

In this issue:

Derivatives for mortgages

The language collector

The future of the UN

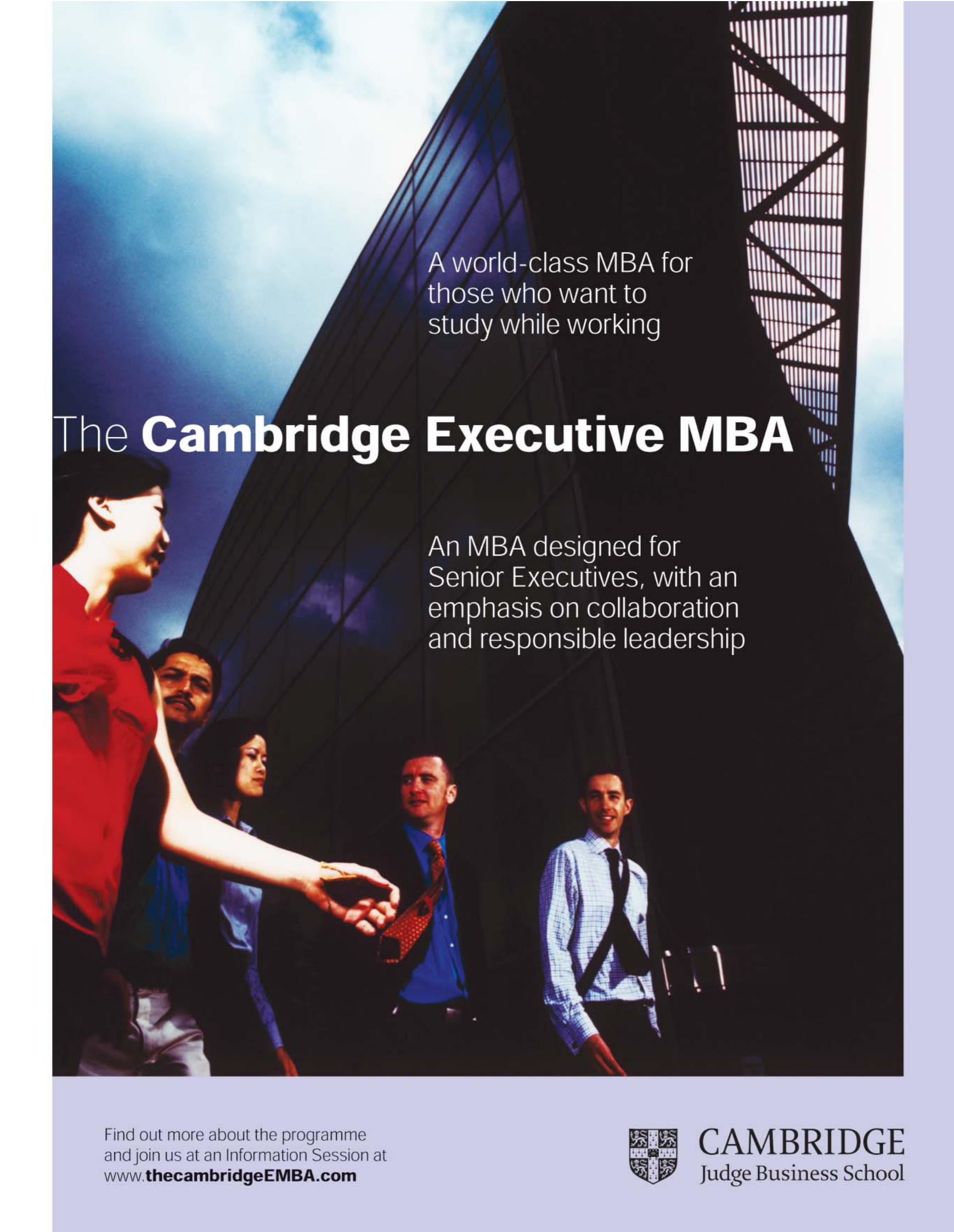
Antarctic heroism

Bull College, Cambridge

A year of celebration



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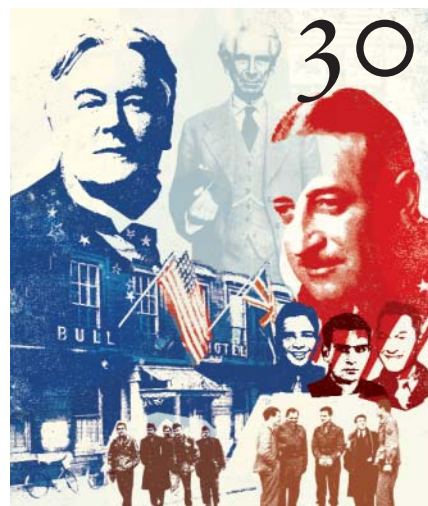


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CAM/59

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Contents



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The Empire State Building,
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4-6 December 2009: Cambridge
in America celebrates the
University's 800th Anniversary.
Photograph by Natural
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Light blue sensation

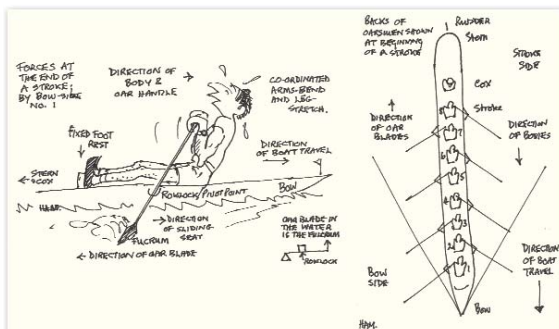
WELCOME TO THE LENT ISSUE OF CAM. The end of the 800th anniversary year was marked by celebrations around the world. Witty, inspirational, and downright spooky by turns, Ross Ashton's finale lightshow lit up the buildings in Cambridge – while in New York, as you can see from this issue's cover, the Empire State Building was lit light blue as part of an East Coast gala celebration. It was just one of several events organised by Cambridge in America, who represent alumni in North America – the largest concentration of graduates outside the UK.

Back in Cambridge, the start of the year has been characterised by a great deal of wind, snow and ice, so perhaps it's no wonder that we have been thinking about the fascination of Antarctic exploration (page 18). Elsewhere, the CAM team has been uncovering the history of Bull College (page 30) and how derivatives can save the housing market (page 26).

Lastly, a confession: I am not much of a rower. So you can imagine my bemusement on discovering that the rowers in Bo Lundberg's beautiful Boat Race illustration (CAM 58) were in fact rowing backwards. We received many amusing letters on the subject, but I'd particularly like to thank Roderick Hamm (Queens' 1949) for his charming – and instructive – sketch, printed below.

Mira Katbamna

(Caius 1995)



‘My guess is that government policy will benefit more from crowdsourcing than from old men in armchairs.’

Bird brain

I wonder if Jeremy Mynott (CAM 58) is aware that a town on his doorstep – Bedford – has a whole area where the streets have bird names, including Pipit Rise, Swift Close and Aviary Walk. GF Willett (*St Catharine's* 1946)

I was brought up to believe – and dictionaries support this to some degree – that a likely origin for the ‘penguin’ was a description of birds by Welsh explorers as having a pen (‘head’) gwynn (‘white’). This might well be wrong but I would be interested to know if Jeremy Mynott has more information to clear up the doubt. Peter Tompkins (*Trinity* 1978)

Sisters of Sinai

I enjoyed Janet Soskice's article (CAM 58). The sisters' story exemplifies the obstacles that women faced in the late Victorian academic world, but is also an object lesson in the usefulness of

modern languages. It was their competence in modern Greek, their experience of travelling in Greece and Cyprus, and their knowledge of the relevant culture that facilitated their researches at St Catherine's Monastery and secured them access to its treasure-house of ancient manuscripts.

Professor David Holton

(*Selwyn*)

Re Sisters of Sinai: I knew them well – at least I knew their portraits, in cap and gown, hanging in the entrance to Westminster College, Madingley Road. We called them, out of reverence, Aggie and Maggie, because they were our benefactors. Mine in particular, as I, a young student from New Zealand, was a grateful recipient of a Lewis and Gibson scholarship. The twins made it possible for me and many others ‘from the colonies’ to widen our horizons as they had widened the horizons of Cambridge so long ago.

John Stewart Murray

(*Westminster and King's* 1952)

Armchair not required?

Simon Blackburn, as an armchair theorist, should pay thanks to the empiricists from whom he feels ‘under attack’ (CAM 58). Without them, he will never know whether (and under which circumstances) we are ‘adapted to hang together’. Moral philosophy is necessary – but it should strive to describe reality, rather than fantasise about possible idealised human behaviours. On paper, elite moral guardians better anticipate value than the free market; in practice, the opposite is true. Looking to the future, my guess is that government policy will benefit more from crowdsourcing than from old men in armchairs.

Dr Rafael Dinner (*Hughes Hall*)

We are always delighted to receive your letters and emails. Email CAM at cam.editor@admin.cam.ac.uk or write to us at CAM, Cambridge Alumni Relations Office, 1 Quayside, Bridge Street, Cambridge, CB5 8AB. Please mark your letter 'For Publication'. Letters may be edited for length.

Don's Diary



Professor Christopher Andrew (Corpus 1959) is Professor of Modern and Contemporary History and an expert in the role and influence of intelligence agencies.

I was dismayed by just how much of Professor Blackburn's article was a defence against perceived attacks from other disciplines. Philosophy is fundamentally about thought, and sharing of thought, using language. As such it underpins all thoughts that are shared using words, both those of everyday life and those of every academic discipline, because all rely on the sharing of thought using language for their development.

Daniel Mack (*King's 1982*)

Science school

I was sorry to see that John Barrow (CAM 58) thinks the sort of school he went to no longer exists – I can assure you it is very much alive! At my school, we have two maths teachers with Cambridge Firsts and one with an Oxford First, and although we cannot boast a PhD chemist, we have two PhD physicists! Even with the lure of highly paid jobs elsewhere, some of us are still keen to pass on our knowledge and love of our subjects to the next generation.

Cath Brown (*Newnham 1985*)

Coming adrift

The beautiful picture illustrating the Boat Race (CAM 58) is amusing oarsmen: "It took me a while to work out what was wrong then I realised the puddles are in the wrong place for that part of the stroke and the drips off the blades are going the wrong way! Even more fundamental – the boats are going backwards!"

Caroline Shelton (*Girton 1957*)

I was intrigued to see the very ornamental depiction of the Boat Race. Perhaps they are Italian crews, accustomed to propelling gondolas in a standing position facing forwards. Clever stuff!

Roderick Hamm (*Queens' 1949*)

On Saturday 3 October, three days before the beginning of full term, I left Istanbul airport at the end of a wonderful cruise around the Black Sea, on which I'd been guest speaker. On the flight back to Gatwick we were given copies of that day's Times, which began the serialisation of *Defence of the Realm*, my centenary history of the Security Service (better known as MI5).

For the previous six years, as well as being Professor of Modern and Contemporary History in Cambridge, I've been MI5's part-time official historian with an office in its London HQ at Thames House, Millbank. I've had almost unrestricted access to its files which, to my surprise, come up from the archives on an automated, miniature single-track railway.

I was also surprised by just how many areas of British history they cast light on – from feminism to terrorism. During World War I, Miss AW Masterton of MI5 became the first woman ever to be appointed finance director of a British government department. The first international terrorist threat confronted by MI5 after World War II came from a little known, but nearly successful, attempt by Zionist extremists to blow up a Whitehall ministry.

During my years as MI5 historian, the UK faced the most dangerous terrorist offensive in its history. On 7 July 2005, I arrived at King's Cross and headed for the tube, only to discover that the underground had just been closed. Fifty-two lives were lost that day. Today's MI5 Director General, Jonathan Evans, remembers asking himself after more (mercifully failed) attacks on London Transport a fortnight later, "Have they got wave after wave to throw at us?" Since 2005, MI5 has prevented a series of Islamist terrorist attacks, chief among them an attempt to bring down seven aircraft bound for the US. The ring-leaders were sentenced to life imprisonment shortly before the beginning of Michaelmas Term.

MI5 files also cast a curious light on Cambridge history. The KGB rated five young Cambridge graduates, recruited in the mid-1930s, as its ablest group of foreign agents. Each has an MI5 file of about 50 volumes. Talented though they were, the files reveal them as sad rather than magnificent. By the time his interrogation by MI5 had finished,

the art historian Anthony Blunt was spending £100 a month on alcohol – more than my then monthly salary as a young research fellow at Gonville and Caius College.

Times have changed. The main intelligence presence in Cambridge nowadays is the weekly Intelligence Seminar, which brings together a remarkable group of postgraduates from around the world. I have learned much from them. I also owe a debt to the many history undergraduates who take my paper on governments and intelligence services, exemplified by Corpus student Pete Gallagher's ground-breaking Part II dissertation last summer on intelligence and the end of empire – I quote him three times in *Defence of the Realm*. Pete was the first to discover that Winston Churchill, as peacetime prime minister, considered calling in the CIA to stop British Guiana going communist (a policy later approved by Harold Macmillan).

I enjoyed the round of post-publication press conferences, broadcasts, media interviews, book festivals and other literary events, on both sides of the Atlantic during an already busy Michaelmas Term, more than I expected. The Radio 4 Book of the Week serialisation was read wonderfully by Peter Firth, who plays Harry Pearce in the TV series *Spooks* (though the series itself is far removed from my own experience of MI5). After I revealed on the Today programme that MI5 had informed Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain before the war that Hitler privately referred to him as an "arsehole", a beaming member of the production staff told me this was thought to be the first time the word had been used on the BBC.

My most unexpected success was a full-page feature in *Private Eye*, which suggested the reviews had been fixed, presumably by MI5. This, despite praise from the *New Statesman* and the left-wing *Tribune*. Conspiracy theorists will no doubt find this further evidence of how much of the nation's media MI5 now secretly controls.

Defence of the Realm: The Authorized History of MI5 by Christopher Andrew, is published by Allen Lane.

Under Covers: Documenting Spies, an exhibition illustrating the traces left by espionage activity, runs in the University Library until 3 July. (www.lib.cam.ac.uk/exhibitions/spies/)

Read more CAM letters at www.alumni.cam.ac.uk/news/cam/letters

UPDATE LENT TERM



SIR CAM

800th ANNIVERSARY

A year of celebration

Lightshows, lecture series, concerts and a royal visit: around the world, alumni, academics, students and friends of the University have created spectacular events to celebrate the 800th anniversary.

In Michaelmas Term the clear peal of the new bells of Great St Mary's rang out over Cambridge – and the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Alison Richard, was presented with a huge white chocolate sculpture of the Fitzwilliam Museum. The Queen visited Cambridge to mark the 800th Anniversary and to seal the final box in a set of eight archive boxes containing the 800 Letters to the Future. The Alternative 800th Public Lecture Series was launched and students were invited to take part in My CAM, by making a 90-second film on their lives at Cambridge.

In December the Empire State Building in New York was lit light blue

to coincide with an 800th Anniversary Gala hosted by Cambridge in America (CAm) and attended by hundreds of alumni, including Sir David Frost, Stephen Fry, Henry Louis Gates and Salman Rushdie. US alumni also gathered on the West Coast for an Anniversary Reception at the St Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco.

On 16 January – exactly a year after the start of the 800th anniversary celebrations – thousands of people came together in Cambridge to witness artist Ross Ashton's spectacular light show, entitled 'Transforming Tomorrow'. Images were projected onto the Regent House, the Senate House, King's College Chapel and Gibbs' Building; each part of the show had its own theme and was accompanied by the ethereal and eerie sounds of bells and voices.

APPOINTMENTS

A new Vice-Chancellor

Professor Sir Leszek Borysiewicz (pronounced Borrie-shay-vitch) has been confirmed as the next Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Professor Borysiewicz is at present Chief Executive of the Medical Research Council (MRC) and will take up his position as Vice-Chancellor on 1 October this year.

Before joining the MRC, Professor Borysiewicz was Deputy Rector at Imperial College London. A lecturer in Medicine at the University of Cambridge (1988-91) and a member of Wolfson College, where he is now an Honorary Fellow, Professor Borysiewicz then moved to the University of Wales as Professor of Medicine (1991-2001), before becoming Principal of the Faculty of Medicine at the MRC.

Professor Borysiewicz was knighted in the 2001 New Year's Honours for his research into developing vaccines, including a vaccine to prevent the development of cervical cancer.

To find out more about Professor Borysiewicz, and the directions in which he plans to lead the University, look out for our interview in the Michaelmas issue of CAM.



Campaign Report

The fourth annual fundraising report on the 800th Anniversary Campaign has been released. It shows that, despite the economic downturn, the Colleges and the University have maintained the momentum of this important fundraising effort. At the end of the financial year 2008/9, the campaign had raised £940 million from alumni and friends of the University. To find out more, visit: www.alumni.cam.ac.uk/campaign

Spring Wordfest

With Hilary Mantel, Philip Pullman, John Simpson, Blake Morrison, Will Hutton, Tony Juniper, Hanif Kureishi and Rebecca Stott, this year's spring Wordfest promises plenty of discussion and controversy. The festival will take place in Cambridge over the weekend of 9 to 11 April. For more information visit: www.cambridgewordfest.co.uk

UPDATE LENT TERM

MUSEUMS

Greek and Roman galleries reopened

What did the ancients do at drinking parties? How did they relate to their gods? And how did they remember their dead? To find the answers to these questions, you'll need to visit the new Greek and Roman gallery at the Fitzwilliam Museum.

The Fitzwilliam's Greek and Roman collection is of international significance – but the gallery had remained unchanged since the 1960s. Working with historians and archaeologists from the Classics Faculty, the project has been an opportunity to do intensive conservation and research on the objects in the collection.

