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Legend of broadcasting and heartwarmer in chief Sir David Attenborough discusses man and the natural world



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Bananas in skimpy pyjamas. Ape the latest trends in lingerie



VARSITY

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Cambridge at night: the town transformed

Cambridge University is No. 2 in world

Beth Staton
News Editor

Cambridge has been ranked second in a survey of the world's top universities, behind only Harvard in the sixth Times Higher Education Table.

The table, compiled from surveys of academics and employers, saw Oxford slipping from fourth to fifth place, in a tie with Imperial College London. Cambridge moved from third place last year, whilst UCL rose from seventh to fourth position.

The top ten is entirely populated by American and English universities, but US institutions have seen a drop in their dominance, with 36 now in the top 100 compared to 42 last year. European universities have done well overall, but leading institutions said Asian universities were "snapping at the heels" of western establishments.

The survey judges universities according to "four pillars" of quality research and teaching, high graduate employability and an "international outlook". As well as coming second overall, Cambridge ranked first in the table for Natural Sciences.

Commenting on the news, a University spokesperson said "while all university league tables oversimplify the range of achievements of these institutions, it is clear that Cambridge continues to be valued and produce outstanding results."

"This rank reflects the excellence of our staff and students."

Christie
Davies
French as the
lingua franca?
C'est fini.



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» 14 arrests in Cambridge city centre on Saturday night

» Several students report unprovoked violent attacks

Emma Mustich & Beth Staton
News Editors

Following a weekend in which 14 arrests were made in Cambridge, one student told *Varsity* how he was hospitalised after a group of boys attacked him in St Edwards Passage. Will Caiger-Smith, a fourth-year MML student at King's, was beaten up as he walked from King's porters' lodge to his accommodation in Spalding Hostel in the early hours of Sunday morning.

In a similar incident last June, another King's student, Alex Sinclair-Wilson, was set upon at 5:30 am by two men on King's Parade. The attack

left him permanently deaf in one ear.

Will and a friend, Katie, also a fourth-year linguist, were walking through St Edwards Passage at about 3:30 am on Sunday morning when they passed a boy "not old enough to be a uni student" who was sitting on a doorstep near the Corpus Playroom. What had begun as a "great night out" soon became a nightmare.

According to Will, the boy rose provocatively as they passed, and within seconds the pair were confronted by four more men who blocked their exit from around the corner.

Confronted by the gang of five, Will demanded to know what was going on. He says he was then forced to the ground and hit with a barrage

of kicks and punches. After several minutes of this, during which time Will says he saw "white flashes", he curled up on the ground as his female companion crouched in front of him. The boys began to kick her too, and Katie emerged from the fight with bruises to her head and ribs.

The attackers then ran off, and Will, afraid they would return, called friends of his who had been waiting in Spalding for the pair to return.

When his friends had arrived, Will walked with them to the Market Square so that they could take pictures of his bloodied face, to use as evidence for the police, on their mobiles. However, at this moment the five attackers returned. Will

says that one of his attackers, whose shirt had been ripped when Will's friend Katie tried to defend herself, shouted, "Give me a fucking tenner or I'll rip your fucking throats out."

After another scuffle, policemen on a regular patrol found the group. The attackers fled, but Will's friends helped the police to catch and identify them. According to the police, four of the five youths were arrested and all were bailed.

Once the boys had been apprehended, Will was taken to Addenbrooke's, where doctors, fearing he had fractured his cheekbone, performed a head X-ray. Will, Katie, and two other witnesses

In Brief

Radio station refurbished

CUR1350, the student radio station for Cambridge and Anglia Ruskin Universities, has revealed a radical refurbishment of their studio in Churchill College. With brand new equipment and state of the art software, as well as a lick of paint, the studio has changed dramatically. Named Best Student Radio Station in 2007, the CUR1350 can now offer even more for students looking to gain broadcast experience. The refurbishment brings the station up to date in time for the launch on FM in Freshers' Week 2010.

University announces new 'skills service' for students

An online resource has been launched to assist students in finding relevant information for their year and subject. All University members can access the Undergraduate Skills Directory from the University website, but the online resource is particularly aimed at helping first years to progress with their studies. The simple interface allows the user to access resources they might otherwise have been unaware of, thus maximising the potential of the vast university information centre.

ADC wins Redevelopment Award

The ADC Theatre has been awarded Best Technical Innovation from the Cambridge City Council Building Control, and now becomes one of six venues competing for the national award. Over six years the theatre has spent £2 million on a redevelopment programme to improve facilities and disabled access in its backstage and front of house areas. The programme has seen such welcome additions to performing space as the Charles Larkum Studio.



The Freshers' Fair, which took place on Wednesday and Thursday at Kelsey Kerridge, was packed with nearly 400 different stalls, ranging from the predictable (The Cambridge Union Society, Clare Ents) to the downright obscure (The Cambridge Heraldry and Genealogy Society, Sheila and Her Dog).

CULC and CUCA in row over "elitist" Freshers' Guide

Matthew Symington
Senior Reporter

The Cambridge Universities Labour Club (CULC) has condemned a Freshers' Guide produced by the Cambridge University Conservative Association (CUCA) in an outburst this week, accusing CUCA of encouraging 'the idea of "two Cambridges", one for rich and one for poor'.

The *Bright Blue Freshers' Guide* was delivered to Colleges throughout Cambridge to advertise CUCA to incoming students. Features in the magazine include restaurant reviews, introductions to political societies and a calendar of CUCA socials and speaker events. Some sections offer students tips on how to save money, including a prominent piece on page 3 which gives "ten tips for saving on everyday essentials".

But it was the sections on how to tie a bow-tie, formal wear etiquette and the best champagne in Cambridge which drew the attention of the CULC. In a press statement released on Tuesday they attacked the Freshers' Guide, calling it "out of

touch and hopelessly elitist".

CULC Chair George Owers commented, "In the context of a global recession where ordinary working people are losing their jobs and homes, the Tories are most interested in flaunting their wealth and privilege.

"[CUCA] have squarely positioned themselves as a glorified social club for wannabe toffs, social climbers and minor aristocrats."

Owers continued by expressing his support for the People's Charter, an online petition which advocates state ownership of the banks and the restoration of union rights. This he juxtaposed with the actions of "the Tories [who] once again show how out of touch they are, catering only to a small proportion of highly privileged ex-public school Cambridge students."

The accusations have prompted angry responses from CUCA members. Dani Welch, a second-year CUCA member from St John's, told *Varsity*, "To be honest I found the sections on formal wear and lifestyle to be light-hearted and interesting. It's disappointing that CULC have felt it necessary to resort to petty

tactics."

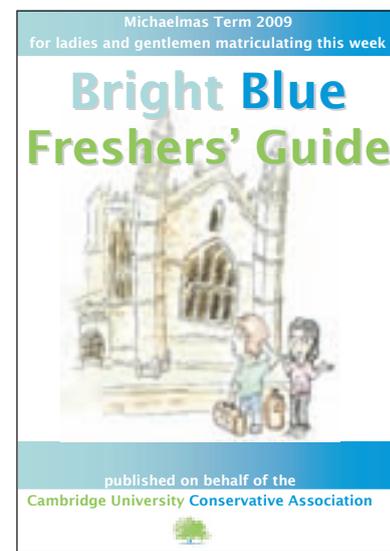
Hugh Burling, editor of the Freshers' Guide and former Chairman of CUCA, said in a statement, "Student politics suffers from a reputation for cattiness, partisanship, nitpicking and two-way snobbery. One of my aims in editing the *Bright Blue Freshers' Guide* was to attempt to break down this stereotype by showing that in reality rival student

political groups are more interested in mature debate than tribal mudslinging."

Burling included comments from the presidents of other University political societies in the guide, advertising groups like CULC and the Cambridge Student Liberal Democrats (CSLD) in order to let freshers know "why [these societies] are worth a visit".

The CSLD also objected to what they called the "elitist and foppish" image of the guide. However, the CSLD's chairman, second-year Sidney student Dom Weldon, added, "We are not about to let our good campaigning work be ruined by bickering and name-calling between our societies. We are best when we work together and debate our points of view."

Speaking to *Varsity*, Joe Farish, Access Officer at CUSU, said, "You really have to question CULC's motivation when they describe Gardies and the Curry King as expensive Cambridge restaurants. 'Save Water - Drink Champagne' might be a little misguided but is clearly tongue in cheek."



► The offending publication

Get involved

If you would like to find out how to write for *Varsity*, come to one of our weekly meetings at the Maypole (20A Portugal Place).

News: Monday 4pm

Magazine: Wednesday 5.30pm

Alternatively, email the relevant section editor (left) 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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Two brutal assaults frame the summer

Continued from page 1

(Alex Sinclair-Wilson and another of Will's friends) gave statements, as did one of the boys who had attacked Will. Will believes the boy claimed self-defence.

Will said he has always walked back to his accommodation at Spalding through St Edwards Passage, and he



Still images from CCTV footage depicting the boys who attacked Alex Sinclair-Wilson

is not alone: "all King's students walk that way". He said he is still not sure why the boys attacked him in the first place, since they did not try to steal anything from him and were not, as far as he was aware, provoked.

Will says a policeman he spoke to after the attack told him Cambridge had become so unsafe at night that members of the police force, when off duty, did not go out in the city anymore.

However, a spokesman for the police claimed violent crime has fallen in the past year, confirming that "from January to June of 2008 there were 2162 incidents in Cambridge compared to 2077 in the same period this year".

Sergeant Jayne Maggs, who covers the city centre, told *Varsity* that "Cambridge is a safe place to live and work and violent incidents of this nature are thankfully still rare... This city is no more dangerous than any other similar city."

The event occurred over a weekend which saw 14 arrests, including some for incidents of violence. The *Cambridge Evening News* reported heavily on the weekend's crime, featuring the headline "Hectic night for police as revellers run amok" and

describing events such as a large-scale street "punch-up... involving 20 people". A police spokeswoman said in a statement that "it was a busy night in the city during the early hours of Sunday, with several incidents of disorder reported."

Earlier this year, Alex Sinclair-Wilson suffered a similar attack, which left him deaf in one ear and with brain fluid leaking from his ears and nose. He spent six days in hospital, narrowly avoiding brain surgery. A keen sportsman, Alex can no longer participate in the College sport he once enjoyed due to the effect of the attack on his balance and eyesight.

Alex told *Varsity* that after a long night out, he decided to go to McDonald's, leaving King's about 5:30 am on the Saturday after May Week. As he crossed King's Parade, passing Great St Mary's, he saw a boy standing at the corner of the Cambridge University Press Shop.

"I caught his eye, and he asked me what I was looking at. For reasons I can't begin to imagine now, I said 'you'."

The next thing Alex remembers is staggering toward the benches in front of Great St Mary's, and then travelling

in an ambulance to Addenbrooke's.

"This wasn't a fight - there was none of the courtesy of jostling or anything. I caught the guy's friend in my peripheral vision, and the next thing I knew I was in the ambulance."

The police later told Alex that he had been hit behind his left ear with a full bottle of white wine. The result was a fractured skull with an air bubble inside it; doctors at the hospital had to apply a vaccine to reduce the air. Another result of the attack was a nasty form of rhinorrhea, in which cerebrospinal fluid (CSF) leaked through Alex's ears and nose.

The two men who attacked Alex have still not been identified. They were chased away from the scene by former King's student Michael Collins, who lost track of them near the gate to St Michael's Court, a Caius accommodation block.

Police have since used CCTV footage to trace the pair's progress towards the University Press shop on Market Square, where Alex encountered them. Still images from the footage, released to *Varsity*, are shown here. The men are dressed in slacks and white shirts, and one is carrying a box of what police believe are wine

bottles.

"The most disturbing thing about the attack is that the men could have been students," Alex said. "It's frustrating to think that they can go on and graduate, but the injuries will affect me for the rest of my life. Being deaf in one ear makes lectures and supervisions difficult, and I can't play sports."

"If it's something I really dwell on for too long, that this will be with me for life, it can be pretty depressing. But you've got to just get on with things."

Carl Hodgson, a King's porter, has been trying to boost the profile of the incident in the hope of finding Alex's attackers.

"It's certainly very traumatic," he said. "Everyone has taken the event very seriously. Scuffles in the queue at the Van of Life are very common, but not this. As it was May Week it seemed it might have something to do with May Balls, perhaps students who had crashed Corpus."

"I'd say this sort of thing is increasingly important for Porters," said Hodgson. "Cambridge is a safe place, but you can't be led into a false sense of security by the beautiful surroundings."

Professor's history of MI5 is first of its kind

Jennie Baker
Reporter

MI5 granted a Cambridge professor unprecedented access to 400,000 files to research a new book, released this week, on the history of the British Security Service.

Christopher Andrew, President of Corpus Christi College and Professor of Modern and Contemporary History, was commissioned by Sir Stephen Lander, 14th Director General of MI5, to write *The Defence of the Realm* to mark the centenary of the Security Service this October. The 1088-page book draws its name from the motto of the Security Service, 'regnum defende'.

This is the first time a Western security service has authorised an independent historian to access its files. Professor Andrew is also the first person to have his picture taken whilst on the steps of the Thames House building.

Speaking to *Varsity*, Professor Andrew said that creating such a



Prof. Andrew at the Thames House building

book was "the only sensible thing to do" to enable the organisation to move beyond the absurd conspiracy theories inevitable in conditions of strict secrecy. The release of this book is one of a number of measures taken since the end of the Cold War to make the organisation more transparent.

The volume details the activities of MI5 throughout its history. It covers cover such occurrences as the mistake made by the Security Service in 1961 which allowed Will Owen, a Labour MP who liaised with Czechoslovak intelligence services, to continue in his job for almost a decade.

Professor Andrew said it is more often the case that MI5 has to restrain an over-excited government than that the organisation exaggerates threats itself. He sees MI5's shift from its counter-espionage focus before the First World War to the counter-terrorist operations of today as the greatest change to take place in the service. Although critics have questioned the openness of the book, Professor Andrew maintains he had "100% freedom".

"One of my conditions for writing it was that none of my judgements would be changed," he said.

The book briefly reached the top spot - driving out Dan Brown's new novel - on Amazon UK's best-seller list, which is updated hourly. Speaking of the book's success, Professor Andrew said he "was completely amazed. It brought on palpitations actually."

The book will be broadcast as Radio Four's book of the week, starting October 12th.

Quayside restaurant under investigation after immigration raid

Avantika Chilkoti
News Editor

Sister sushi restaurants Teri-Aki and Aki-Teri were at the centre of an immigration scandal this week, after a tip-off that some of its staff were working unlawfully.

The businesses, which run under joint management, reached a standstill as officials flooded the dining rooms, investigating claims that illegal immigrants were being employed.

One student who dined at Teri-Aki that evening described the scene: "There were about 15 border patrol police in there with loads of staff around the table. They didn't rope the place off or anything. They just wouldn't serve us till the officials finished up".

Eight members of staff were arrested and the business has been given a notice of potential liability. If unable to prove they had carried out proper examination and screening before hiring, the restaurant will have to pay fines of £10,000 for each member of staff found to be working illegally.

The raid follows a similar incident in June last year, when seven failed Chinese asylum seekers were arrested at Dojo's, the popular noodle bar in Miller's Yard.

One member of the UK Border Agency, the body to whom the proof will have to be presented, told the *Cambridge Evening News* he is particularly concerned about finding illegal immigrants in employment.

"It provides a pull factor for illegal migrants, can lead to major abuses of health, the exploitation of vulnerable workers and safety in the workplace,

and sees genuine businesses being undercut by rule-breaking companies," he said.

Located on the popular Quayside, the two restaurants - some of the only that serve sushi in town - are normally very busy. They have continued business despite the disruption, though the Aki-Teri branch and all the outdoor seating is not in use due to the present shortage of staff.

"We appreciate the immigration

officials were doing their job and we are now doing ours - we are very much open for business and will continue to be," the restaurant's spokeswoman told the *Cambridge Evening News*.

A reporter dining at Teri-Aki just two days after the raid found that three plates of sushi took forty minutes to arrive and came with the following explanation: "One of our sushi chefs is on holiday at the moment so we're down to just one."

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Trinity Hall porter who vandalised elderly couple's home to keep job

Claire Gatzen
Senior Reporter

A porter at Trinity Hall will continue in his job after he drunkenly broke into and vandalised an elderly couple's home.

Pietr Glodek, 25, was given a suspended sentence this week, after a vodka-fuelled birthday party celebration ended in criminal damage in May.

However, Judge Gareth Hawkesworth told Glodek that he "richly deserved" to serve a jail sentence for the attack, which caused £9,000 worth of damage. Glodek appeared at Cambridge Crown Court this week for sentence.

The Trinity Hall porter forced his way into the house in Milton Road, Cambridge, at 5:20am on Sunday May 17. He admitted causing criminal damage but says he has no memory of the incident.

The owners of the house, a couple in their 60s, were on holiday at the time, but a neighbour who was woken by the alarm notified the police. He reported "banging and smashing" coming from the house. Sally Hickling, prosecuting, said that these were the sounds of Glodek smashing four windows and valuable possessions including an Ottoman brazier and a television.

She told the Cambridge Evening News, "Glodek had forced an upstairs window. He tried to break copper pipes out of the airing cupboard and downstairs he used anything he could find to smash windows."

The Trinity Hall house porter was found "bleeding profusely" and was arrested by police. The homeowners' Persian rugs were stained with his blood and a car parked on the street outside their house was damaged by shards of broken glass from the windows. As well as the extensive damage to their property, the homeowners had to return home from their holiday early.

Georgina Gibbs, mitigating, said the "extensive" damage, with the total bill reaching £8,956, was "inexplicable". She argued that Glodek's behaviour was completely uncharacteristic.

"He rarely goes out. He rarely drinks. For his birthday, he drank a huge amount, vodka in particular," she said.

Trinity Hall initially refused to offer a public response to the incident, stating that it was "not the College's policy to comment on the personal lives of employees outside the College." However, college authorities later issued an official statement to Varsity.

"Pietr Glodek is employed by Trinity Hall as a house porter where he is a reliable and dependable employee" a spokesperson said. "Having interviewed him, we accept that this was a private matter which does not affect his employment status."

But some students at Trinity Hall are unhappy with the decision to allow Glodek to remain in his job.

A first-year English student, who wished to remain anonymous, told *Varsity* that she would "not feel comfortable" knowing the porter still worked at the College. "It's not the kind of thing you'd expect a member of the staff to do," she added.

Others are unconcerned by the news that Glodek will be returning to College this term. A second-year

Arabic student said, "I would agree more with the College on this. It probably is just a private matter. If he did get drunk, come into College and damage anything, that would be a different issue, but as long as he doesn't do anything like that, I don't personally have a problem with him working at Trinity Hall."

Judge Hawkesworth sentenced

Glodek with the following statement: "When completely drunk after your own birthday party, you entered a property, climbed in through an upstairs window and caused damage to a figure just short of £9,000. Your conduct was inexplicable. You richly deserve to go to prison."

However, Glodek's guilty plea, good character reference and the

dependency of his wife, who is nine weeks pregnant with the couple's first child, earned him a lenient sentence. He must spend nine months in prison, suspended for 18 months, complete 175 hours of unpaid community work, and pay £270 in costs.

The judge also assured the victims that they would "not be left one penny out of pocket".

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News Feature

Mephedrone: a legal high

Michael Stothard
Editor Emeritus

Fashionable on the British festival scene this summer and increasingly popular amongst the Cambridge undergraduates, Mephedrone is a legal drug experience that is little tested, possibly highly dangerous and fast filling the gap left by shortages in illegal Ecstasy.

As students return for the new term the drug is increasing in circulation, with reports of students bringing large quantities of the substance from London, thanks to its low cost and ease of availability.

"Even freshers are trying it. It's less intense [than Ecstasy] and doesn't have such a bad come down, which means it fits in better with having a lot of work to do," said one St Catharine's student.

The Cambodian government is partly responsible for Mephedrone's success in Cambridge. Last summer they burnt 1200 barrels of Saffrole oil, the key component in the making of Ecstasy and enough to have made tablets with a street value of £4.5 billion. By the beginning of this year, six months after the burning, regular Ecstasy users across the country began to report that they were paying more money for a 'lower quality high'.

When the summer festival season began in June, demand for Ecstasy, known as MDMA in its purer and more fashionable form, began again to rise considerably. "Everyone turned up to festivals like Glastonbury early on in the summer, and found that there was just no good MDMA about. There were rumours about some crack-down in Cambodia, but no one really knew. Everyone was pretty desperate for something worth taking," said a third year Cambridge festivalgoer at Gonville and Caius.

The market share lost by MDMA was not filled by other traditional festival offerings, Ketamine, cocaine or marijuana, but by Mephedrone, which offers MDMA customers a similar euphoric effect without any of the legal risks.

"As the summer festivals got under way - with Glade, Exit and the Secret Garden Party in July - Mephedrone really exploded onto the scene. It was the next best thing to MDMA. And because it was legal people could just bring in suitcases of the stuff," said a third year medical student from London.

A study released in September by DrugsScope, UK's leading

independent centre for drug information, confirmed what was already known by those on the festival circuit. This year all across the country there had been "a fall in the MDMA content in Ecstasy pills". This, they said, was leading to a rise in the use of "low-quality" substitutes. Much of it is believed to be manufactured in China and is sold sometimes as 'plantfood'.

Mephedrone - or methylmethcathinone - began commercial life five years ago in the laboratories of the Israeli 'Legal High' company NeOrganics. When Israel declared it to be an 'illegal high' in December 2007, Mephedrone went global into markets, including Britain's, whose authorities have barely yet considered whether it should be banned or not.

According to FRANK, the government's anti-drugs campaign, Mephedrone is "astimulant drug with effects similar to MDMA producing euphoria, alertness, talkativeness and feelings of empathy." Many users describe it as a mixture between MDMA and cocaine, giving the euphoria of MDMA and sociability of cocaine.

A third year economist at Bristol offered this description; "If you take just a little of it, you feel chatty like you are on coke, only you are not a dick. If you take a lot it is more like MDMA: you either want to really dance, or you want to just sit in your chair and enjoy the music. It is really difficult to describe exactly what it feels like without descending into drug clichés. I want to say that you feel like 'wow', but that is not very eloquent."

Mephedrone is also comparatively cheap. A gram costs between £5 and £8 while MDMA costs £25 per gram, Ketamine £15 and Cocaine £50. "Given that users need only to take 1/4 to 1/2 a gram, Mephedrone can be a very cheap night", the Bristol economist said. Some users, however, report a desire to use all the drug in their possession at once, which is known as 'fiending'.

The trend in recent British policy is against these 'legal highs'. Soaring demand for Mephedrone comes as the government is declaring such products as GBL, BZP and Spice to be illegal.

GBL is sold as liquid Ecstasy and has been held responsible for multiple deaths. When mixed with alcohol, GBL becomes the illegal and highly dangerous date-rape drug GBH. BZP is a powder sold as 'Legal Ecstasy' and has a commercial use as an anti-worming agent for farm animals. 'Spice' is a synthetic form of cannabis that has to be sold in packages labelled

"Not Suitable for Human Consumption." All three will become Class C drugs at the end of the year.

