly.

in the spirit of the moment.

The idea of an accountant suddenly thrown into acting on stage is a hard one to imagine, nevermind act, yet Babar managed it brilliantly. He captured the progression from awkward to confused without losing the sense of excitable frustration very cleverly and was ably supported by the



rest of the cast, particularly Giulia Galastro, who switched between the roles her character (Ellen) plays extremely convincingly. All the exchanges seemed natural (or as natural as it’s possible to be in the context of such an absurd scenario), and when the script called for quick or emphatic exchanges for comedic effect, they all generally delivered. Part of the credit for this lively production must go to director Brittany Wellner for making the most of the limited space, which allowed the actors more freedom to roam, without ever alienating either of the two sections of the Playroom’s audience.

However, despite the general smoothness of the play’s production, there were moments when the cast appeared caught between portraying the increasingly hopeless nature of George’s situation and keeping the comedy running, resulting in lulls which made this short play seem that little bit longer. This, unfortunately, left the audience with more of a sense of contentment than of hilarity. Nevertheless, it is a well-run production that provides enough laughs, and enough plays, in an hour to be worth the £5 spent.

MATT RUSSELL

Incoming



Why *Cat*? Why now? Because it’s a monumental piece of art: a play which towers over American Drama, by an incredible writer who understands humanity with a unique clarity, humour and overwhelming compassion.

The play, set during one sweltering Southern birthday party, hasn’t been staged in Cambridge since 2005 and if it’s new to you, you’re in for a colossal treat. I’ve seen it more times than I’ve seen *Hamlet* or *Romeo and Juliet* and each time it is still incredibly exhilarating to watch this hilarious, sensuous tragedy race to its conclusion.

Last week, Sir Ian McKellen grandfatherly told us in response to the question, “How do you act so well?” that he chooses great scripts and then puts himself entirely at the mercy of the author. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is a colossal personal drama: a simple story about a normal dysfunctional family, brutally and brilliantly told. And if this production of it manages to tell Tennessee Williams’s story with enough clarity, simplicity and love to allow his beautifully written characters to reach out across the darkened auditorium to you, then you can expect an incredible evening of theatre.

But for me, it’s become more than a piece of theatre. It’s a simplification, but not an exaggeration, to say that this play changed my life. I first encountered it three years ago and it’s brought me to the things that have most shaped me since then: to Cambridge, to acting, writing, directing and – infinitely more importantly – directly and indirectly, it set me on the path towards growing comfortable with who I am.

When asked if his plays were shocking (and they were: *Cat* was banned in Britain before it reached its first performance and the Elizabeth Taylor / Paul Newman film was heavily censored), Williams said that he had two covenants with the audience: not to bore them and not to deceive them. That’s a covenant that we will try with all we can to fulfil for you next week. It’s a play that deserves and cries out to be put on – and I’d love to share it with you.

SIMON HAINES

Meshes of the Afternoon

Photographed by Fumi Nagasaka

Styled by Louise Benson

Hat STELLA MCCARTNEY. Cardigan ACNE. Shirt EQUIPMENT. Trousers BANANA REPUBLIC. Tights (worn throughout) WOLFORD. Shoes (worn throughout) VINTAGE.

With special thanks to Boudoir Femme and Giulio Cambridge.

FOR MORE IMAGES GO TO VARSITYFASHION.TUMBLR.COM



Clockwise from top: Cardigan MAISON MARTIN MARGIELA. Shirt LANVIN. Jeans LEVI'S. Coat MIU MIU. Cardigan ANONYMOUS BY ROSS + BUTE. T-Shirt VINTAGE. Skirt SACAI. Floral shirt PAUL SMITH. Trousers BANANA REPUBLIC. Fur hat VINTAGE. Skirt Suit MIU MIU. Dress, worn as top HELMUT LANG.



Nice to meet Blue...

Jimmy Richards, Blues Rugby Captain, speaks exclusively to *Varsity*

Most third-year economists I know have little time for anything other than telling everyone about their dull-sounding accountancy-come-auditing job and how much they will earn in ten years time. Jimmy Richards, current captain of the Blues rugby team, is different. Alongside studying for his economics degree, Jimmy spends almost every morning in the gym, four afternoons a week on the rugby pitch training with the rest of the squad, as well as playing a game of highly competitive rugby a week.