Intiguently, the refurbishment has also uncovered some surprising – and rather more modern – finds. When museum staff removed some

ancient stone inscriptions from one of the gallery's false walls, they discovered a 1960s time capsule containing an edition of the Cambridge News dated Friday 10 May 1963 and a selection of contemporary coins, alongside the names of the 1960s museum team which had been carved into the cement surround.

But the real stars of the show are more ancient. Highlights include two superb and intricately carved Roman sarcophagi, a new display of Greek vases, treasures found at Hadrian's vast country palace at Tivoli and the 'dolphin rock' – an example of 2,500-year-old graffiti.

For more information about the new gallery, and for the Fitzwilliam's opening times, visit www.fitzmuseum.cam.ac.uk



COSMOLOGY

A new home for stargazers

Cambridge stargazers have a new home from which to ponder the nature of the universe: the Kavli Institute for Cosmology.

Scientists at the new Institute will be grappling with the big questions: the physics of the early universe and the formation of the first stars and galaxies. The inaugural research theme will be 'The Universe at High Redshifts'.

The Kavli Institute will bring together 55 research scientists and graduate students from the Institute of Astronomy, the Cavendish Laboratory and the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics and also award fellowships to outstanding post-doctoral researchers.

To find out more about the Institute and about redshifts research, visit www.kicc.cam.ac.uk

APPOINTMENTS

The new Pro-Vice-Chancellors

Three new Pro-Vice Chancellors have been announced.

Dr Jennifer Barnes, President of Murray Edwards College, has been appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor for International Strategy.

Professor Lynn Gladden, Shell Professor of Chemical Engineering and head of the Department of Chemical Engineering and Biotechnology, has been appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Research.

Professor Ian White, Chair of the School of Technology and Van Eck Professor of Engineering, has been appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Institutional Affairs. All three took up their roles at the beginning of Lent Term. They join Pro-Vice-Chancellors Professor John Rallison (Education) and Professor Steve Young (Planning and Resources).

REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP

A new royal appointment

The Queen has created a new Regius Professorship, the first since 1912. Sir David Baulcombe, the new Regius Professor of Botany, joins Regius Professors in Civil Law, Divinity, Greek, Hebrew and Physic (all founded by Henry VIII in 1540) and in Modern History (founded by George I in 1724).



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on his long-term experiment on crime hot-spots in Manchester and Dr Jason Rentfrow on the link between personality and whether you prefer Haydn or hip-hop.

You can view the videos at www.youtube.com/CambridgeUniversity



UPDATE LENT TERM

TRIBUTE

Dr Peter Richards

Peter Richards (Emmanuel 1970), who died on 9 November 2009 at the age of 58, was editor of CAM for 13 years from 1994 to 2007.

Peter Richards, the late editor of CAM, once remarked to me that the writing of obituaries was “a dark art”. It is true that it is difficult to capture the nature of a life well lived; having written for him in CAM over more than a decade, I miss his editorial brief. This could be encyclopaedic, but then as Sarah Squire, President of Hughes Hall, (where he was appointed as a Fellow in the year 2000) remembers, “Due to his work on CAM he knew just about everyone in town and he was always up to speed as to what was going on”.

He was very committed to his role at Hughes Hall, even donning his party hat at the Christmas dinner to which he invited myself and CAM colleague Martin Thompson one year. Much to his disgust I refused to put on my hat but I did relish his reading out of the Christmas cracker jokes over the port. He loved a good gossip and I, as will his many contributors to CAM, shall miss his sometimes lengthy but always informative telephone conversations.

But he also could be very discreet, as Michael Harrison, Director of Kettle's Yard, remembers. “One of my many memories of Peter is simply finding him in the gallery. He never made a song and dance about turning up there, although he gave us lots of support over the years. It was always a pleasure to see him in the place.”

Family life was very important to him but he could also poke fun at its unexpected turns. As he wrote in his CAM editorial of the Lent term, 2000 “family life provides our best, our worst and our funniest moments, moments of such pain or pleasure that all else appears monochrome by comparison”. He goes on to point out that his first child came close to “being born in the Arts Cinema”. Paul's two siblings were

born at home but Peter couldn't resist the comment that he “never knew umbilical cords were so tough!”.

Peter was loyal to his CAM contributors, many of whom worked with him on and off during the entire period of his editorship. That didn't however mean that he was frightened to get out his red pen and sometimes that led to involved discussion (my own particular bugbear was his fondness for exclamation marks). But he was always available to discuss copy and make helpful and encouraging comments.

During his final illness Peter remained remarkably cheerful and especially strong for his family. Through his own choice few people outside a close knit circle knew that he was terminally ill, so I suspect that he would have laughed at the strange way Michael Harrison found out that he had died. A friend was staying at a weekend cottage in Cornwall and newspapers had been left on the floor to mop up a leak.

There she saw an obituary by one of his favourite CAM contributors, Jonathan Sale, in The Times, which is how Harrison heard the sad news. But then as Peter once reminded me when I was agonising over an article for a national newspaper: “It's only fish and chip paper – or at least it was before health and safety”. Yet despite this typical irreverence, he cared deeply about CAM, as he did his role at Hughes Hall. He will be much missed by his wide circle of friends in Cambridge and beyond – and, I am sure, by his readers.

by Sarah Woodward

800th ANNIVERSARY Transforming tomorrow for girls in Africa

When you educate a girl in Africa, everything changes. She'll be three times less likely to get HIV/AIDS, earn 25 per cent more and have a smaller, healthier family. Education will truly transform her – and her family's – tomorrow.

One organisation working hard to transform those tomorrows is Camfed, the University's 800th Anniversary charity. Founded by Ann Cotton, Camfed has educated more than 645,000 children since 1993 in Zimbabwe, Zambia, Tanzania, Ghana and Malawi.

As Ann Cotton, Camfed's Executive Director, explains, “We believe young women are the leaders of change. Our holistic approach provides education, but also economic opportunities after school, through Cama – the Camfed alumnae network.”

To celebrate 800 years of education at Cambridge, Camfed has been seeking the help of University members to support 800 girls through secondary school in Malawi, where it launched its newest programme in 2009. Thanks to the generosity of the Cambridge community, Camfed is now well on the way to achieving this goal.

You can help expand access to education in Africa by visiting www.camfed.org/news or by calling 0800 432 0482.

Girls supported through school by Camfed in Tanzania



Charlie Bbby/FT

DIARY SPRING/ SUMMER

How to book

You can contact us by phone, email or post. Don't forget to include your (and your guests') full name, contact details, college, matriculation date, and membership number (where applicable). We only need contact details for the lead booker. Please note all events are subject to change.



Paul Weaving

SAVE THE DATE!

Alumni Weekend

24–26 September, Cambridge

In September 1990, 230 alumni convened in Cambridge for the University's first Alumni Weekend. Twenty years on, the annual event attracts well over 1200 alumni, with guests travelling from around the world to attend three days of lectures and tours (as well as a little lunching and reminiscing).

This year we are delighted that Dame Fiona Reynolds (Newnham 1976), Director-General of the National Trust, will be the keynote speaker for the main lecture slot on Saturday afternoon. Other speakers confirmed include: Sir David Baulcombe on Reaping the Benefits of Plant Science for Food Security; Dr Peter Mandler on Social Mobility in Modern Britain; Professor Austin Smith on Understanding Stem Cells: Hope, Hype and Reality; Dr Mark Turin on Voices of Vanishing Worlds and Dr Andrew Wallace-Hadrill on Herculaneum: The Archaeology of Catastrophe.

Do check the website and monthly e-bulletin for regular updates. If you haven't attended in the past three years and would like to be added to the mailing list, please email alumni@foundation.cam.ac.uk.

Contact CARO:

www.alumni.cam.ac.uk

alumni@foundation.cam.ac.uk

Telephone: +44 (0)1223 332288

Cambridge Alumni Relations Office
University of Cambridge
1 Quayside, Bridge Street, Cambridge, CB5 8AB.

EVENTS

Up, up and away!

Saturday 19 June, Imperial War Museum, Duxford

Join fellow alumni at Europe's premier aviation museum and famous heritage site to mark the 70th anniversary of the Battle of Britain.

As well as close-up access to remarkable aircraft such as the Lancaster, Spitfire and Buccaneer, guests will have the opportunity to hear lectures by Professor Roderic Jones, Director of the Institute for

Aviation and the Environment and Allen Packwood, Director of the Churchill Archive Centre.

Guided tours will include 'Battle of Britain', examining Duxford's crucial role in the campaign, and 'Hangar Three', a 100-year perspective on how, from the giant battleships of World War I to the submarines and aircraft carriers of today, our island nation has endeavoured to take control of the sea.

Lectures will take place in the Marshall Room and in the state-of-the-art AirSpace Conference Centre.

Tickets cost £50 per person, and include admission to the Imperial War Museum, parking, tours, lectures, lunch and light refreshments throughout the day. To attend this event, but not the guided tours, tickets are £45 per person.



All images Imperial War Museum



Saturday 3 April

The Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race

Witness the epic battle that is the Boat Race in style and comfort by joining the Vice-Chancellor aboard the MV Elizabethan at Putney Pier, London. Our guest speaker, former Olympic rower John Pritchard (Robinson 1983), has rowed in three University Boat Races and is now a director of the British Olympic Association. Tickets are £95 per person.

Saturday 1 May

Code-breaking at Bletchley

Join distinguished Cambridge speakers for a special event at Bletchley Park. Learn more about Bletchley's WWII operations and their significance, and explore the house and grounds. Tickets are £55 per person.

DIARY SPRING/SUMMER



Hänsel und Gretel, Glyndebourne 2008. Photo: Mike Hoban.

OPERA

Hänsel und Gretel at Glyndebourne

Wednesday 25 August, Glyndebourne

Let a magical mix of folk wonder and rich texture bewitch you at Glyndebourne this year with a performance of Engelbert Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*.

Laurent Pelly's deliciously witty 2008 production, with its intriguing critique of modern consumerism, sees the broom-maker's two outcast children lose their way in the enchanted forest before finding themselves in every hungry child's dream.

With its familiar fairy-tale story and feel-good ending, *Hänsel und Gretel* has long cast its musical spell over adults and children alike.

Glyndebourne on Tour's current music director, Robin Ticciati (Clare 2001), conducted this production in 2008, shortly before conducting the opera again for his Covent Garden debut. Now also principal conductor

of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Ticciati returns to Glyndebourne to lead a largely new cast, led by the British mezzo Alice Coote (who made her Festival debut as Nero in *L'incoronazione di Poppea* in 2008) and the young German soprano Lydia Teuscher (here making her UK opera debut) as the two innocent children, with Wolfgang Ablinger-Sperrhake reprising his role as the witch.

Alumni and their guests are invited to an exclusive pre-performance drinks reception in the stunning Old Green Room with the director of Glyndebourne, David Pickard (Corpus Christi 1979). The booking fee for the reception and opera is £170 per person and all tickets are seated in the circle. The opera will be sung in German with English supertitles. Early booking is advised.

FILM & THEATRE

The Tempest on Screen

Monday 26 July,

St Andrew's Church and the Old Vic Theatre, London

This summer, Oscar-winning director Sam Mendes (Peterhouse 1984) returns to the London stage to direct *The Tempest*, with a formidable transatlantic cast that includes Stephen Dillane, Juliet Rylance and Christian Camargo.

Placing Mendes's Old Vic staging in context, author and lecturer Daniel Rosenthal (Pembroke 1990) will explore screen adaptations of *The Tempest*, in his pre-performance lecture entitled *The Tempest on Screen*.

This illustrated journey through a century of film and television will take in a short British silent from 1908, an American broadcast featuring Richard Burton as Caliban, the glorious 1950s Hollywood sci-fi adventure *Forbidden Planet*, Peter Greenaway's idiosyncratic *Prospero's Books* starring John Gielgud, and a TV movie that transposes the action to the American Civil War.

Rosenthal lectures on Shakespeare for the International Programmes Department of Pembroke College and is the author of *100 Shakespeare Films* and *Shakespeare on Screen*.

Tickets for this event cost £55 per person and include a top price seat in the stalls.



Bf: A still from *Prospero's Books*

GREAT MOMENTS IN CLASSICAL HISTORY

2550BC COMPLETION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID AT GIZA

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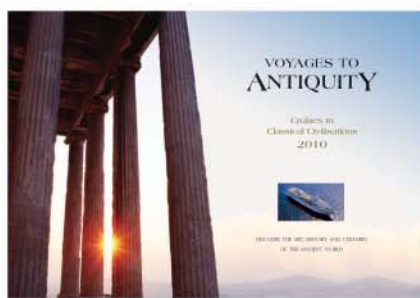
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Noticeboard

Email for life

Did you know that alumni can access 'email for life' through the University? The service includes an email address and email account that can be used throughout your life, enabling friends and contacts to stay in touch however frequently you change jobs, location or ISP. Alumni who have matriculated and studied at the University are eligible for this service. To find out more about the @cantab.net address visit: www.alumni.cam.ac.uk/benefits/email.

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ALUMNI GROUPS

Network with fellow alumni

Are you new to an area and looking to make new contacts? Do you want to meet other Cambridge alumni and take part in some great events? If so, check out our alumni network groups. With more than 40 groups in the UK, 35 in the US and over 140 in the rest of the world (not to mention the many College groups) there's something for everyone, from wine tasting to lectures and walks. To find a group near you and to get details of group events and meetings visit www.alumni.cam.ac.uk/networks.

New network groups

A new group has been set up in Venezuela. For further details contact Gudrun Stalzer (Jesus 2009) at gudrun.stalzer@cantab.net. If you would like to help establish a group in Saudi Arabia please contact Tom Jeffery (Trinity 2000) at tom.jeffery@fco.gov.uk.

Lost alumni

We have received enquiries about the following alumni:

Harry James Broughton, Fitzwilliam 1958
Katy Clark, Jesus 1986
Alan Finch, Selwyn 1985
Philip Gibbon, Pembroke 1986
John Richard Lamb, St Catharine's 1987
Douglas Mackie, Clare 1984
Corinna Harriet Loveday Richards, Queens' 1987
Mary Warren (née Brodie; nickname Polly), Newnham 1966
Michael Hammond, Trinity Hall 1961

If you know them, please ask them to contact the Alumni Relations Office.

Christopher Lawrence (Queens' 1984) is arranging a 25-year reunion for anyone who was in the National Youth Orchestra in 1983, 1984 or 1985. The reunion will take place on Saturday 3 July 2010 at Wolfson College, Cambridge. For more information contact chris-lawrence@ntlworld.com.

Keep us updated

If your copy of CAM is still forwarded on from your last address (or, indeed, your parents') and you'd like to tell us your new postal or email address, you can update your details online at www.alumni.cam.ac.uk or return the cover sheet enclosed with your copy of CAM.

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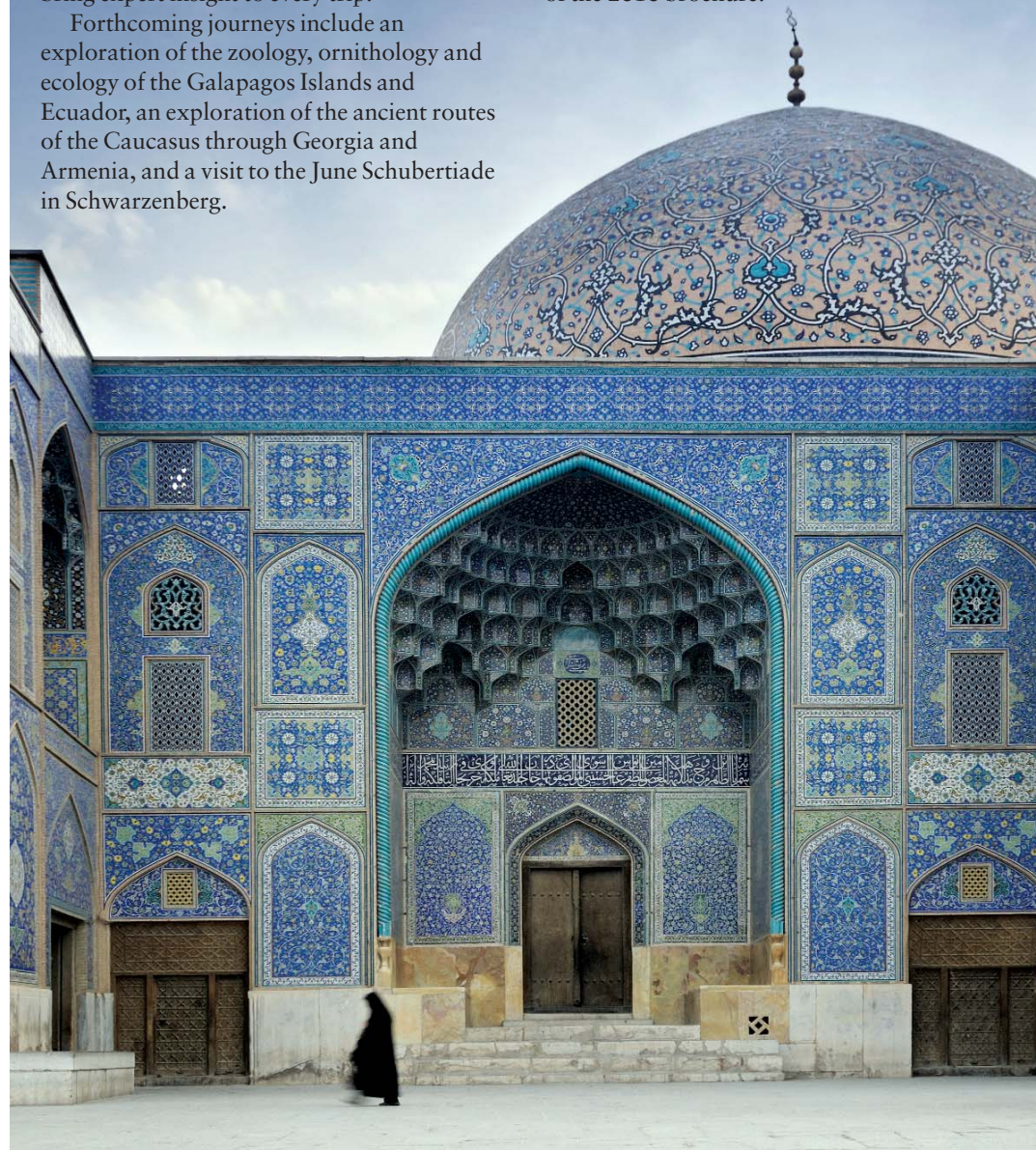
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MY ROOM, YOUR ROOM

J15, THE PADDOCK, EMMANUEL

Words **Leigh Brauman**
Photograph **David Yeo**

Rory McGrath (Emmanuel 1974) is a comedian and writer most recently seen on screen messing about on the river in *Three Men and a Boat*, with Griff Rhys Jones (Emmanuel 1974) and Dara O'Brian.