There is pressure too to ban sales of Salvia, a herb with psychotic effects that is marketed as 'Magic Mint' and smoked through a pipe. Homemade videos of people reacting to Salvia have become YouTube hits. One, in which a girl says that her mouth is going to fall off, has been viewed more than two million times.

The BBC and other news providers have called Salvia a "growing phenomenon" while politicians are beginning to show concern too. Labour MP for Bassetlaw, John Mann said; "It certainly should be banned. It's more dangerous than some drugs that are illegal."

Mephedrone, however, remains legal. A report to a Royal College of Psychiatrists' conference in Edinburgh earlier this year warned that doctors were beginning to see patients with serious mental health problems, such as psychosis, from the drug.

"More and more people are turning themselves into human laboratory experiments", said a Cambridge festivalgoer who had spent the summer at Glastonbury, Reading and Glade. "Amazingly, they actually want to test how dangerous this drug really is."

Publicity played a major part in putting three of the 'legal highs' on the illegal list. There was the widely reported death of Hester Stewart, a 21-year-old student of molecular medicine at Sussex University, who fell into a coma and died after mixing GBL with alcohol in April.

So far there have been no similar tragedies attributed to Mephedrone, although last December in Sweden a young woman died after taking it in conjunction with other drugs. It is now banned in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland as well as in its Israeli birthplace.

Mephedrone was a big festival talking point in Britain this summer but the mainstream media has largely been slow to pick up on the trend. And if media reports are few, then politicians and regulatory authorities are under no pressure to accelerate the necessary tests. At this point, there is not telling, whether Mephedrone is medically safe.

It will likely become an issue in the media and in parliament at some point soon and users expect that at some point it will be banned. Until then, FRANK points out, anyone who takes these new 'legal' drugs is effectively working for "crazy chemists" as a "human lab rat".

Chigbo named "Britain's top black student"

Helen Mackreath
Senior Reporter

Tom Chigbo, current CUSU President and a 2009 graduate of St John's, has been named "Britain's top black student" by Rare Recruitment.

Chigbo came top in a list of 16 'rising stars', selected on such criteria as determination, achievement and contribution to community.

It was Chigbo's career in student politics above all that attracted the attention of the judges, Trevor Phillips, Chair of the Equality and Human Rights Commission, and Jean Tomlin, the HR Director for the 2012 Organising Committee.

Raphael Mokades, MD of Rare Recruitment, said Chigbo had not only "achieved fantastic electoral success as a student politician" but had "actually changed things".

The news is a second accolade for



Chigbo, who was recently included in a 'power list' of the 100 most influential black people in the UK.

CUSU's first black President, Chigbo's election trail saw voter turnout increase 21 per cent from last year's 16, making it the highest turnout at any Russell Group University.

Chigbo accrued political experience in first year as Green Officer of St John's JCR, becoming President in his second year. On one occasion he collected all the cans and bottles from two staircases to demonstrate the amount that could be recycled, an effort which paid off when the college adopted a comprehensive recycling policy for this waste.

His CUSU Presidency, which began in July this year, will be marked by campaigns for a new sports centre, higher education funding and the Cambridge Access Scheme, a subject about which Chigbo is particularly passionate.

"I found Cambridge to be an environment where diversity is valued and students, including those from ethnic minorities, are supported" Chigbo told *Varsity*.

"As a black student, it was particularly heartening to see how much energy is put into access and widening participation.

"As for the list, it's nice of them to notice some of the things I've done. But it's important to remember that there are thousands of students achieving great things at this University, each with their own remarkable story."

Discovery of gene is breakthrough in cancer fight

Gemma Oke
Senior Reporter

The discovery of a gene by Cambridge University researchers has marked a major breakthrough in the fight against cancer.

The gene, named NRG1, on human chromosome eight, was found to be partially or completely absent in tissue sampled from 54 breast tumours. Further research showed that suppressing the effect of NRG1 in otherwise healthy breast cells made them divide more quickly.

Dr Paul Edwards, who leads the group that discovered the gene, described it as perhaps "the most important cancer-suppressing gene of the past 20 years.

"If among the 30,000 human genes this is a gene that 25 to 50 per cent of all common cancers have to lose, it has to be doing something pretty important" he said.

"If we understood what that was, it would tell us a lot about what it is to be a cancer cell. It may be significant that NRG1 has been hypothesised to

have something to do with repairing damaged three-dimensional structure of tissues, and since cancers lose control of their three-dimensional organisation, this might be what it's all about."

The number of women who die from breast cancer in the UK is estimated to be around 12,000 a year but the lack of NRG1 has also been implicated in half of all cases of colon and prostate cancer and a quarter of ovarian and bladder tumours.

The research was funded by Breast Cancer Campaign and Cancer Research UK.

Lesley Walker, director of cancer information at Cancer Research UK, said: "This discovery is an important step forward in understanding a disease that more than 45,500 women are diagnosed with in the UK each year. More research is now needed to understand how this 'guard' gene is silenced and how exactly this influences the development of cancer. It might then be possible to develop ways to bypass the gene or target treatments to the defect."

Politico



Cambridge University European Union Society

True to its namesake, few people know about Cambridge's Model European Council. First established in 2002, this year will mark the Council's ninth meeting which aspires "to find out how difficult negotiating and compromising really is in the world of European politics".

Each February, 150 international students descend onto Cambridge to realise this aim. The entire European process is replicated, complete with Commissioners, Heads of Government and Ministers; students even become journalists for the weekend, calling to account the politicians whose aim it is "to ratify as many [proposals] as possible by Sunday afternoon".

The Council debates contentious issues such as Common Agricultural Policy and foreign affairs and network over tea and cakes. The Council even finds time for a formal at St Catharine's, presumably in homage to the infamous banquets of Brussels.

The idea of holding Model Councils was conceived over 25 years ago in Munich but perhaps unsurprisingly, Britain's schools and universities have been slow to embrace the concept. This appears to be changing, thanks in part to the organisers of the weekend event, the Cambridge University European Union Society.

This Society, which describes itself as "not strictly pro-European" believes the EU "represents an extraordinary philosophical exercise of unity". It hosts a diverse range of events: the Model Council is the largest of them but the Society also arranges speaker events and public debates, as well as holding the biggest food fair in Cambridge.

Unfortunately, like all good European institutions, this all comes at a cost. Membership to the Cambridge European Union Society costs £5 for one year and £10 for life. Meanwhile, to partake in the Model European Council you pay around £35 if you're a Cambridge student – perhaps a small price to pay for the politicians and diplomats of tomorrow. SIMON GLASSON

Varsity Profile: Prof. B. D. Josephson

» Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1973
and fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge

Professor Brian D. Josephson is listed by the Nobel foundation as one of the twelve youngest individuals to win a Nobel Prize in any category. Considering that there have been over 809 Nobel laureates worldwide that is truly exceptional. Thus, it comes as no surprise to hear that in many cases Josephson "knew more than his teachers" and "never really respected authority". One former professor even admitted that he was extra diligent over any presentations for a class including Josephson.

In fact, it was a theoretical prediction on superconductivity made by Josephson as a graduate at the University of Cambridge, at the age of 22, which earned him the Nobel Prize for Physics at the astounding age of 33. This prediction is now known in physics as the 'Josephson effect'.

Winner of many other prestigious prizes and medals, the now retired professor of physics and fellow of Trinity College tells *Varsity* that a tenured position and recognition have not "stopped the hostility, have not made people take it more seriously". Here, he is referring to his controversial approval of research on paranormal activity such as telepathy and his outspoken views on cold fusion and other subjects that most scientists would not touch upon under any circumstances in the media. Prior to his prize-winning work on superconductivity, Josephson's interest in the paranormal had already begun, as

7

The number of Nobel laureates in Physics from the University of Cambridge

30

The total number of Nobel laureates that have been members of Trinity College, Cambridge

25

The age of the youngest ever Nobel laureate, Lawrence Bragg, who was presented the award in 1915 for his work in physics

he studied the link between Eastern mysticism and science, co-writing *Consciousness and the Physical World*.

Starting at Cambridge as an undergraduate mathematician, Josephson changed to physics in his third year, eventually reading about the parallels between physics and mysticism. "There were also two people at Trinity who opened my eyes, one was a fellow in mathematical genetics called George Owen who spent his spare time hunting for poltergeists". When the subject of telepathy is brought up, he reflects on previous erroneous human judgements. "The French Academy had a theory that objects couldn't fly to the earth from space, so they explained away meteor sightings in the same way that people now explain away telepathy. It was a



similar case with continental drift". He later adds that "seeing things in black and white isn't always a good idea as nature isn't black and white". Nonetheless, Josephson does understand that it is a "natural human tendency to criticise and attack and it is part of the scientific process to do that".

With some periods abroad, including a stint in Illinois, the majority of this Cardiff-born scientist's academic life has been spent at Cambridge. Is the university supportive of his unorthodox scientific stance? "No I would not say they have been at all supportive, there has been strong pressure on students to change and people have been extremely

negative. Mind you, Trinity College is more supportive than the department". But Josephson does not need to rely on the department for funding as he is mainly a theoretician and Trinity College covers extra expenses.

When asked what advice he would give to current Cambridge University students about their thinking and influences, he refers to a statement written on his website which he has abided by since his own student days – "take nobody's word for it". And in closing he adds, "They should be aware that in some cases the establishment gets it wrong and nothing should be taken as gospel truth". SITA DINANAUTH

Hi! Society: MyPidge.com

» MyPidge.com - Your pigeonhole on the web

Three years ago Fergus Ross Ferrier founded MyPidge.com to plug a gap in Cambridge University's publicity market. The website's slogan - "Your pigeonhole on the web" – accounts for the website's name. In founding MyPidge, Ferrier's goal was to help students "find out what's happening in Cambridge and publicise events to thousands", all under the helpful eye of Percy the pigeon (above right), the website's mascot.

Want information on the ADC's upcoming gigs? Just browse the 'Theatre Events' listings. Forgotten what movie John's cinema is showing this Sunday night? Then add the SJC link to your MyPidge dashboard. The website also includes links to external sites and a search facility for Google, YouTube and Wikipedia.

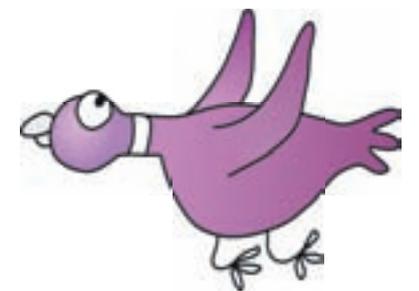
The site is student-run and non-commercial with Ferrier as nominal President. As the Selwyn finalist concedes, the presidential title is more to do with fulfilling the criteria of a Cambridge University society rather than upholding some form of hierarchy. The MyPidge team proudly take a laid back approach to their website, promoting its openness and inclusivity. The philosophy of the project is a 'laissez-faire' one. It relies not on large-scale administration – the MyPidge team is just eight strong - but on enthusiastic society members posting regular updates and an active student citizenry making use of the website.

The website was inspired by the difficulty students face in advertising events to thousands of Cambridge students. It is very

easy for the Cambridge Union to bring in party-goers from across the University; less so for the CU Canoe club or the Misfits Swing Band. Motivated to help his friends publicise events that they were planning, Ferrier created a University-wide resource.

What else is to be achieved by this site? Ferrier aims to create a heightened sense of community among Cantabrigians. MyPidge facilitates this by increasing both awareness of goings-on within the university and the ease with which students can find out about events and societies in far-flung corners of Cambridge.

Whether or not this goal of unification is achieved, the site is undeniably useful. And the numbers are a testament to this. Over 12,000 students used MyPidge.com last year to find



out more about events, societies and May Balls without wading through unwanted spam.

Even if the number of users grows, which seems likely, events will still only be drawn from this university. It would be contrary to the nature and constitution of MyPidge to expand outwards. This attitude is not the only thing which makes MyPidge unique. Scouring the internet I find only one example of a student-run events and publicity website and that is at the University of North Carolina. MyPidge.com is a simple and singular achievement. MATTHEW SYMINGTON

Newnham

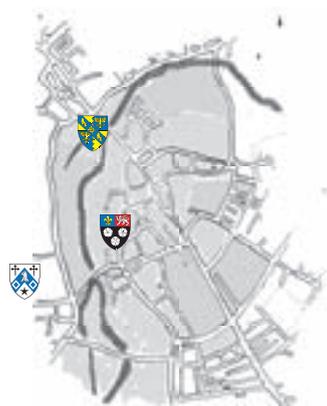
A book by Newnham College alumna Dame Antonia Susan Duffy (pictured below), better known as A.S.Byatt, has been short-listed for the Booker Prize. *The Children's Book* chronicles the lives of the Wellwood family and their friends in a tumultuous time, through the Victorian era and the First World War, making for a gripping read.



» A. S. Byatt

Byatt has won the prize before in 1990 for her best known novel *Possession* and in the same year received a CBE. This year, her competitors on the shortlist of six, whittled down from 13 on September 8th, include J. M. Coetzee, who has also won the prize before in 1983, for his book *Summertime* and Hilary Mantel with *Wolf Hall*. The latter novel was announced as the winner this Tuesday at London's Guildhall where Mantel walked away with £50,000 as well as the £2,500 all shortlisted novelists were presented with.

College Watch

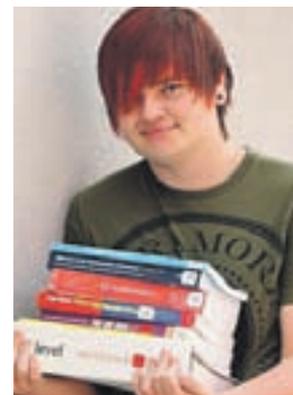


King's

Formal hall at King's College has reached the unprecedented price of £14.50 per head, with only food included. The traditional Oxbridge practice of formal dining costs the College £22.50 per head to provide. The previous subsidy of £2.75 from the college's Tutorial Budget has increased to £8 so students are being asked to now cover the remaining cost. In an email to the College's students, the increase is explained as follows: "The College is trying to increase the transparency of its cost structure and to eliminate unrecorded subsidies".

Magdalene

Niall Thompson (below), at the age of 15 years and 9 months, is officially the third youngest undergraduate to matriculate at Cambridge University, behind William Pitt the Younger, who joined in 1773 at only 14. Thompson studied at Ashton Sixth Form College in Greater Manchester, a state-funded institution ranked amongst the top 10% of schools and colleges in the country by examination results. Here, Thompson was put on a "fast-track" program where he completed his AS and A2 levels, studying Maths, Further Maths, Statistics and Physics, in only 12 months, which is half the standard time, achieving straight A grades.



» Niall Thompson.

Having already worked alongside students two years older than himself, joining Cambridge three years prematurely is not daunting for this Fresher, who achieved a Distinction in Cambridge's infamously challenging exam for Maths candidates. He participated fully in Freshers Week despite being unable to drink legally.

Cambridge Spies



Fresh in the flesh

As is customary each year, one Robinsonian damsel was MIA at this Monday's matriculation photograph. To ensure our protagonist's presence at this seminal moment in her Cambridge career, the innocent Bursar was sent to hunt for the less-than-salubrious fresher. Dutifully knocking at her door to no avail, the unfortunate huntsman was compelled to burst in, only to find his prey spread-eagle on the floor, clad in nothing but her Birthday Suit, whilst her felicitous concubine reclined on her bed. In however unofficial or illegitimate a sense of the word, at least she had been "matriculated" into the college.

Three's a Crowd

One Johnian mademoiselle was well and truly bereaved of her freshness this week. With one Rockefeller engineering her into bed, another fella rocked the boudoir, skilfully bringing up the rear. Needless to say the guileless colt did NatSci it coming.

Leicester University

Hoping to raise over £10,000 for the University's Percy Gee Building Appeal (raising funds to redevelop the Student's Union building) and Macmillan Cancer Support's Everyman project, the RAG organisation at Leicester University is publishing a nude calendar featuring 62 of the university's students. Marketed at freshers, the calendars are priced at £6.50 a pop and have already received much attention thanks to provocative promotional posters and images. "The reaction we received when asking for models was astounding. Scores of people were willing to get their kit off for a good cause", said the RAG President, Matt Evans. Rob Hicks, an organiser and model for the calendar, added that "We think we managed to get a great array of models to show a good sample of our students."

Brown

Harry Potter star Emma Watson, aiming to be just another student at the Rhode Island Institution, has already been stalked. At a football game, Watson fell victim to a Twitter attack led by Harvard students. The website of Harvard Voice, the student newspaper, announced: "We will be Live-Tweetin' the game and possibly stalking Emma Watson, so keep your eyes peeled for that, too!" The liveblog continued: "In enemy territory. Lookin for a certain witch" and "Let's go Hermione! Lolz. [sic]". When a photograph of Watson was secured the operation was declared a "success".

University Watch

King Abdullah Science and Technology University

This newly-established institution in Saudi Arabia is the first fully integrated, co-educational university in the kingdom. The university was founded by King Abdullah (below) in an attempt to diversify the oil-dependent nation and turn it into an international centre for science. Thus, the mixed nature of classes was intended as a show of tolerance. However, the university has already been criticised by a prominent member of the Muslim community for having co-ed lessons and a member of the Supreme Committee of (Islamic) Scholars, a powerful organisation endorsed by the Saudi government, has demanded mixed lessons be aborted, labelling them as sinful. The King has since sacked the Muslim cleric for his criticism.



Oxford University

Professor Andrew Hamilton, Oxford's Vice-Chancellor, has endorsed the American practice of offering generous scholarships to ensure finances don't prevent students from attending university. Oxford offers some of the largest bursaries in the country - up to £10,550. Hamilton is promoting an Ivy-League style system with worse-off students given bursaries of thousands of pounds, partly funded by wealthy alumni. Taking up his post last Thursday, the vice-chancellor's comments fuelled suspicion that UK universities are keen to increase fees to match their American counterparts.



UCL

Tom Reid, a 19 year-old fresher, died after collapsing at a UCL freshers' event last week. The student from Leeds was enjoying his second night at university at the "Night of Mayhem" event at Koko in Camden, part of UCL's Freshers' Fortnight. It is believed that his collapse was caused by a heart attack. At last week's inquest the coroner's officer stated that Reid had "complained of a rapid beating in his chest" at a family lunch earlier. To discard alcohol poisoning and drugs from the list of potential causes, toxicology tests will be carried out and a full inquest will take place in January.

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THE ESSAY:

Towards a Common Language

If Europe is to become a united federation it is even more important to have a single common language than a single common currency. In the European Community more than twenty different languages are spoken at the national level. If they are all used European institutions will become the Tower of Babel and we will be smitten accordingly.

Twenty languages means three hundred and eighty sets of translations and as many translators for each and every speech and all documents. A common language is as necessary to law as a common currency is to commerce and it is law that provides the framework for commerce. Besides a country's language is far more closely tied to a stubborn defence of national identity than is its currency.

Something must be done to reduce the number of languages in Europe. Three languages are about the most that anyone can be expected to learn and the obvious three are English, Spanish and German. English is the only truly world language and is also one of the national languages of such influential nations as India, the United States and Australia. If a Japanese wishes to speak to a Javanese or an Israeli to a Norwegian they will do so in English. Spanish is the language of much of Latin America and of an increasing proportion of the people of the United States. Indeed on present demographic trends it will one day oust the language of Thomas Jefferson and Jesse Jackson altogether. German is the first language of nearly a hundred million Europeans and the second language of many more. The might of the German army, the spending power of German tourists and the untranslatability of its abstract nouns have placed German at the very heart of Europe and of what it is to be a European.

Our most important task is to erase French. It is a disgraceful anomaly that in the twenty-first century French should be regarded as a world language. Indeed it was an anomaly even during the time of the League of Nations. Today French is hardly spoken at all

The prominence of French is a disgraceful anomaly, says sociologist CHRISTIE DAVIES. We must work to erase this aristocratic and outdated language or we will never achieve the dream of a United States of Europe



outside France. There are more people in the world who speak Portuguese than who speak French. In Indo-China, English is far more widely spoken than is the speech of those defeated at Dien Bien Phu. The language of Vichy is fading in Syria and so is that of Georges Bidault in Algeria. Come to that, why should anyone in Zaire or Rwanda want to speak the broken Belgian-French of Poirot? French is restricted to those specks of sand in the Sahara where the Gallic cock once sharpened its claws. The French language was vanquished at Fashoda.

In the past French was the language of the oppressive aristocrats and rulers of Eastern Europe, who used it to distance themselves from their own serfs and peasants. It has long since been replaced by English and German, the languages of science, of Technik, of commerce and in a word, of modernity. Nearly all the world's scientific and technical journals are published in English; not even a French scientist wants his latest research findings

to languish in the obscurity of French.

Even the limited continued use of French in Britain is a snobbish anachronism. Its only function is to enable its users to order a meal in an expensive restaurant; in the Italian and Chinese restaurants frequented by the plebs the menu is translated into English. It is possible to travel anywhere in the world outside France and Quebec and there will always be someone who speaks not only English but excellent English to whom one can speak. Only in France is one forced to struggle with the uncouth sounds of a language that sounds like a cross between Donald Duck and an elderly Apple Mac computer that has caught you out in an illegal manoeuvre. When the French reply, you can't understand what they say because they jabber. It is Orwell's doubleplusgoodfrop-speaker in action. We have allowed our awkward neighbour to force us to learn French, when we should have forced them to speak English. Indeed they have banished all English words from their language

and no advertisements in English are permitted in France. Even the few elderly French women who acquired a little commercial English when our armies were there in 1939-40 and 1944 refuse to use it.

Clearly this is a situation that has to be reversed if a United States of Europe is to be created. In time the peoples of Europe will eliminate the French language along with the French Common Agricultural Policy but, as the country with the world language, it behoves us to lead the way and to take our leave of French.

We should immediately cease teaching French in schools as a move to enlarging the size of Europe's French-free zone. The Swedes do not speak French, the Czechs do not speak French, and the Spaniards are abandoning French. Why do we bother with it? We should be encouraging the many other languages of France, Brezhoneg, Corsu, Elsässerdtisch, Euskara, Vlaams at the expense of French. We would then have a corpus of people who could

pointedly use those languages as a put-down for monoglot French speakers in France and Belgium. This would undermine both the putative monopoly and the status and standing of the French language on its home territory.

Those of us who do know French should refuse to use it by declining to visit France and by insisting on using English, German or Spanish when addressed in French. Do not even admit an acquaintance with that language. If in desperation you are forced to use French, at least have the decency to speak it badly. A good French accent is a sign of licence in a woman and of effeminacy in a man. Our country's very survival once depended on men who called Ypres 'Wipers'. Ypres the floor with the French. It would be foolish of us to try to eliminate French words and words of French origin, for our language comes from many sources, but as a riposte to the French boycott of English we should symbolically erase certain words from daily use. It would be appropriate if these had to do with food. We do not need 'café', 'restaurant', 'menu', 'coq au vin'. Why not eatery, posh eatery, foodlist, sex in a transit?