We meet in the Sidgewick Site, him just having come from a lecture the day after a game. Balancing a degree alongside playing a high standard of rugby cannot be easy. Jimmy shrugs – “everybody has to do it. Me doing economics is no different from anyone else”. So he doesn’t buy into the theory of Land Economy being the sportsman’s degree? “No, of course not. People are here to get a degree after all and

Me doing economics is no different from from anyone else

none of them are easy.”

We get talking and I find that he is a disarmingly good bloke. Cambridge is undoubtedly lucky to have a man like Richards captaining them. He has a wealth of experience playing rugby at an incredibly high level. Having played professional rugby in South Africa for six years for Western Province, he moved to Japan to continue his career before coming to Cambridge to study and ‘to grow up’, as he calls it. Having had these experiences, it is a wonder that Richards ever wanted to grow up. Those early years at Western Province were characterised by a lot of bottle carrying, but training and playing with players who are now at the top of



Richards slots another kick against Northampton

their game in the Premiership such as Neil de Kock and Schalk Brits, and playing against all the South African internationals in provincial rugby made for an “incredible few years”. When asked what it is like to have a 1.8m (6ft 7), 118kg (18st 7lb) Bakkies Botha running at you, Richards laughs, “hope someone else tackles him”. Despite his time in South Africa, he claims that winning last year’s Varsity match is up there alongside some of his best experiences playing the game, with winning the annual UTC v. Stellenbosch university match in South Africa with UTC for the first time in fifty years coming in a close second.

This year’s Cambridge team is his: he picks the squad, sets the training and with a number of players from last year leaving, he has a chance to fashion his own team. And so far so good: Richards is understandably delighted with Cambridge’s start to the season. Comfortable victories against the Royal Engineers and Blackheath, a very worthy performance in the inaugural Varsity 7s tournament and a narrow loss against Northampton Saints represents an excellent beginning to their campaign. Indeed, it will be the

22-10 defeat to Northampton which will please him the most. For Richards, it was Monday’s game, and next week’s fixture against Cardiff Blues which will show him the most about his young side. “You gain much more from a hard game. It’s a

We’re trying to play expressive expansive rugby. We have a young side and so we feel we can play a running aggressive game

real test but it’s a good one. It’s good to see them bring strong sides since against tougher opponents, people lift themselves. We need to see how our structure works against a proper team.” It worked well. Against a side boasting several premiership players and England international

Shane Geraghty, a 12-point defeat is an excellent result. The defence in particular looked strong, with Northampton only managing one penalty in the opening half an hour. Cambridge even scored an excellent try of their own. Taking the ball off the top of the lineout, Richards himself entered the line at pace throwing it wide to Rob Stevens who rounded his man on the outside before chipping infield to Ilia Cherezov who touched down.

“We’re trying to play expressive expansive rugby”, says Richards, “we have a young side and so can play a running aggressive game”. Nine Johnian undergraduates in the Blues squad this year shows how young a side Cambridge have. Of the team that started Monday’s fixture against the Saints, only two of them, Richards himself and centre Sandy Reid, were present in last year’s starting Varsity team. However, Jimmy is quick to

point out that this is not an issue for him. “We have loads of experience, despite having a relatively young side. Sandy is about to play in his fourth Varsity match, Ben Maidment was on the books at the Wasps, and then there’s me still knocking about.” And Dan Vickerman? “Yeah, he’s injured unfortunately. Had to have an op on his knee.”

Everyone is sore at the end of the game. We just look to avoid injuries before December

So far people have stepped up. New fly half Greg Cushing has been impressive, as has outside centre Fred Burdon. “There have been plenty of good performances across the board this season”, says Rob. “Rob Stevens has been very impressive; Ben Martin; Charlie Baird. Yes, very pleased.” But the squad is still very much finding its feet. Cambridge rugby, unlike rowing and football, has no trials. Richards picks a squad of 26 which can then shift around with players who are playing well being promoted and those who are not performing slipping down. It has been slightly more of a struggle this year, however, with only three new faces around the group compared to eight last year; but this also means that the squad is more settled, having played with each other already for a season or two.