Katherine Thompson is a third year English student, a choice of course that, she confesses, has allowed plenty of time for fun. However, hard work beckons: Katherine plans to put her nose to the law conversion grindstone when she graduates.

Now here's a thing: did you know that the whole of Emmanuel is obsessed with buses? Once comedian and writer Rory McGrath has checked the wardrobe (it's the same one) the bed (definitely looks familiar) and the doors (there are still two, enabling the inhabitant to 'sport the oak') he gets down to the important stuff. To wit: some very mysterious bus-related banter.

"I was in North Court in my second year," Rory starts. "I was there in my first year," says Katherine, the current resident of J15. And then they both laugh, knowingly. Pointing out that J15, the room they share, isn't even in North Court doesn't seem to be relevant. The connection, it turns out, are the buses.

"We're at the back of the bus station here, and it's really, really noisy," Rory McGrath explains. "I used to be woken up by buses at four in the morning. You could tell the time by it." Katherine agrees. "Weekends attract rather a few characters, and they can be very, erm,

‘I had a guitar. I could play G and D, and I knew someone in another college who could play A minor. It took a long time to play a complete song, waiting for everyone to turn up.’

entertaining. Built-in entertainment. But Sunday nights are glorious. Everything stops and it’s so quiet.”

J15 is now a third year room, but Rory was here in his first year. “I actually thought I was the only first year on the staircase because everyone seemed so loud and friendly with each other,” he says. “It turned out that we were all first years – but they were lawyers. Mainly Welsh rugby-playing lawyers.”

The preponderance of lawyers notwithstanding, Katherine wants to know whether the room looks the same. “Well there was no fridge, no radiators – and I had a huge picture of Brigitte Bardot,” he says. “Also, I had coffee. My mother had decided that I shouldn’t run out of coffee, ever, so I had an industrial size catering tin. And my Jewish friend Charles’s mother had given him a 12 gallon catering pack of chicken soup as big as that fridge. I remember going round to help him finish it before she came to visit.”

Was he a studious first year? “I was a poor student. In those days you could just learn everything in the week leading up to the exam and then forget it the week after,” he says. “Although I do remember that in my first year I used to pretend to be out – I assumed that my supervisor would come looking for me. Eventually I realised that they were completely indifferent.”

Not that he was entirely idle. In addition to throwing parties (“If it was eight people and a bottle of wine it was a party and you had to have permission – we called it ‘rehearsal’”) and playing guitar (“I could play G and D, and I knew someone in another college who could play A minor. It took a long time to play a complete song, waiting for everyone to turn up”), Rory was busy pursuing his dream: to become a comedy writer. In a roundabout fashion, naturally.

“I thought the only way to be a comedy writer was to go to Cambridge Footlights – it was why I wanted to go to Cambridge in the first place. Clive Anderson was president, and when I met him at the Societies Fair, he told me he was really disorganised but if I put my name down on a piece of paper, he’d put it in the bin. I thought it was a very funny joke, but I never heard from them again,” he says. “At the time, Cambridge was more interesting than being in Footlights, so I didn’t mind. In my second year I was on a romance sabbatical, so I couldn’t do anything except look wistful and drippy. So it wasn’t until my third year that I actually got involved.”

Can today’s students get away with spending so much time on extra-library pursuits? Perhaps surprisingly, Katherine doesn’t think things have changed that much. “It’s certainly true that I spent a lot of time in my first year lying on the grass in the sunshine while all the medics were slaving away in the library,” she says. “And lots of people do ‘ADC studies’. Deep down, I don’t think that much really changes.”

THE BEST... CHAPEL IN CAMBRIDGE

Robert Peal is reading History at Sidney Sussex

Far from the famous gothic splendour of King’s Chapel, on the eastern outskirts of town, lies the oldest building in Cambridge: the Leper Chapel. It is a building you discover rather than find, and incredulity that such a beautiful medieval relic lies seemingly discarded in a dip off the Newmarket Road is a common response.

Walking from the pavement towards this sunken Romanesque treasure evokes a powerful sense of the past. In central Cambridge the postcards, ticket booths and hoards of camera-wielding visitors all conspire to stifle your historical imagination. The buildings suffer from a paradox of fame: as tourists flock to these attractions they lose their attractiveness. By contrast, the Leper Chapel sits unknown and unvisited, revealing itself with understated honesty only to the curious passer-by. Its very existence provokes a flurry of questions: Why was it built? How did it continue to exist for so long? Has it sunk or did the earth grow around it?

The surroundings of the Chapel make its survival seem astonishing. The building looks up to cars speeding by; the floodlights of Cambridge United’s

football ground loom overhead.

The King’s Lynn trains run hard by this consecrated ground, recurrently breaking the few moments of stillness snatched from an urban blur. However, rather than diminish its effect, the transient quiet throws the Leper Chapel’s history into sharp relief.

The Chapel was originally built – at a safe distance from Cambridge – as part of a leprosy hospital. Although it is now a footnote in Cambridge’s grand history, this hospital brought the town to international significance for the first time – not as a university but as host to the largest fair in Europe. The Stourbridge Fair was given royal ascent in 1199 by King John to raise money for the leprosy hospital, and took place on the Common which survives to this day.

If you strain your imagination, it is possible to envisage the superstores and warehouses supplanted by medieval stalls. The Leper Chapel has survived longer than any other building in Cambridge. Currently surrounded by the identikit paraphernalia found on the outskirts of any modern British town, it offers a unique impression of the immense changes that can occur with time.



Charlie Toman

HISTORY OF A FRIENDSHIP

Vivian Nutton (Selwyn 1962), **Hadley Hunter** (Trinity 1962), **Clarke Walters** (Pembroke 1962) and **Chris Rogers** (Emmanuel 1962) have been bellringing together for 48 years.

Words **Anna Melville-James**

Main photograph **Christoffer Rudquist**



High above Cambridge, in the ringing chamber of Great St Mary's church, four friends stand by the circle of port-coloured bell ropes. "What's the best thing about ringing?" asks one. "Taking your arms off the rope," calls another.

Hadley Hunter, Vivian Nutton, Clarke Walters and Chris Rogers haven't rung here together since 1965, and as well as test-driving the church's new bells, replaced last year, the group is enjoying the sense of time-travel.

Back in 1962, when they met as freshers at a University Guild of Change Ringers practice, all four had been ringing for several years. But none expected their friendship would span some 48 years.

"We coalesced as a group because we were the good ones ... admit it, that was the reason!" laughs Hadley, the group's composer, as everyone looks modestly around the tower. "Also we were keen."

The Guild, founded in 1879, is the second-oldest non-sporting society in the University, after the Union. "We used to ring on Mondays and twice on Sundays at Great St Mary's, and twice at St Andrew the Great, with Guild practices on Wednesdays at St Andrew's and Fridays at St Bene't's," says Clarke. "Saturday afternoons were either cycle outings to ring bells at local parish churches, or attempts to ring peals, roughly three hours continuous ringing, around the county. Although we didn't ring every evening. And yes, the pub did feature after most sessions."

According to Vivian, without ringing, the four probably wouldn't have been friends: they were at different colleges, doing different subjects. Clarke agrees: "The chances of meeting up would have been slim. You've got to have a common point of interest as friends, if only to get together in the first place." And by common admission, the four have very different personalities. "Hadley is the mathematical one," says Vivian. "I remember him saying 'you see, it's VERY simple.' I thought, yes it is ... to a Trinity mathematician. Chris was, and still is, the organiser. Clarke was ringing master in the third year, which meant he organised all the Guild ringing, so technically he was the group leader."

"In reality all that meant was I was just really busy," adds Clarke. The group looks to Vivian. "Me? I'm the professional!"

The group's recollections have the rhythm of a peal, flowing back and forth, changing direction with each story. "I remember going to Aston in 1964, when there was an FA Cup semi-final over the wall at Villa Park, no food anywhere, and it was snowing," says Vivian. "We tried to ring something very complicated on 12 bells, then something less complicated, then something even less. Finally we gave up. I think we went to the pub."

"Hadley once answered the phone during a peal at Southwark Cathedral," remembers Chris. Hadley widens his eyes, "I don't remember that!" "There was a phone on the wall beside him," laughs Vivian. "I think the

caller was a verger. The story is that Hadley did carry on ringing while he answered it!"

All four still ring regularly. Chris and Clarke are members of Westminster Abbey Company of Ringers and Vivian and Hadley ring two to three times a week at local churches. They last reconvened to ring for Hadley's Ruby Wedding in November 2009.

"After university I had a gap from ringing – actually about 35 years," says Hadley. "I got obsessed so I had to stop for a bit, and it took me a long time to get back into practice. Luckily, you can use computer simulators to practice now. Although, even in 1965, I was using a computer for my compositions to make sure the peals didn't contain any repetitions."

"You can get obsessed," admits Clarke.

"I packed up for a month once – I wondered if I could give it up to be honest." Vivian counters: "I didn't drop out, but I wasn't ringing every Sunday for a while. I think as life goes on, with families and so on, you have to wind it down. I remember thinking, even Chris can't continue at that pace." "I've never had a break," Chris says mildly, with a smile, from the corner of the room.

Back in Great St Mary's, the decades dissolve further as someone unearths a box of handbells. "Even though Vivian was off lecturing round the world, and Hadley went to live in America for a while, we always knew the friendship was there, and that we could walk into a room and 'here we are again' – just like now," says Clarke. Vivian agrees: "I think it's possibly because you've spent so much time together – when you really needn't have."

The group starts an impromptu handbell touch, during which banter subsides to meditative concentration. "Ringing is a musical, physical, intellectual and historical thing," says Vivian. "And for some it's part of their worship and service in the church." Clarke adds, "It can be strenuous, but it's very satisfying." And who makes the most mistakes? Clarke points surreptitiously at Chris and Hadley, amid polite murmurs of "Oh, no one."

"We used to ring handbells in Hadley's room regularly," he continues, as they return the bells to their box. "M7 Whewell's Court. I could find my way there in the dark, even now. We always ended up there because he served good coffee." "You know when people say 'where were you when Kennedy got shot?' Well, actually we'd just finished a peal on handbells," muses Hadley. "My neighbour came to ask whether I'd heard, and I said, 'Er no, we've just been ringing for three hours...'"

With that – and memories of friendship and fresh Arabica recalled – the four friends take hold of their ropes and the bells begin to ring out their timeless sound over a dusky Cambridge.

If you would like to share the history of your friendship, do get in touch at alumni@foundation.cam.ac.uk or by post (see page 8).



From left to right: Clarke Walters, Hadley Hunter, Vivian Nutton and Chris Rogers

TAKE THREE

Dame Margaret Anstee
Dame Margaret Anstee (Newnham 1944) was the UN's first female Under-Secretary General and later, in Angola, the first woman to head a military peace-keeping operation. Her book, *The House on the Sacred Lake*, is published by Book Guild Publishing.

Professor Christopher Hill
Professor Christopher Hill is Sir Patrick Sheehy Professor of International Relations in the Department of Politics and International Studies (POLIS).

Sir Christopher Hum
Sir Christopher Hum was the British Ambassador to China from 2002 and 2005 and is currently Master of Gonville and Caius College.

Is international agreement possible in the 21st century?

MARGARET ANSTEE: The UN has been in constant crisis ever since it began but does seem to be at particularly low ebb just now. Ironically, its role is more critical than ever, given the enormous span of the looming global threats and challenges that far outreach the organisation's current capacity.

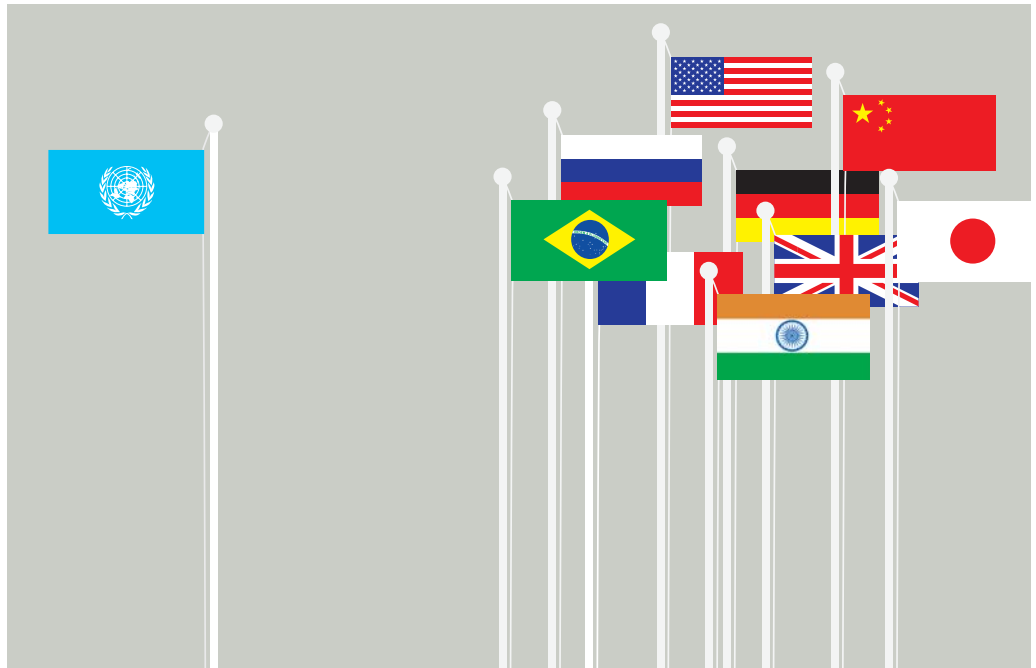
Our increasingly globalised world makes considerations of national sovereignty increasingly irrelevant. No government can solve its problems on its own. Yet all too often member states give more weight to political considerations than substantive issues, swayed by misplaced perceptions of their national interest. The Copenhagen summit is a sad example; the warning of the effects of global warming on the world should have brought countries together.

It is difficult to get 192 countries to agree but it can be done, as I myself have experienced, even in very contentious areas – narcotic drugs, for instance. Much depends on proper preparation beforehand and on deft handling of the conference itself. Admittedly, agreement means compromise, and sometimes you're left with what looks like the lowest common denominator. But even that is better than nothing because you can build on it for the future. And in the 21st century international agreement is essential if we are to confront universal threats, such as climate change, terrorism, access to water and the disparity in income between North and South.

PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER HILL: I don't think [the question] makes much sense. There is a vast range of international agreements made all the time. The questions here are: how far is the world coming together and acting as a single international community? Has the fundamental structure changed, or has the balance of forces within the structure changed?

In the last 20 years we can identify three major points at which the structure certainly trembled – the collapse of the Soviet Union, 9/11 and the recession of 2007–09. But I'm not sure that the structure has changed in its fundamentals.

The UN Security Council agreed unanimously to send more troops and police to Haiti. Getting the Security Council to agree is difficult and they did it within a week. In



'It is difficult to get 192 countries to agree, but it can be done – even if what you're left with looks like the lowest common denominator.'

contrast, Copenhagen was a major structural challenge to get agreement at a strategic, long-term level among all the world's states, to cope with a problem of the global commons. But the summit proved premature. It was too difficult to get all the ducks in line, not to mention the fundamental differences in interest which exist between the Third World countries and the rich countries.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HUM: I believe it [international agreement] is not only possible but essential – because of the interconnected nature of 21st-century societies and because the problems that the international community face are global in nature. None of these problems can be solved without China playing a role. China weathered the world financial crisis very well. It has come out economically strengthened in relation to the rest of the world, and hence politically

strengthened. If there was any doubt before, there is no doubt now that China has taken its place at the top table.

Over the last few years we have seen China becoming more assertive and proactive in international affairs. Sometimes that has been helpful and constructive, such as the role China has taken in coordinating international action over the nuclear threat from North Korea. But China has sometimes tended to focus narrowly on its own interests rather than the broader international interest. For example, in connection with the problems of Burma, of Iran's nuclear development and of Darfur, China has sought to protect its commercial interests at the expense of effective action by the international community.

But the major powers have to make room for China. It is a very major and overdue step that the G8 is now the G20, including major emerging countries. Now there must be a very conscious policy on the part of Western countries to engage China in discussion about international issues, and make China feel that it is tackling these problems as part of an international community rather than simply in its own interests.

Interviews by Lucy Jolin

THE OTHER TOWN

In 1923, undergraduates Christopher Isherwood and Edward Upward discovered a door into a secret world. Dr Leo Mellor explains.