Such sentiments and actions may appear chauvinistic but they can be applied dialectically in the service of a European unity to which the French language is the greatest obstacle. If we rouse nationalist passions now to eradicate French, it is not because we are assured that English will eventually prevail as the language of a United States of Europe. We know that German or Spanish may be the one that survives. Tomorrow we may well be lisping Castellano or chanting in German. But today we must see to the French.

Professor Christie Davies was President of the Union Michaelmas 1964 and wrote a weekly column for Varsity called 'Christie Davies remembers'. His most recent book is The Strange Death of Moral Britain, Transaction 2006.

Underrated

Week 1: B.R. Ambedkar



It is difficult to avoid hearing the name Gandhi, or that of the Cambridge alumnus and first Prime Minister of independent India, Jawaharlal Nehru.

But what about another freedom fighter – Dr B. R. Ambedkar?

With Gandhi and Nehru, he laid the foundations of modern India. Yet, rising out of the most difficult of circumstances, this plump and bespectacled academic actually devoted most of his life to helping India's dispossessed – known then as the 'Untouchables'. And if this was not enough, he put together a Buddhist text that remains important and relevant today.

Although famously at odds with Gandhi (Ambedkar once commented: "Mahatmas have come, Mahatmas have gone but the Untouchables have remained as Untouchables"), Dr Ambedkar was

at the heart of independent India. He was invited to oversee the creation of the nation's new constitution, a document that continues to be immensely important today. Ambedkar's commitment to equality was so great that he resigned from government over the issue of women's rights.

However, Ambedkar's real focus was always the plight of the 'Untouchables,' known today as the Scheduled Castes. At school, Ambedkar experienced a level of discrimination comparable to that of African-Americans in 1950s Mississippi. He could not sit with children of a higher caste, nor share water. Escape came in the form of

a scholarship to Columbia University in New York. On his return, Ambedkar campaigned ceaselessly for his community, launching a political party and starting a newspaper. In doing so, he paved the way for modern figures such as Mayawati, a female politician from the Scheduled Castes.

Dr Ambedkar's determination to change life for his people inadvertently changed religion as well. Although born a Hindu, Ambedkar's hatred of caste made him vow not to die one. He chose instead to convert to Buddhism. However, as he observed: "Buddhism makes [a] slow advance due to the fact that its literature is so vast that no

one can read the whole of it. That it has no such thing as a bible, as the Christians have, is its greatest handicap." Unperturbed, Ambedkar started work on *The Buddha and His Dhamma*, an introduction to Buddhism.

Unlike Gandhi and Nehru, Ambedkar was, in every respect, a self-made man. He was the first real spokesman for his community, his principles of equality enshrined in the Indian constitution. He died in 1956, and his book, *The Buddha and His Dhamma*, was published posthumously – a final contribution of this remarkable, and underrated, man. JULIA RAMPEN

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Drinkers and Thinkers

Since the power to grant licences for inner city bars and clubs was passed from magistrates to local councils, images of town centres turned over to violent revellers have become ubiquitous. This year Oldham saw a 200% increase in violent incidents on Friday and Saturday nights, and to combat this rise the local council has had to institute a post office style queuing system to monitor how much people are drinking. Therefore, in covering violent crime in Cambridge we are not claiming our town is at all unique. On the contrary, these events are depressingly familiar.

One of the incidents covered in this week's issue appears to have been perpetrated by Cambridge students, something that may strike many as particularly shocking. This leads us to ask the question, should we be more disapproving of such behaviour when perpetrated by students than by townspeople? There is certainly something about a victim being knocked unconscious by a wine bottle after a lavish ball that leaves a distinctly bad taste. However, such a reaction carries an inverse snobbery which many would feel is contrary to our egalitarian age. To claim that we 'privileged students' should 'know better' implies that we should see ourselves as somehow set apart.

However, it is undoubtable that we should know better. At Cambridge, we are more than happy to flaunt the 'prestige' of our university when applying for jobs and planning our futures. Therefore, when it comes to anti-social behaviour it is wrong to shirk responsibility. Just yesterday Cambridge was placed as the second best university in the world by the Times Higher Education Supplement. If the present corridors of power (and the intentions of many contemporary students) are anything to go by, Oxbridge will go on feeding positions of importance. That is why expectations of our behaviour are higher. Unprovoked attacks from townspeople are deplorable, but from Cambridge students they are indefensible.

Coming up (and down)

Lectures have begun, essays are supposed to be in the pipeline, and you're probably wondering when, if ever, you will have fun and feel free again. At times, the stress of Cambridge can get so intense that all you want to do is take lots of drugs and escape it all. But you shouldn't. It's a waste not only of a student loan, but of good student brains.

Overdoing it in term time can have disastrous effects not only on you, but on others too. Before you know it you are full of beans, dropping everything and causing more harm than good. Equally detrimental are the mental consequences. In a place of extremes like Cambridge, remember each high is inevitably followed by a low. And this really isn't a comforting place to suffer a comedown.

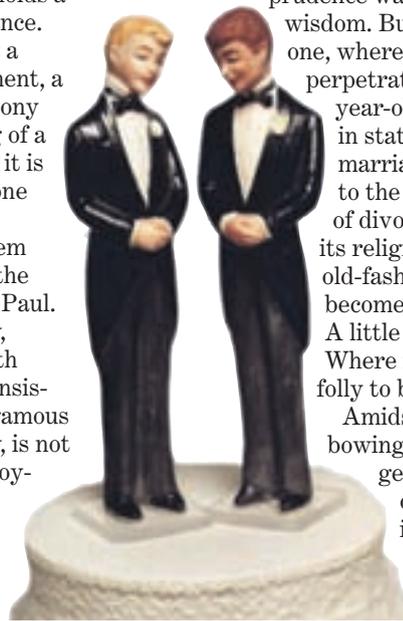


Ben Slingo

For most of history marriage has meant subjection, as a glance at its vows will confirm. Though it was bedecked in flowers and festooned with confetti, its central fact could never be disguised. Under feminist assault convention has crumbled, and the conjugal state is now less uniformly abject. Only its newest variant preserves the taint of submission – submission not, in this case, of one spouse to the other, but of both to an alien social order.

This may seem a strange phial of vitriol to hurl at 'gay marriage', *noli me tangere* scare-quotes intended. The one morsel of consensus, cherished from the fiery pulpits of Alabama to the enlightened if dingy bars of Soho, is that however much savage indignation it excites, this is no modest proposal. Yet modest it is. Not merely modest, in fact, but meek, feeble and pitifully self-abnegating.

Let us consider for a moment what marriage entails, and what it potently symbolises. Within the precincts of Western 'civilisation' marriage holds a special significance. It is not merely a social arrangement, a personal testimony or the servicing of a biological need; it is also a cornerstone of the distinctive moral system that enshrines the strictures of St Paul. Needless to say, this system, with its Puritanical insistence on monogamous heterosexuality, is not one more flamboyant souls find congenial. It is precisely the moral fabric that the 'gay'



History reminds us that gay marriage is a feeble surrender to the norms of Western 'civilisation'

movement (can any term be less apt than that bluff Anglo-Saxon monosyllable?) should be ripping to shreds.

To do so, incidentally, would not be to inflict what Lady Bracknell would call a 'revolutionary outrage'. For it is Paul, and with him the Judaeo-Christian tradition, who is truly counter-cultural. It is Paul who coated in iconoclastic whitewash the sexual variety of the ancient world, a variety far closer to the human norm – if any such thing exists – than his own rather drab uniformity. Our sexual customs are now so hoary that all others seem baffling and even perverted, but we should not mistake the familiar for anything resembling the sane. Yet do homosexual campaigners and their liberal champions seek to end this two millennia-long bout of eccentricity, to restore a sounder tradition in the place of frenzied, near Jacobin virtue? Dear me no. Rather than demolish the gloomy moral edifice, they want to rent a garret inside.

Such faint-heartedness is sadly typical, since for decades the gay movement has devoted itself to being as docile as possible. In the harsh world of Section 28, such prudence was no doubt born of wisdom. But our age is a looser one, where sex is something perpetrated by fourteen year-old girls and mourned in statistics, and where marriage is a light prelude to the serious business of divorce. Stripped of its religious context the old-fashioned way has become foetid and banal. A little novelty is craved. Where impudence is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

Amidst the movement's bowing and scraping, one genuflection stands out. Homosexuality is viewed as an immutable genetic fact confined to a meagre portion of

the species, the rest of which can bask unsoiled in its straightforward straightness.

History's great value is as a scourge of such pieties. If heterosexuality is a majority norm, why was pederasty mandatory in Sparta? The fallen of Thermopylae, fine models of manliness, spurned all female contact till the ripe age of thirty, and even then could be coaxed to their marital beds only in total darkness, at least to begin with. Their Athenian rivals were no less adventurous, as a hundred vase paintings cheerfully attest.

The troublesome might object that these examples are spurious – the Greeks had no truck with liaisons between equals, with the mature homosexuality that confronts us today. The mediaeval Church was rather more liberal. Scholars like John Boswell and Alan Bray insist that its practice of 'brother-making' amounted to a consecration of gay relationships, and their argument has of late returned triumphantly to fashion. After all Edward II and Piers Gaveston, not known for being platonically fraternal, were blessed in just such a ceremony.

And if we ignore historical facts, we must surely attend to the postmodern theories that abolished them. Our sexuality, like so much else, is flexible, constrained only by the corset of culture, which we ourselves can loosen if not cast aside. We are victims of circumstance, to be sure, but not of some biological essence. When nature is invoked, whether to prove the hysteria of women or excuse the subjection of Africans, it is almost always done so fraudulently.

In the first sentence of Anthony Burgess's masterwork *Earthly Powers*, the novelist-hero Kenneth Toomey opens thus: "It was the afternoon of my eighty-first birthday, and I was in bed with my catamite when Ali announced that the archbishop had come to see me". That is the spirit. And wouldn't sacrificing 'catamite' for 'husband' ruin it rather?

Letters to the Editor

It was with interest that I read your article 'Admissions '09: still selective', but I feel the question of equality in British education is yet more complicated than it suggests.



Much of the widening participation work we undertake at Clare College is in the London Boroughs of Tower Hamlets and Hackney; areas where many students study at local universities and are unlikely to venture as far afield as UCL, let

alone Cambridge. Much of our work then is focussed at generally raising aspirations rather than encouraging Cambridge applications and as such has very little impact on admissions statistics. This is, I'm sure, just one example of the worthwhile work the Colleges and University carry out but which is not quantifiable.

Obviously admissions statistics are relevant as one indicator of the University's commitment to widening participation, but by no means do they tell the whole story.

Will Knock
Schools Liaison Officer, Clare

Mary Midgley bemoans the 'vast metaphysical speculation' involved in extending Darwinian ideas to questions about cultural evolution and the origins of the universe. But positing unobservable entities (such as memes and the multiverse) need not be 'speculation' if there is evidence for their existence. Whether the evidence is sufficient is a scientific question, not a metaphysical one.

I suspect Midgley's real beef is with those who seek a 'neo-Darwinistic meaning of life', when 'science does not deal in questions of meaning or value'. Here we agree. But one can make this point without denying the wide-ranging usefulness of Darwinian thinking.
Jonathan Birch, Clare

Christopher Stanton is right that the Iranian regime deserves condemnation. But neither war, nor economic sanctions, nor puffed-up rhetoric will be much help, as the last three decades have shown. Obama's soft methods may be the only route to less strained relations. Eventually, the Islamic Republic will wither; in the meantime, we should be building cultural bridges. Never forget that many of Iran's young population are highly educated.

Florence Hazrat
Lucy Cavendish

Email letters@varsity.co.uk by Wednesday lunchtime for the chance to win a bottle from the Cambridge Wine Merchants. Letters may be edited.

Corrections and Clarifications

Last week [issue 700, October 2nd] we accidentally referred to Westminster School as Westminster College. Obviously it is the former, not the latter, that sent 32 students to Cambridge.

Last week [issue 700, October 2nd], we incorrectly stated that E. M. Forster's novel *Maurice* is set in Oxford. We all know it is set in King's College, Cambridge.



Dan Hitchens

Never mind capitalism and socialism. Religion, not economics, has the real long-term answers

As someone who knows nothing about economics, I feel especially well-placed to offer some remarks on the present financial crisis. One gathers from listening to the economists that the credit crunch has simultaneously confirmed everybody's theories. According to the free-marketters, the whole problem was that the market wasn't free enough; for those who favour a planned economy, the disaster is best explained as resulting from a lack of economic planning. Everyone, pleasingly, was right all along. So there is surely a good chance of success for my favourite economic theory, which is that we tend to place too much importance on economic theories.

Most of us are dismayed by the materialistic and selfish motives which advertisers exploit. We know that money, fame, popularity, power, attractiveness, solid exam results, or even a very good dinner, are false goals. Yet that knowledge barely restrains us. And the worst thing about the modern competitive mentality is that in this competition nearly everyone will lose. There is always someone else whose success is a rebuke to one's own efforts. British parents, according

to a survey whose results were published last month, think Cheryl Cole and David Beckham are the best role models for children: that is to say, the best example they could follow is one they could never possibly match. In this context it is distressing but not surprising to learn that the under-tens themselves, when polled, nominate 'being fat' as 'the worst thing in the world' and 'good looks' as the best.

Faced with all this, thinking people feel the need to articulate some kind of alternative. Unfortunately, the current fashion is to call the alternative 'anti-capitalism',

“Thinking people are looking for an alternative to materialism and selfishness”

and so to define one's position in terms of economics. It is hard to see why the study of the movement of goods and services should be able to comprehend the oldest puzzles of human motivation, any more than (say) linguistics or lexicography can. 'Capitalist' is just as revealing a description of Thailand or South Africa as of Britain: it misses out most of what is important.

Rather than obsessing about economic systems, it would be more sensible to turn to the greatest store of global wisdom – religion. Religion's answer to competitiveness is original and startling as only traditional things can be. 'Anti-capitalism' tells us merely that competition is bad; religion tells us, more relevantly, that it is absurd. Every ability that you think you possess, or lack, is really a gratuitous and inexplicable gift. To be proud of your qualities is as ridiculous as bragging about your presents as you sit around the Christmas tree. You can be grateful for your presents, you can be pleased, but the one thing you can't be is smug. Envy, likewise, loses all meaning in the religious context. The fact that someone else is funnier or taller than you is not really a fact about them; it is certainly not something they can claim credit for.

God's gifts are like a Lottery win, in that you cannot sanely believe that your good fortune results from your own merit. It is actually a profound criticism to say of someone that he thinks the sun shines out of his backside. This is exactly the mistake true religion corrects – the mistake of forgetting the real source of all good things, and casting yourself as their originator. British society has for the most part discarded God, and so the problem – what Dante Gabriel

Rossetti called the most uncomfortable part of his atheism, that he had nobody to thank – gets worse.

This might help to explain the otherwise baffling preoccupation with 'inequality', which has become as popular a target in the speeches of our politicians as in the writings of our less interesting commentators. At best, 'inequality' might be some kind of aesthetic concern; it has never troubled me, however, that the Duke of Westminster has ten times more money than Mohamed al Fayed. That is a striking inequality, but it does not bring me to a fury on behalf of Mohamed al Fayed. Of course, this is not what people mean by 'inequality'; they mean poverty, squalor, unhappiness and resentment. Why not use those perfectly comprehensible words? Because there is a yearning for the genuine equality offered to us by religious belief, which tells us the only praiseworthy thing to do is to forget one's own interests.

Of course, it is much easier to bang on about the injustices of capitalism than to forgive even one of your enemies. And religion's great weakness as far as public relations goes is its lack of any excitingly vacuous political message. But the fact is that 'equality' and 'social justice' and the rest of today's buzzwords will soon be replaced by another set of temporary ideals, while the serious insights of religion endure.

Not-Sci



Cambridge University, home of the sexy quote

Dear innocent non-scientists: not all science writers are good people. Beware of the four sloppy tactics of rubbish science journalism found in the broadsheets this week...

Tactic One: If researchers give you no definite conclusions, fabricate one for the headline and put it in inverted commas to avoid being sued. *The Times* have done this several times this week: "Baby cooling therapy 'cuts risk of brain damage from oxygen deprivation'", "Shower heads 'harbour lung-disease germs'", "Scanning 'cuts blood disorder deaths by 70%'" and "Pacific earthquakes 'a coincidence'".

What they really mean is that scientists suspect there are links based on their research findings so far and further study needs to be carried out before this has practical implications. But since that isn't conclusive enough, you will find the articles out of sync with the headline.

Tactic Two: Make a minor discovery sound like it could be a breakthrough. Use the pointless phrases 'could lead to a cure', 'scientists predict' and even 'might drastically reduce deaths'.

Again this means we still have no idea whether this could be true in the long run. Take *The Mirror*: "scientists have found a genetic 'switch' that can trigger leukemia. And they believe its discovery could lead to a cure." Well, all genetic and biomedical research could lead to a cure, but very few scientists ever produce a cure.

Tactic Three: Insult our intelligence by stating the obvious. Read 'Meeting pretty women makes men feel good' by Richard Alleyne from *The Telegraph*. Who would have guessed? Peter Stringfellow could have written this more convincingly without government funding and a sexy quote from a Cambridge researcher.

And the final tactic: obtain a sexy quote from a Cambridge researcher which reinforces something we all know and backs up your article. 'It all boils down to sex,' Leslie Knapp, a biological anthropologist at the University of Cambridge, told Richard. Thanks, Leslie. SITA DINANAUTH

VARSITY squash

Interested in journalism?

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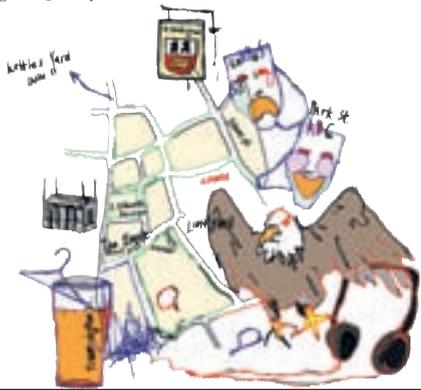
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Arts, Features, Reviews



Features **p20**

Your guide to the alternative versus the mainstream in Cambridge life

Arts **p15**

Grammy award winning Soweto Gospel Choir discuss their miraculous rise

KARL J. KAUL/BBC



Laying the blame: "Everything you see that is wrong with human society today can be traced to high density in population: from the carbon effect and climatic change, to the pollution of the seas, to our social evils"

Life of a Naturalist

Joel Massey talks to Sir David Attenborough about luck, legacies and underwater wonderlands

The relationship between human beings and the natural world wasn't exactly on the political agenda when Sir David Attenborough was an undergraduate biologist at Clare College in 1945. In Clement Attlee's landslide victory manifesto of the same year, the word 'environment'

– mentioned 44 times in Tony Blair's first election-winning tract – is entirely absent. That world, of course, is not our world. In 1945 the global population was just shy of 2.5 billion, compared with today's 6.7 billion.

I wonder where Attenborough feels we first lost our way in terms

of our place in nature. "Urbanisation has taken us away from nature," he begins, in his distinctive broadcasting voice, "if you were a farmer, if you were dependent on it for growing food, or looking after livestock, you had to know about the natural world."

I interject that 2009 is said to

be the year when more people live in cities than out of them. "The United Nations' figures show that the majority of the world now live in towns, yes. Until we became urbanised we were subjected to the same sort of pressures of population control and general existence that applied to the rest of the world – we

were part of it," he stresses. "If the land didn't produce, we'd starve, if wild animals overtook us, we were killed. But now we are living in a way that is more and more divorced from those hazards. So we have come to believe that human society is enough within itself."

(continued. overleaf)



ALL PHOTOS BBC

At one with nature: "I know profoundly in my bones that if you ask me what I believe in, I believe that we are part of the natural world, and we should have a respect for it"

What, then, are we doing wrong? Is it all about carbon emissions and the greenhouse effect, or is it broader than that? "It's much broader than that. And it isn't, paradoxically, what we're doing wrong, it's what you might suppose we have done right, but to such a degree that it's become wrong. All species of animals except human beings are vulnerable to things like predators, territory and food. We have dealt with these problems, and this is reflected in our population size. Almost everything you see that is wrong with human society today can be traced to high density of population: from the carbon effect and climatic change, to the pollution of the seas, to our social evils."

He is, indeed, a patron of the Optimum Population Trust. "I've been involved with that for years, yes. To me it is amazing to think that since I started working in television [in the early fifties as a production assistant on a programme called *Animal, Mineral or Vegetable?*] which doesn't seem to me all that long ago, the population of the world has almost tripled". He suddenly becomes animated here, as though he's just seen a blue whale – "tripled! Three times as many people as when I was making those programmes only a few years ago. And it's set to quadruple and quintuple! Now the planet is only of finite size. Perfectly clearly, it can't go on forever. You can argue about whether it can go on for 100 years, or 50 years, or 5 years, I won't engage on the argument there because I don't have the figures, but I know as sure as anything that it can't go on forever."

But why is it wrong? "If you're asking me about the moral perspective, then I will find myself on thin ice, so I won't venture into that territory. I don't regard myself as a moralist in that sense. But I

know that every great religion in the world includes in it a respect for nature. Whether it's St Francis in the Christian ethic, the Buddhist attitude to life, the Hindu views, and many a tribal religion, all revere the natural world and believe that it has a right to exist."

And his view? "I know profoundly in my bones that if you ask me what I believe in, I believe that we are part of the natural world, and we should have a respect for it. Because of our own cleverness we have suddenly found in our hands the Promethean power to decimate our environment, to totally destroy it. I believe that we have a responsibility

"I have been in a position to enable people to see things, but I'm not the thing, you know."

to care for the rest of the world, and the animals and plants we share it with."

In the closing stages of the interview I wanted to talk to Sir David about his remarkable life and career. "I've just been extraordinarily lucky," he tells me. "To go to Easter Island, to go to the Himalayas, to swim on coral reefs: you couldn't write it as more paradisaical than I've had."

Could he pick a highlight, from such an extraordinary life? He seems taken aback, and I apologise for asking such a ridiculously difficult question. "If you require me to pick one, I will pick my first swim on a barrier reef. That is one of the most mind-blowing, transporting

experiences you can imagine. Apart from what you see, the fact that you are free of gravity, that you can move in any direction in three dimensions – any direction – up, down, sideways, you've just got to do that." He gestures excitedly, scuba diving, as it were, around his living room. "What you're seeing is a world of total fantasy, of astonishment, beauty and wonder. Governed, admittedly, by the sort of principles that you know as a biologist. You know what they are, but that they should have produced this fantasy, this wonderland. The first time you see it is, just, life shattering."