Where to now for the Blues, then? Jimmy and co. are looking to maintain their current level of performance working upon the little things such as precision in the back’s moves and generating quicker ball at the breakdown. “We’re looking for incremental improvements”, says Richards, “we’re looking to improve with every game and get better as a team and as individuals over the course of the season.” If the Blues are able to keep performing at the impressive levels they have displayed in the early stages of this season, then they have an excellent chance of beating The Old Enemy in December. ALEX KENNEDY

Cambridge Rugby so far

Blues	31 - 5	Old Boys
Blues	43 - 24	NYAC
Blues	44 - 15	Pennsylvania Uni
Blues	42 - 12	NY Old Blue
Blues	29 - 15	Royal Engineers
Blues	61 - 20	Blackheath
Blues	10 - 22	Northampton

Sport Comment

High quality punting, but no F1 World Champion

The captain of the Cambridge University Automobile Club is bewildered at the lack of recognition for motorsport



DAVE MOORE

Britain has dominated Formula 1, motor-sport's showcase competition, for the past two years. Championship wins for Lewis Hamilton in 2008 and Jenson Button in 2009, both in cars designed and built in Britain, have propelled the British car industry, and British racing talent, into the media spotlight.

Yet this talent was not immediately forthcoming – it was nurtured. Like in any sport, ability in motor racing is first cultivated and recognised at a grass roots level. Both Button and Hamilton learned their trade in kart racing from the age of eight years old. In 1991 when Jenson was only 11 years old he took the British National title for his age group having won every round in a

34 race season. Using Karting as a path to Formula 1 is commonplace.

Organised grass roots motor-sport in Cambridge is handled by the Cambridge University Automobile Club (CUAC). Despite a long and rich history in motor-sport, with such alumni as Oliver Turvey who is racing in the GP-2 Asia series this year, the club is not recognised by the University Sports Syndicate. Michaelmas term 2010 once more sees the club preparing an application to have karting recognised as a fully fledged university sport. Applications have been rejected on numerous occasions previously and the mood within the club is understandably pessimistic.

It seems strange that karting, a valuable breeding ground for motor-sport talent, is not recognised as a university sport given some other sports which have already gained recognition. Korfball is a case in point. Prior to reading the list of university sports while researching this article I had no knowledge of its existence, thinking instead that the Korfball related Sport in Brief piece in *Varsity* was a hilarious spoof in the same vein as Cambridge Spies. Sadly I was mistaken and have since learned that Korfball is a Frankenstein's monster comprising elements

of netball, basketball and football.

Korfball has also been made a Half Blue sport by the University Blues Committee, as have Association Croquet and Ultimate Frisbee. I read last week with disappointment that even punting may become a Half Blue sport in future. Motor-sport, however, despite being a mainstream sport by any definition

It seems strange that karting, a valuable breeding ground for motor-sport talent, is not recognised as a university sport

– the viewing figures for the 2005 F1 season amounted to 580 million viewers (can you get that many for korfball?!) – is repeatedly turned down for this honour despite the University of Oxford having already set a precedent in recognising karting as a Half Blue sport. Yet even this concession is a half-hearted one. Oxford will only recognise the sport

on the condition that their team wins the annual *Varsity* encounter. They didn't. In fact they lost resoundingly with Cambridge A taking first place and Cambridge B taking second.

Despite Cambridge's superiority, the Sports Syndicate refuse to recognise motor-sport as worthy even of University Colours. Reasons cited by the Blues Committee centre around doubts over the level at which the Cambridge team can compete in the British Universities Karting Championship and over the prestige and competitiveness of the Championship itself. This seems to be an unduly harsh criticism of a championship which last year attracted 56 teams competing at circuits spread as far as Teeside and South Wales. Harsh criticism too of a team which at full strength fields one driver who has represented the UK in the International Kart Grand Prix, and three drivers who have been a fixture in the British Championship, with one achieving 3rd place finish in the 2009 Easykart Championship.

However, the team is rarely at full strength due to academic and financial pressures. Races are invariably held on a Wednesday and take a full day, sometimes requiring an overnight stay. Developing the team

is made difficult by these financial and academic pressures. If everyone were free to race and if the club had sufficient funding CUAC could field a B Team, and possibly a C Team. Recognising karting as a sport would make this possible as it would allow drivers to legitimately alter timetables to free up race days so as to compete effectively on a national level. Indeed, if motor-sport was recognised by the University, CUAC would be eligible for university funding to reduce the cost of competing on the individual.

Until these changes are implemented motor-sport in Cambridge is stagnant. The standard of performance cannot improve further due to a lack of funding, funding which will only come with recognition by the Sports Syndicate and Blues Committee. Yet these groups prefer to overlook karting in favour of other seemingly less prestigious sports. Young Cambridge karters will unfortunately have to shelve any ambitions to joining Button and Hamilton on the F1 grid for 2010. And the University will have to accept the fact that while they may produce a high quality punter, they will never produce a Formula 1 World Champion. Well done Cambridge.