Silver Street is not the most obvious place to start a Cambridge literary pilgrimage. A practical, S-shaped byway, Silver Street's main appeal initially seems simply as a connection between points of greater interest. So why is it that if you wait long enough, you may just spot a visitor, book in hand, halted half way down Silver Street and looking desperately for a blank door in a solid wall?

The key to this literary mystery is a late night in the Michaelmas term of 1923. Two undergraduates walking towards the river found themselves "in an unfamiliar alley", dominated by "a strange-looking rusty-hinged little old door in a high blank wall". One turned to the other and said: "It's the doorway into the Other Town." The two students in question were the writers Christopher Isherwood and Edward Upward.

The mundane door-in-the-wall, leading to terrors and splendours beyond, is part of

a long literary tradition; such shabby magic portals are central in stories from HG Wells's story of a promised land that "lies behind North Kensington", through to the wish-fulfilment of *The Secret Garden*. Yet this 'Other Town', an obverse of Cambridge, is the manifestation of something very Cantab-specific.

After meeting in the sixth form at Repton, Upward and Isherwood both applied to Corpus Christi. Both made other friends (Upward even played football for the College team and won the Chancellor's Medal for poetry) but their loathing of Corpus, dramatic and self-dramatising, soon trumped all other interests: "Our social fears swept us from one extreme to the other. The dons were bogies or dummies. The College cliques were groups of plush tom-cats or combines to be fought with daggers", Isherwood wrote many years later.

Over the next year, the fantastical Other Town slowly began to take shape in written form. Their mode of composition relied upon

completing each other's work, often through a relay of manuscripts left at the breakfast table. They populated their alternative Cambridge with grotesques, malevolently transforming fellow students into beasts such as the Laily Worm (an over-eager scholar), and experimented with pseudonyms, scientific jargon and parodic forms. The Other Town stories were naturally melancholic and self-involved; but they were also transgressive, with moral certainties up-ended and narrative tested with sexual or violent details.

But despite the richness of their chosen setting, by the Long Vacation of 1924 Upward wanted the Other Town transplanted: "You see," he wrote, "Cambridge isn't romantic at all: it's loathsomely real and sordid." The pair renamed the work Mortmere (connotations of dead lakes and mothers entirely intentional), but retained the Cambridge protagonists, such as Christopher Starn (who is depicted training the timid undergraduate Fooby Bevan in seduction).

Even stranger, Upward and Isherwood planned to present the stories to Cambridge contemporaries as a finished book. As Isherwood recalled: "Mortmere was to be presented as a volume containing oil-paintings, brasses, intaglios, pressed flowers, mirrors and harmless bombs to emphasise points in the story." The dialogue was to be spoken "by a concealed gramophone. A musical box played emotional airs. The pages would smell, according to their subject matter, of grave clothes, manure, or expensive scent."

Was this silly and indulgent: a game for boys who never really grew up? Maybe. But the lasting significance of Isherwood and Upward's escapism cannot be ignored. The Other Town forms part of Cambridge's contribution to interwar surrealism, providing aggressive contrast to the rose-tinted, honey-for-tea yearning of much of the Cambridge literary tradition. It is one of many reasons why that lonely door somewhere near Silver Street is still a worthy place of pilgrimage.



Steve Bond

Left: Is this the door to the Other Town?



Incompetent, ill-prepared, over-confident: Captain Scott was an inept polar explorer. Yet 100 years on from his final, fatal polar expedition, Scott's story – and the pole itself – continue to fascinate.

Words **Lucy Jolin**

Photographs **Martin Hartley and Scott Polar Research Institute**

HEROES FROZEN IN TIME

Above:
British Antarctic Expedition, 1910–13.
Captain Scott and party at the
South Pole. Photograph by Henry
Bowers.

Opposite:
5 January 1911. Grotto in an iceberg,
'Terra Nova' in the distance.
Griffiths Taylor and Charles Wright
in the interior.

“They talk of the heroism of the dying,” wrote Apsley Cherry-Garrard, youngest member of Captain Robert Falcon Scott's last expedition to the South Pole. “They little know – it would be so easy to die, a dose of morphia, a friendly crevasse and a blissful sleep. The trouble is to go on ...”. Cherry-Garrard was on his way to find not the pole, but a penguin – an emperor penguin, to be exact. His task? To bring back an egg to test the then-fashionable ‘recapitulation theory’ which stated that the development of an embryo follows the same pattern as an animal's evolutionary history.

But the eggs were laid during the polar winter, and at that time the only known colony in existence lay in one of the most inhospitable corners of one of the most inhospitable places on earth. So Cherry-Garrard and his two fellow party members set out, all supplies carefully weighed and measured: three men; two sledges; two ice-axes; three cases of ‘Antarctic biscuit’ specially made by Huntley & Palmers; two Primus stoves filled with oil; and that Antarctic necessity, toilet paper. It added up to five weeks of minus 75-degree temperatures, screaming blizzards, agonising frostbite, exhaustion without respite. It was this secondary winter trek, not Captain Scott's final steps, that Cherry-Garrard dubbed *The Worst Journey in the World*, the title of his memoir.



Was it worth it? The party staggered back with three eggs. Upon his return to England in 1913, Cherry-Garrard attempted to present the eggs to the Natural History Museum. They were received with little interest. Recapitulation theory was already out of date. And, 100 years later, anyone wishing to find out more about the emperor penguin can simply log on to the British Antarctic Survey's website and vote for their featured Penguin of the Day.

Has something been lost from our perceptions of the South Pole since Scott breathed his last in a fusty tent with a whirling blizzard howling outside? Stand in the library at the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge and you can trace attitudes to polar exploration, decade by decade, through the book titles. They begin with warlike imagery – *The Siege of the South Pole*, *The Conquest of the South Pole*, *Antarctic Assault* – and move on to myth, with Scott's *Last Expedition* sitting neatly next to *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* in a 'Best Loved Works' compendium. Next, with nothing left to conquer, the titles take a more playful turn: *My Friends the Huskies*, *My Antarctic Honeymoon*, *No Latitude for Error*, *Opposite Poles*. And finally you reach the new generation of adventurers, armed with GPS satellites and freeze-dried rations, battling only against their personal bests – *Mind Over Matter*, *No Horizon Is So Far*, *Shadows on the Wasteland*.

Of course, the South Pole was always just a symbol. There was no fabled city, like Timbuktu, no Source of the Nile equivalent, no treasure-filled pharaoh's tomb. Just a point on a map, the Geographical South Pole, 90 degrees south, the only place on the globe where everywhere else is north. A geographical novelty, not even permanent – it shifts around 10 metres every year with the ice (resident scientists carefully reposition the pole's marker every New Year's Day). Not that it mattered. The previous century had shown that any stout-hearted man with the requisite combination of chutzpah and financial backing could get his shot at immortality, buoyed by national pride, ambition and simple greed. Sir Richard Burton disguised himself as an Arab and became the first European to penetrate Mecca, sporting the scar he got from a spear in the face somewhere in Somalia on an attempt to find the source of the Nile. David Livingstone, driven to bring God to the heathens, had begun to fill in the blank spaces in the African interior. And an obscure army official, Gordon Laing, was the first white man to reach Timbuktu. (Plague-ridden and half-mad, he died a few weeks later.) So why not the poles?

The North Pole fell to the American Robert Peary (though his claim is still disputed) in April 1909. The South Pole remained elusive, and by now it was a prize. The race was won on 14 December 1911 (in retrospect, unsurprisingly) by Roald Amundsen, a highly skilled, efficient and experienced explorer and skier. Scott's unwieldy polar party, meanwhile, struggled in the snow. Five Britons reached the pole on 17 January 1912. On the way back they died, the final three just 11 miles from a depot, out of fuel and food and trapped in a four-day blizzard. Yet it was Scott who became the polar hero. At least for a while. By the 1960s he had become shorthand for a kind of hopelessly unfashionable stiff-upper-lipped imperialism, spoofed by Peter Cook and Monty Python. "To people of other nationalities who work in Antarctica, the British still have a reputation for pointless discomfort," notes Francis Spufford (*Trinity Hall* 1982), author of *I May Be Some Time: Ice and the English Imagination*. "A sort of boyish, bearded, pointless discomfort."

Over the next few decades, interest in Scott gradually dwindled and in 1979, winter sports journalist and author Roland Huntford published his debunking of the Scott myth, *Scott and Amundsen*. "I don't want to be presumptuous enough to say I changed public opinion, but perhaps the book did play a part in altering perceptions,"

'I'd say Scott was probably the most incompetent polar explorer who ever tried his luck in the Antarctic. He is the romantic hero, where you have to suffer.'

he says. "Because of my skiing background, I could identify with Amundsen. I thought there must be something wrong when the winner is written out of the script and the loser is praised to the skies. I had to reappraise Amundsen but in doing that I saw the fraudulence in the Scott myth. I'd say that he's probably the most incompetent polar explorer who ever tried his luck in the Antarctic. And Amundsen was the greatest polar explorer ever, of the classical or what people call the heroic age. Another way of summing up is this: Scott is the romantic hero, where you have to suffer. Amundsen is the Homeric hero, the survivor." And the one who actually achieved his goal.

So although more people are going to the pole than ever before – "creating fictitious goals for themselves," says Huntford, "youngest, oldest, whatever" – there are no more polar explorer heroes. "The term explorer is not a good one today for the polar regions," says Beau Riffenburgh, exploration historian, editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Antarctic* and Scott Institute Associate. "I would use the term 'adventurers'. They are very tough men who can do impressive things but I don't think they are the same as the explorers of a century or more ago, who really were explorers. These adventurers are doing remarkable things and they are doing scientific studies too, in part because that is what you need to get the funding – which was the case a century ago as well. But I would argue that they are not exploring. Because it is known."

Indeed, all the tantalising areas on the maps have been filled in, says Riffenburgh. "The mystery of exploration has been lost. Slowly but surely different areas have gone. There isn't a great unknown on the planet left, except under the sea and areas where it [exploration] becomes a technological process. A century ago, or more, exploration was based, first and foremost, on the individual – on his drive, on his determination. Everything coming from within. It used to be about the greatness, the strength of the individual. Now, it's based on intellect. The greatest loss over the last 100 years has been the mystery of something that the human spirit and human drive can still discover and open up. That's what adventurers are doing today. They are trying to relive that as closely as possible by going through the same steps. But the space can't go back to being blank."

And nowhere but outer space can achieve the reversion to the Scott-era definition of an explorer, says Spufford. "The first human body in an environment, the first human chance to make sense of it through our senses ... until somebody is mountaineering their way up Olympus Mons in Mars, it's hard to imagine anything that repeats the kind of grandeur of those tiny Edwardian expeditions setting off into those entirely unmapped continents."

Yet Scott and the Antarctic refuse to vanish from our shared consciousness. "I suppose that all societies need heroes," says Huntford. "Because, I suppose, public life and life generally is somewhat dishonest and drab. So people are clinging to some kind of hero to whom they can relate." Scott the Boy's Own idol has long since been laid to rest; Scott the hopeless buffoon is on his way out. We now have Scott the flawed idol, Scott the victim of what he himself called "misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken". As Julian Dowdeswell (*Jesus* 1977), director of the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, points out, "The Scott story – it's quite simply ... a hell of a story."

He's right. The endless planning. The exhausting march to the pole. The crushing disappointment of finding he had come second. The slow, cold death. And, most importantly, the words left behind for rescuers to find. The story given a stirring ending by a man who knew how to write. "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would



Clockwise from top left: Captain Robert Falcon Scott, Sir Ranulph Fiennes, Apsley Cherry-Garrard and Pen Hadow.

have stirred the heart of every Englishman.” Huntford acknowledges that Scott refuses to lie down and take his place among forgotten heroes (who now remembers Gordon Laing, after all?). “I suppose to sum up the popularity of Scott is that people see something of themselves in him, which makes us a nation of losers,” he says. “It’s a streak of masochism in the British character. It’s weird.”

As a Cambridge student in 1985, Francis Spufford was procrastinating, trying to avoid work on his dissertation. He picked up a copy of *The Worst Journey in the World* and stayed up all night reading it. “I was a terribly suspicious, postmodernistically minded, metanarrative kind of right-on ‘80s graduate and I didn’t think that this kind of stiff-upper-lip imperialistic stuff was going to speak to me,” he remembers. “But it did. I find Scott a lot easier to empathise with than someone who is highly skilled and utterly confident but who has an inner life you can’t get to. Scott is very human – even if that was manifested in rigidity and formality and adherence to a hierarchy that doesn’t make much sense to us. It’s the humanity that still communicates itself. And oddly, the story of Scott is and isn’t far away. It happens in a landscape without any of the ordinary markers of a period, so the only thing that tells you it’s happening to Edwardians rather than our contemporaries is the clothing they are wearing.”

It could be argued that heroism’s loss is science’s gain – that the romance of the unknown hardly benefits humanity in a practical sense. And it was, after all, a thirst for scientific discovery which originally spurred the exploration of the polar regions. As Julian Dowdeswell explains: “When the British navy started the exploration of the North-West Passage after the Napoleonic Wars, they did a huge amount of mapping and basic scientific exploration. A lot of the navy captains were basically amateur scientists. Scott’s first expedition,

the 1901-4 Discovery expedition, was a model of a first scientific expedition to Antarctica, and some of the things written on those expeditions are still quoted in modern scientific journals today.” But these days, scientists find themselves on the front line of discoveries they’d perhaps rather not make, as a more tangible loss, that of the ice itself, makes itself felt. “It is much bigger than any human,” says Spufford. “The emerging tragic thing about Antarctica now is that our destructive acts can be bigger than it.”

How do you measure ice loss? It can be as simple as comparing two photographs, says Dowdeswell. A hundred years ago Scott took a photograph of a lake trapped by a glacier around 5 miles from where McMurdo research station now stands. Recent photographs of the same place show a dramatic drop in the lake’s levels. Generally, however, measuring loss is a complex process. Dowdeswell and his fellow glaciologists look for answers both today and thousands of years in the past. They use twin-engined planes to send radar signals deep into ice up to seven kilometres thick, seeking to map what lies underneath. They examine the marine geological and geophysical record, dredging freezing seas for 10,000-year-old sediment. Millions of tiny movements are measured, mapped, quantified and benchmarked, boiled down into graphs and reports. But this is where our perception of the Antarctic as ‘known’ suddenly shifts. There are plenty of unknowns here. For example, 30 years ago nobody knew of the existence of Lake Vostok, a freshwater lake of 10,000 square kilometres lying beneath four kilometres of ice. Nobody knows yet exactly what kind of ecosystems the lake could contain, though theories currently range from protective enzymes to alien viruses.

“There is a lot about the ice that we don’t know yet,” says Dowdeswell. “The big drainage basins – half a million square kilometres or more – are almost completely unknown, even in terms of their basic shape. If you ask us what the shape of the rock underneath is, it’s like trying to explain the shape of Britain with just two or three transects across it. You’ve got no idea. And, in fact, it’s true to say that a lot of these basins in east Antarctica are a lot less well mapped than either the dark side of the moon or Venus. You can send up satellites and there’s nothing in the way when you want to use radar to look at the shape of the moon. But you’ve got between 2 and 4.7km of ice obstructing your view of what the bed of the Antarctic Ocean is like.”

And perhaps this is a reason why, despite the loss of heroism, mystery and grandeur, the Antarctic continues to fascinate. Scott may have been nothing but an incompetent fool, the glorious pole nothing but a meaningless point on the map, and immortality found not in the stout hearts of Englishmen but in tiny particles of ancient dirt. But the Antarctic has not entirely lost its mystery or its possibilities.

“There are other dimensions,” says Spufford, “one of which is the scientific one. And I suspect there are encounters with the unknown and the unknowable available on much smaller scales, and that the right kind of attention is maybe as decisive as what you’re paying attention to. I think it’s quite possible that you could look through a microscope at some very small Antarctic sample and be exploring in the same way that Scott was.”

And it’s this fascination that could end up saving this strange region: the coldest, highest, windiest and most intriguing continent on earth. Yes, Cherry-Garrard’s penguin’s egg may have proved useless, but as he urged his readers: “The desire for knowledge for its own sake is the one which really counts ... And I tell you, if you have the desire for knowledge and the power to give it physical expression, go out and explore.” Squinting down a microscope at thousand-year-old bacteria may not have the same draw as a race to the pole, but perhaps that’s no bad thing. After all, vanished dreams of heroism pale beside the consequence of the greatest loss of all – the southern ice cap itself.

Follow Scott’s journal via Twitter at www.twitter.com/scottslastexp or at www.spri.cam.ac.uk/museum/diaries

To find out more about Scott’s Polar expedition and the work of the Polar Institute, visit www.spri.cam.ac.uk.



According to UNESCO, more than 2400 languages spoken today are endangered and will probably vanish by the end of the century. **Dr Mark Turin** explores just what that means for the speakers of Thangmi, a Tibeto-Burman language spoken in the Himalayas.

Words **Dr Mark Turin**
Illustration **Lara Harwood**

The Language Collector

What does language death look – or rather – ‘sound’ like? In part, it’s the sound of silence and the pain of imperfect communication, crystallised in the expression of my Dutch grandmother, trying so earnestly to explain to me, her English-speaking grandson, what it meant to be an *onderduiker* or ‘person in hiding’ during World War II in Amsterdam. It’s also embodied in the look on the face of my wife’s grandmother, a Yiddish journalist who spoke at least seven languages to some level of fluency, as she realised that she would have to write in English, her eighth language, in order to convey her knowledge to a wider audience.