What would he like his legacy to be? "Oh I'm not into legacies." No? "No, because that implies that you are leaving something that belonged to you, something you created." But, I suggest, he may have a legacy whether he wants one or not. "All right," he says, determined to quash my persistence with argument, "Let us accept that the programmes I've made have been popular. Let us even say they have been influential. If they have, and to that extent: it is because I have not got in the way between the camera and the animal too often, or too dominantly. I have been in a position to enable people to see things, but I'm not the thing, you know. My role is very much a minor one."

Seeing, perhaps, that I'm unconvinced, he perseveres. "If you have anything to be thankful for, it's that there were Reithian principles at the BBC," he explains, alluding to John Reith, the BBC's first Director-General who famously said that its role was to "inform, educate and entertain." Sir David himself is a lifelong champion of public service broadcasting; as Controller of BBC Two in the 60s he pioneered colour television. "It has been my good

fortune," he continues, "to work for this organisation. If I hadn't done so, the BBC would have been doing natural history anyway. One can't believe that there aren't ten thousand people in a country of sixty million who couldn't do the job as well, if not better, than me. So I don't reckon much to a legacy."

I tried to make the point that teaching us more than anyone else about the natural world, and engendering greater respect for it, must be enough for a legacy. But we agreed to disagree on that.

My Life and Other Animals

- 1926** Born in London
- 1945** Studied geology and zoology at Clare College
- 1965** Controller of BBC Two
- 1969** BBC Television's Director of Programmes
- 1979** 'Life' series begins with *Life on Earth*, which will run to 79 programmes
- 1985** Knighthood
- 2009** A type of Pitcher plant, *Nepenthes attenboroughii*, becomes the third species to be named in his honour.



Letter from Abroad



Madagascar

The first thing I learnt about Madagascar was that I was in the vast majority in not knowing anything about it. Nevertheless, I decided to go and spend my summer volunteering and travelling there with an organisation called The Dodwell Trust. I had very few expectations as to what Madagascar would be like. This turned out to be fortunate, as my expectations for my living quarters would probably have been much higher. As someone admittedly quite mothered, cleaning out the spider-ridden long-drop was a task many of my friends might have said I was completely incapable of. The first time I viewed the literal cess-pit that I was to utilise for the month, the future of my toilet trips looked very bleak indeed. However, if there is such a thing as an ideal period to overcome vanity and grow up, my five weeks in Madagascar was just that.

My volunteering, in the coastal town of Vatomandry, involved teaching English to as many overwhelmingly keen people as possible. I taught policemen, the military, the retired, students and toddlers and held a radio program. Many of my older students had already begun school or university courses in English, but had been forced to drop out early as they could not afford the fees – poverty was prevalent in almost everything I experienced in Madagascar. Money drives people in a way I had never seen so openly before. People even pay one another to be let out at a junction in the road. Such poverty, combined with continuous political problems and coups, plagues the Malagasy people. One stated, "Every time we take a step towards improving our economic situation, political issues take us four steps back."

Unfortunately, these problems overspill onto the spectacular landscape of Madagascar. I have never seen a more beautiful place, yet the rainforest is being systematically destroyed. To quote my guidebook, "My advice is to see Madagascar before the Malagasy finish with it." My experience included the best – lemurs stealing my lunch – and the worst – contracting malaria. Go to Madagascar if you want a real adventure, and to learn a huge amount about a country deemed isolated and out of reach by so many. SOPHIELLOYD

Beautiful Energy

Patrick Garety talks to the Soweto Gospel Choir and finds out about their incredible rise to success.

“The Grammys and the Oscars and all that haven’t changed us”, Shimmy Jiyane, the bandleader of the two-time Grammy-winning Soweto Gospel Choir, who performed at the Corn Exchange last Wednesday, explains that despite their rags to riches story, the group haven’t forgotten their roots.

Soweto (abbreviated from South Western Townships) might have only been associated with the hardship and unrest of South Africa’s apartheid era were it not for the worldwide acclaim of the Choir. As well as the awards, the group have also performed at the latest Oscars ceremony, making them no strangers to success. Taking their country’s vibrancy wherever they go, the group sing a mixture of gospel hymns and traditional music, all put to the unforgettable rhythm of African beats.

“You don’t have to be a believer to come to our concert,” Jiyane explains. “You can come to listen to good music that’s going to make you feel good and put a smile on your face.” He’s right: each concert sees a crowd of beaming faces and

stomping feet, both on and off the stage.

On first encounter, Jiyane – short, stocky, strong – isn’t your usual idea of a religious singer, but seeing him onstage is a revelation: the full choir, in traditional African costume and in full flow to their rhythms, is a spectacle to stir the spirits. Yet, as easy as it is to lose yourself in the performance, it’s important to remember that what the Choir do is more than just entertainment: “At the same time we’re trying to minister to you: we try to make sure you know who’s God and all that”. Whatever you take from this, it’s hard to deny their enthusiasm as they profess their faith and joyfully celebrate the rhythms of music and life.

Great live performers sometimes have difficulties transferring to the more technical atmosphere of the studio. Yet this isn’t the case for Jiyane: “All the time... you put the same vibe in when you’re recording, because what we do, we do it out of love”. In an age of digital trickery and commercial pressure, it is both refreshing and genuinely compelling to hear a musician and performer express a sincere love



Soweto Gospel Choir: “good music that’s going to make you feel good and put a smile on your face”

for his art.

“People are beginning to understand us, to appreciate us,” Jiyane explains, and all things considered, this is a fairly humble admission. “Now we know people can love our music, the challenge is when we go out on stage we have to make sure we give 110%,” and it’s not hard to see why they do it: as Shimmy admits, it’s “quite a thrill”. Yet, despite global success, they don’t let it all go to their heads: “when you go back home, you just go back to your own church choir,” Shimmy explains. “Sometimes they will treat you like

a superstar. We don’t do that.”

The pride shown to them by their home country is well-deserved, as shown by ‘Nkosi’s Haven’, the choir’s own AIDS orphans foundation - Jiyane calls it “our baby” - which is still “going strong” since its establishment in 2002. Collecting donations as they tour, the Choir have raised £750,000 for the charity so far. As Shimmy talks excitedly about the project, there’s the sense that there must be something very uplifting about being able to “take something back home”: giving back to the community in a way the

government, perhaps, falls short. With a recently elected president though, South Africans “can hope things will be better”.

Of the show itself, Jiyane offers “come to enjoy yourself. Come to see beautiful colours and staging. Come to hear beautiful harmonies”. It’s an appealing invitation, and if you get the chance to take it up, they don’t disappoint. It’s not often that you come from a concert and actually feel - clichéd as it sounds - renewed. Regardless of where you’re coming from, it’s a celebration everyone’s invited to share.

Double Vision

Factum Arte’s revolutionary ‘art cloning’ is changing the shape of art history. Cleo Nisse asks whether this spells the end of the struggle for the Elgin Marbles?

On a cold night in 2006 a team of dedicated artists, photographers, conservators and engineers entered the Louvre. Their goal was to create a replica of Veronese’s *The Wedding at Cana* that would be indistinguishable from the original. But this team of ‘forgers’ acted with the co-operation of the Louvre, and instead of hiding their

work or attempting to sell it on the black market, they intended to display the finished product at the 2009 Venice Biennale. This group were part of Factum Arte, a company who use digital technology to re-create historic objects. They have the potential to solve heritage dilemmas across the art world, but their techniques are controversial.

Using a combination of cutting edge

technology, painstaking attention to detail, and traditional restorer’s skills Factum Arte have made exact facsimiles of hundreds of works. Over the last few years, they have been working with Egypt’s Ministry of Culture and Supreme Council of Antiquities to make a full scale facsimile of the tomb of Seti I in the Valley of the Kings.

The motives of the clients in each commission are different. In the case of *The Wedding at Cana*, press and public interest

centered on the return of the work to its original Venetian setting in the Palladian Refectory on the Island of San Giorgio Maggiore, its home until it was looted by Napoleon over 210 years ago. Tears were shed as Venetians, intensely proud of their cultural heritage, watched the unveiling of the masterpiece. The replica is so faithful that even the surface damage caused by Napoleon’s soldiers has been reproduced.

Factum Arte’s creations hold enormous importance for the repatriation debates faced by museums all around the world. The British Museum continues to defend its possession of the Elgin Marbles by arguing for their educational value in a World Museum. Could they continue to use this argument if they could replace contested art works with Factum-quality re-creations?

The work on Seti I’s tomb highlights other practical conservation issues. Tourists cause untold damage to the tombs in the Valley of the Kings simply with their breath and sweat, eroding a site never intended for public exposure. The tomb of Seti I is now closed to the public. This raises one of the most pressing issues in the heritage field. Do we open sites to the public, and risk their slow destruction? Or do we bar tourists and keep works in mint condition? Factum’s work offers a compromise. Their facsimiles affords the possibility of seeing the tombs without damaging the originals.

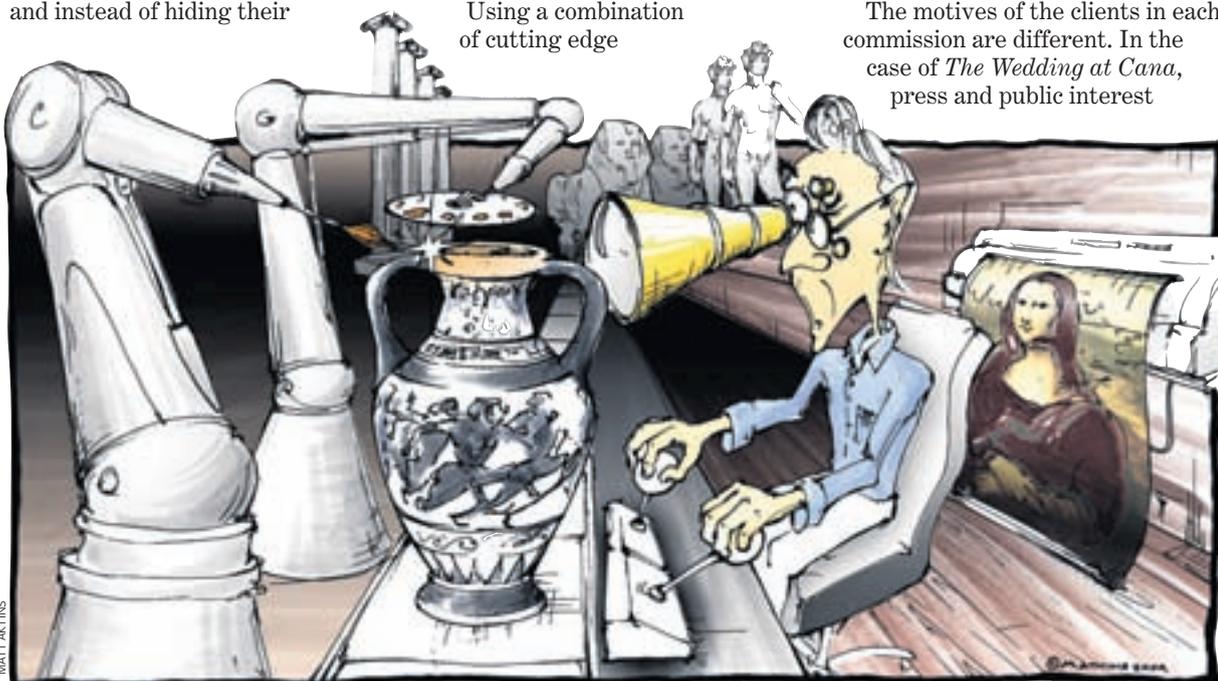
Yet such compromises raise questions about the importance of

originality, authenticity, the hand of the artist and the worth of history. What value will great works hold if exact copies are available for sale? How important is originality and why do we so prize it?

Some who witnessed the return of *The Wedding at Cana* to Venice described the ‘shifting’ of the aura of the original to the reproduction. Digital restoration even brought to light parts of the work that had been obscured by twentieth century overpaint. In the *Corriere della Sera*, critic Pierluigi Panza described it as ‘the third miracle at Cana’ - the first being the biblical event and the second Veronese’s original.

Others have seen the copy as a monster. Cesare de Michelis, Professor of Literature at the University of Padua, likened the digital reproduction to human cloning, and called the results ‘devastating’ and ‘immoral.’

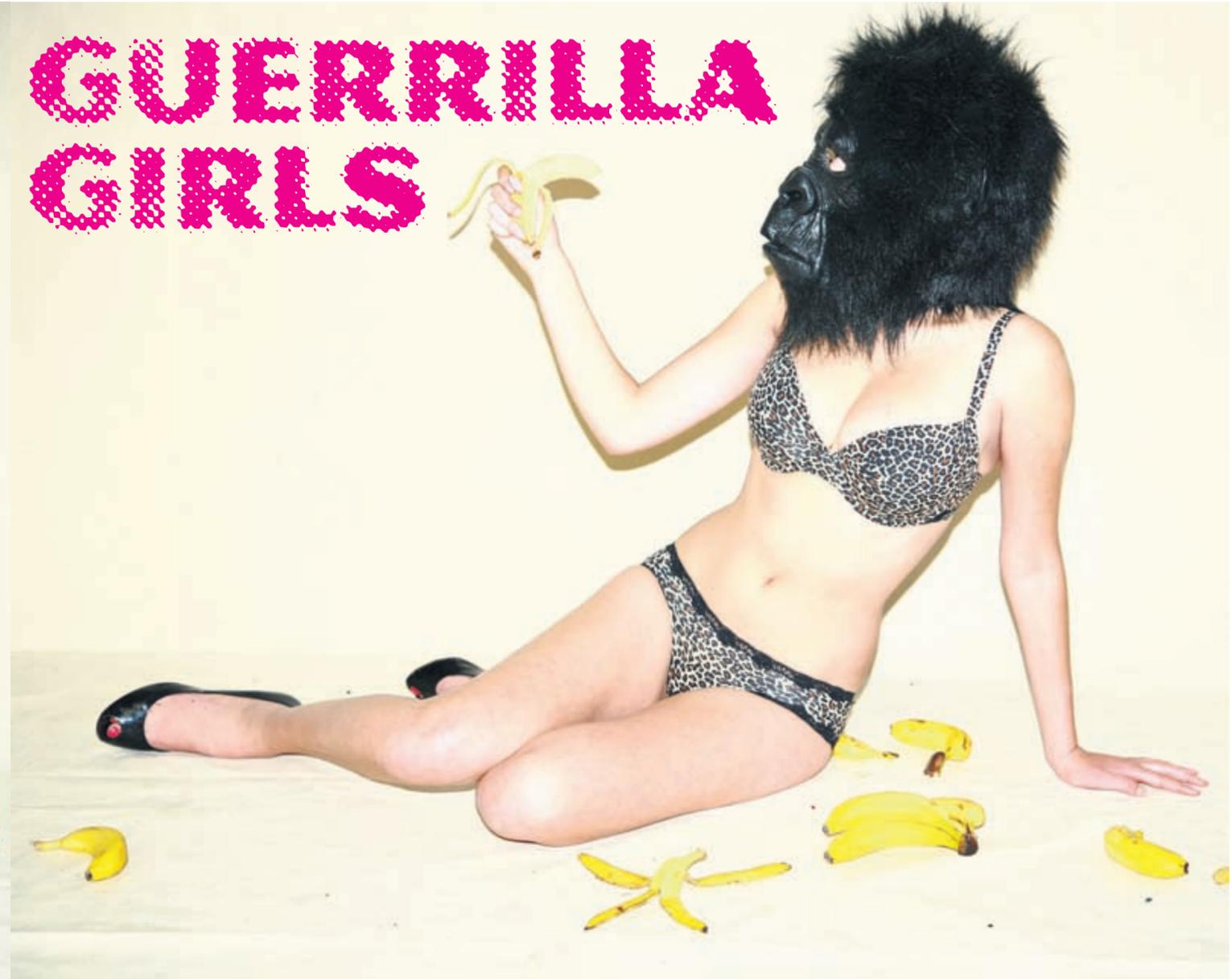
Perhaps these reproductions are best viewed in light of the important role that copying has had in the history of Western learning. Throughout the centuries artists have used prolonged and intensive study of older masterworks as a way of developing their talent. These studies have led to a more complete understanding of the processes involved in the creation of the originals, but have done nothing to lessen their value. The prolonged process Factum goes through to create facsimiles of this calibre can only deepen our knowledge of the original, and increase our admiration for any object worthy of the term masterpiece.





Bubbles wears:
Leopard Print set and
Pink and Black Lace set,
both by La Senza; Black
Shoes Marc by Marc
Jacobs

Mr Jiggs wears: Black
Corset, Knickers
and Hold-Ups; all by
Yamamay; Blue and
Green Set by OnGossa-
mer; Teal Shoes by Kurt
Geiger; Silk Kimono,
Vintage



Seven Deadly Sins of Cambridge

Week 1: Pride

As the Journey song goes, I'm a small town girl. My getting into Cambridge was the most exciting thing to happen in the family since Ma Beale guessed the piglet's name at the State Fair. It seems the experience of studying here has been similarly revelatory for many fellow students. While at home it was considered slightly outré to watch *One Tree Hill* instead of *The O.C.*, here you can go through town with six Gitanes in each hand, wrapped in second hand faux fox fur and casually riffing about Wittgenstein while cycling. In higher education your true, snorting-milk-through-the-nose dorkishness can be revealed, even celebrated.

However, the joy of re-invention can often turn a wallflower into a flouncing bore, like post-Smiths chubby Morrissey. One moment you're a burbling, self-effacing suburban naïf, with a handful of E.M. Forster quotes and a dream, the next you're a port-swilling creep with a penchant for dubstep,

casual bigotry and describing Quentin Tarantino as an 'auteur'. Such inflated self-opinion can be rather risky, and unreasonable pride often comes before being sharply reminded of one's limitations. If only there was a proverb for that.

One of the first areas to succumb to the deadly pride at university is your wardrobe. Where once a trusty pair of jeans, a few hi-larious Dr Seuss tees and a Topshop dress for 'fancy' would have sufficed, now the sartorial expectations are different and tricky. No more can you sport a t-shirt depicting Che Guevara wearing a Che Guevara t-shirt and expect the lecture hall to smile with you. But get too muddled up in intellectual chic at your peril. Style yourself as Annie Hall crossed with Agyness Deyn if you want, but you will most likely look like Tintin. To summarise: inexperience is not an excuse for a) skinny jeans in any colour other than blue, grey or black, b) cross dressing, c) dip dying your hair red, or d) cravats. When you find

yourself in the Grafton Centre wearing a sequined bodysuit with a four pronged cigarette holder, you know things have gone Too Far. Having said this, university is always a talking point for the middle years, and if you dress like Courtney Love the entire time you will at least have a few more dinner party quips to make at the expense of your youthful self.

But by far the most widespread and most lethal form of pride is the sneaking belief in every pipsqueak's life that they are important, the conviction that they can Be A Star, like that Zadie Smith or that Katie Price. Whole friend circles work on the principle that they are drawn together not by mutual fear of being alone, but by their promise and sparkle, their likelihood of doing just a bit better than the rest, that the Bloomsbury Group ain't got nothing on them. This



starry-eyed self love can be seen in our musicians, actors and even in your supervisions, when some self proclaimed genius decides the essay form is too much of a constraint on their intellect and that they can only write on Byron in *ottava rima*.

However, while it's very easy (and good clean fun) to point out the self-deception and shortcomings of local celebrities, the fact is that very few success stories get where they are without oodles of arrogance and good ol' pride. You have to have a smidge of pride just to emerge blinking from the duvet of a morning. Now the first academic week has begun, pride (and Pro Plus) are perhaps necessary evils. So bluster your way through like you know exactly what you're doing, and maybe in a few months (or decades) you will.

VICTORIA BEALE

HOT



BAT FOR LASHES

Stunning and criminally under-attended gig at the Corn Exchange. We're not ashamed to admit we cried.

FREE PIZZA

The people at the Freshers' Fair know how to get our attention.

AUTUMN Summer was a non-event anyway. Bring on the baggy jumpers and warm soups.



ROALD DAHL

Tim Minchin's doing a musical *Matilda*, George Clooney voicing *The Fantastic*

Mr Fox... time to dust off your childhood memories.

PACKED CLUBS Sweatier than Satan's armpit and probably don't smell much better either.

FRESHERS Going down in more ways than one... primarily with the flu.

SLEEP Overrated. Who needs it when you've got alcohol and an essay crisis?

RICKY GERVAIS

Still trying to break into the American market with *The Invention of Lying*. You'll always be David Brent to us.

NOT



Shadow Puppet Guide



Week 1: The Swine

My week by Wendy Smalls, Fresher*

and leered, "Don't worry, you're safe in my hands". Introducing himself as my 'college father', Samuel had an acne-covered face and a rapacious smile - a lecherous look completed by a thick clump of greasy black hair swept over his pimply forehead. "I study maths, what do you study?"

Later Samuel introduced me to Julie, my college mother. A bubbly Natsci of elephantine proportions, Julie smothered me in her enormous bosoms as Samuel looked on approvingly. Samuel asked me where I was from at dinner, and glowed with excitement as I explained that I had been home schooled by my protective parents in a remote village in West Yorkshire. "Looking to break free then?" he asked, topping up my wine glass. Later, Samuel joked that it is "only optional for college parents to tuck you in at night", and I bid a hasty escape.

Sunday

Plans of avoiding my college parents were scuppered by the news of a 'parent child formal' tonight in hall. Expecting 'formal' to be formal, I put on my best dress (usually reserved for Sunday church), a demure scent and - God rest her soul - my Grandma's pearl earrings. The billing of 'formal' must have been some sort of ironic joke. Before even my starter had arrived, a grubby coin was dropped in my wine and Samuel screamed "Down it fresher" as Julie cackled to my left. My only previous experiences of drinking wine were Holy Communion, and things quickly became very hazy. More pennies were dropped in my glass and Julie forced me to face plant a chocolate mousse.

In a hysterical state I ran out of college and rang home. I explained that not only had my father got me drunk and tried to seduce me, my mother was complicit in this.

Overhearing my cries, a local policeman ran over to talk to me. At that point I blanked out. I woke up hours later in Parkside Police Station where the Cambridge Chief Superintendent calmly informed me "we are taking this evidence of incestuous rape very seriously, social services will arrive shortly."

Monday

Having explained the college parenting system to a bemused and rather disgusted Chief Superintendent, I was allowed to leave. That afternoon I was press-ganged into attending 'freshers' punting'. I hoped to sit languidly in the punt like Virginia Woolf, as a strapping Rupert Brooke sent me gliding gently past King's. Instead I spent an hour and a half getting wet as a Natsci with the co-ordination of an arthritic drunkard spun us in circles, and two Medics talked approvingly of each other's "banter" behind me.

Thursday

In the evening I attended the hallowed debating halls of the Cambridge Union hoping to find in their soaring rhetoric and immaculate reasoning some of the majesty of the Cambridge of which I had dreamt. Instead, a cabal of snivelling dweebs marched in for an 'emergency debate', in which the only people laughing were themselves.

Friday

First supervision. I was given a reading list the size of an A-level syllabus and told to come back in a week. I guess freshers' week is over, no great loss. College father Samuel asked me if I would like to go to 'Revs' with him. I told him I'd rather read Elizabeth Gaskell and have an early night. "Not so fresh anymore fresher" he taunted. I took this slight as an enormous relief.