ATHLETICS CUPPERS

First college silverware of the year handed out

Kings win the men's Athletics Cuppers, while Newnham snatch the women's competition

JONNY SINGER

The Athletics Club got their year underway with a hugely successful day of inter-collegiate competition at the Wilberforce Road track this Sunday. The sun shone and despite a limited turn-out from some colleges there was plenty of talent and enthusiasm on display.

The men's competition was won, as it was last year, by a Kings' team who, while not completely dominant in any particular discipline, were competitive across the board. The women's standings, meanwhile, were topped by Newnham, who performed excellently in the final few events of the day to steal the victory from Peterhouse.

Perhaps more noteworthy than the overall team standings, in an event which felt more like a trials session than any real competition, were some top class individual performances. Matthew Houlden, a fresher at Homerton reading Natsci, was one of the day's stand-out characters, competing in six events and winning four of them.

In the 100m Houlden ran a rapid 11.7 seconds to take the win by the narrowest of margins. He then went



on to take the 200m, before beating Ali Davies of Girton in an incredibly competitive 400m. Josh Moulard, one of Kings' few outright winners on the day, pipped Houlden to the line in the 110m hurdles in another close race, running a time of 16.1 seconds, but three wins out of four cannot be seen as a bad effort.

Away from the track the speedster was equally impressive, winning the triple jump by a considerable margin, jumping a distance which will surely earn him the chance to compete for

the University. To put this into perspective, Houlden's jump of 14.08 metres would have won him the event in last year's Varsity match by over half a metre. In the long jump he was beaten by one of the other standout freshers, David Szabo, who jumped 6.44m. Szabo was also impressive in the javelin, where his throw of over 53m earned him the win by an unbelievable 15 metres, and brought him close to the blues distance. Szabo and Houlden both clearly caught the eye of the CUAC

captain Mark Dyble.

The event was not all about the winners though. The fact that Peterhouse came second in the men's standings without winning a single event demonstrates just how many competitors this overly keen College put out and draws attention to how the format of the competition was manipulated.

In the women's events too, Peterhouse were second, again largely down to their ability to compete with at least two athletes in almost every event. The 110m hurdles saw a Peterhouse one-two, simply because no other college could muster up a single runner. The times of 23.1 and a painfully slow 48.1 put the standard into perspective.

As the day wore on, the sun went in and a chill entered the air, some athletes decided to put on warmer clothing, but one girl took it to a new level. Competing in the 400m, dressed in a full chicken suit, Taj Tomouk of Jesus College ran a pedestrian 112 seconds behind two Newnham runners. Considering her attire, it was not at all bad, and not that much slower than the times posted by the slowest Peterhouse runner in the men's event.

Blues Rugby

CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE

The sizeable crowd was further encouraged as the prospect of a comeback loomed. The game appeared to turn on its head as the Blues increasingly gained more possession and territory. A determined drive by the Blues led to a penalty which brought them within a converted score of levelling the match.

Both teams searched for the important score. It was Northampton who eventually wrapped up the victory by scoring a late try. In an uncharacteristic lapse in defence, Glynn was able to cross the line to score Northampton's third try.

In a way, this defeat had many positives for the Blues, as Richards reflected. Speaking to *Varsity* after the game as he stated that "I feel we benefited and learnt a lot more from that game than the Blackheath game when we ran in nine tries".

He revealed that "I just asked the boys to put in a massive effort for the last forty and empty the tanks".

This match certainly revealed the Blues' determination but it was still their first defeat nevertheless. It will be interesting to see how they bounce back next week against more tough opposition in the form of Cardiff Blues.

VARSITY

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Rugby p30

Exclusive interview
with Blues skipper
Jimmy Richards

SPORT

College Athletics p31

First college
silverware
handed out

Brave Cambridge fall to Saints

A spirited display from the Blues comes up just short against professional outfit Northampton

HANNAH COPLEY



The Cambridge line-out holds up well against professional opposition

MIKE BENJAMIN

	CAMBRIDGE	10
	NORTHAMPTON	22

The start of autumn marks the start of the true rugby season. While the temperature and light may decrease, the intensity of play increases. It was also the moment the Blues lost their 100% record as they succumbed to a strong Northampton side.

In perfect conditions at Grange Road, the Blues would have started the game hoping to build on impressive performances against Royal Engineers and Blackheath.

However this was always going to be their toughest encounter yet as the Blues faced opposition from a Premier League set up. The appearance of Shane Geraghty in the line-up revealed the quality on show.