How do you prevent a language from dying? Learning to speak it yourself is certainly a first step. I have been working in the Himalayas for the last 15 years, particularly in Nepal – a country of massive ethnic and linguistic diversity, home to over 100 languages from four different language families. Since 1996, I have lived for long periods with the Thangmi community who speak an endangered and until recently, almost entirely undescribed Tibeto-Burman language. For most of these years, I have worked in collaboration with my wife, Dr Sara Shneiderman, a research fellow in

social anthropology at St Catharine’s College, who has written about Thangmi religious traditions and cultural practices. Working with indigenous scholars, Sara and I have been documenting the unique Thangmi language and its associated cultural traditions.

Ever fewer ethnic Thangmi speak the Thangmi language. Many community members have taken to speaking Nepali, the national language taught in schools and spread through the media, and their competence in their ancestral language is rapidly declining. While growing fluency in any national language is of course to be encouraged, and is no small feat for an economically unstable country such as Nepal, this progress can be at the expense of unwritten speech forms. Within one family, it’s quite common to find a monolingual Thangmi grandparent living in the same household as their middle-aged child who is bilingual in Thangmi and Nepali, alongside grandchildren enrolled in a government village school who speak only Nepali.

While this is not an unusual picture, as my own family history illustrates, such complete language shift in the space of two generations (grandparents and grandchildren sharing no common language) is nevertheless a massive

rupture for a small ethnic group, and one which can have a profound impact on the transmission of cultural knowledge and history. Communities who may have been plurilingual a generation ago, speaking different languages in different social contexts (the home, the local bazaar and elsewhere in the region when trading), are increasingly schooled through the medium of a national language which firmly instils and reinforces monolingual identities. Even today, multilingualism is often tragically portrayed as an impediment to full citizenship and participation in a modern nation state.

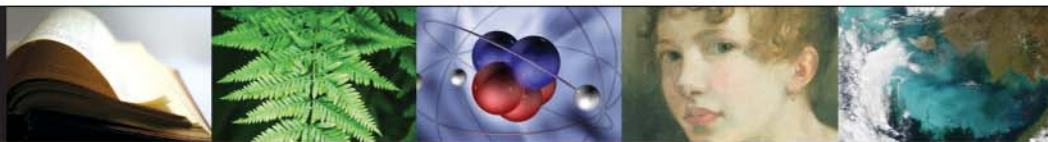
I should confess that it took me the best part of three years to learn Thangmi to a level sophisticated enough to tell a joke, and another year to be able to tell a joke that was actually funny. This underscores the importance of culture in language: while I had become grammatically adult, culturally, I was still a child, with no real sense of what was locally relevant, resonant and meaningful.

Part of my struggle was that I was used to learning languages from books where someone else had taken the time to parse each word out and explain the rules of grammar. With Thangmi, I was faced with decoding a complex and unwritten language with no rulebook to refer to and with no obvious path in. Imagine hearing the phrase ‘*Qu’est-ce que c’est que ça?*’ for the first time, without knowing how the words fitted together because they had never before been written down, and you’ll understand my problem.

Bilingual Thangmi-Nepali speakers were my first point of contact, and I spent my early months in the field using my existing Nepali language skills to ask increasingly complex questions on the lines of “In your language, how would you say ‘that man over there is my mother’s elder brother?’”, to which I might receive the tired and slightly irritated reply, and then in Thangmi, “I told you already, he’s not my mother’s elder brother but my mother’s elder sister’s husband”, often suffixed with a *sotto voce* “this light-haired kid learns really slowly”.

My progress really was slow, every triumph eroded by another moment of confusion at the next, more complex, puzzle. The Thangmi verb ‘to be’, for example, has a range of different roots, each contingent on the perceived state of permanence of being and whether the speaker has seen the event with their own eyes and thus verified the occurrence. And motion verbs vary by angle of inclination, so that ‘to come up a hill’ is a completely different and unrelated verb stem from ‘to come down the mountain’. The local mountainous topography is etched into the language and it is inconceivable that a native speaker would confuse the two.

The Thangmi lexicon is pretty compact, with just over 2000 ‘words’, and not always ones that we would expect. For example, while there are no Thangmi terms for ‘village’,



Imagine Cambridge in the 19th century ...

... **Professor Henslow** is reading extracts to the Philosophical Society from the *Beagle* letters of his student **Charles Darwin**. **Hort and Westcott** are re-editing the Greek New Testament from newly discovered ancient sources, and the intrepid **Smith sisters** are heading for Sinai to search for any manuscripts that the German scholar **Tischendorf** may have missed. **Bateson** has been reading the work of an Austrian monk on plant genetics that had been overlooked for 50 years, and **M.R. James** is reconstructing the holdings of medieval monasteries as he catalogues manuscripts in college libraries. **Sir Richard Jebb's** edition of Sophocles is setting new standards for the editing of classical texts, and **Lord Kelvin** and **Peter Guthrie Tait** are revolutionising the world of physics. Meanwhile the government of the day has appointed a commission to look into the finances and running of the ancient universities ...

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'table', 'left' or 'right', there are specific verbs to mean 'to be exhausted by sitting in the sun all day' and 'to be infested with lice', as well as precise nouns to describe the edible parts of certain leaves or particularly chewy meat that gets stuck in one's teeth. In other words, the lexical inventory of Thangmi reflects those things that are culturally salient and meaningful to its speakers.

The kinship system, which, after many complex diagrams, I thought I had finally mastered (eight different uncles and aunts depending on whether they are older or younger than parents, and differentiated between blood relatives and in-laws), actually makes a distinction for gender of speaker. I didn't realise this until I started working with a village woman who, as a 'feminine speaker', turned my whole understanding inside out.

Learning Thangmi felt like code-breaking at Bletchley Park, but all alone: a voyage of incredible excitement and intellectual stimulation, exploding my often narrow expectations of what a language could be. As these above examples show, languages are about so much more than words. Whole conceptual, social and ecological worlds open up when you learn to speak and come to understand languages vastly different from your own.

So what is to be done about language endangerment and its grave cultural effects, and by whom? I set up the World Oral Literature Project in 2009 to encourage collaborations between local communities and committed anthropologists and linguists, and to document and make accessible the voices of vanishing worlds before they disappear without record. Affiliated to the University Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, we provide supplemental grants for the field documentation of oral literature and publish archive collections online and in print. We also organise lectures and workshops to bring together ethnographers, linguists, archivists, librarians and indigenous scholars to discuss the best strategies for collecting, protecting and connecting research on these endangered narrative traditions.

To some ears, the term 'oral literature' seems a contradiction in terms. Is literature not by definition written? We are accustomed to the scholarly emphasis on languages with celebrated written traditions enshrined in Western universities, often to the exclusion of cultures whose traditions are still transmitted primarily by word of mouth. But we must not forget that while all natural human languages are spoken, only some have established written forms. While our European epics and classics are published and taught as literature, oral narratives rarely have that chance since, until relatively recently, few indigenous peoples have had a means to document their cultural knowledge in writing. Oral literature must be seen for what it is: complex, beautiful

'Thangmi has words for 'to be exhausted by sitting in the sun' and 'to be infested with lice' as well as precise nouns to describe 'particularly chewy meat that gets stuck in one's teeth'.'



and sophisticated, on a par with the writings of our great authors, but then often at risk or in decline. Such epics, songs, poems, legends and rituals are an invaluable part of a community's heritage and traditional knowledge that may be jettisoned in the name of modernity and progress, and not translated when a community makes the switch to a more dominant language.

Sadly, much of my scholarly work has remained largely inaccessible to my Thangmi friends, being written in a potent mixture of English and the jargon of modern anthropology and linguistics. However, Sara and I have both been involved in publications that are of more interest to the community. I co-authored a trilingual Thangmi-Nepali-English dictionary in the Devanagari (Nepali) script, providing the first written record of the language in a format that could be used in schools and non-formal education settings.

Our long-time co-researcher and friend, Bir Bahadur Thangmi, spent last summer in Cambridge working with us to transcribe, translate and annotate three major Thangmi ritual recitations as performed by shamans at weddings, funerals and annual festivals. The end product will be a book containing the recitations in the original Thangmi along with Nepali and English translations, accompanied by a DVD showing these events in practice, which we will publish in Nepal. This oral tradition has never before been textually documented, so this book will fill an important gap in the scholarship on the peoples of the Himalayas. In addition, many members of the Thangmi community view the production of such works as the kind of positive contribution that foreign scholars can make to support their own cultural and ethno-political

agendas. In the past, Bir Bahadur might have been referred to as an 'informant', 'consultant' or 'assistant', but I find these terms problematic and insufficient. I prefer the term 'language teacher' and 'local researcher' to describe his invaluable and varied input into our understandings and our work, an appreciation which helps us to rebalance the relationship and reflect on the fact that we, as outside researchers, are working not 'on' his language and culture, but 'with' his community.

While only a pilot project at present, the World Oral Literature Project will, I hope, grow into a centre for the documentation and appreciation of endangered oral traditions from around the world, each as rich and unique as the Thangmi language which I have discussed here. We will only succeed, however, if the project is of use and interest to indigenous communities themselves. While Cambridge may be the location where materials are hosted and maintained, both physically and digitally, communities will require copies of the output so that future generations can access and understand the cultural knowledge and language of their ancestors.

Generations of anthropologists have had the privilege of working with indigenous communities and have recorded volumes of oral literature while in the field, but many of our colleagues have not known what to do with these recordings once they finish analysing them. The World Oral Literature Project can provide a way for the material that has been gathered to be preserved and to be disseminated in innovative ways, when that is ethically and culturally appropriate.


The New Zealand Film Archive has a mission to collect, protect and connect New Zealanders with their moving image heritage. These three verbs also summarise our aims. Collection is the gathering and documentation of oral literature in the field, not in an extractive or acquisitive manner, but in a way that is responsible, collaborative and predicated on trust. Protection is its archiving and curation – doing the best we can to ensure that these unique cultural materials are maintained, migrated and refreshed as new technologies become available. The connection is made when collections are returned to source communities and when they reach a wider public in print and online.

At present, there is no single place that offers researchers and communities from around the world a promise that both historical and contemporary collections of oral literature will be responsibly managed, archived and stewarded into the future. With sustained funding, this is what we hope to provide.

To find out more about the World Oral Literature Project, visit www.oralliterature.org.

You can catch Dr Turin's contribution to the Cambridge Ideas series at www.youtube.com/CambridgeUniversity from mid-April.





The new Mistress of Girton and housing specialist **Professor Susan Smith** says that we should see complex financial instruments such as derivatives as the solution to – and not the cause of – housing market fluctuation.

SAFE AS HOUSES

Words **Leigh Brauman**
Photograph **Charlie Troman**

PROFESSOR SUSAN J SMITH doesn't look like a radical. Tall, elegant and softly spoken she might be, but under that calm exterior, Professor Smith has a startling – and seemingly highly incendiary – plan. She wants to insert housing derivatives into your mortgage. That's right, derivatives: those much-derrided financial instruments regarded by most casual observers as having played a significant part in the worst financial crisis in 60 years. Madness. But then I rather suspect that, secretly, Susan J Smith (the initial, she says, essential in a world dictated by Google) rather enjoys swimming against the tide.

Smith has been Mistress of Girton for less than a term, and I meet her in her office in College which is kitted out, as you'd expect, in heavy oak and pastels (and a rather lovely clock that marks each quarter hour with ever more elaborate peals). And she immediately sets out to explain exactly why seemingly 'complex financial instruments' might be just what we need to sort out housing, both in the UK and abroad.

"A derivative is basically a financial contract whose value reflects the price of an underlying asset, but which can be traded independently," she says. "In the case of housing, that provides a means of separating the

cost of housing services – living in a home – from the ups and downs of its value as an asset or investment."

So far, so simple. But what does this have to do with the British obsession with home-owning? As it happens, everything. Indeed, had the proverbial Englishman decided to turn his stamp collection into his castle, rather than his house, we might not need a housing derivatives market quite as much.

"The most interesting thing about derivatives, where housing is concerned, is that you can use them to manage the investment risks associated with owner-occupation. Everyone needs to pay for some kind of housing service, whether they buy or rent," Smith says. "And as a buyer, I feel fantastic because I've got an appreciating asset. But it also means I've got all my money tied up in the fortunes of one property in one place. As an investment strategy it's on a par with sinking all your money into a single baked-bean factory in East Anglia."

In other words, by using financial products enabled by housing derivatives, home buyers or mortgagors (Smith is careful not to use the term 'home owners') can insulate themselves from risk: rather than bet on the fortunes of a single property, you can buy an index of,



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CV

1977

Graduates from Oxford University with a First in Geography

1990

Appointed to the Ogilvie Chair of Geography at the University of Edinburgh

1999

Elected to the Academy of Social Sciences

2000

Elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh

2004

Appointed Professor of Geography at Durham University

2005

Becomes a Director of the Institute of Advanced Study and awarded an ESRC Professorial Fellowship

2008

Elected a Fellow of the British Academy and appointed Adjunct Professor at RMIT University, Melbourne

2009

Elected Mistress of Girton College

for example, London or Tokyo home prices. You can divert some of the money currently funnelled into your mortgage into other investments, spreading your risk. Or you can insure yourself against a property slump.

She also believes that a market in housing derivatives could have much wider social impact.

"I would argue that you could use this to create a housing system which isn't divided by tenure, and where homes are more affordable," she says.

"It could also be used to promote labour mobility, as people would be less worried about returning to, say, London if they relocated elsewhere; and these instruments potentially make it much easier for older home owners to release cash from their property to supplement retirement."

There is a catch, of course. No one is going to endorse a plan with the word 'derivatives' in its title. When I put this to her, she guffaws. "Well yes, I think that's why some academics have started using phrases like 'modern financial instruments!'" she says. "But I take your point. There is a problem there and it's not new. In 2000, for example, there was a big shock precisely because people were starting to develop credit derivatives that were too complicated and mysterious even for the people who designed them. But derivatives don't have to be complicated. And they don't have to be unregulated or developed and used in a self-serving way."

Susan Smith was born to a "very working class family" in Leicester; her father worked for a local newspaper and her mother was a book-keeper. Can her interest in housing be traced to a childhood in a bustling and ethnically mixed city? "One problem with the 'background' thesis is that we all only have one, so whatever we're doing now must relate to it in some way," she says, rather wryly. "But certainly in terms of my understanding of housing and residential environments there is something there. I was brought up in an area where lots of east African Asians lived, and that was a very interesting experience for me, because it was portrayed as a struggle over space, but in fact I don't remember it as a struggle at all – I just remember having lots of Asian friends and getting to celebrate Diwali!"

A natural candidate for grammar school, Smith agrees she was "pretty nerdy and academic" but remembers "lots of friends and fun". She played the cornet and then the euphonium (and indeed, still does) but it was when she got her place at Oxford that she passed into school legend.

"Many years before I started, two of the school governors decided that the first woman to get into Oxford or Cambridge would be bought a tea set," she explains, rather sheepishly. "By the time I got in, they were really quite elderly, but they remembered that they had made this promise, so I got the tea set! But it's always made me pause – even in a girls' grammar school in a large city, going to Oxbridge was still a very unfamiliar thing to do."

Life as a geographer at Oxford followed, and while she says "there were lots of challenges" she also really enjoyed herself. "I just could not believe that I was allowed – every day and all day if I wanted – to be in the library, reading pretty much what I wanted," she says. "I know it sounds nerdy, but I thought it was fantastic."

'It's very dangerous to predict future prices from past cycles, but I think it will be a softer landing from where we are now.'

Geography had been an accidental choice of subject ("I just seemed to be quite good at it, which seemed as good a reason as any") but as her degree progressed, Smith began to enjoy herself. "I got the chance to dip into a wide range of areas that might otherwise have been closed to me because of the way intellectual labour is divided up," she says. "Being given the tools to make connections between specialist areas was tremendously exciting."

Clearly called to the academic life, Smith decided to embark on a PhD. But at this point her life took an unexpected turn. "I'd just finished a course on arid zone environments so I decided I'd really like to continue that with research on deserts. I went off to talk to a quite prominent person – not someone at Oxford – working on desert geomorphology. His response was: 'You'll have to get a really fantastically good degree'," she says. "It was such a negative response that I concluded I obviously wasn't going to be able to research deserts because I just wasn't going to be good enough. So I got a job instead." Though she did, by the way, also get that fantastically good degree.

It must have been a crushing rejection, yet after a year in computing, Smith returned to Oxford – and with an entirely new outlook. "By the time I came back to Oxford I had a completely different set of priorities," she says. "I had realised that I was much more interested in the social, rather than the physical, world."

It was the start to what has been a glorious career. Before coming to Cambridge she was Professor of Geography and a Director of the Institute of Advanced Study at Durham University. She is a Fellow of the British Academy and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, an Academician of the Academy of Social Sciences. And now she is Mistress of Girton. Is it what she expected?

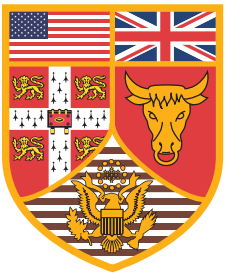
"Actually I'm just so excited that this job exists! Throughout my career I've struggled with the fact that as you move into the administration of a university, you must progressively remove yourself from students. Of course you're still interested in students, but you don't have the day to day contact," she says. "But in this job you still have the chance to do some quite big strategic things – you have the voice, and the possibility to be involved in higher education at a high level – but you've also got students that you're responsible for, and who you see and meet on a really regular basis. So it really is tremendous."

The Mistress's clock has begun to chime again – it's time for Smith to go back to her task of saving us from the lurches of the housing market. But before I go, I have to ask the question that every house buyer wants to know: what is going to happen to house prices in the coming year? "It's very dangerous to predict future prices from past cycles," she says. "I think it will be a softer landing from where we are now. I'm not predicting disaster for the majority. But there are things that could be done to make housing markets less problematic in the future than they have been in the past. I am certain of that."