* As told to Albert Rope



CLAUDIA STOCKER

Saturday

Straight after bidding a tearful farewell to my distraught parents, a gangly second year swooped in

Come Together



Boys who are girls who like boys to be girls who do girls like they're boys who do boys like they're girls... Tempting college sporting heroes to bat for the other side

Fresh meat. Everybody knows that freshers' week is better as a second year. No banal conversations, no heroic gap year monologues, no waking up oblivious besides a stranger and combing their discarded clothes for a college-crafted name-sticker. Welcome to university, kids.

I stood with Charlie and watched them mill about with their name badges and their butterflies. Here's one introduction, fresher-style: Charlie, History. Likes: rugby, women, British politics of the 19th century, gin. Dislikes: morality. Picking me up for the summer break, my mother came out with a rare comment of insight. "He's terribly – predatory," she said. Charlie and I slept together only once, post-King's affair. He was dressed as a glitter fairy. It took two washes to get the damn

sparkles out of my sheets.

The downside to freshers' week as a second year: however much you pack, all the real baggage is waiting for you back at college.

Charlie had greeted me with a bottle of Hendrick's, and a large cucumber. He hadn't mentioned it and neither would I. "Ten people by the bop tonight," he said. "And at least five of yours have to be female."

Come evening, Charlie was Pied Piper of freshers, a circle of them grinding around him abysmally to Sexy Bitch. I was tired and bored and halfway back to my room before I found my first fresher of interest. Black eyes, good jeans, cigarette. 'Eve', her name badge said. "That's not my real name," she said. "And what is?"

Her room was still bare. Jeans discarded, red wine poured. Her

parents had probably given it to her for her first formal. Jesus. "You know," she said, "people have already warned me about you."

Playing oblivious would have been fun, but I had a good idea of the legions of people she was talking about. Sophie, who sacrificed her purity ring for one night of dull penetration. Robbo, 6' 5", heading for university rowing stardom, who decided I was the one with whom he would adoringly explore his homosexuality.

"Then maybe I should get back to the bop," I said. She looked bemused, standing there expectant and half-naked with her Cabernet Sauvignon. "Nice records," I said, by way of compensation.

The worst thing was that I actually remembered her name. Anna. And I hadn't even needed a sticker.

BOXED IN

The weekly guide to staying in and switching on

This summer, millions of fashion-crazed youths salivated over their next fix of high maintenance hairbands, ever-present Blackberries and drool-worthy outfits. No pressure then, *Gossip Girl* creator Mr Schwartz.

College season sees the queens of the Upper East Side dethroned and thrown into real life, or as they put it, 'social Siberia'. After two series of following the fortification of their strict social spider webbing, this reversal of fortunes seems somewhat contrived. Perhaps the producers felt it was about time that 'Lonely Boy' got a fresh start.

The opening episode stubbornly refuses to explain transitions characters have made over the series gap. Vanessa and Nate travelling together in Europe transforms into Nate descending from a helicopter with new beau, Bree Buckley, without any clarification. The deliberately wayward behaviour of Serena, who is delectably chic as ever, becomes increasingly tiresome. After all, who in their right mind would pass up a place

at an Ivy League university in favour of, well... doing nothing? Her vying for paparazzi attention, regardless of its motivation, makes her 'grow up Blair' pep talk all too pot, kettle, black.

The delicious harmony-cum-discord of the Blair and Chuck double team is more sure to sustain an intriguing plot. The less-than-convincing coincidental relationship that has blossomed rapidly between the former social outsider Vanessa and the mysterious but irritatingly vacant Scott 'Adler', (whose fixation on Dan and his family would surely spark a warning light in the heads of most sane girls) is, however, just a waste of screen time.

So, the initial episode is not a total write-off, but its failure to tie up loose ends leaves it lacking the self-assurance of the initial two. It remains to be seen how and why the verbal commentary of our anonymous 'Gossip Girl' (voiced by Kristen Bell) continues to be relevant, and how characters like Jenny and Eric will remain involved now that their older, better-looking siblings have fled the nest. However, with delights such as cameos from Tyra Banks and Hilary Duff still in the pipeline, we wait with bated breath to see if the team behind *Gossip Girl* can steer it free of a minefield of absurd ideas and help it recover its previous confidence.

TILLY WILDING-COULSON

The third series of *Gossip Girl* is on cwtv.com now.

Food and Drink

Where to go in your lunchtime break at the Sidgewick Site? Tanya Iqbal samples the options.



The concrete jungle of the Sidgewick site is an important base point for many Cambridge students. There are two key contenders in the arena of gastronomic provisions at the Sidgewick site: the Buttery, which most students will be acquainted with, and the less well-known cafeteria of the Law Faculty.

The Buttery does indeed have a variety of foods to choose from: there are refrigerated goods such as yoghurts and cold sandwiches and there is also a selection of pastries. At lunch, one can choose from an array of hot foods, including the staple jacket potato. I myself once purchased a chicken salad sandwich and a bottle of water- the two came to just under £5. Admittedly, I was shocked at how extortionate this was, but was too hungry to consider an alternative. The bread component took the form of what is more commonly known as a 'bap'. It reminded me of the kind of bread roll that one might come across on a plane journey - its texture was chewy and plasticky. The chicken felt as if it had been pumped full of water, and the dismal leaf of soggy lettuce and the singular slice of a dead tomato was a paltry excuse for that titular claim of 'salad'. My Buttery experience left me unsatisfied and craving a well-priced and decent meal.

So when a friend introduced me to the cafeteria of the Law Faculty, I felt as if a whole new world of Sidgewick Site-gastronomy had been opened up for me - reasonably-priced food and drink and for those with a sweet tooth, Willy Wonka-esque muffins and flapjacks in flavours that I didn't even know existed. Nadia's is the food supplier for the Faculty, and the sandwiches and cakes are just what one craves after a morning full of lectures. A tea and a very large baguette will only set you back a few pounds and is ideal for a working lunch. Nadia should give herself a pat on the back.

Whilst the Buttery will suffice for a quick snack or a coffee; for lunch, it is trumped by the Law Faculty, any day. The Sidgewick

Site food experience does not stop here though - (if you're not on a diet) it's worth heading to the History Faculty at some point to sample a mean cheese toastie.

Recipe: Turkey and Cranberry sandwich

If you fancy making your own lunch, the turkey and cranberry combination is one of the best marriages of ingredients and shows itself true to form between two slices of bread, making a sandwich which is both healthy and delicious. In case this treat has passed you by and you need instructions on how to make a sandwich, they're as follows:-
Ingredients:



Sainsbury's Finest turkey slices
Cranberry sauce
Rocket
Wholemeal bread
Black pepper

Method:
Spread cranberry sauce onto both slices of bread. Add a slice of turkey to one slice and cover with a generous handful of rocket. Season with black pepper. Place the other slice on top and push firmly to squash all the ingredients together. There is a certain *je ne sais quoi* afforded by this compression of ingredients, which actually, for some unbeknown reason, makes the sandwich taste better. Perfect as a packed lunch for a day at the library.



Our Tube

Search:
T-pain+obama+auto-tune



T- 'I'm On A Boat' Pain demonstrates his new iPhone app by bringing his pitch-correcting skills to El Prez's healthcare plans for Jimmy Kimmel Live.

VERSUS

Preposition.

[vur-suhs, -suhz]

1. Abbreviation v. or vs.
2. As the alternative to or in contrast with.

Confused fresher? Know-it-all local? From drum and bass to drama, ales to art galleries, Varsity presents the Knowledge on the best places to eat, shop and play – and then we pit them against each other. Find out who comes out tops in our insider's guide.

Celluloid dreams

The Arts Picturehouse vs. Cineworld

THE ARTS PICTUREHOUSE: 38-39 ST ANDREWS ST; CINEWORLD: CAMBRIDGE LEISURE PARK, CLIFTON WAY

The Arts Picturehouse is centrally located, surreptitiously nestled above Wetherspoons on St Andrew's Street. The projectors beam both mainstream movies and arthouse, foreign and independent films. The Picturehouse showcases film-festival highlights and serves as the venue for Cambridge's own each September.

Here you lounge in velveteen seats, washing white-chocolate-covered-raspberries down with elderflower pressé. Their quaintly traditional pic-n-mix (with six, carefully chosen options) is much less pricey than the vats of candied treats at Cineworld. It also boasts a bar, where a snack-style menu and delectable crêpes are on offer.

Cineworld, on the other hand, is a magnificent, nine-screen multiplex in Cambridge Leisure Park, flanked by eateries, bars and even a bowling alley. Here, from the comfort of spacious, arcade-racecar style seats, you can enjoy Hollywood hits (many in 3D) and gobble generous helpings of all the chain cinema food you know and love.

But mere pennies costlier (a student ticket at Picturehouse costs £5.70 to Cineworld's £5.30), the Picturehouse trumps on appearance, edibles and ambience. This cinema is more of a community locale than its generic rivals, with an events programme as diverse as the movies on show. Expect to find fundraising weekends timetabled alongside film quiz nights, for true silver-screen aficionados.

It's even on Twitter. It is this blend of the antiquated and the cutting-edge, the vintage charm and the contemporary cool that scores it a definitive victory. JASMIN SANDELSON

Winner: The Arts Picturehouse

Grab your records and go

Fopp vs. HMV

FOPP: 37 SIDNEY ST; HMV: 12-15 LION YARD

A gift voucher is often a fine indicator of the quality of a shop. Any dogs sullenly listening to gramophones are instantly trumped by three words emblazoned on Fopp's card. 'Get to Fopp' is not just a cheap pun on the f-word. It's one of the best pieces of advice man can be given upon arrival in Cambridge.

Before the credit crunch happened, it was on course to



Put on your dancing shoes

Cindies vs. Kamar

CINDIES: LION HOUSE, LION YARD; KAMBAR: 1 WHEELER ST

Cindies, or 'Ballare' as it is otherwise known, is a Cambridge institution. Every year freshers are herded into its disco-lit arena for a reliable dose of cheesy tunes. Even the floor (that you find yourself increasingly sticking to as the night progresses and drinks are overflowing) smells powerfully of cheese. There are regular foam or Jacuzzi-themed nights, where attendees have the opportunity to obtain a free bikini, saving you from blowing out your student loan on a similar creation from Topshop. Perhaps it is on this premise that Cindies has attracted so many famous names, including, but not limited to, Boyd from *Neighbours!*

If you are looking for somewhere you will be less likely to be accosted by a fifteen-year-old chav in Nike sports-gear; if it's gotten to the stage where one more hearing of 'Summer of 69' will just push you over the edge, Kamar is the venue for you. With picturesque thatching, and characterful wax stains on all the tables, Kamar feels like a slice of true Cambridge history. In fact, Kamar is housed in a Grade I listed building, built in the 17th century, and over the centuries has been home to a restaurant, a butcher's, and a tea shop. The rafters above the dancefloor were actually transported up the Cam, having been salvaged from wrecked sailing ships. The music is largely drum and bass, techno and indie (just be sure to steer clear of death metal night), and is therefore infinitely superior and cool. Cindies may be the go-to club for most Cambridge students, most of whom enjoy a love-hate relationship with the place. Kamar may not be as big or as bright as its rival, but for authenticity and, quite frankly, cool, the Kamar takes some beating. JESSICA KING

Winner: Kamar

becoming one of the biggest record chains in the country. Then administration struck and it seemed the beloved chain was going to be closed forever. HMV rescued eight branches, including Cambridge. And despite being run by the same company, the differences between the two entertainment giants are striking.

While HMV offers a nifty 10% discount, the prices in Fopp are even more student friendly. A straightforward pricing system of no 99ps makes for a remarkably pleasant shopping experience. Even over the din of Big Issue Man, it is impossible to resist the enticing lure of the music blaring out of the door on the way to Sainsbury's.

Unlike the increasingly decrepit HMV, Fopp gets away with selling CDs, DVDs and books for £3 without looking like a closing down sale. Their pioneering and brilliantly named 'Suck it and see' scheme allows customers to take a gamble on the unfamiliar, with the reassuring option of a refund if it fails to impress. This is a very distant possibility, though, as Fopp fare is guaranteed quality, and the shop assistants are always ready to help. From their eclectic book collection (often half the price of Heffers) to the underground vinyl rack, there is no better way to drain your student account. PAUL SMITH

Winner: Fopp

kettles
Castle
St



Made for the stage

ADC vs. Corpus Playroom

ADC THEATRE: PARK ST; CORPUS PLAYROOM: 6 ST EDWARDS PASSAGE

You can't deny that the ADC has much more going for it. For a start, you get a whole seat to yourself. Every seat in the house has a good view, and you don't have to worry about being squeezed into a corner if the play is oversubscribed (though the small Playroom lends itself well to intense, experimental drama). The ADC also has a well-stocked bar that turns into a lively after-hours hangout for the acting crowd and other trendy types. You can easily book ADC tickets in advance by using the theatre's website (rather than ordering tickets for the Playroom by phone or in person during office hours). And let's face it, the ADC simply offers actors and directors much more scope for originality; its stage is infinitely more adaptable than the Playroom's, which usually forces its performers to enter and exit through a single door and doesn't really provide the space for musical production numbers. While brilliant shows like last year's *Waiting for Godot* regularly feature at Corpus, we still can't get over the basic discomfort of its stuffy, windowless and stale interior. EMMA MUSTICH

Winner: ADC

Dedicated followers of fashion Topshop vs. Burleigh Street charity shops

TOPSHOP: GRAND ARCADE SHOPPING CENTRE; BURLEIGH ST: BY GRAFTON CENTRE



“So, where did you get that dress/jumper/ small gold-sequined clutch bag that everybody else has got?” Cambridge is not a big place. In fact, as you will quickly learn, it is a tiny place, and that goes for the extremely limited range of interesting clothes shops around too.

Now, don't get me wrong, Topshop is massive. Three floors of tempting clothes, all on those nice bendy plastic models, and situated in an undercover shopping centre. Once you've experienced a Cambridge winter, you will treasure anywhere

that the bitter Siberian winds cannot penetrate.

However, if you're looking for something other than that jumper with a panda on which every single other girl or boy in your lecture also owns, then look no further than Cambridge's startling selection of charity shops.

Pop down Burleigh Street for everything from the sublime (Oxfam, featuring eggshell blue typewriters and fair-trade mangoes) to the ridiculous. Port glasses for ten pence? Posters of Rush? DVDs of *Gardeners' World*? Seriously, how did you cope before? Try Barnado's vintage section for kooky clothing; Cancer Research for shoes; British Heart Foundation for lamps, mugs and weird DVDs, and the newly revamped RSPCA shop for a truly classy charity shopping experience.

You cannot get by for more than a week in Cambridge without someone asking you to dress up as something. So as well as cool one-off pieces, Burleigh Street is also filled with potential costume materials. Whether you're going as a flamingo, Batman, or a sexy cubist re-imagining of the Eiffel Tower, you will find what you need in an unassuming little charity shop – and you can have the satisfaction of giving to a good cause as you buy. ALICE TARBUCK

Winner: Burleigh Street

Drink up, look sharp

Eagle vs. St Radegund

THE EAGLE: 8 BENET ST; ST RADEGUND: 129 KING ST

The Eagle is the most famous pub in Cambridge, having been the place where Watson and Crick first announced their discovery of how DNA carries information. Accordingly, that little blue commemorative plaque you see on the outside of the pub is singlehandedly responsible for some of the most inflated prices in Cambridge. Sure, the décor is lovely, with its charming wood-panelled walls and cosy passages, but that quickly loses its charm when you're squashed up against the bar, battling with unimaginative freshers who couldn't be bothered with another pub, Italian tourists, and exchange students who don't know any better.

Instead, consider the St Radegund, affectionately known as the 'Rad'. The smallest pub in Cambridge serves a discerning range of drinks, including four traditional ales (including Sackcloth Bitter, which is exclusively brewed for the Rad by the Milton Brewery) and ten Scottish Malts. The pub décor is like The Eagle minus the tourists: old-world charm and eccentric college portraits. The well-travelled landlord, Terry, will happily regale you with a story or two. They don't serve food, and crisps are a little expensive, that aside the 'Rad' is the perfect pub. ZING TSJENG

Winner: St Radegund

Culture chameleon

The Fitzwilliam Museum vs. Kettle's Yard

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: 1 TRUMPINGTON ST; KETTLE'S YARD: CASTLE ST

The Fitzwilliam (right) and Kettle's Yard are the two main art museums, and both are pretty much equidistant from the centre of town. The Fitzwilliam specializes in both fine and applied arts, usually pre-twentieth century, and probably more appropriate to your typical art historian than Kettle's Yard, though to its credit far less euro-centric than most galleries. Kettle's Yard goes for the modern approach, housing a fixed collection of early to mid twentieth century pieces, and a separate gallery with more cutting edge contemporary exhibitions. The Fitzwilliam looks like most other grand museums you've been to – gilt frames, dark walls, and the usual motley collection of Degas, Renoir and Seurat. There's a sense of a museum



No instant coffee, baby Starbucks vs. Indigo

Starbucks: 12-13 Market St; Indigo: 8 St Edwards Passage

There are probably five branches of Starbucks in the centre of Cambridge, and there will probably be at least seven by next issue of *Varsity*. There are also, should you wish to frequent them, at least four Café Neros and three Costas.

So, horrendously expensive coffee in a pretty soulless environment, all but a two second walk from any point in the centre of town. If you do decide to discern, and actually buy coffee from a place with an inch of character, where can you go?

The answer is a twenty-two seater slice of coffee heaven hidden just off King's Parade. Indigo is a cosy independent café that is higgledy-piggledy in a 'someone's living room' sort of way. It does the best cream cheese and bacon toasties, and is the perfect place to laze away a Sunday morning. It is also a perfect haunt to take your accidental one-night-stand to: the quiriness and lovely mugs of coffee are enough to dispel even the most persistently awkward atmosphere.

So shred your Starbucks loyalty card, grab a newspaper and spend an afternoon having coffee somewhere with some personality. ALICE TARBUCK

Winner: Indigo

Food, glorious food

Sainsbury's vs. Mill Road food shops

SAINSBURY'S: 42-44 SIDNEY ST; MILL ROAD: OFF PARKER'S PIECE, NEXT TO KELSEY KERRIDGE

The gyp room's empty and hall food is as boring as ever. You need food, real food: fresh fruit and veg, a big plate of noodles and a cup of coffee that doesn't taste like something died in it. Your first port of call? Surprisingly, it isn't Sainsbury's. It's Mill Road. Set on the edge of the Cambridge bubble, Mill Road offers produce from all over the world at prices guaranteed to please the thriftiest among us. Within half a kilometre you'll find everything from Indian supermarkets to whole-food cooperatives.

Wander far enough and you'll even discover fresh sushi at the Asian food supermarket. Sainsbury's does of course have its advantages: it's simple, it's central and you always know what's on the shelves. In other words, it's the perfect one-stop-shop between lectures and in the midst of your worst essay crisis. But spend too much time in the Sidney Street behemoth and you'll miss out on a world of hidden flavours and surprising finds. Yes, a trip to Mill Road will take up more time, but that's part of the fun. Spend half an hour delving in and out of the stores and it'll be hard not to emerge bursting with culinary inspiration. So for wholesome food at rock-bottom prices, head to Mill Road. You'll be glad you did. LOUISA LOVELUCK

Winner: Mill Road

filled with the also-rans, the second-tier produce of the great artists left over once the Uffizi the Accademia, and the National Gallery had hoovered up the best bits.

On the other hand, the gallery at Kettle's Yard is light and modern and changes exhibitions every few months.

Collections don't shy away from challenging the viewers with both subject and medium. The main house is exactly that: a house. You can sit on the beds, lounge on the sofa, even ponder on the toilet seat (yes, there are paintings in the bathroom). Fact is, you just don't feel guilty taking your time in Kettle's Yard. There are also a few heavy bookcases upstairs to browse through – useful, since it often seems to have all the contemporary art books that college libraries lack. CLAUDIA STOCKER & LAURA FREEMAN

Winner: Kettle's Yard

Science fiction double feature

Bestselling author **Eoin Colfer** has been appointed as the author to continue cult series *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. He speaks to **Zing Tsjeng** about rabid fans, rising expectations, and British humour.

Science fiction has always had a bad reputation. Even when obviously appropriate, publishers and film studios avoid the phrase, as do authors and film directors. Jeanette Winterson, whose books very clearly qualify as literature inspired by technology and science, has renounced the term, declaring that she "hates" science fiction. There has been a long-held stereotype of the person who loves a bit of sci-fi, and it usually involves words like "greasy", "long-haired" and "doesn't get out much".

Eoin Colfer is far from greasy or long-haired, although the best-selling Irish writer arguably doesn't get out much – he's too busy writing and being worried. At least, that's the nervous impression he gives from talking about the London launch of his new book, *And Another Thing...*, part six of Douglas Adams' classic *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* series. "I thought it was kind of ridiculous," he says, on being offered the job of writing the next installment. He admits to thinking "oh my god, what have I done?" after he wrote it, and is now gearing up for a massive book tour.

The Hitchhiker's Guide is something of a strange beast. It follows the galactic misadventures of an unassuming Englishman, Arthur Dent, who hitchhikes his way off the planet before its destruction by an alien demolition crew. Over the decades, what was originally a radio comedy on BBC Radio 4 in 1978 has ballooned into a book series, a TV show, a computer game, and even a set of commemorative towels. Its last large-scale incarnation was a feature film (bottom) starring Martin Freeman (of *The Office* fame) that took pride of place in the US box office top ten for the first month of its release. In short, geek business is big business. It's no surprise that Colfer is nervous: if you mess with a franchise as beloved as *The Hitchhiker's Guide*, you mess with its fans. Colfer's young adult fantasy/sci-fi series *Artemis Fowl*, which has been described as the "anti-*Harry Potter*", has its own set of

admirers, though fan reaction thus far has been mixed, with internet spats on various fansites between the *Artemis Fowl* and *The Hitchhiker's Guide* aficionados.

Colfer recalls the day the book deal was announced: "My own website went insane. We would normally get a couple hundred messages a day and it went up to a couple of thousand. A lot of it was 'who the hell are you, what the hell are you doing?'" But Colfer has the blessing of the Douglas estate and Adams' widow Jane Belson, who gave Colfer the task of reintroducing Adams to a younger generation, without stepping on the toes of older fans. Colfer's previous work has been compared to Adams' before: they share the same irreverence

But there's more to sci-fi than just mindless escapism. British sci-fi in general has an entirely different character to American sci-fi's po-faced seriousness. While the US specialises in mythic blockbusters (*Star Wars*), edgy space drama (*Battlestar Galactica*) or tense horror/sci-fi hybrids (*The X-Files*), British sci-fi tends to have a certain ramshackle, tongue-in-cheek appeal: think of the raggedy charm of *Doctor Who*. *The Hitchhiker's Guide* easily slots into the grand tradition of Brits making fun of American sensibilities. Colfer notes, "there's always a couple of English guys poking fun at [an area of the arts]. It's a form of rebellion. And it's very effective: to ridicule something is very

reaction to earlier versions of the book has been positive thus far, with Dirk Maggs, the producer of the original radio show, e-mailing Colfer to rave about the new book. But Colfer has accepted that "there are people who will not like the idea of this book and they will pore over it with a microscope of hate...". He's joked before about possibly being assassinated by rabid fans, although it was generally acknowledged that Adams' last book, *Mostly Harmless*, ended on an

unexpectedly bleak note, with the death of most of its main characters. In which case, *And Another Thing...* should more than rectify that.