The Blues were immediately on the back foot. Within the first five minutes, Northampton had established themselves in the opposition half, an area they never left as they dominated territory and ball. In such a position, they mounted wave after wave of attack on the Blues' line. Northampton were consistently able to get over the gain line, aided by some direct powerful running in the centres. The early pressure inevitably gave way to a penalty gifting Northampton the lead.

With no sign of the relentless attack stopping and the

scoreboard in motion, one might have guessed a try spree for Northampton. Nevertheless, the Blues produced a spirited defensive performance. In equal measure coordinated and scrambled defence combined to push back Northampton.

Northampton was also guilty of a certain level of profligacy which they were made to regret. Missed line-out ball and wasted overlaps prevented momentum from ever over-flowing. Much of the pressure was felt by the forwards who were constantly in the heat of the battle. Consequently as the half wore on, the penalties became more frequent with the eventual sin-binning of Gilbert. This time Northampton did not miss the opportunity as the call for a scrum capitalised on their superior strength. In fact, it was the referee's

whistle which awarded them their first try as a penalty try was conceded.

The Blues were on course to survive the rest of the half until Malafosse went over on half time. Many watching would have been reminded of the corresponding fixture last year when Northampton racked up 73 points. It looked potentially worse this time as the Blues weren't even represented on the scoreboard.

However, an impressive second half performance soon made the games incomparable. The change in fortune was inspired by captain Richards, who was excellent all night. Running with the ball he passed the ball out to Cherezov who executed the perfect chip forward which fellow winger Rob Stevens skilfully picked up to score.

CONTINUED INSIDE

Women's university rugby team has mixed success in early season

VARSITY SPORT

The women's university rugby team have been trying to emulate the men's excellent start to the season but are doing so with mixed success. After one mediocre performance against Stoneygate Ladies, and one excellent performance against Loughborough Ladies, the women's rugby team suffered their

first defeat of the season against a strong Buckingham Swans XV.

Yet a 10-0 loss against a team who are currently sitting pretty at the top of the RFUW Champions Midlands 2 Division is by no means a terrible result. In fact, the club were very pleased with the way they performed against a side who are perennially strong and always extremely competitive.

Their performances against Loughborough and Buckingham Swans are certainly improvements upon their first game of the season - an 8-8 draw against a Stoneygate side that the Blues would have been confident of beating. The early season problems in the scrum and weaknesses in defence seem to have been on the wane, but if Cambridge are to improve on their position in the league and get

sharper in readiness for Varsity, they need to work upon precision in attack as well as being stronger upfront.

There have been some strong individual performances in the early season. Fly-half Anne Venner has controlled the games well from outside half. To improve, however, the Blues need to work on their forward play and tackling in order to shore up those worrying gaps in defence.

Redboy Reports

Our man on the
inside of the
St John's
1st XV tells
it like it
is

After last week's humiliating draw with Downing (I haven't felt that sick since Freddo refused to down a pint of sick at Toffo's birthday elevesens.) I've been in need of some serious TLC (their first album is genuinely brilliant.) Luckily I've been able to distract myself by getting ahead with plans for the tour. Last year we went on a bus ride drinking games marathon. If we went through a university town we had to do two shots, a market town three pints, and a cathedral city one communion bucket. Every time we went through Newcastle you had to down a bottle of vodka, and whenever we got petrol you had to eat a roast. It was fun, but sleeping in the bus every night was a bit of a drag and none of us could drive. So this year I'm thinking further afield, and I'm NOT talking about my dad's new field.

Basically me and Shozzle thought it'd be bloody funny to go to Italy and do an art-museum drinking games marathon. We'd start in Venice, then go to Rome, then weirdly back up North to Florence. Every time you see a Renaissance masterpiece you do a jägerbomb, if you go past a Bernini or Borromini you start a ruck, and in the Sistine Chapel we have four kegs each (one for each year of Michelangelo's fairly solid efforts) and practice line-outs. The acoustics in there would be perfect for line-outs. Obvi art isn't as good as rugby, but you've got to respect stamina and the will to succeed, even if that means having to dick about with paint. Speaking of stamina, I've got to give a shout out this week to the miners, they seem like top lads. Although I think it's actually pretty bum out of the media to have been calling them Chilean—there's absolutely nothing chilled about being stuck underground guys. Apparently they didn't even have a rugby ball down there.

Thinking about artists and their paint has also inspired me to have a go at re-designing the Redboy jumper. At the moment I think it's kind of a sanguine ruby, which is nice, but I've been playing around with maroon, magenta and scarlet to create something that just screams "I am red."