The Blackwell Companion to the Economics of Housing: The Housing Wealth of Nations, edited by Susan J Smith and Beverley A Searle is published by Wiley-Blackwell.

Established for two years to accommodate American servicemen, Bull College is probably the University's least-known institution. But in Michaelmas Term, 1945, it was the place to be.

BULL COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE



Words **William Ham Bevan**
Illustrations **Lee Woodgate**

BULL COLLEGE is one of Cambridge's shortest-lived foundations – and among its most elusive. It occupies a footnote, at best, in chronicles of the University; type the name into an internet search engine, and you are likely to be directed to Sitting Bull College, an educational institute on a Sioux reservation in North Dakota.

Yet at the time, the story of GIs starting up their own college and cutting a swathe through varsity life seemed to capture the let's-do-the-show-right-here spirit of a Broadway musical. News crews from both sides of the Atlantic came knocking, drawn in particular by the spectacle of a Bull boat in the Lent races of 1946, taking on the University and its traditions alike.

Established in October 1945, by American servicemen enrolled on University courses, Bull College was named for the place where many of them were billeted: the Bull Hotel on Trumpington Street. Among the few to recall Bull College's fleeting existence is Patricia Cook, who in the autumn of 1945 was a second-year undergraduate at Newnham College. Invitations to tea at the Bull Hotel were highly prized, as the Americans' regular parcels from home meant they were able to offer treats seldom seen in Britain. Cook remembers being ushered into the dining room to a table groaning with cream cakes, eclairs and doughnuts.

"It was such an experience after six years of austerity," she says. "In a time of extreme rationing, and not being able to get anything at all – to see all this luscious food laid out and available to be eaten, as much as you wanted." Like many others at Cambridge, she did not know the exact status of Bull College. "It was a curiosity," she says. "We didn't know how seriously the Americans were taking it, or how official they were."

PROVOST SHEPPARD

PROFESSOR RUSSELL

MAJOR GEORGE D. BLANK



BULL

HOTEL

BULL HOTEL

In fact, the GIs were at Cambridge under the auspices of a US army programme that had its origins in the previous World War. After the 1918 Armistice, the forces had offered both officers and enlisted men the chance to attend short courses at European universities, to improve their morale and prepare them for reintegration into civilian life. This had been judged such a success that it was decided to repeat it as soon as the European war was won and plans to this effect were laid as early as September 1944.

This time around, a Training Within Civilian Agencies (TWCA) programme was established to place US personnel in educational establishments across the UK. Major George Dewey Blank was duly placed in charge of the programme's Cambridge Area on 4 October 1945. Within a fortnight, 149 officers and men arrived to follow a course of study closely resembling the first term of a Cambridge honours degree. There was room for just 60 of the GIs throughout the Colleges, so the remaining 89, as per orders, were "rationed and quartered at the Bull Hotel, under the supervision of the American Red Cross".

The transformation of the hotel from a military hostel into an academic house came about through the influence of John T Sheppard, the eccentric Provost of King's. In his welcoming address to all the Americans, he said: "As the word 'hotel' sounds so very undignified, I just call you simply 'Bull College'. And you, Major Blank, I refer to as the Big Bull."

However playful Dr Sheppard had meant to be, he was taken at his word. The Cambridge Bull, the GIs' self-produced magazine, picks up the story: "His suggestion was enthusiastically adopted, and he has since been known as the foster-father of Bull College. At the first meeting of the students, Major George D Blank, commanding officer of the Cambridge Area, was unanimously elected Master of the College."

From this time, Bull College seems to have enjoyed at least semi-official status. In the American students' academic records, now held in the University Archives, Bull College is stated as the college affiliation on some individuals' documentation just as Magdalene, Downing or Trinity appears on others'. Furthermore, as The Cambridge Bull makes clear, even those TWCA students at the regular colleges were considered to be a part of Bull, in a sort of dual nationality – particularly with regard to its sporting endeavours.

The servicemen faced a culture very different from that of their units. The student body included all ranks from private to colonel, billeted together with no expectation of deference – and, emphatically, no saluting. Remarkably, a small number of black servicemen were also present at Bull College, at a time when the US armed forces remained wholly segregated along racial lines.

Within weeks, the new foundation had not only a principal, but its own colours, tie and a coat-of-arms created by 'official artist' Al Kohler. His design is a succinct statement of Bull College's origins: the shield's five divisions juxtapose the Stars and Stripes, the Union Flag, the University arms, a bull's head and the American eagle. This became a widely recognised symbol of the college, reproduced on correspondence and dinner invitations, decals and blazer patches. It was also carved into a two-foot oak escutcheon – lately rediscovered in a corner of St Catharine's College library – that was considered the college totem.

The Americans soon began to make an impact on University life, their presence noticeable at lectures, at the Cambridge Union, in collegiate sports, and in the city's tea-rooms. Their easy adoption of British customs was documented by Time magazine: "They got to saying 'rather' and 'actually', and succumbed to the English habit of afternoon tea – though without altering their GI dinner time, so that 5.30 dinner followed 4 o'clock tea with indecent and indigestible haste."

Among those in the first intake was Gerry Frank, billeted at Trinity Hall. Later chief of staff to a US senator and author of a million-selling guidebook to New York City, he applied for Cambridge while with the 89th Infantry Division in Europe. "When the war was over, the army made an announcement that they would choose some folk to go to Oxford, Cambridge, the Sorbonne and others," he says. "I made application to go to Cambridge, and I was the one chosen from my outfit to go. It was the best decision of my life."

FOOTBALL, RUGBY AND THE FIRST 'LADY COX'

More than anything, Bull College's brief fame rested on its sporting exploits. From the start, many GIs appeared as guest players in the football and rugby teams of other colleges, and in second and third eights on the river. But before long, Bull College gained the confidence to challenge the other houses of the University in its own right.

The biggest event of Bull's first term – and by some accounts, the best-attended fixture since the start of the war – was a unique football game played against Pembroke College at Grange Road. The first half was played under rugby union rules; the second under those of American football.

The game was preceded by a procession through the streets of Cambridge, featuring 'Josephine the Bull' on a flatbed truck. Unable to requisition a real bull, the Americans borrowed an artificial cow from the Cambridge Cattle Breeders' Society, adding horns and dressing it in a robe adorned with the Bull coat-of-arms; records disclose that this "formerly draped the salad table

at the American Red Cross". Preceding the truck was Staff Sergeant Casper Seline, wearing a gown and policeman's helmet, and brandishing a plunger.

David Braybrooke remembers the game well. "There was a merry crowd with the band of the Suffolk Regiment in attendance," he says.

"The Lady Mayoress kicked the game off. It was all in the spirit that the war was over, and it was time for a bit of fun. Writers nowadays recall animosity between British troops and Americans, but I saw no sign of this – quite the reverse."

All-American flourishes included play-by-play commentary over a loudspeaker, and doughnuts and coffee at half-time. Predictably, the Pembroke Generators beat the Bull College Toreadors 18-0 in the first half, to themselves be trounced 24-0 in the second.

The apex of Bull College's fame came with its entry in the Lent Bumps races of 1946. With none of the men light enough to serve as coxswain, Connie Grayson of the Women's Army Corps was put forward. The University Boat Club

Not all of those who got on to the programme did so via orthodox methods. David Braybrooke is now an 85-year-old professor emeritus at the University of Texas at Austin. In autumn 1945, he was – in his own words – "the lowest-ranked cryptographic technician in the European Theatre" and stationed in Belgium. He says: "I applied and was turned down. I was very unpopular with my signal service battalion headquarters as an unusually noisy wise guy. Extreme measures were called for."

With a friend, Braybrooke stole into the message centre at Brussels, and shoe-horned an extra paragraph into the daily orders from the commanding general – decreeing that the two of them should go to Cambridge. The ruse worked. "And so I went to Cambridge, as in the earlier World War, the Great Gatsby went to Oxford," he says.

At the end of 1945, the Bull Hotel (under requisition from its owner, St Catharine's College) was reclaimed by the British military for Russian language courses. Bull College was forced out to a complex of hutments formerly occupied by the War Ministry, and the new students, in the words of the Cambridge Daily News, had to study

indicated it had no objections to this taboo-breaking first, and news of the 'lady cox' soon spread. As the team trained, they were visited by crews from Reuters, Associated Press, Universal Press, Paramount, Pathé and Time, as well as sundry representatives of Fleet Street.

On the day of the races, the Daily Sketch published a breathy profile: "An Oklahoma farmer's daughter makes rowing history on the Cam at 2.30 this afternoon. She is 23-year-old Connie Grayson, a petite, vivacious brown-eyed brunette, and she is the first girl to cox a crew in the Cambridge Lent bump races."

The first day of racing lived up to the hype. Placed 59th out of 60 crews, Bull College was set the goal of catching St Catharine's Fourth VIII; a boat which, unfortunately, became ensnarled

in a pile-up ahead, and skewed across the river. "The coaches began firing pistol shots and Connie began to scream," Time magazine reported. "Her GIs, who took her shrieks for exhortations, ploughed ahead – and neatly split St Catharine's shell in two."

The races continued without further incident, and the Bull boat held its position for the next three days, finishing second-from-last. The next time any female would take part in the races would be in 1962, when the University Women's Boat Club was grudgingly permitted to enter a crew.

CONNIE GRAYSON



RUGBY—ATOMIC FOOTBALL
ONE—HALF GAME EACH

BULL COLLEGE
(TOREADORS) Founded 1945

PEMBROKE COLLEGE
(GENERATORS) Founded 1347

Varsity Grounds, Grange Rd.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1945
KICK-OFF 2.15 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE
EVERYONE INVITED

Coffee and Doughnuts by American Red Cross
Music by Royal Suffolk Regimental Band and American Air Force Band

under "barrack-room conditions". The change did not seem to blunt the enthusiasm of Bull College's second intake, who came up in the bitterly cold January of 1946.

Notably, this group included two women: Connie Grayson, who gained fame as the college sweetheart and boat-club cox, and army nurse Margery Short. And again, some candidates made it to Cambridge via unconventional means, though few took as convoluted a route as Richard Barancik, a 19-year-old private first class and would-be architect from Chicago. Under the TWCA scheme, he had been seconded to a London architect who secured him the chance to study at Cambridge's small School of Architecture. But despite his holding a letter of introduction from the Dean of Architecture to General Mark Clark, then Allied commander in Austria, Barancik's captain refused to release him.

He says: "I thought, to hell with you, buster. So I went AWOL to Vienna, and hid out at the Military Police barracks. The next day I went to the Intelligence and Education officer, who was from Chicago. And he asked, 'Is your father a doctor?' I said, yes he is. And he said,

'He saved my father's life.' I gave him the letters I had for General Clark. And he said, 'Mark is usually hung over in the morning. I'll cut orders for you – pray to God he signs it.' And he did."

Barancik's first impressions of Cambridge, even in a bitter winter and under austere conditions, were magical. "When I first arrived, I was overwhelmed. It was very heady – I had my gown, and my bicycle. We studied like hell, and enjoyed tea and crumpets in the afternoon. I thought it was the most beautiful place."

After army discipline, it might be imagined that those at Bull would be reluctant to submit to the authority of the Proctors, with their curfews and rules about forbidden pubs. Yet the Americans seemed keen to pay lip service, at least, to the same regulations that governed normal undergraduates. Indeed, Time magazine suggests that members began to stitch the college badge on their uniform sleeves as a favour to the Proctors – letting them distinguish those at Bull College from other uniformed US personnel who were on leave in the city, without risking the embarrassment of having to confront them.

Indeed, it was the academic customs of Cambridge that proved



c) Churchill – College Front



r) Christ's – Great Gate



r) Emmanuel – Front Court



r) Queen's – Old Main Gate



r) St. Catharine's



r) Corpus Christi – College Front



r) Darwin – Hermitage & Granary



h) Downing – View from Kenny Gate



f) Magdalene – Magdalene Street



c) Newnham – Sidgwick Hall



d) Sidney Sussex – Chapel Court



c) Gonville & Caius – Tree Court



c) New Hall – Fountain Court



f) Peterhouse – Old Court



f) Wolfson



c) Jesus – Chimney & Gate Tower



f) King's – Chapel

ARTISTS' CAMBRIDGE

Over the past seventeen years Contemporary Watercolours has commissioned distinguished members of the Royal Watercolour Society to produce definitive views of Cambridge Colleges. The artists include [c] Jane Carpanini, R.W.S., R.W.A., [d] John Doyle, P.P.R.W.S., [f] Dennis Flanders, R.W.S., R.B.A., [h] Ken Howard, R.A., R.W.S., and [r] Dennis Roxby Bott, R.W.S.

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Churchill – College Front☐
Corpus Christi – College Front☐
Darwin – Hermitage & Granary☐
Downing – View from Kenny Gate☐
Emmanuel – Front Court☐
Gonville & Caius – Tree Court☐

Jesus – Chimney & Gate Tower☐
King's – Chapel☐
Magdalene – Magdalene Street☐
New Hall – Fountain Court☐
Newnham – Sidgwick Hall☐
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a greater surprise: in particular, that lectures were optional, and students left to manage their own workload. In her self-published memoirs, *My Hopscotch Life*, Margery Short marvelled that “the idea prevailed that all students, as in the old days, went to college to learn, and that all instructors were there to teach, and that both would fully avail themselves of all opportunities to do just that.”

Academic standards could be a shock, too. Gerry Frank says: “I found that the Brits were far ahead of us. I’d had a year and two-thirds at Stanford and a year at Loyola, but I was not nearly as up-to-speed as my contemporaries in Britain. The professors were so outstanding – people like Bertrand Russell.”

Earl Russell – lately restored to his fellowship of Trinity College in 1944, having been dismissed for his pacifist activities in 1916 – is a figure mentioned by almost all veterans of the TWCA scheme. Like Dr Sheppard, who hosted weekly soirées for the visitors, he took a lively personal interest in Bull College. Richard Barancik says: “He adored the American students, and would have us to tea on Friday afternoons. He was absolutely brilliant.”

But if Russell was universally liked and respected, not every student received his opinions in hushed awe. Bill Gandall, one of only a handful to stay at Bull College for both terms, gleefully recounted in his memoirs: “I had a fierce debate with him, in which he lost his temper and shouted ‘Balderdash!’ The students were amused.”

Even among the mavericks of Bull, Staff Sergeant William P Gandall stands out. Older than many of his compatriots, he had witnessed atrocities in Nicaragua as a US Marine in 1926, and had fought for the republic in the Spanish Civil War. At Cambridge, he threw himself into the Union Society with gusto, becoming a figurehead for the GIs. Gandall died in 1991, but the drafts of his unpublished memoirs, now in the hands of his daughter Kate, include an affectionate sketch of his exploits.

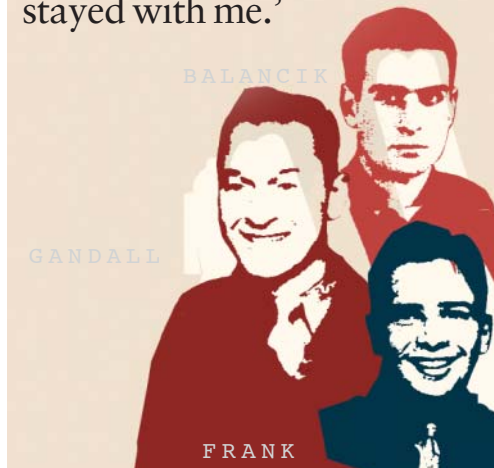
He wrote: “One memorable debate was against Lord Winterton, an Irish peer and Father of the [British] House of Commons. The English audience was amused at my manhandling of the King’s English. I am afraid I used quite a few Americanisms, and not unlikely, a few words picked up on the streets.”

What happened next secured Gandall’s reputation as a University character. “I wished to show that even crude Americans were capable of courtesy, so I took hold of Lord Winterton’s elbow and walked him through the Ayes door – and hence lost the debate by one vote. My own. A university magazine commented upon the event and wrote a humorous article about me. I was quite a figure as I rode my bicycle through town and country with my cape over my uniform.”

The end of Bull College came at the beginning of March 1946, with the announcement that the army educational programmes were to be cancelled. Few GIs were keen to leave, and yet fewer wished to see Bull College disappear on their departure. Fanciful plans emerged to place it on a permanent footing, and the press soon picked up on the story. Under the headline “Keep us at Bull, say Yanks”, the *Daily Sketch* reported on the American “truants in reverse, the boys who would sooner stay at school than go home ... the latest problem facing US army authorities.” Characteristically, it was Bill Gandall who was quoted for the rank and file. “Frankly, we don’t want to go,” he said. “We like the atmosphere of real study and tradition.”

Major Blank outlined plans for a greater Bull College. As well as a base in Cambridge, it would include “a college in the USA for British students, and would enable American and British students to make the best of both worlds”. He told the newspapers that he would seek backing from charitable funds such as the Carnegie Trust; but in the

‘When we came back, they just weren’t there. But the memory of American hospitality, at a time when it could never have been more appreciated, has stayed with me.’



apparent absence of further records, it is difficult to gauge how far these plans progressed, or whether there was ever any realistic chance of their success.

About 50 Bull students applied to stay on at Cambridge in an individual capacity, but government policy militated against their success. From the autumn of 1946, the colleges were to be obliged to reserve nine out of every 10 places for returning British servicemen. And of those who did secure entry to full degree courses, several found further hurdles in their way.

Having been offered a place to stay on at Downing, David Braybrooke at last fell foul of army bureaucracy. He requested dispensation for the few months he had still to serve in the military, so that he could continue with the next term, but was refused. Richard Barancik also won a place, but was unable to take it up. “My father in Chicago had a good friend who was a general,” he says. “He assured him that there was going to be a war with Russia, and told him to get me home.”