But right now, Colfer is back on what he calls his "worry schedule". Sunday is the launch of the new book and the anniversary of the publication of *The Hitchhiker's Guide*, and his well-meaning agents have put together a convention called Hitchcon to celebrate. There will be, in all probability, lots of people in bathrobes and towels, and quite a few of them with paper heads made out of papier mâché. "I don't want to be the one making a balls-up," Colfer confesses. He shouldn't be worried – if there's one thing *The Hitchhiker's Guide* has taught its fans, it's that a thumb pointed in the right direction can let you hitchhike your way out of any sticky situation.

Eoin Colfer is speaking at the Union at 1pm on October 14th

"There are people who will not like the idea of this book and they will pore over it with a microscope of hate"

and cheeky disregard for fitting into a strict genre. It's worked so far: *The Hitchhiker's Guide* is back in the spotlight, with its audio books back in the charts and the re-launch of several earlier books.

Sci-fi is having a bit of a renaissance at the moment, with TV shows like summer mini-series *Torchwood: Children of Earth* racking in over 5 million viewers and recent movies like *Moon*, *Terminator Salvation* and *Star Trek* turning sci-fi into a genre that attracts more than just die-hard fans. It doesn't look ready to let up either, with James Cameron's futuristic 3-D epic *Avatar* hitting screens in December. "I've lucked into this sci-fi explosion," Colfer acknowledges. And sci-fi is only going to get even bigger. "You can put on screen now what's in people's heads... in times of global depression, sci-fi and fantasy have an upswing. People want to leave the planet they're on and go somewhere else for a while."

damning." *The Hitchhiker's Guide* points its guns squarely at any kind of authority: the books are full of humourless alien bureaucrats, and one of its central characters, Zaphod Beeblebrox, is a flashy, fame-obsessed two-headed charlatan who becomes President of the Galaxy.

"[*The Hitchhiker's Guide* mania] is very much an English thing, there's a special intensity in the UK that isn't matched anywhere else," Colfer notes. "It's all 'Douglas Adams is a genius, he's possibly God. I've got four websites. I've bought every book.'"

Critical



Simon Amstell

WEDNESDAY 14TH OCTOBER, CORN EXCHANGE, 20.00. (£18-20 ADV.)

Pick of the week Events

The funny man who made Preston sulk, asked Britney what her favourite condiment was and staged an 'intervention' for Amy Winehouse comes to the Corn Exchange for an evening of curly-haired shenanigans and sarcasm.



The Varsity Week



Dizzee Rascal

FRIDAY 9TH OCTOBER, CORN EXCHANGE, 19.30 (SOLD OUT)

He's jus' a rascal, he's jus' a rascal, he's jus' a rascal, Dizzee Rascal. And he's at the Corn Exchange. Braaap.

Pick of the week Music

Film

Katalin Varga

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 13:00 17:00 21:00. Romanian cinema has never looked so cool (or incomprehensible).

The Army of Crime

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, FRI/SUN/MON/THU 12:30 20:30, SAT 14:45 22:00, TUE 15:30, WED 20:30.

At last! An opportunity to see a film about the French Resistance.

The Soloist

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, FRI-TUE 13:15 18:15, WED 18:15, THU 14:30 18:40.

Robert Downey Jr forgets to tell Jamie Foxx that going full retard doesn't get you an Oscar.

Fish Tank

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, FRI-WED 15:45 20:45 (NOT SUN), SUN 12:00 21:00.

Oliver Winner of the Jury Prize at Cannes, *Fish Tank* (pictured) reminds us that British cinema is at its best when it puts television on the big screen.



Le Donk

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, DAILY 15:00 19:00, SAT 23:00.

A serious mockumentary from Shane Meadows which invites the question, 'Why are so many British film makers still so obsessed with the working classes?'

Creation

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, FRI/SUN/MON/WED/THU 15:30 18:00, SAT 12:00, TUE 18:30.

Part of the continuing love fest with Charles Darwin in his bicentenary year. Still, it's always nice to see Paul Bettany do his 'I'm acting' bit.

The Invention of Lying

THE VUE, SAT/SUN ONLY 11:00, DAILY 13:10 15:20 17:30.

Ricky Gervais should never try and be likeable. It just ruins the comedy.

Sunday 11th October Public Enemies

FISHER BUILDING, ST JOHN'S, 19:00 22:00.

Johnny Depp drops the lovable pirate schtick and turns Public Enemy Number 1 for St John's Film Society's first film of the term.

Music & Nightlife

Sunday 11th October Dave Pearce @ Ignition

REVS, 21:00-02:00, (£6)

Dave 'Roll another fat one' Pearce, that bloke you used to listen to on Radio One, is back in Cambridge. Oi oi, etc.

Sunday 11th October Oasis @ Fez

FEZ, 22:00-03:00, (£3-4)

Oasis may have split up, but the clubnight of the same evening remains. Hollywood theme.

Tuesday 13th October The Proclaimers

CORN EXCHANGE, 19:30, (£22.50 ADV.)

Everyone's favourite singing twins. They will play that song that you know. Possibly others.

Wednesday 14th October National Rail Disco

KAMBAR, 21:00-03:00, (£4)

They've hired a pirate sound system. Looks like an epic night.

Thursday 15th October Ladysmith Black Mambazo

CORN EXCHANGE 19:30, (£22.50 ADV.)

Hosting an international event? Want to add some cheery ethnicity? These are the men for you. Ladysmith Black Mambazo (pictured) have performed for the Queen, the Pope, Nelson Mandela etc. and now, you.



Thursday 15th October Sportsday Megaphone

KAMBAR 21:00-03:00, (£4.00 ADV.)

A new band with a shit name play Kambar's live music night.

Theatre

Two Gentlemen of Verona

ADC THEATRE, FRI AND SAT 19:45, SAT 14:30. (£6-10).

Shakespeare's heart-warming and hilarious story about the universal experience of being young, confused and in love.

Cambridge Footlights in 'Wishful Thinking'

ADC THEATRE, FRI AND SAT, 23:00. (£4-6).

Back from another great year at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, enjoy the world famous Cambridge Footlights live onstage as they return home from their annual comic odyssey around Britain.

Naked Stage

ADC THEATRE, SUN-SUN 19:00. (£4-5).

Cambridge Scriptwriting Forum WRiTEON presents its largest annual series of staged readings of new plays up to one hour in length.

Electra

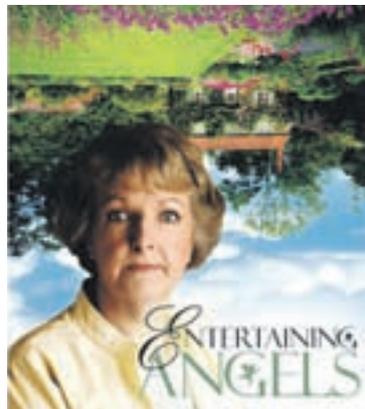
ADC THEATRE, MON-SAT 19:45. (£6-9).

A story of love and loss, deception and revelation, sacrifice and assassination. Standard ADC fodder, then.

Entertaining Angels

ARTS THEATRE, MON-SAT 19:45 THURS AND SAT, 14:30. (£10-30).

Richard Evans bittersweet comedy starring Penelope Keith.



Cambridge Footlights Smoker

ADC THEATRE, TUESDAY 23:00. (£5-6).

Cambridge Footlights will make you LOL. See some at Wolfson on Monday too.

Struts & Frets

ADC THEATRE, WEDS-SAT 23:00. (£4-6).

CU Amateur Dramatic Club presents the story of a failing actor, lover and liver.

Arts

Ongoing Exhibitions Fitzwilliam Museum (Free)

Lumière - Lithographs by Odilon Redon (until January 10th)
Special Display: Matthew Boulton and the Industrial Revolution (until March 21st)
Sculpture promenade (until January 31st)
Endless forms: Charles Darwin, Natural Science and the Visual Arts (until October 4th)

Peoples Portraits

GIRTON COLLEGE, UNTIL DECEMBER 1ST, (FREE)

Millennial Royal Society of Portrait Painters' collection on long-term loan to Girton, depicting ordinary people from all walks of life.

3 Folios

CLARE HALL, UNTIL NOVEMBER 15TH, (FREE)

A collection of Julia Hedgecoe's photographs.

A Voyage Round The World

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, UNTIL DECEMBER 23RD, (FREE)

Manuscripts and natural history documents from the UL's huge Darwin archive.

Friday 9th October Aranjuez Mon Amour

THE CONSERVATORY, 7 GRANGE ROAD, 19.00 (£20)

"The life and music of Joaquín Rodrigo in his own words." Seventy years after the composition of Joaquín Rodrigo's Aranjuez Guitar Concerto, his daughter Cecilia Rodrigo reads her father's moving account of his life's struggle, and guitarist Carlos Bonell plays the music.

Sunday 11th October Tess Recordon: Temples and Gardens: Mountains and Water

TRINITY HALL, SUN 11TH OCTOBER, 14:00-17:00

Landscape paintings inspired by Chinese and Japanese art.

Thursday 15th October CUMC String Ensemble perform the Bach Double

WEST ROAD CONCERT HALL, 20:00, (£7/£5/£3)

Mozart, Sibelius, Handel, Bach and Dvorak feature on this 3 hour string spectacular.

Talks & Events

Friday 9th October Freshers' Ball

THE UNION, 20.00-00.00, (MEMBERS ONLY)

Like May Week in October. Music, magic and exotic amusements, complete with a host of culinary delicacies and drinks.

Friday 9th October Trevor Joyce Poetry Reading

JUDITH E WILSON DRAMA STUDIO, 19.30, (FREE)

Acclaimed Irish poet gives a reading and performance of his work, followed by a performance by poets Susan Howe and David Grubbs.

Monday 12th October Christophe Soligo - Early Anthropoid Evolution

LCHES SEMINAR ROOM, (FREE FOR MEMBERS/£1)

UCL Professor Christophe Soligo gives a talk on early hominid evolution.

Monday 12th October Stop AIDS Speaker Tour 2009

GLOVER ROOM, GILLESPIE CENTRE, CLARE COLLEGE, 19.00-21.00, (FREE)

Listen, and be inspired by stories of three young peoples' roles in the fight against HIV/AIDS.

Wednesday 14th October Professor J. Gomes

EMMANUEL COLLEGE, 17.30, (FREE)

As part of the 800 celebrations, Harvard Professor J. Gomes, author of numerous books and articles, including the best-selling *The Good Book: Reading the Bible with Mind and Heart*, will give a special talk.

Thursday 15th October The Land of Yes and The Land of No

THE JUNCTION 2, 20.00, (£6-12)

A dynamic and emotional response to the signs we encounter every day in the natural world by emulating living systems from Bonachela Dance Company.

Thursday 15th October Joan Retallack: "Poetics of Paradox and Vice Versa"

LITTLE HALL, SIDGEWICK SITE, 17:00, (FREE)

One of the leading figures in contemporary poetry and poetics in North America gives the Judith E Wilson Poetry Lecture.

MUSIC

PAUL SMITH



Double Mercury Nominated Natasha Khan. Howling at a full moon on a Sunday night at the Corn Exchange.

Bat For Lashes

CORN EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 4TH

★★★★★

How appropriate that Bat For Lashes played in Cambridge on the night of a full moon. With all the magic that frontwoman Natasha Khan has wrapped around herself since Bat For Lashes debuted with *Fur and Gold* (2006), and her most recent album *Two Suns* (2009) telling a mythical tale about a supernatural heroine named Pearl, there could not have been a more auspicious occasion for a truly enchanting performance.

Support act Yeasayer cast the first spells of the night with a set of largely new material. Their tribal, rhythmically intelligent beats soon gave way to applause. After the blackout Khan made the entrance of a jazz chanteuse, out into silence to sit down at the piano. Wearing a kind of blue Alice in Wonderland dress, with black gossamer gloves, a flick of white feathers in her hair,

and eyes all glittered up, she was arresting. If Khan was dressed like Carroll's heroine, however, it was soon clear that she was Alice's dark doppelganger. For the songs that followed her appearance on stage revelled in all the shadowy mysticism that terrified poor Alice. The harpsichord and martial drums of 'Horse And I' started up immediately, and off the crystal ship of Bat For Lashes sailed. I do mean crystal. Khan's voice has a clear purity and shimmering power that remained striking throughout the performance.

'Sleep Alone' off *Two Suns* followed, then out came wolf howls and sleigh bells for a playful intro to 'The Wizard'; Khan saying to the audience with a small grin, "You can howl along with me if you want." A chorus of yelps answered her invitation. The first big moment of the show came with the spectral chaunt of 'Glass', which saw Khan getting into the drama of the song and showing just how much she loves performing her music.

Things got daney with sinister

snake-charmer 'What's A Girl To Do?', which led well into hit single 'Daniel'. The emotional highpoint of the set came with Khan's 'Siren Song', a chilling love cry made for some serious shivers.

For the encore, a TV was rolled on stage so Khan could sing the mournful cabaret-style duet 'The Big Sleep' with a grainy, flickering video double of herself. A jubilantly bouncy rendition of 'Priscilla' closed out the three song encore nicely, with Khan plucking the last few chords of the song on the autoharp out into a lonely silence again, in a stylish finish to a winning set.

In the 'sounds like' section of the Bat For Lashes Myspace page they describe themselves as sounding like "Halloween when you're small". There can be no better description of their live show. Being in the audience, having the eyes of a child again, feeling all the real anticipation, fancy and haunting wonder of a more magical world once more was entirely delicious. PETER MORELLI

Joan Baez

CORN EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 2ND

★★★★★

It is easy to forget that for her contemporaries it was Baez who epitomised the 1960s folk boom. Despite having marched with Martin Luther King and being in possession of a fine back catalogue, the New Yorker is forever doomed to be defined by a romance almost half a century ago with a young Bob Dylan. Tonight Joan Baez has his ghost forced upon her once again.

After a rendition of 'Forever Young', one man's shouted allusion to "the bloke who wrote that" is met with an awkward and muttered reply. Baez, it seems, has been long overshadowed by her counterpart whose new albums can still reach the number one slot despite their bluesy monotony.

This was not a nostalgia show. The evening showcased material from her new album, *Day After Tomorrow*, but as expected, the high points were the traditional ballads from which made her name. Delivered with sombre pacing befitting a woman of 68, 'Long Black Veil' and 'Flora' served as reminders of the potent universality of the narrative folk song.

Of course the night wasn't without its failures; the band of faceless virtuosos replete with banjo and double-bass gave the once heart-breaking 'Silver Dagger' an all too jaunty touch of Americana, while some of the newer tracks were decidedly saccharine. However, where she lacked in youthful energy, she made up for with a gentle and dignified sincerity long lost to our era of irony and self-satisfied cynicism. THOMAS KEANE

New Releases

Jack DeJohette

MUSIC WE ARE

★★★★★



Chicago drummer Jack DeJohette established his name playing with Miles Davis during his 'electric period', appearing on 1970's seminal *Bitches Brew*. Widely acknowledged as one of the finest drummers in jazz, DeJohette has backed many influential names.

Here, for the first time, he is flanked by towering names in contemporary jazz, bassist John Patitucci and pianist Danilo Perez, along with members of Wayne Shorter's much-lauded current quartet.

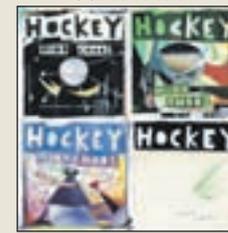
The record is genuinely experimental, jumping from the classy opener 'Tango African' featuring an overdubbed DeJohette on melodica, to abstract classical and from post-bop to free improvisation. Though perhaps conceptually incoherent, the trio's post-modern genre-bending is best understood not in terms of its component styles, but rather as the successful summation of individually outstanding musical talents. *Music We Are* is a gem of forward-thinking music.

JONATHAN LIFSCHUTZ

Hockey

MIND CHAOS

★★★★★



Mind Chaos is a confused demonstration of Hockey's entire musical experience. As a result, the album is an uneasy mixture of neurotic electro, Killers-lite Americana and high camp. The songs intermittently contain white boy rapping, harmonicas and twiddle guitar solos but lack any coherent musical or lyrical expression.

Their inability to decide whether they want to be cool or silly is exemplified by the song 'Too Fake' which they begin like The Rapture but end like Mika. *Mind Chaos* is most successful when it embraces the ridiculous. 'Learning to Lose' could be from the film *Grease* and 'Wanna Be Black' almost contains the touch of self awareness and humour that they need to write an interesting song.

Their songs are thick with self-conscious lyrics. "You just dress right for your decade", an example of an awkward songwriter with nothing to say. EDWARD HENDERSON

Zero 7

YEAH GHOST

★★★★★



On their fourth album *Yeah Ghost*, Zero 7 cover a huge variety of styles, each being granted a brief and heady outing across eleven tracks. None of these, however, are given the time and attention they deserve or need to develop.

Album highlights are those tracks fronted and arranged by Eska such as the gutsy and urban 'Mr Mcgee' making for a strong opening. 'Swing' presents a completely different mood but is of equal quality, playing out the kind of naive folk-pop that made the *Juno* soundtrack a success.

The vocals of creator Harry Binns, however, unable to resist the lime-light, lack the necessary charisma to carry the record, while the ambient lift music of 'Solastagia' is reminiscent of being put on hold by a telephone operator.

The album's eclectic genre-hopping is much too jarring, resulting in *Yeah Ghost* sounding more like a compilation than a coherent record. THOMAS KEANE

Massive Attack

SPLITTING THE ATOM EP

★★★★★



Given their status as trip-hop innovators and the outside talent they marshalled to help them make this record, it's disappointing to see Massive Attack's *Splitting The Atom* work so hard and achieve so little.

An overthought musical effort, the album has trouble unleashing itself enough to achieve the dark energy of older Massive Attack. A too careful control keeps the music from being tough enough to support the weight of guest vocalists like Tunde Adebimpe of TV On The Radio and reggae great Horace Andy. The EP is no longer really a place for B-side quality cuts and quirks; instead it has become a type of machine gun art form, a rapid-fire barrage of the best sounds a band can muster. Yet there is none of that urgency here.

The record seems content to meander along and indulge some cloudy moods. *Splitting The Atom* just doesn't have the raw vitality an EP needs today. PETER MORELLI

PAUL SMITH



"Dignified sincerity" of 1960s folkster who marched with Martin Luther King

FILM AND ARTS

The Invention of Lying

ARTS PICTUREHOUSE, SEPTEMBER
17TH-27TH
★★★★★

The best comic screenplays rhyme; this one simply repeats. There's this world, right, where nobody can lie. And then one guy can. And he lies, and

it's hilarious, because nobody else can lie. And this one guy can. And it's hilarious. And then he lies more. And it's hilarious. Do you get it? YES. WE GET IT.

Of course, the film's premise is brilliant. It's just not the premise for a brilliant film. As a recurring sketch *The Invention of Lying* could run forever. Proof is

comparison between the trailer - one of the year's best - and the film, surely one of the year's most disappointing. A script that's overlong and underwritten asks too much until the 100 minute running time feels twice that.

In a short, sketch format you avoid the need to create a convincing counterfactual environment. Over feature length a slapdash approach that twists anything for a joke makes for an unsatisfying experience.

More egregiously the love interest (Jennifer Garner) wouldn't have to prioritise looks (Rob Lowe) over everything else (Ricky Gervais.) Sure, she cannot candy-coat her appraisal of Gervais' features (and she doesn't, ad infinitum) but she can choose him. That she doesn't, for 99 minutes, despite their chemistry (strongly implied, scarcely exhibited) renders her thoroughly loathsome.

Strangely for a comedy, it is decided that a world without lies is a world without humour, or, indeed, recognizable human interaction. All the characters are divided into winners and losers. Both are entirely dislikeable. Winners, yet to discover false modesty, swank odiously and losers, unable to put on a brave face, wallow in self-pity. Nobody holds a conversation unless to convey status positions in this hilarious fashion. Nobody tells a joke. Nobody lives. And thus, nobody cares.

Even with a major comic star, a fecund premise and a seasoned supporting cast this generated not one eruption of laughter in a packed multiplex. Rarely has a picture been so much less than the sum of its parts. Perhaps the explanation is that any producer with eyes on dollar signs prefers a good trailer to a good film. This had a good trailer. It had a good joke. We got it. Get this: the joke doesn't bear repeating. JAMES GARNER



>> Is a world without lies a world without humour? What's that? Speak up Gervais.

'Inside me' - Helen Almeida

KETTLE'S YARD UNTIL NOVEMBER 15TH
★★★★★



a photographic series, Almeida is pictured dressed entirely in black, crouched on the floor, in each frame moving her body into different shapes. The corporeal recession created by the choreography of her figure in one frame plays with the idea of negative space within the body, which is contrasted to an adjacent frame where the compactness of her pose turns her figure into a sort of human furniture.

Overtly advertising her practical philosophy that she uses herself as her own work, this is carried further, and to more vivid effect, in works such as 'Study for inner improvement', 1977.

Almeida sees her body as a "drawing", not only as part of the work, but actively embodying it. However in this exhibition her body is most strikingly 'the site'. 'InHear Me/Ouve-me', 1978, starkly extracts a tissue threaded with horse-hair from inside her throat. Pay heed to the idea of the body as the centre of the

art, the locus and the home of the raw artistic materials.

To the more Freudian minded, the 'inhabitation' depicted in Almeida's work seems to carry potent sexual connotations; paint entering the mouth, horse hair sprouting out from translucent leaves of an open book in the work 'Black exit'. With its transformation of the normal into the abnormal reminiscent of the surrealists and the painted line that runs out from under the artist in the work, 'Inside me', all suggest a kind of tangible violation.

The suggestive title of the exhibition alludes to the idea of the art as home, the artist as the site of the art, and ultimately the surrender of the artist's privacy for her cause.

Provocative but playful, the exhibition teases the viewer with its transcendence of media categorisation, as well as the forcefully challenging the idea of the separation between the art and its maker. FLORENCE SHARP

As of the third of October, Helen Almeida's minimalist photographs have been occupying the stark walls of Kettle's Yard. These, however, are not merely photographs, but as Almeida declares, they are paintings and drawings too. The exhibition represents her in multiple guises: as painter, subject and object.

In 'Untitled/Sem Titulo', 2003,

Arts Comment

i-Pod. Therefore I am?



Emma Mustich

“Think twice before proudly showing off your iPod playlist. Your choice of music may mark you out as boring, dim and unattractive, according to new research from the University of Cambridge.”

That was the standfirst for a *Telegraph* article that caught my eye a month ago. “Studies at the University of Cambridge have revealed that many of us use musical taste both as a means of expressing our own identity, and to form and refine our opinions about other people,” a blurb on the University's Youtube Channel homepage confirmed. Blimey. Did we really need a report from the Cambridge Department of Social and Developmental Psychology to tell us that?

The report in question was drawn up by Cambridge psychologist Dr Jason Rentfrow, who, in order to investigate the stereotypes associated with music taste, questioned people about the generalisations they make regarding fans of rap, pop, rock, electronica, jazz, and classical music.

According to the *Telegraph*, “Jazz fans elicited the most positive response as they were considered to be imaginative, peace-loving liberals with friendly and outgoing natures. Classical buffs are perceived as quiet, friendly, responsible and intelligent but also unathletic, physically unattractive and dull.” The article finished, “The research was carried out to mark the university's 800th anniversary.”

That's some birthday present for an institution that has seen the likes of Newton, Rutherford, and Watson and Crick. I could probably have guessed that many people thought classical music fans were “dull”. Why should we care that several hundred randomly selected survey participants think classical music buffs are also less attractive than the “athletic” but “disorganised” fans of rap? The next hundred potential survey

participants would probably have thought otherwise.

Indeed, in an official Cambridge Youtube video called ‘The Music in Me’ (hopefully not after the *High School Musical* song), we see a survey participant responding: “People who listen to this would probably be middle-aged... they'd have really nice sofas, and a really nice car.” Is it just me, or is that utterly meaningless?

Besides, who listens to only one kind of music? In the age of information, our exposure to music (conventional and non-conventional) is increasing exponentially, and people are more likely to “proudly show off” an iPod that holds a wide and eclectic range of music than one featuring only a single genre. What would diversity of musical taste tell us about a person? That it would be foolish to judge his character based on one of his playlists?

By encouraging people to imagine musical consumers with unrealistically monotonous taste, Rentfrow is not learning about the stereotypes we already have, but rather inviting us to create stereotypes. If someone asked me what I thought of a person who liked only pop music, I admit I might call the person “conventional”. But I also wouldn't believe he existed.

With his study, Rentfrow has demonstrated only one truth—one which most of us probably recognised before: people are prone to judge. Maybe the next study to emerge from the Department of Social Psychology will tell us that some people think fans of fast food are “unhealthy”, while veggie fans are “hip”. Or maybe it will reveal that some people believe fans of chick-lit have cheap furniture and drive minivans. I hope not. The formulation of Newton's laws heralded a novel apprehension of the cosmos. The sequencing of the human genome transformed our medical capabilities. This study was just a waste of time.



Party Animal? Boozer? Massive Lad? Or a wallflower with Mozart on shuffle?

View from the Groundlings



Cambridge Theatre

‘What’s this’, I hear you ask in awe? ‘Not only a bonafide Greek Tragedy that will surely put me far ahead of the other Part II English students, BUT also a piece of new writing from debonair writer and man about town, Simon Haines, which has already been deemed “very funny” by Germaine Greer!’

That’s right, this week you can see Top Goat Theatre’s first production, Sophocles’ *Electra*. Director Marieke Audsley reminds us of the immortal words of Julie Andrews, which have inspired her to start at the very beginning (a very good place to start): ‘so when I set up a theatre company after graduation I thought it would be fitting to go back to the origins of Western theatre and take a peek at the Greeks.’ Marieke is to Cambridge drama what Tyra Banks is to *America’s Next Top Model*. So come and watch this stellar cast ‘act with their faces’ at 7.45pm at the ADC.

The ADC lateshow this week is *Struts and Frets* by Simon Haines. He reckons that ‘it could be this term’s must-see comedy’. Only time can tell if this prophetic insight will come true, but Simon can tell you that ‘the show packs in fantasy dream sequences, a play-and-a film-within-a-play, original score and three brave actors (cross-dressing). Plus, rumour of a special appearance from one of the Titans of British Theatre, this hour upon the stage is set to be (or not to be) one not to miss.’ Yikes!

Still hungry for comedy after all that?! Then you better make sure you get to Selwyn Bar this Sunday at 8pm for *Tickle the Bishop*. Who knows what may happen there, but it sure sounds racy. And if you are quick, you might just bag yourself a seat at the first Footlights smoker of the year, this Tuesday, for one night only, 11pm at the ADC. Ooh, one last thing! *Nonsense*, a ‘zany musical’ playing at Homerton Auditorium, starts Wednesday at 7.30pm. Freshers Week? Pah! I don’t miss it at all. LAUREN COONEY

Two Gentlemen of Verona

CAST, ADC MAINSHOW

★★★★★

A fluffy toy dog on wheels is starring at the ADC this week. His name is Crab, and had director Tom Attenborough not put together such a delicate, thoughtful, and boldly comic production of Shakespeare’s *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he might just have run away with the show altogether.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona is one of Shakespeare’s earliest plays, and with its incessant, and even jangly rhymes, it is not his best work. CAST’s decision to take the play on tour in America over the summer, before bringing it home to Cambridge, was therefore daring, especially given the acclaim that met their production of *Henry V* this time last year.

The play’s plot will be somewhat familiar. Valentine pursues his love Silvia from Verona to Milan. Proteus follows his friend and fellow ‘gentleman’, leaving his beloved Julia behind. Proteus promptly forgets Julia, and duly falls for Silvia. Before we know it, Julia has engaged in a spot of cross-dressing, and everyone is living happily ever after. Well, almost.

Attenborough hasn’t indulged the gentlemen lovers half as much as Shakespeare does, and the two servants, Lance and Speed, very nearly upstaged their betters. Josh Higgott’s Lance was roundly

melancholy; a sort of comic Jaques. Higgott appeared in last year’s Footlights show, *Theseus and the Minotaur*, and his comic expertise was transferred seamlessly to this production. Whenever he had the stage to himself, with Crab literally in tow, the whole play was put on hold while his comic turns played themselves out. When Lance hoisted three grudging members of the audience onto the stage, to act out the wailing household he was describing, the effect was that of a Sacha Baron Cohen comedy: it was at once hilarious and excruciatingly embarrassing to witness. It was certainly brave.

Katherine Press as Julia formed a piercing, subtle rapport with the

audience, though her paroxysm of weeping when she realised Proteus had deserted her came on all too suddenly, and jarred with her otherwise sensitively judged performance. Jack Monaghan’s nervy Proteus captured that character’s latent nastiness well, though his stuttering delivery was too well honed and too consistent to convince wholly. Overall the acting was lithe and professional, and Joe Bannister as Valentine embodied these qualities.

Productions of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* live or die on how they react when Valentine offers Sylvia to Proteus, just moments after he has prevented Proteus from raping her. As Valentine gave Sylvia

away, he fingered the crucifix that was hung around his neck. Attenborough should be applauded for attempting to make sense, with this touch, of a turn of events that usually does no more than revolt and perplex modern audiences.

The menace was memorably palpable when Sylvia, lost in a forest, was harried by bandits wielding strange leafy umbrellas. The white dress Sylvia wore as she narrowly avoided being raped had scarlet flowers sewn into it. CAST’s comedy had already been fired up by the vibrant Italian music played between its scenes, but these dark sparks set it alight.

CHRIS KERR



JOHN LINFORD

Re_

GUILDED BALLOON TEVIOT, EDINBURGH

★★★★★

‘Re_’, ‘Re_’, ‘Re_’ what? I’m not sure even the writer/director, Freddy Syborn knows. This anonymity allowed a flexibility that was well used but also left the audience baffled as to what exactly they ought to deduce from it. Syborn believes that “Plots are ridiculous because they make us look forward to the finality which in life is death.” Though this is a comprehensible view it doesn’t make for the easiest of dramas.

A mish-mash of Rev. Harold Davidson’s biography, he was eaten by a lion in Skegness, and a story about Nebuchadnezzar, the sixth century BC emperor, combined with a game show understandably makes for very confusing viewing. The various strains of the stories were intertwined but not closely enough to gain a solid feeling.

Susie Chrystal showed great versatility as Amy, the game show host and beleaguered wife, swapping quickly and seamlessly between intense anger, fake calm charm and erotically charged moments. Dominic, an unexpected visitor, played by Adam Laurence,

turns up out of the blue bringing back memories of a forgotten past. He stole the show performance wise, with an intense concentration that was frightening in its conviction. David Isaac’s Frank was enjoyably pathetic, bumbling and weak but at times also initiating moments that were acutely poignant. These three were strong in each of their individual roles but failed to work as an ensemble.

The small studio stage was cluttered by two huge cages that didn’t seem to have any vital need to be there and forced the cast to spend rather a long time moving them, repeatedly. The blocking gave poor views of the action and though perhaps this was ‘realism’ it may have undermined something worthy of merit, I’ll never know as I couldn’t see.

Apparently “we’re all falling alone, our paths cross, but we’re all falling alone.” That was the depressing message from a depressing play. It felt like a job half done, showing great signs for future development. Syborn has some very interesting ideas here, particularly about characterisation, but needs to decide what exactly he really wants to do with this currently clumsy piece.

TADHGH BARWELL O’CONNOR

The Complete Works of Shakespeare (abridged)

CAVES 1 @ JUST THE TONIC, EDINBURGH

★★★★★

On my way to the venue I envisioned joke after joke about *King John* and *Henry VIII*—the more well-known plays only getting a mention—being delivered to an audience of overzealous bardolators. The well-read around me would cackle hysterically whilst I look on, cursing my cultural shortcomings.

My fears were quickly dissipated; in the actual show *King John* and *Henry VIII* hardly come up. Instead things kick off with a condensed version of *Romeo and Juliet*, after which all the plays anyone really cares about are moved through with increasing pace. Three actors play three friends who are seriously underqualified for their task, but decide to give it a bash anyway.

Despite my usual disdain for productions that require audience participation but fail to give you sufficient warning, I genuinely

enjoyed the atmosphere of fun-yet-gentle afternoon comedy. The smiley trio of Lucy Evans, Ellie Ross and Jessica Barker-Wren adeptly got the audience on side. The fact that these girls managed to pull off a rap-summary of *Othello* without being gut-wrenchingly cringe-worthy is probably a testament to their charm and abounding energy.

It was exactly this, however, that proved to be my main reservation: the comedic talents of the actors outstretched the script. Perhaps the script was not originally unadventurous, but it had not aged well since its first performance in 1987. This started to get a bit frustrating, especially when they were sometimes guilty of straining in order to make gags funnier than they could be, or were too forceful in their desire to please the audience.

Nevertheless, what this show lacked in punchy humour it made up for in tight performances with plenty of gusto. Though it might have all been a bit ‘*Blue Peter*’ for the Fringe, an hour of well-executed wholesomeness was in fact a welcome break from, though no substitute for, boozy evening comedy. CELESTE DRING

GUIDE TO STAR RATINGS: ★★★★★ A Dog’s dinner ★★★★★ Leaning tower ★★★★★ Pizza Margarita ★★★★★ Italian Stallion
★★★★★ The Popemobile

THEATRE

Wishful Thinking

FOOTLIGHTS, ADC LATESHOW
★★★★★

The thing that pisses me off about ADC late shows is that they're so often late. Late in starting and, worse, late in finishing. If it's not over and done with by twelve sharp, I am rarely a happy bunny.

Wishful Thinking started punctually enough, but inflicted an even worse form of lateness on me: it was a good half-hour before I started enjoying myself. This wasn't anything to do with the acting or pacing – which remained slick throughout – and it wasn't the case things weren't funny early on: I laughed, plenty. It's just that so little of the material was likeable – in fact, I can't remember seeing a bleaker half-hour of comedy since Chris Morris' frankly terrifying *Jam* went off the telly. Jokes about genocide, dismemberment, and, yes, Madeleine McCann jostled together; whilst the set-ups to the punch-lines were ingenious enough (try claiming "I have never tried to ethnically cleanse a country" next time your college drinking games flag) it felt like laughter too distressingly in the dark.

Not a moment too late, however, things suddenly changed. It definitely felt a show of two halves (perhaps a result of the frequent rewrites occasioned by a not-particularly-felicitous Edinburgh birth), and an injection of intelligence into the scripting meant that the closing twenty minutes of the show contained some of the best-acted, most tightly written Footlights

comedy I've ever seen. Occasionally, the ideas probably sounded funnier on paper (a melodramatic soap set in a library could surely have been milked more successfully), but several moments were almost professionally assured. Daran Johnson's solo effort as a minor extra performing a musical (despite an absent cast and band) has to be seen to be believed, and the skill with which he and a masterful Alastair Roberts tackled a more fleshed-out musical number

late in the piece was seconded only by the really rather special

concluding mini-farce.

Whatever the merits of the new *Varsity* reviewing Buddy System (it's like *Lethal Weapon*, but with words) my co-reviewer and I agreed that this was essentially Good, and regularly Very Funny, and that its hit and miss nature was typical of the sketch show form. To be honest, though, I don't think it's wishful thinking on my part to ask for a show that doesn't stack itself so lopsidedly full of puzzling near-misses followed by solid gold hits.

GEORGE REYNOLDS



Barry, Pull Your Finger Out!

UNDERBELLY, EDINBURGH
★★★★★

In many ways, *Barry, Pull Your Finger Out!* is your standard romantic comedy: Barry and Susie together, Barry leaves Susie, Susie sees Garry, Garry is shit, Barry puts his finger in a pipe, Barry and Susie together again.

But underneath this archetype runs something which sets it apart, a sadness which is never quite reconciled. Its humour often centres around words meant one way and understood another ("What time shall I pick you up?" "Four?" "...for the date!"), The event which brings the happily-ever-after into being – a leak is stopped by Barry's finger in a pipe – is based on a misunderstanding. Barry didn't stop the leak, _ did. It's Barry's moment of triumph, his 'mark on the world', is based on a communication failure.

The cast communicate this sad humour perfectly, particularly Ben Kavanagh. If there's a weak link, perhaps it's Rob Carter – his comic timing never misses the mark, but he suits the jokes rather

than the plot. He just isn't a loser.

This is symptomatic of the play's major drawback. Like most Footlights productions, Barry needs a shave. Or a haircut. Or maybe a full body-wax.

The script revels in thesaurus humour, throwing jokes over the stage like word confetti, which lodges in the performers' mouths, and chokes their performances.

In the end, the communication

failure on which the play is premised extends to its relationship with the audience – the characters, their motivations and relationships are just not communicated. While there is a great deal of skill and promise in its construction, by the end – like the play's tagline, 'This isn't a life, Barry, just a list of feelings you have' – Barry feels not like a play, but a list of jokes. DAVID ISAACS



Creative Writing Competition



Each week we set a different creative writing exercise. The people who submit the running-up and winning pieces have their work printed in the next week's *Varsity*, and the winner is rewarded with two free tickets to an ADC Theatre show.

Week 1: Quotation

The idea of quotation has been a potent one in (especially modern) poetry. We think of T.S. Eliot's intimate episode from 'The Waste Land' where Ophelia's 'Good night sweet ladies' is transcribed into a slanging match taking place in a London pub. You might attempt something similar, and remove a favourite quote from its original context and manipulate it to add scope and colour to a poem or piece of prose. Alternatively, take a quote as a starting point or title for your writing. Be as low or high minded with your choice of material: dip into daytime television, everyday idiom, song lyrics, poetry or academic footnotes.

Winner: 'This passage illustrates a pervasive fault...'

p. 23, 'Beckett's English Fiction' by John Pilling, Cambridge Companion to Beckett, ed. John Pilling

by Anonymous

I pawed the page round into a bellecurve and pierced a plump index in the heart of the matter (see title). 'Oh, happy days!' A droll-cold cutprice pretty piece of metal; a thunderclapping slap of thigh and a rump-round rooster cackle. 'Ah-ha! A self satirising set of solipsistic mockery-markers. Howling through these hurly-burly butter-fed bloatings. I reel back a tad or two and place an adjacent palm to an icy skull to think (see title). And in this scattergun of solecism, syntax-suffering and soulless jive of joyless – nay Joyceful Joycelessness – spin of alliterative jabberwocky mocktone mouthservice, ventroloquist's tire rack of fat gets a butcher's cleave in the clever inner reference (see title). (after reading F.S. Flint)

Runner-up: Slender, graceful crocodile

by Joe Passmore

You wend your way through
Another drab night,
And smoke-choked room.
Wide-eyed and
Faerie's-child fascinated
By the dullest conversation,
Bearing out my wine-soaked jabber
With all your patient beauty.
And, when half in love with easeful death
And half in love with you, I pour
My heart's depths
Into your little, pale hands
You listen to my moonflight fancies,
And forget them.

Next week's competition:

Use and/or abuse the ballad form. Literary ballads became important and conspicuous presences in the late eighteenth century, and have traditionally been written in 'common metre' (four lines alternating between iambic tetrameter and trimeter) and with an abab rhyme scheme. This rather neat way of writing is easy and mellifluous on the ear, but is it also too convenient, regular and outdated? You decide by writing a poem that explores its possibilities and inadequacies. Good luck! Send submissions to Eliot D'Silva at literary@varsity.co.uk no later than 9 am on Monday, October 12th for the chance to win two tickets to the following week's ADC main show, and see your work printed in our next issue.

adc theatre

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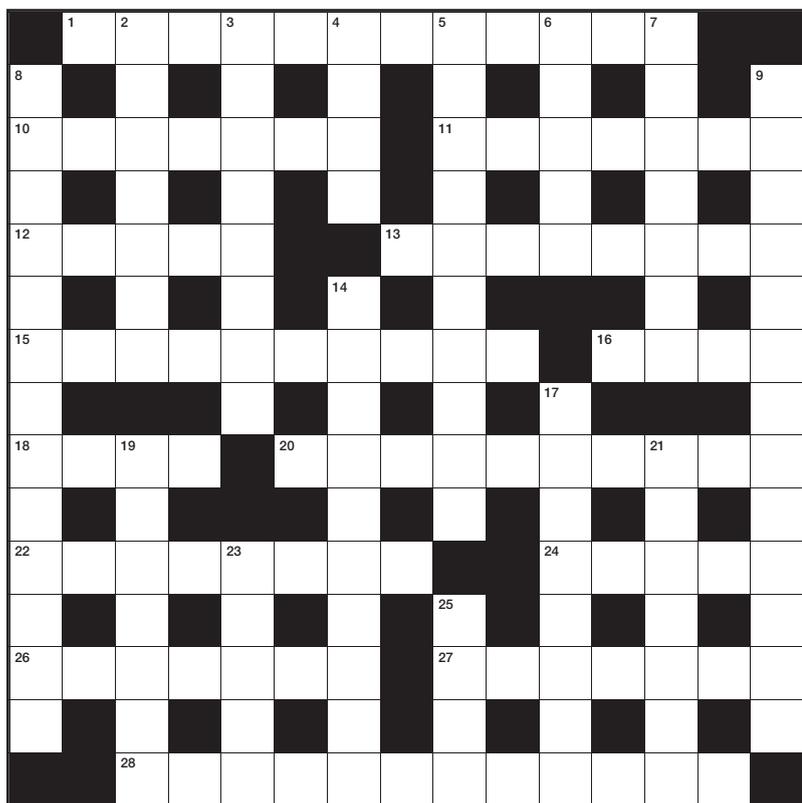
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Games & puzzles

Varsity Crossword

no. 509



Across

- 1 Christian idol and high type of strip performer (5-2,5)
- 10 Expressed humility after the French rudely shoved in (7)
- 11 Chief MP (head of economics) in singular mistake? (7)
- 12 Off-colour ale I'd drunk (5)

- 13 Heavily criticises the model's paid rubs (8)
- 15 Crooked picture? (5,5)
- 16 Tiffs with fly, but only every other one becoming a bit ill (4)
- 18 Espresso to go back - contains pitch (4)
- 20 Make better elite aroma diffuse (10)

- 22 Purity of speed, mostly, in London perhaps (8)
- 24 Headless man with spoons follows dictator who comes from down south (5)
- 26 Arcane remedy putting end to doleful sob (7)
- 27 Another meeting for right to join EU? "Non" (though one allowed in) (7)
- 28 To write what's not what is perhaps to show ownership? (12)

Down

- 2 An ox almost coated in tar, flat (7)
- 3 Lack of pile of cash meets with sounds of approval recently (8)
- 4 Take apart German and duck (4)
- 5 Welsh town mentioned with attention to detail? (10)
- 6 Depressed person is to clean the Queen (5)
- 7 Welsh town arrived at by vehicle I'd reversed very loudly (7)
- 8 This will react to melted shrapnel (5,8)
- 9 Members of religious sect Britney Spears offended (13)
- 14 Remark about American university shows dedication (10)
- 17 Welsh town opening a day earlier? (8)
- 19 Welsh town as new as can be (7)
- 21 Terrible pains made on one in a very long time (7)
- 23 Welsh town seen by tour touring around end of tour
- 25 Small group, loaded, shot rioters (4)

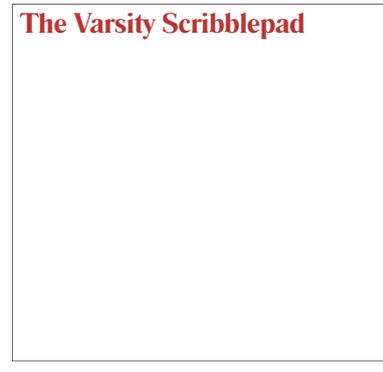
Set by **Hisashi**

Sudoku

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

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

The Varsity Scribblepad



Last issue's solutions

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

Kakuro

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

		9	9			7	11	
12					14			
					22			
4				9				
					17			
		19					15	
								11
19	17	7	16					
						8		
9						15		

Hitori

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

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

Answers to last issue's crossword (no. 508)
Across: 1 Freshers' Week, 10 Natural, 11 Dresser, 12 Crabs, 13 Death row, 15 Renouncing, 16 Clap, 18 Nerd, 20 Dressing up, 22 Syphilis, 24 Goner, 26 Issuers, 27 Erotic, 28 Disheartened. Down: 2 Retrain, 3 Sorts out, 4 Eels, 5 Suddenness, 6 Exert, 7 Kestrel, 8 Anachronistic, 9 Brown paper bag, 14 Scar tissue, 17 Diagnose, 19 Reposed, 21 Gentile, 23 Items, 25 Rear.

Easy victory on hard ground

» Rugby League Blues make a strong start to their season

CAMBRIDGE 22

BIRMINGHAM 6

Ed Thornton

When a Cambridge team of varying standards, ranging from complete rookies to those just back from a tour with the UK students team, took to St John's pitches on Saturday for their first training game against Birmingham, the ground was so hard the coach, John Evans, described it as "like playing on concrete covered in grass". Despite these harsh conditions the Blues started strongest and after five minutes James 'the Shermanator' Sherman broke through to touch down under the posts. Unfortunately the try was disallowed for a forward pass and the teams went in for their huddle after the first quarter with no points on the board.