Gerry Frank was one of the few from the TWCA programme to make it back as a full-time student – in preference to returning to his

alma mater. He says: “I didn’t want to go back to Stanford – there were too many spoilt rich kids. I became the only American at Trinity Hall.”

On Thursday 14 March, Major Blank hosted a farewell dinner at which Dr Sheppard, the other heads of houses, and Lady Bragg, Mayor of Cambridge, were treated to a feast of southern fried chicken. So ended the formal term; but there was one last deferment of the inevitable. Margery Short wrote: “The CO called us together and announced that he could extend our orders by one week if we’d like to witness the yearly boat race between Cambridge and Oxford. Our Bull College boat team and Connie the coxswain were especially thrilled ... We cheered for ‘our’ team like true Cantabrigians and wept with them when they lost the match to arch-rival Oxford.”

Patricia Cook, returning to Newnham after the Easter vacation, found the University a less colourful place. “When we came back, they just weren’t there,” she says. “But the memory of the American hospitality, made at a time when it could never have been more appreciated, has stayed with me.”

As for the Bull Hotel itself, the requisition order lapsed in September 1946. Rather than renew the hotel’s lease on the buildings, St Catharine’s took possession of them to house the influx of undergraduates demobbed from UK forces. Recognising St Catharine’s as Bull College’s geographical heir, John Sheppard offered to its archives two mementos that the departing GIs had left in his care: the carved oak shield and a framed resolution signed by every member of the class of 1945. Its text concludes with the wish that “the appropriate agency of the United Nations Organisation be urged, through this resolution, to bring about in the future a great increase in the number of students to be exchanged among the several United Nations.”

These two items, along with a few copies of *The Cambridge Bull* and a clutch of decals and patches, seem to be all the physical artefacts of the College that remain in the University; but a comment upon their acquisition by St Catharine’s, in its *College Society Magazine* of 1955, is worth quoting in full: “Let us not forget these exiled students from a far and friendly land who came to fight a common enemy – and having fought, laid aside their weapons and founded for a brief season an academic home away from home.”

William Ham Bevan is working on a book on the GI colleges in Europe, and would be delighted to hear from anyone with recollections of Bull College: mail@williamhambevan.com

In 1985, in the aftermath of the miners' strike and the collapse of traditional manufacturing, the British economy appeared locked in crisis. Even the "sunrise" sector of microcomputing seemed to be in trouble, with British minnows like Acorn and Sinclair Research pursued by multinational sharks. But for alert readers of the business pages, there was one piece of good news. A firm of management consultants published a survey showing that the east of England was experiencing a boom, led by a cluster of some 350 newly established high technology businesses, directly or indirectly linked to academe. The survey report's title became a catch-phrase: the Cambridge Phenomenon. The phenomenon still exists: 25 years on, a report published by the East of England Development Agency counts 1400 high

technology ventures employing around 43,000 people in the Cambridge area.

Some of the hottest ideas on the current technology scene originated in research at the University and neighbouring institutions. A flexible display screen that promises to make electronic books as light and easy to read as a paper magazine has just been launched by a firm called Plastic Logic which spun out of Cavendish Laboratory research on semiconducting polymers. Other products on the brink of commercial breakthroughs range from the Breathing Buildings low-energy building ventilation technique which is helping reduce carbon emissions from schools, to Campath, a treatment for multiple sclerosis, based on the monoclonal antibody discoveries of Nobel laureate Dr César Milstein.



Far left: Professor Sirringhaus
Left: Shaun Fitzgerald
Below: Dr Alasdair Coles

Taking an idea from the laboratory to the market place can be extremely challenging, as Michael Cross discovers.

FROM BLUE SKY TO BLUE CHIP

Words **Michael Cross**
Photographs **Charlie Troman**



However there is a real question over whether the Cambridge Phenomenon can be sustained for another 25 years in the face of competition from overseas and the obstacles to creating spin-off ventures in Britain. “We will never have quite the scale of California with its access to a vast market on its doorstep,” says David Gill (Magdalene 1978), one of the authors of the EEDA report. He says that the availability of funding for start-up businesses has declined in recent years, with venture capital firms preferring safer bets such as buy-outs.

The EEDA report notes that the Cambridge Phenomenon, often promoted as a grassroots affair, was originally sparked by Harold Wilson’s ‘white heat’ government policy for universities to link more closely with industry. In 1969, a committee chaired by Sir Nevill Mott, Cavendish Professor of Physics (and, in 1977, Nobel laureate), recommended the establishment of ‘science based’ industry close to Cambridge. Without that stimulus, the EEDA report says, “Cambridge would have been condemned to become little more than an ancient university surrounded by a number of small R&D firms unable to grow.”

Observers in Cambridge might disagree with that verdict, but it is certainly true that a year later, in 1970, the Cambridge Science Park was established. The park, on a derelict site belonging to Trinity College, received its first tenant in 1973 and in the 1970s attracted several UK subsidiaries of multinationals. However, research-based companies rarely spin out from universities on a scale ready to occupy their own park premises. Although the park is still flourishing, with more than 100 companies on the much expanded site, most efforts to stimulate the Cambridge Phenomenon now concentrate on earlier stages of development.

One such is the St John’s Innovation Centre, set up by St John’s College in 1988. The Centre provides flexible accommodation and business advice to start-ups. It was here in 1996 that Dr Mike Lynch (Christ’s 1983) set up a company to exploit the fruits of leading edge research into the processing of unstructured data. Autonomy, the company he founded, is now the UK’s largest software firm by market capitalisation.

But a success like Autonomy appears only once every decade says David Gill, an English graduate turned banker who has been the Innovation Centre’s managing director since 2008 “and it’s not clear what the next one will be”. Last year’s recession took its toll on start-ups, says Gill, though “at the end of September the lights started to come on again”.

Gill tips the ‘clean and green’ energy sector as the place to look. A good example is Breathing Buildings (formerly E-Stack), founded in the Innovation Centre four years ago by Girton Fellow Shaun Fitzgerald (Girton 1986). The company provides what Fitzgerald calls the “amazingly simple” principle of smart ventilation – low-energy technology which circulates air naturally in buildings such as

Cambridge Enterprise exists to help University of Cambridge inventors, innovators and entrepreneurs make their ideas and concepts more commercially successful for the benefit of society, the UK economy, the inventors and the University.

CE works in collaboration with Cambridge researchers to market and licence technologies ranging from the biosciences to engineering. The company offers patent licensing, consultancy and seed fund venture services, and holds equity in more than 70 companies.

The availability of early stage seed funding is critical to the process of innovation. In 2009, the University of Cambridge Discovery Fund was launched as part of the University’s 800th Anniversary Campaign, with an initial fundraising target of £5 million to invest in new ideas with commercial value arising from the University.

To date £1.5 million has been raised towards this target. This evergreen fund will provide an essential resource for proof of concept, pre-licence, pre-seed and seed investments, ensuring that the University has the vital resources it needs to attract the best partners to commercialise new technologies for societal impact.

schools, responding to variations in temperature and CO₂ levels. The technology is based on patents owned by Cambridge University.

With staff numbers expected to rise to 15 this spring, Breathing Buildings has outgrown the Innovation Centre and has moved to its own city centre premises. Fitzgerald says the new location suits the company’s culture and ethos. “We’re a low energy ventilation company, so we like to behave accordingly. Everybody cycles to work and I do as much as possible of my travel by train – the rail network from Cambridge is superb.” A city centre location is also good for continuing links with the University, where Fitzgerald says he still does “hard-core engineering”.

And everyone is talking about Plastic Logic. Founded in 2000 by researchers at the Cavendish Laboratory, this year the company launched its much-talked-about QUE device. It is the size and shape of a print magazine, yet holds the equivalent of 35 filing cabinets’ worth of documents. Although now based in California and manufacturing in Germany, the company still runs its R&D effort in Cambridge, employing some 80 people. Founder Professor Henning Siringhaus divides his time between the company and his role as Professor of Electron Device Physics at Cambridge University – an ideal arrangement. As he says, “The University is very understanding”.

However, few innovations pass so swiftly through the incubation state. At the University Department of Clinical Neurosciences, Dr Alasdair Coles, senior lecturer, talks ruefully of the 30-year struggle to get the medicine

Campath-1H from the cutting edge of genetic engineering research to use in patients. The villain, he says, is well-intended pharmaceutical industry regulation. In particular, the 2004 European Clinical Trial Directive effectively banned university researchers from testing new drugs made in their laboratories.

“The sheer amount of documentation and basic donkey work required by the Clinical Trial Directive means that a small academic unit can’t undertake a clinical trial and we can no longer use a drug not produced under GMP [good manufacturing practice, the pharmaceutical industry’s standard].” As a result, he says, institutions like Cambridge are now totally dependent on major drug companies to develop their innovations, and in the case of Campath it was hard to drum up interest. The drug is still undergoing Phase III trials on patients with multiple sclerosis, which should lead to licensing in 2011 – 20 years after it was first given to people with the disease.

Coles says the Campath struggle reveals serious gaps in the protocol for turning blue-sky research into a marketable product. “There is still an enthusiasm for innovation amongst people here, but setting up a start-up is a big thing. It doesn’t work unless you’ve got the money and expertise.” One hurdle is the “sticky situation” between the basic research funding running out and development funding becoming available. In the case of Campath, the gap was filled by charity funding, but that is not always available.

Another University venture, Cambridge Enterprise, was set up in 2006 to help. The wholly owned subsidiary of the University is responsible for making arrangements for the commercialisation of University discoveries. Among its shareholdings is Plastic Logic.

The start-up gap is also receiving belated national attention. The Engineering and Physical Sciences Research Council (EPSRC) now has a ‘follow-on fund’ for researchers wanting to exploit their work commercially. John Baird, head of knowledge transfer at the Council, says it’s part of a cultural change to make blue-sky researchers think more about the uses of their work. “We now ask applicants specifically to address the possible impacts of their work. Some people don’t like that, they see it as a dilution of pure research, but that’s not true.” Follow-on grants amount to a puny £4 million a year. “That’s only half of 1% of the EPSRC’s budget,” he says.

At St John’s Innovation Centre, Gill points to another bright spot on the horizon: the arrival of ‘business angels’ to fill the gap in funding left by departing venture capitalists. They include individuals who made their fortunes in the 1980s and 1990s and now want to help a new generation do the same. One example is Hermann Hauser, one of the stars of the 1980s ‘Silicon Fen’. Although the path from blue sky to blue chip will always be risky, the 25-year-old Cambridge Phenomenon could be on its way to becoming a self-perpetuating one.

Review

Our contributors



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University Matters

Class of 2009

Gordon Chesterman
Director of the Careers Service

So how bad are things for the recent graduate? The headlines are certainly grim: the 'wasted generation' face a market where vacancies are down by 40% and where 100,000 graduates are likely to be unemployed by the end of the year. Our graduates are by no means exempt: the days when a Cambridge degree and a pulse were sufficient to secure employment are long gone.

At the Careers Service, we find ourselves occupying ringside seats. We have watched the recession unfold, the vacancies decline, the employers disappear and more and more anxious students coming through our door or logging onto our website. Staff at the Service are busy, trawling for new graduate-level vacancies, contacting employers who haven't been in touch this year, or those who have never recruited from Cambridge before. Our alumni have been great supporters, letting us know when their own promotion has created a new vacancy, or when a new position has been created.

As a result we've managed to promote more vacancies for this year than two years ago – and a significant number are for an immediate start, perfect for 2009 graduates still job hunting. We've also been hosting careers sessions in London for our recent alumni and running skills-training events to improve their chances at application and interview. After some gentle persuasion, all our careers events have been well attended by employers and, although many will admit they have fewer vacancies, they still want to hear from Cambridge students.

That doesn't mean, however, that graduates can just walk into the job they want. Informing, reassuring and adjusting some students' expectations have been major topics of conversation in our one-to-one guidance interviews, in group sessions and in our podcasted talks.

In addition to encouraging students to make speculative applications, where appropriate, we have been describing the benefits of researching not just a Plan B but also a Plan C. These alternative plans may include an occupation that is a near-neighbour to their first choice, but a little less competitive, or a role that will lead later into their preferred career.

Some students still expect that their Cambridge degree will automatically give them



Patrick Morgan

'A suggestion that students temper their aims a little is usually heeded when they see the data on just how fierce competition is for some roles.'

the highly paid job in the City and nothing else will do. A suggestion they temper their aims a little is usually heeded when they see the data on just how fierce competition is for some roles. Similarly, some students are finding they have to put aside their pride and take excellent, well-paid jobs in companies that might not be seen by friends and family as the traditional employer for Cambridge students.

After these discussions one piece of advice we often offer is that the student should delay the career search completely until after graduation, to stop wasting time on poorly made applications and concentrating on getting that all important 2.1 or First. They can

use us after Finals – and many do.

Finally, the group of students we may need to help the most are those not using us at all. Their lack of interest could be for a very good reason: their post-Cambridge future is secure. However, there will be those who fear they are unemployable, are simply lazy, or who plan on using the recession as an excuse to tap the parental bank. The Senior Tutors have been great sales staff for the Careers Service, encouraging non-users to pay us a visit and the Counselling Service, too, has referred students anxious about their futures through to us.

Overall, I would argue that the position for Cambridge graduates, in common with those at many other universities, isn't as gloomy as we first feared. The largest companies may be cutting back, but many smaller companies are still looking. The opportunities are there, though harder to find. Employers don't need to pay for large, expensive adverts to attract applications; one free listing on our website will suffice. In some sectors, employers simply sit, wait and rely on good-quality speculative applications arriving directly from students. To help our students make speculative applications we've provided a searchable archive of over 4500 opportunities, each with a full description and contact details, drawn from the last two years.

So, if you're a parent of a student at any UK university, do encourage your son or daughter to pay a visit to their university's Careers Service and don't believe all you hear about there being 'absolutely no jobs'. If you're with an employer and have a graduate level vacancy or just a short-term internship or piece of project work, do contact us through our website and we'll promote it for you, free of charge, to our 29,000 registered users. Alternatively you can provide information and advice yourself to current students through our GradLink contact system. To join the 1000 GradLinks covering all employment and research areas, visit our website. Finally, if you're a recent graduate and find yourself unemployed or underemployed, do contact us: we can help with disinterested advice and information.

To find out more about help, vacancies and the work of the Careers Service, visit: www.careers.cam.ac.uk



Debate: Is innovation in India and China a threat to the West?

Professor of Indian Business and Enterprise
Jaideep Prabhu and Visiting Professor
of International Management **Peter Williamson**
take up the debate.

Illustration **Justin Metz**

Professor Peter Williamson It's time to jettison the idea that the rise of Chinese and Indian competitors means cheap, low-quality imitations flooding world markets. Their leading companies are rewriting the rules of the game by competing on innovation, the ace card that was supposed to enable European and American companies to stay competitive despite high costs, huge pension liabilities and cosy social contracts. The idea was that the West might surrender low-end, standardised product segments to these new competitors and move to the 'sun-lit uplands' of added value. But the new competitors coming out of China and India aren't keeping to that script.

Instead, they are delivering innovative technology, more customer choice and new business models to Western markets more flexibly and at lower cost. The new electric G-Wiz cars I see powering up on London's new kerb-side recharging points actually come from the Indian company Reva. China's Huawei just won the contract to install fourth generation video-on-demand for Norway's Telenor, formerly a loyal customer of Ericsson and Nokia Siemens. Similar things are happening with innovative Indian biotechnology companies and Chinese green energy solutions.

China and India aren't playing catch-up, they are playing leap-frog. And it is only gathering pace. In 2008, the number of patents granted to Chinese companies outstripped those granted to multinationals in China; patent applications by Chinese competitors are growing exponentially. In India, 14 new compounds are under development for the treatment of cancer, diabetes, inflammation, and infectious diseases. And all at just one company – Piramal Lifesciences!

It's time for us to wake up to reality and rethink our strategies for innovation, unless we want to become a museum of what was state-of-art in the 20th century.

Professor Jaideep Prabhu You are right that what we are witnessing seems an innovation revolution. But unlike you, I do not think this poses a threat to the West; rather I believe it works to the West's benefit.

First, the major movers are Western multinationals. A majority of Fortune 500 firms, many of which are headquartered in Europe and North America, now have major R&D centres in India and China. By tapping into the large numbers of high-quality graduates that India and China produce on an annual basis, Western businesses are benefiting directly from the innovation revolution.

Second, the products and services produced by these R&D centres typically end up in Western markets, providing significant benefits to Western consumers – and at lower prices. For example, GE India has developed an ECG machine at a tenth of the cost (and a fifth of the weight) of its Western equivalent. This product now has FDA approval for introduction into the US.

Finally, I think that competition is good for everyone. Indeed, competition from Indian and Chinese innovators is no different from the competition that Western firms already pose to each other; if anything it makes firms less complacent and more eager.

PW You make a convincing argument that Western businesses will benefit from the rise of these R&D hotspots in India and China. You also rightly point out that consumers will benefit. But how will Western economies pay for all of this? What does it mean for workers in the US and Europe?

We have grudgingly accepted that low-skilled jobs will move from Europe and the US to India and China. But now, by your own admission, high-skilled jobs are also moving East. That doesn't follow the script: they were supposed to stay here. Of course we should specialise in our 'comparative advantage', as David Ricardo explained back in 1817. But what is our comparative advantage? The answers are scarce. A few – international bankers, lawyers, consultants – who can hawk their scarce skills and networks of relationships in the global market have done well. But those who face direct (or even indirect) competition from what you rightly describe as "the large numbers of high-quality graduates that India and China produce" are hurting. Are you aware that people in the lowest 40% of the income distribution in the US have not seen any increase in their real standard of living for the last 20 years – despite the longest economic boom seen for a century?