Cambridge did not take long to make up for their first mistake, Mark Sweeney breaking a tackle

midfield to put his team four points up. Celebrations were cut short, however, when Birmingham replied with a similar try under the posts which was converted to set the half time score at 6-4 in favour of the visitors.

After a long Cambridge kick off which started the second half some rapid passing resulted in a try for Mark Varly, swiftly followed by another from captain George Sykes who then put the conversion over himself to increase the Cambridge lead to an eight point margin. With the wind now on their backs Cambridge were able to dominate the game and when an opportunity came on the left wing for newcomer Frank Hay he was quick to give his team another four points. Bob Cox's storming run from half way was stopped inches from the line as Cambridge piled on the pressure and it seemed that Birmingham were forced to resort to foul play as Cox limped off after what he referred to as being "grabbed in the knackers".

The final try came from another rugby league virgin in the form of Magdalene winger Angus Sanders and, even though the conversion

didn't make the posts, Birmingham were now sixteen points down with no real chance of a victory. Despite their dim prospects it was Birmingham who dictated the play for the final ten minutes and it took some courageous defending on the

Cambridge line to keep them from scraping back any points. Evans seemed just as happy with his team's defence in the dying minutes as with the multiple tries and ended the match by praising the players' "attitude and fitness".



JAMES GRAVESTON

Boat race training already in full flow

» Gruelling training regime takes no prisoners as rowers prepare for April 3rd

Lucy Spray
Sports Reporter

Preparations for the 2010 boat race are already very much underway. Since its inception 181 years ago, getting the best crew for the Varsity clash has been front of mind. Indeed, this year's trials are already over.

The squad is now of 25 rowers and eight coxes; by December, there will be just twenty men left. The 17th of that month will see the final cuts made after the 'Trial Eights' competition, in which the potential blues row for the first time as eights along the course of the boat race. This year, for the first time, the competition will coincide with Oxford's trials to generate more publicity for the main event.

Only four of last year's Blues are returning, triggering a serious recruitment drive for this year's team. The squad consists of rowers straight out of high school to senior internationals, producing the most elite sporting squad in Cambridge. Yet one of the trialling coxes, Isabelle Dowbiggin (whose sister coxed this year), insists that the atmosphere is always friendly and already feels right at home. "Despite their physique they aren't intimidating at all and are just like any other bunch of young men", she said.

Upon entering the boathouse it is evident that this is a really tight-knit squad, and morale is exceptionally high. Despite the competition

amongst them, each member of the squad constantly supports and encourages the others. During the summer the squad attended a Royal Marines course as a team-building exercise. Club President, Deaglan McEachern, commented that the exercise had been hugely productive for the team, drawing everyone together under immense physical pressure. The course involved enduring tough physical challenges, including sleep deprivation and a lack of food. A couple of members were lost to illness and injury during this programme, but now the team looks back on a great success and something to be repeated in the future.

The current training regime consists of river outings in Ely six days a week, including double outings at the weekends, two or three weights sessions each week and erg sessions every weekday. Alongside this, each squad member has a strict diet comprising up to 1kg of carbohydrates a day. Currently the squad is increasing their mileage as part of their conditioning phase, before the speed work begins in the last few weeks before the boat race.

All evidence suggests that the disappointment of last year's defeat seemed to have been erased. The club's professionalism combined with its apparent supportive environment bodes well. Lack of focus is, of course, no problem for CUBC – all that matters will happen on Saturday April 3rd next year between Putney and Mortlake.



EMILY MATTHEWS

Bright and early: an optimistic Blues rowing team before heading out to train

Looking Ahead

Dancesport

The CU Dancesport team is recruiting more members after an astounding year. Oxford fell to a distant third as Cambridge became national champions for the fourth year in a row in Blackpool earlier in the year. More than 1000 dancers from 30 universities competed in the championships. Cambridge again triumphed in the 36th Dancesport Varsity match later on in the year, a third consecutive victory, with events in the waltz, quickstep, cha-cha, and jive. Trials take place on Saturday October 10th 2009 at 12.30pm. See: www.cudt.org

Lacrosse

The Men's Blues began the season with a bang on Saturday with an emphatic 13-2 thrashing of East Grinstead 2nds. Todd Nichols, Phil Hall and Jotham Steed were among the many who made it onto the scoresheet as Cambridge made one of their best ever starts to a season last Saturday. Only a sloppy third quarter allowed the opposition a sniff of the Cambridge goal.

Football

One potential victim of the financial crisis is hoping to lessen the consequences in Vodka Revolutions. 'Evolution', each Monday night, will raise money for Cambridge University AFC, who have lost their principal sponsors, Merrill Lynch. The financial services firm was acquired by Bank of America in September 2008 having lost over \$50 billion in the subprime mortgages crisis.

Absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge

Colombian 2nd division football club Real Santander emphatically pissed all over Varsity's dismissal of their promotion chances with a magnificent 4-0 defeat of Deportes Palmira. In doing so, the *hormigueros* (literally - the ant-like ones) qualified for the second stage of the league for the first time in their three-year professional history. Club President Eduardo Villamizar Mutis said he was "happy as an ant" to have proved the Cambridge publication wrong. He is not the only person peeved with the Sport Editors. One particularly incensed Fitz student confronted them outside the Varsity offices, tutting "this has absolutely nothing to do with Cambridge" whilst violently poking last week's report on the Bucaramanga derby.

Meanwhile, there was no result in the annual Moscow under-14s indoor cricket tournament, due to a waterlogged pitch.

Cambridge footballers on cloud nine

Womens Blues set for an exciting season after almost reaching double figures in league cup

CAMBRIDGE 9

HUNTINGDON 0

Vince Bennici
Sports Reporter

Like their male counterparts the Women's Blues suffered defeat in last year's Varsity match, succumbing 2-0 to Oxford, a result described by one player as an "anomaly". Perhaps the relative inexperience of the side, with five freshers in the starting line-up, contributed to the disappointing result. However, any lack of familiarity or experience is certainly no longer an issue; with only a few players leaving, the core of the squad has remained intact and optimism for the coming season is palpably high.

Cambridge's cohesion is also aided by the early start of their league campaign in mid-August, and on Sunday, already on their eighth fixture together, the side trounced a noticeably inferior Huntingdon Town 9-0 in the first round of the Cup. New captain Leesa Haydock reiterated the current squad's improvement, confidently assuring us that "this year we're stronger, even without freshers". Yet Haydock and coach Lee McGill hope for some new talent

to further bolster an already excellent side.

Any threat of this match turning into a competition was extinguished inside five minutes. The impressive Haydock posed problems from the outset with her composure and range of passing, an intelligent through ball allowing Wainwright to score the first. The combination of former Colchester United teammates Danielle Griffiths and Haydock in central midfield enabled Cambridge to dominate possession against a cumbersome but physical Huntingdon.

Haydock's consistently penetrating passes prised open the defence on numerous occasions, often releasing winger Maisy-Rose Byrne to use her electrifying pace to great effect. Wainwright turned provider for the second goal, stretching the defence before finding strike partner Kate Robinson who supplied a calm finish. Before half-time Wainwright increased the lead, nimbly evading a defender before cutting onto her left foot and striking past an increasingly despondent goalkeeper.

Huntingdon, who barely ventured past the half way line in the first half, started brightly after the break but were unable to convert pressure into chances and Wainwright soon eradicated any sign of Cambridge complacency by finding the top corner from outside the area

to complete her hat-trick. Goals 5 to 9 followed in quickly, a flurry of chances leading to Wainwright scoring her fourth before substitutes Ashley Winslow and Kate Hadley-Brown underlined the squad's depth by adding their names to the score sheet.

An already impressive victory was improved by a neat finish from Claire Hollingsworth and a second for Robinson, the striker missing out on a hat-trick after rounding the goalkeeper only to fire wide in front of a gaping goal. Two of the side's most dangerous players, Byrne and

Haydock, were replaced midway through the second half - Byrne's Bop-induced switch caused by a heavy night and a far from nutritious pre-match meal. Reflecting on the cause of her lack of fitness she responded, "it was a pretty good bacon sandwich though".

Undoubtedly, there will be far sterner tests for the Women's Blues footballers over the coming season, but the signs are certainly promising. Having played together for over a year the team are gelling nicely, and with the Freshers' trial taking place this Saturday - with all standards encouraged to attend - the anomalous result of last year's Varsity could, and perhaps should, be resoundingly corrected in February.



JAMES GRAVESTON

Synthesis

Cambridge:

L. O' Dea, C. Ross, C. Murphy, C. Hollingsworth, E. Eldridge, M. Byrne (L. Grimes), L. Haydock (A. Winslow), D. Griffiths, H. Bellfield (K. Hadley-Brown), K. Robinson, A. Wainwright

Goals:

A. Wainwright (4), K. Robinson (2), C. Hollingsworth, K. Hadley-Brown, A. Winslow

Woman of the Match:

Amanda Wainwright

Hockey Blues hold their own away from home

CAMBRIDGE 2

ST ALBANS 2

Dan Quasie
Sports Correspondent

Following a successful first-week outing, the Blues faced a stern test in St. Albans, a side that had demonstrated its tenacity with an impressive last campaign.

A frenetic beginning soon gave way to better composure and ball distribution, and Cambridge began to pose more of an attacking threat, especially after some adventurous runs from left back Dave Madden. Fittingly, the Cambridge left side created the first breakthrough as combative captain, Stuart Jackson, won the ball in the opposition third, and broke into the circle, shrugging off the infringements of the opposition defenders to slot home confidently from a narrow angle.

The Light Blues had various

chances to further their lead; Chris Lee fashioned a reverse-stick shooting chance, and a low penalty corner attempt from Madden was sharply saved by the Albans keeper. His teammates responded by increasing the pressure; having been thwarted a handful of times by the Blues back five, a turnover inside the Cambridge half led to an equalising counter-attack strike.

The Blues side made an assured start to the second half, building patiently from the back and creating more gaps in the Albans defence.

However, a few minutes in, St. Albans were awarded a penalty corner following a harsh umpiring decision. The ensuing strike ferocious, leading to a brief injury scare for goalkeeper, Chris Robinson, after a heroic save.

Soon though, the Blues were attacking the other end, with penetrating runs from Leerkotte and Boye creating problems for the Albans defenders, and following some fine link-up play between the Cambridge forwards down the right flank, Jackson finished from close

range to bag his second.

The lead was short-lived. Albans broke quickly down the Blues' left-hand side and a grateful forward successfully dispatching the resulting cross. Cambridge were then subjected to a sustained period of pressure but in the dying minutes failed to convert the gift of a penalty corner into a winning goal. A point from promotion rivals away from home as a satisfactory outcome, but a higher level of performance will be demanded from the side as the season progresses.

The Sporting World Week 1: Spain

Valencia. A climate so dissimilar to our own that mid-December temperatures pushing 25 Celsius can make it feel like May Week all year round. Indeed, I thought this the ideal opportunity to leave behind the indoor training sessions and early-afternoon darkness which



characterise winter sports practices in Cambridge, and as such I went straight to join the local tennis academy. However, on arrival at the prestigious Club de Tenis Castellón, it wasn't the vast expanse of Mediterranean red clay tennis courts that first caught my eye, but instead an obscure construction comprising an astroturf surface, a net and four surrounding glass walls - home, I assumed, to what appeared to be a direct cross between squash and tennis. I was not so wrong.

Pádel, whose name is a Hispanic adaptation of the English "paddle", was being played on the next court by a group of men armed with fibreglass racquets. Invented in the late 1960s by a Mexican, Enrique Corcuera, it is a thrilling sport even for those who do not consider themselves gifted in the hand-eye coordination department as it is generally a lot easier to pick up than tennis. It was brought to Spain by playboy businessman Prince Alfonso de Hohenlohe-Langenburg but soon spread back West towards its origins and gained a large following in Latin America. My first experience came the week following my arrival, upon joining a league at the university in

Castellón, an hour from Valencia. Pádel is a game almost always played in its doubles form, and once I found a partner I would play almost every weekend for the remainder of my Year Abroad. Pace and attacking play were the key to victory. Luckily, many of the skills gained from playing tennis and squash are entirely transferable; both the rules and the technique of these two sports are largely applicable.

The dimensions of the court are roughly half the size of those of a tennis court, with two service boxes on either side of the central net for diagonal serving. Scoring is exactly the same as in tennis while, just as is the case

in squash, the walls can be used as a rebound facility or to direct serves, sometimes making them almost impossible to return as the receiver can find themselves 'trapped' in their own back corner. The balls used are nearly identical to tennis balls, but the smaller space available lends itself to substantially longer rallies than in a tennis match. Long, exciting matches are the norm when the sport is played at a high level.

Although something of a 'niche', little-known sport in the rest of the world, one really feels like the authentic Spaniard thrashing the ball against the wall on a hot winter's morning. GREG CATERER

Saddle rash, cabin fever and angry whales: it's all part of the charitable challenge

Varsity meets the students who have pushed themselves to the limit for the charity of their choice

Ed Thornton

If you see Donald Evans, Tom Bramall, Josh Wedlake, Tom Wilson or Duncan Brisk cycling down King's Parade this week then hide your sorry face. It does not matter how exotic your holiday was, how many festivals you went to or how bronzed your skin is, these boys will still have the bragging rights.

This is because whilst the rest of us were making the most of our summer break by being as lazy as possible these over-energetic cyclists were engaged in their own personal acts of charity based sado-masochism. Donald cycled solo for 861 miles from Land's End to John O'Groats and Josh, Duncan and the two Toms formed a team and made it from Berlin all the way to Istanbul on pedal power alone. As if this was not enough, both trips were undertaken in a noble attempt to raise some serious cash for charity.

No matter how impressive the feats of the all the cyclists are, they risk being outdone by a certain post-grad from Trinity named Pedro who is currently in training to row across the Atlantic. Pedro is part of a six strong team planning on making the crossing from the Canary Islands to the Caribbean in January. Now it is up to us to decide which stunt mixed the ingredients of physical strain and fundraising in just the right measure so that we can dish out the appropriate praise.

Land's End to John O'Groats

Donald Evans is a machine. Not only did he cycle from one end of the

country to the other but he did it in half the time most mortals aim for. Five days was enough time for this speed freak to clock up the 56 hours and 43 minutes of cycling time that took him from the land of dodgy West Country accents to the land of dodgy Scottish ones. The sheer speed of Donald's trip is extraordinary and with a top speed of 46.7 mph he managed to cycle over 200 miles in one day.

The human body is not built to withstand this kind of strain and on his fifth and final day with less than 35 miles to go Donald's legs started to give up. At this point in an almost mechanical post Donald wrote on his blog "My right leg has gone, I'll have to push down and pull up with just my left - the end will be slow." Donald put himself through this ordeal in an attempt to "highlight how reliant we've become on fossil fuels" and the money that he raises will go to Practical Action, a charity that focuses on providing low carbon energy in the world's most neglected nations. If you want to donate you can do so at www.justgiving.com/DonsLEJOGcycle.

Berlin to Istanbul

On a plane, this journey takes three and a half hours, but the month long cycle ride is much more fun, just ask the four guys from Magdalene who are still nursing their saddle rash. Whilst battling through seven countries and over four mountain ranges the team, made up of Tom Bramall, Josh Wedlake, Tom Wilson and Duncan Brisk, were treated to 17 punctures, four broken spokes and innumerable cases of being chased by stray dogs. Lufthansa don't offer any of these services. However, this scenic route might

not be everybody's cup of tea and if you are the kind of person who likes to shower at least once a week or prefers a bed to a farmer's field then this trip should be avoided. It is also worth remembering that the mix of bike saddles and bumpy eastern European roads can make for an uncomfortable ride. The expedition was organised to help raise funds for Magdalene's two RAG charities, namely The Teenage Cancer Trust and Camfed, and consequently it has one webpage for each at www.justgiving.com/berlintoistanbul and www.justgiving.com/berlintoistanbul2.

Canary Islands to the Caribbean

Pedro Salgård Cunha is a PhD Student at Trinity studying the physics of solar cells but in his spare time he enjoys risking his life. Fewer people have rowed across an ocean than have climbed Everest and now Pedro is planning on joining that elite group, if successful he will also become the first Portuguese man in their ranks. In January Pedro and his Crew will start rowing their boat, the Sara G, from the Canary Islands and they will not stop until they have rowed the 3100 miles to the Caribbean. During the crossing, which should take around 40 days, Pedro will spend half his time rowing and the other half split between sleeping, eating high-carb foods and drinking desalinated water, meaning that in six weeks of rowing he will spend around 500 hours with an oar in his hands. If you are starting to feel sorry for Pedro or if you don't quite believe that anyone would genuinely sign up for six weeks of such torture then you can go to www.onemillionstrokes.org.uk to see for yourself. Pedro is also using this opportunity to raise £3000 for East Anglia's Children's Hospices and if you wish to support him you can make donations online.

Only as far as whales

When former Blues sprinter Danny Longman was ruled out of Varsity Athletics, having been hit by a car on King's Street that left him unable to run for a year, the next logical step was obviously to attempt to break the transatlantic rowing world record. A detached rudder, a 360 degree spin and some affable Ukrainian sailors later, and Longman is hoping to row at the 2010 Olympics. His dramatic story, however, could

serve to keep Pedro Salgård Cunha's confidence in check. With the record standing at 33 days, Longman and his crew were on course to beat this by almost a week when, in 12-foot waves, they collided with either a pod of killer whales or a lost sea container from a ship. Luck finally struck the former athlete when a Ukrainian ship oil tanker appeared only half a day away and could take him and his crew home. The London Rowing Club member has some words of wisdom. "Pedro has to put on as much weight in fat as possible. It will be a complete physical shock: no sleep, seasickness, poor food. It goes against everything you are taught about resting and eating after training."

ADDITIONAL REPORTING JAMIE POLLOCK



The Magdalene boys after a little more than your average bike ride



Pedro in preparation for his transatlantic row, aiming to raise £3000 for his chosen charity

Are they mad?

Donald Evans

"If you had asked me at any point, 'would you still like to do it again?' I would have always said yes without hesitation. I think it's just a question of seeing how far I can push myself. I will always try and take the time to see how many people I would have beaten if I had raced them."

Tom Bramall

"When things are going badly, you know that in a few days time they'll just be another one of the experiences that you went through, and won't really matter at all. It's best not to think about the getting to the end of the day, because that could be nine hours of cycling away, and watching a bike computer slowly count by the miles all day would drive you mad."

Tom Wilson

"The road seemed to go on up forever and the same negative thoughts kept chasing around my head. But at no point did I wish I was not there."

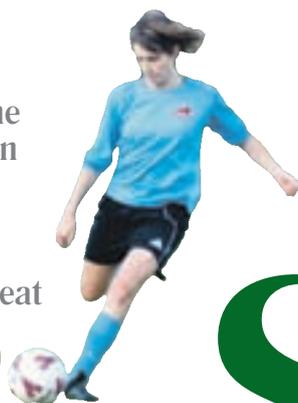
Josh Wedlake

"Every now and again the cabin fever would get a bit too much, but splitting up was never an option. Tom told me on the trip that he doesn't think I like sport, only the feeling of being really efficient and ruthless."

Pedro Salgård Cunha

"I'm not scared, I know that once I've made the decision to take the first stroke I'll be able to go all the way. Eventually I think you just stop thinking about the things that can go wrong. I'm planning to get through with a decent audiobook and a lot of chocolate. I don't think my girlfriend would be too keen on me spending another £15000 on some hair-brained scheme..."

Blues women wipe the floor with Huntingdon in promising start to season and look forward to avenging last year's Varsity defeat



Football p30

SPORT



We take a look at some of the extreme charity challenges undertaken by intrepid Cambridge students

Feature p31

Blues beat belated Blackheath

» Cambridge's opposition arrive late at Grange Road and then fail to find their form

 CAMBRIDGE	25
 BLACKHEATH	12

Ed Thornton
Sports Reporter

Blackheath RFC may have been the first open rugby club in the world, and they may count the first ever England Captain as a former member, but on Wednesday night at Grange Road their reputation for being first was knocked. The Cambridge team had warmed up, the crowd were in place and it was already twenty minutes past the organised kick-off time when the away team eventually climbed out of their bus onto the floodlit pitch and hurried through their warm up. Cambridge were undoubtedly feeling confident as they watched their opposition arrive, and kicked off in front of the home crowd looking for a third straight win.

The game started slowly with various unforced errors and Blackheath won a soft penalty early on. However when the attempt at goal was wasted Cambridge set the tone for the half, walking their opposition back in a scrum. Soon they were rewarded with a penalty of their own 30 metres from the posts. Captain Dan Vickerman opted for the attempt at goal and Ross Broadfoot happily obliged to put his team three points ahead. The kicker was called upon twice more in five minutes, first for another penalty which hit the post and then for a drop goal which



JAMES GRAVESTON

drifted over successfully to give the Blues a six point margin.

Everything was going in Cambridge's favour and after fifteen minutes of solid play, which included some impressive surges from the young Blues back line and a yellow card for the Blackheath No. 8, the home side were unquestionably on the front foot. The constant pressure needed to bring points and the reward soon came. Some nifty passing gave Will Balfour a try in the corner and a strong driving maul from a line-out gave Andy Daniel his

second in as many games. Only one conversion went over but this clearly

92 points scored to 44 conceded in Blues' first three matches

did not matter to the Blues as they swaggered into the changing room with the score at 18-0.

The second half started as the first had finished when a Blackheath fumble let Iliia Cherezov run in a try from 40 metres. Broadfoot converted and the Blues had now scored 25 points without conceding. A moment later Fred Burdon caught a kick behind the Blackheath defensive line and attempted a stylish pass but Sandy Reid's knock-on was a sign of problems to come. A combination of overconfidence from the Blues and a positive surge from Blackheath was threatening to cause a comeback and when Cambridge were forced

to deal with multiple substitutes they started to struggle. Two yellow cards were produced for Cambridge players in the next five minutes, and with a weakened side the Blues were unable to cope with the pressure, and eventually the Blackheath fly-half broke the line and offloaded to his centre for a try under the posts. The try was converted with a drop goal which hurried the Cambridge selection and gave them little time to remember the defensive training they had been treated to by Sean Edwards the weekend before.

For the first time in the match Blackheath really looked as if they wanted to win and Cambridge were forced to struggle with some last ditch tackles in order to hold on to their lead. With five minutes to go Fred Shepherd missed a tackle and Blackheath took the opportunity to score a second try in the corner. Fortunately for the Blues the clock was running down and Blackheath could not mount another attack. Cambridge held on to their unbeaten record for the season but it is the last twenty minutes of their scrambling defence that will stick in the players' and coaches' minds.

For the Blues squad every match is essentially a training match leading up to the big day on the 10th December when they take on 'the other place' at Twickenham, and in this sense, Wednesday's game was a success. Whether he was commenting on the positive lessons that a very young Blues team learnt or whether he was just thinking of the result, the Cambridge coach, Tony Rodgers, eloquently summed up the match in sufficiently few words when he remarked, "We played badly but we still won."

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