Competition may be good, but it brings a rude reminder that many in the West have been living beyond the means they can command in today's global market. It will come as a rude shock to the labour force to discover that their knowledge (let alone the sweat of their brow) is not as valuable as they thought – especially given the massive amount of public debt now yoked around their necks.

JP You raise the issue of the potential loss of white-collar jobs accompanying the globalisation of innovation (to mirror the loss of blue collar jobs that accompanied the globalisation of manufacturing). However, I would argue that innovation is different from manufacturing in one crucial regard. While manufacturing is largely about costs – it is a zero sum game – innovation is more often about quality and is a 'growing pie' game.

For instance, when the Institute for Fiscal Studies looked at the patenting rates of UK firms opening R&D centres in Europe they found that the patenting rate of the R&D workers at home increased! I believe the same thing is happening with firms that have opened such centres in India and China.

You also raise the issue of comparative advantage. I think it will be a while before the centre of power shifts from West to East (if it ever does). Of the 20 largest spenders in R&D, all but Samsung is a Western or Japanese firm. Together, these firms spent \$128 billion on

R&D in 2007, accounting for more than 25% of the spending of the top 1000 big R&D spenders worldwide. I don't see the top management from these companies rushing to make themselves and their compatriots obsolete in a hurry.

Which brings me to your last point: the standard of living of people in the West. Here's another statistic: the World Bank estimates that 42% of the Indian population live below the poverty line of \$1.25 per day (in China there are about 150 million such people). Current estimates suggest that even if India grows at healthy rates for the next four decades, its per capita income will be only a quarter of the US level by 2050 (while China's will be at best half). The world may indeed become a more level playing field over the next few decades, but standards of living in the West will still be significantly better.

PW Maybe you are right about innovation being a positive sum game. But is the West equipped to capture those opportunities?

It seems to me that if we are to turn innovation in India and China from a threat into an opportunity, then it won't be enough to focus on innovation that produces rarefied gadgets for niche markets at prices only a few can afford. Take the example of healthcare services. What India and China need is high-tech, portable equipment that can deliver reasonable performance at low cost. Philips produces an amazing digital x-ray machine that can produce real-time, x-ray videos of the beating heart. But it costs £300,000. The leading Chinese company in the sector focused innovation on how to apply this same technology in simplified form to everyday applications like chest x-rays. They also made their equipment compatible with hospitals' existing IT systems. At £30,000 they are taking the growth markets by storm.

We not only need more innovation to avoid losing ground to China and India – we need different innovation that allows us to leverage our innovation capabilities in the growth markets of the future. You rightly point out that per capita income in India and China is still a long way behind the US. But it looks like China, for example, will overtake Japan as the world's second largest economy in the first quarter of 2010, a full decade before most expected this to happen.

I'm sure we can learn to do this new-style innovation that will allow us to capture opportunities in emerging markets – but I'm not convinced our research establishment will actually make the transition. I fear they may retreat into the bunker and argue that this kind of 'cost innovation' isn't really innovation at all.

Today, the West may have the upper hand in terms of its share of spending on R&D – a fact your statistics clearly show. But that could change rapidly. China, for example, minted another 6.3 million university graduates last year; of those 1.8 million were engineers.

JP Your point about what the West will need to do to make the most of this opportunity as it arises is an important one.

If they wish to be the most favoured destinations for Chinese and Indian innovators, the countries of the West will have to continue to produce significant numbers of high-quality scientists, engineers, managers and creative people of all sorts to feed the innovation process. No doubt they will face competition on this score from India and China who have the advantage of numbers. There may be the temptation to deal with growing budget deficits by cutting back on spending on universities and research. I think this would be a major error that would hurt long-term competitiveness and innovation.

Again, however, I am confident that better sense will prevail. I for one cannot believe that 800 years of excellence in Cambridge could be allowed to end up as some sort of museum to the 20th century and before.

PW I have to admit, you did cause me to wonder whether I was being a bit pessimistic about the West being left behind in the dust of the global innovation race.

Then I looked at the Financial Times and the following headline stuck me: 'China scientists lead world in research growth.' The article reports that China outperformed every other nation, with a 64-fold increase in peer-reviewed scientific papers since 1981, and particular strength in chemistry and materials science.

Looking to the future, they point out that China's "awe inspiring" growth puts it in second place to the US – and if it continues on its trajectory it will be the largest producer of scientific knowledge by 2020! India also showed creditable growth in scientific output over the same period. Aren't you being overoptimistic about our prospects?

JP There is no doubt: India and China are on the rise. I think we agree that the West should take this rise very seriously, study carefully the reasons for this rise and its full implications for the West. The West should then act to ensure it takes full advantages of the opportunities this rise provides.

But how *will* the West respond? Will it respond in the way that India and China responded to the rise of the West in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, and slumber through the next few decades? I think not. The West is too energetic, too reflective, too self-critical, too paranoid even, to let any of this happen.

I suppose a large part of me wants to believe that we might finally have reached a point in history when one country's success does not mean another's failure. Is my optimism wishful thinking? Only time will tell.

To read the debate in full, visit:
www.alumni.cam.ac.uk/news/cam
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Books:

Richard Evans discusses Puck of Pook's Hill

Words **Leigh Brauman**

It doesn't look like much: a leather-bound red hardback, the spine partly broken and the pages much thumbed. But for one eighty-year-old, this book – a copy of Kipling's historical fantasy, *Puck of Pook's Hill* – was the start of something special.

More than 50 years on, and the owner of the book, Richard Evans, is Regius Professor of Modern History and President-elect of Wolfson College. So how did *Puck of Pook's Hill*, a minor work even then, come into his hands? “We lived in Theydon Bois in the outer suburbs of London – or inner Essex – in a semi detached house, and the book was a gift from the boys who lived next door,” he says. “In fact, the inscription reads ‘September ‘55 – Happy Birthday, John and Eric’. It must have been written by their mother. I remember reading the book straight away.”

Puck of Pook's Hill was published in 1908. “It's about a group of Edwardian children who decide on a rather middle-class, Edwardian entertainment: to perform a version of *A Midsummer's Nights Dream*, on midsummer's eve, in what turns out to be a fairy ring,” Evans explains. “This is magic, of course and as a result Puck appears in person and begins to tell the children about the area and its history.”

The book's power, however, lies in Puck's conjuring-up of of real figures – a knight from the time of William the Conqueror, a Roman centurion defending Hadrian's Wall, a Jewish physician caught up in the events that led to Magna Carta – to tell the story and to answer the children's questions. “Give an eight-year-old magic swords and a bit of treasure and there's not much else you could ask for!” Evans says. “Because the figures are real and the children chat with them as they would to anyone else, it's very easy to understand and relate to.”

Did Evans have a favourite tale? “The bit that really grabbed me was in the middle, where a centurion turns up and tells the children what it was like defending Hadrian's Wall. He perfectly creates the absolutely remote world of lonely moorland, battlements and fortifications and it reminded me of the holidays we would have in Wales and the castles and the ruins I spent so much time exploring,” he says. “I also found the last chapter very moving. It centres on a Jewish



Steve Bond

‘It was definitely one of the things that made me want to be a historian, because what could be more exciting than making the past come to life through words?’



physician around the time of Magna Carta. Looking back, it's a surprisingly sympathetic portrayal, and I identified with him as strongly as I did with any of the other figures.”

Clearly *Puck of Pook's Hill* was a much-loved favourite. But could it really have influenced him in his choice of career – or indeed his style of history? Evans is surprisingly positive. “Kipling really makes the past come alive: real figures from a remote and distant past actually come and visit you and I thought that was terrifically romantic and wonderful,” he says. “It was definitely one of the main things that made me want to be a historian, because what could be more exciting than making the past come to life through words? I've never lost the feeling that a historian has the duty and pleasure to make the past come alive through your words and imagination, even though since then, of course, I've come to realise that it's just as important to explain it.”

Interestingly, however, despite the impression it made, Evans says *Puck of Pook's Hill* is not a book he has read since his childhood. “I probably read it three or four times after I was given it, but then I discovered Biggles, and that took me into another historical world altogether,” he says. “But *Puck of Pook's Hill* is something I often went back to in my mind, as a teenager and then as a student; if I was walking in the countryside I would imagine that a knight or a centurion might have stood where I was standing, or somewhere like it.”

So does he think the books of childhood retain a hold on our imagination throughout our lives? “I do think these special books do play a role, but it is often an unconscious one until you reach, as I have, the autobiographical stage of life and start thinking back over what might have influenced you,” he says. “Perhaps it is inevitable: if you live the life of the mind, as dons do, books can loom quite large in shaping both the way you develop intellectually and indeed your attitudes more generally.”

Professor Evans's most recent book, Cosmopolitan Islanders: British Historians and the European Continent, is published by Cambridge University Press.

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Music: Tarik O'Regan

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Words **Richard Wigmore**

It was with works like the chastely beautiful 'Ave Maria' and 'Care Charming Sleep', a poignant, sensuous setting of lines from a John Fletcher play, that a decade ago, Tarik O'Regan (Corpus 1999) announced himself as a young composer with an instinctive feeling for choral texture and sonority.

Since then, the music of O'Regan, who is a Fellow Commoner in Creative Arts at Trinity, has been hailed on both sides of the Atlantic for its freshness, exuberance and melodic allure, in an idiom that draws on, inter alia, medieval and Renaissance modality, Balinese gamelan music, mystical minimalism and the urban rhythms of contemporary Manhattan. The Dallas Morning News recently dubbed him "Britain's hottest young choral composer", while The Times wrote of his 2006 Petrarch Song Cycle 'Scattered Rhymes' that "you might have to reach back to Vaughan Williams's Serenade to Music, or even to Tallis, to find another British vocal work so exultant". His flavoursome blend of ancient and modern is even more riotously displayed in the joyous, whooping 'Dorchester Canticles', designed as a companion piece to Bernstein's 'Chichester Psalms'.

Born in London in 1978, O'Regan cites playing the drums as a 13-year-old in his school's production of West Side Story as his moment of musical epiphany. "The percussion part is probably the most vital element in Bernstein's score, with so many exciting, fascinating rhythmic devices that derive from Latin American music, jazz and rock'n'roll. Before West Side Story, I could hardly read music, so I listened to the Bernstein soundtrack and learnt the percussion part by ear. I then went and matched what was in my head to what was on the page – it was as if I was learning to read music in reverse!"

As a teenager O'Regan, like Simon Rattle before him, flirted with the idea of becoming a professional percussionist. But by the time he went up to Oxford in 1996 he was increasingly absorbed by composition. "Playing the timpani in the junior orchestra of the Royal College of Music with great conductors like Colin Davis taught me so much. But I found it was more compelling to watch the conductors working with the string and woodwind sections than to sit counting the 158 bars before my single moment of glory!"



Suzanne Jansen

'For me the quintessential music of New York is Bernard Herrmann's score for Taxi Driver: the deep pulsing, the heavy rhythmic sections, sax and brass moving in and out, like the city breathing in the heat of the night.'

What O'Regan calls his "first proper pieces" were sacred works for New College Choir under Edward Higginbottom, a revered mentor at Oxford, and a song cycle for James Bowman – "wacky settings of Ben Jonson epigrams for counter-tenor and percussion ... bawdy, post-watershed fun!" Then, after leaving Oxford, he somehow juggled working for the investment bank JP Morgan – an unlikely detour that never threatened to be a long-term career option – with a stint as music critic for The Observer and

postgraduate studies at Corpus Christi with Robin Holloway.

"In Oxford I had gained a lot of practical experience working with and writing for choirs. In a sense Robin was the exact opposite. It was all about 'why don't you look at this painting, read this poem, admire this building?' Talking with him opened the doors for me. In some ways teaching composition is an oxymoron. You can teach grammar, rules and history, but you can't teach how to conjure that vital spark, merely help to create the conditions where it might appear. Robin rightly said that I needed to be open to more stimuli. It was while studying with him that I wrote 'Care Charming Sleep' for Clare Choir. This was the first piece I felt was 'right', the meeting ground of my technical and my broader aesthetic education. For the first time I saw a glimmer of a reflection of myself, a nakedness which is both uncomfortable and compelling."

In recent years O'Regan has divided his life between Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of Trinity from 2007 to 2009, and New York City, with academic posts at Columbia University, Harvard, Yale and now Princeton.

"There's something about New York that's long appealed to European composers, from Dvořák and Mahler to Bartók, Stravinsky and Britten – it intrigues me that Stravinsky died virtually opposite where John Lennon was assassinated. One of my passions is film music from the 1930s to the 1970s; and for me the quintessential music of New York is Bernard Herrmann's score for Scorsese's Taxi Driver: the deep pulsing, the heavy rhythmic sections, saxophones and lower brass moving in and out of each other, like the city breathing and trudging in the heat of the night," he says. "Much of my music has been influenced by the pulse of Manhattan life. Like many composers before me, I find the city incredibly liberating, if sometimes exhausting! It's a true melting pot, and people are very open and accepting. If you say 'I'm a composer', no one bats an eyelid, whereas in Cambridge, enlightened as it is in many ways, people are more likely to turn round and ask, 'But what do you do for a living?'"

Tarik O'Regan's newly completed chamber opera, Heart of Darkness, to a libretto by Tom Phillips after Conrad's novella, will be premiered at the Linbury Studio Theatre, Covent Garden, in March 2011.



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Sport:

University Polo Club

James Marshall, polo novice

Interview **Sophie Pickford**

“One of the great appeals of polo is the excitement of it. With eight players on the pitch all barging each other, going for the ball, galloping at break-neck speed, it’s a boisterous sport and more exciting and energetic than eventing. Before I arrived in Cambridge I’d only ever seen clips of polo being played on YouTube. I’d catch bits and pieces from horse magazines and sports news but otherwise, it was completely alien to me, something fast and exciting but beyond my world, just a blur of pixels on a computer.

I suppose I’m not a stereotypical polo type. I used to ride when I was younger, and competed in eventing at novice level until my early teens, when my parents could no longer afford my lessons. I had to give up at the critical moment. So when I arrived in Cambridge, I didn’t sign up at the Freshers’ Fair or contact the club: if I’m being honest, I was put off by the stereotypes surrounding the polo scene, which I don’t naturally fit into. But I met some members of the club by accident on a night out in my first week of term. They were great, really encouraging and not at all patronising, and persuaded me to come along and give it a try.

My first few times back in the saddle were enormously painful. I was using muscles that hadn’t been exercised for years and trying to walk after the first couple of sessions was extremely difficult! My competence has slowly come back, but it’s taken a while. It isn’t completely necessary for members to be able to ride to learn polo, but it has certainly been an advantage to have a basic, if latent, level of skill. My big issue was more a question of getting the pony to do what I wanted – I knew how riding should feel, the skills just needed to return, which they gradually did.

At the club, there is no messing around with the boring stuff: we are put straight onto ponies, handed a stick, and taught to hit a ball. I was surprised how quickly I picked it up, initially just remembering how to sit in the saddle correctly but then learning different shots and skills. I didn’t notice the transition from being a total beginner to being vaguely competent, but it didn’t seem to take very long at all.

I haven’t played a full ‘real’ game yet, but we’ve been practicing chukkas in lessons and for me it’s been the highlight. In the arena we play three-a-side, we’re each given a position but without a total grasp of the rules it’s a bit



Charlie Troman

confusing at first. The idea is that we get used to the feel of a game, we’ll be taught to specialise and play specific positions later.

Despite being such a highly charged sport, perhaps surprisingly, when you’re playing, it doesn’t feel that dangerous. Yes, it’s aggressive, competing directly against someone for the ball, barging their pony out of the way, taking the shot – the fast pace is electrifying, but at my stage we’re using soft, inflatable balls in a sandy arena, not hard balls on grass, so it’s a comfortable situation to build up your basic skills. I’m hoping to play in my first full match this term, as there’s a national competition between universities with a beginners’ section. There will be a selection procedure so there’s no

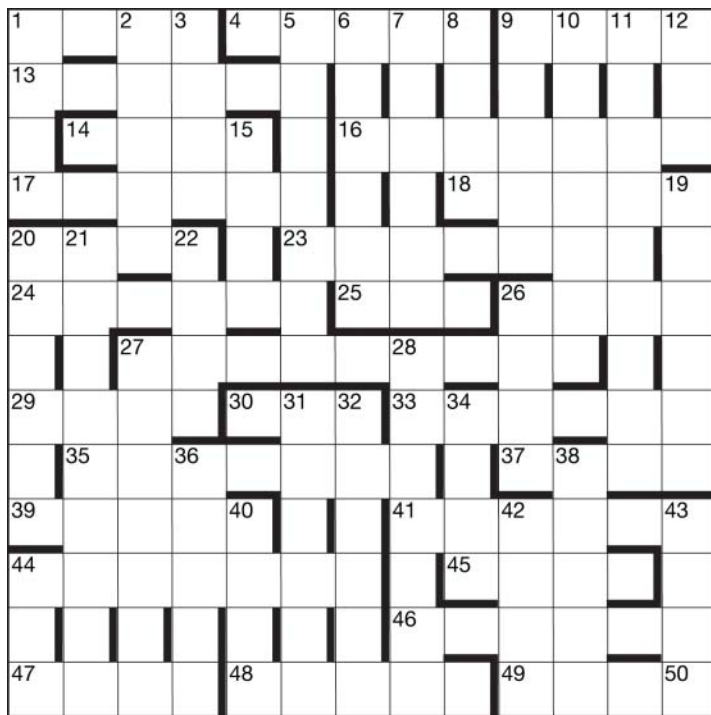
guarantee I’ll be up to the standard, but it would be fantastic to play.

I hope I will be able to keep playing post-Cambridge. I’m on a six-year veterinary science course, so there’s plenty of time to make the most of the opportunities. In the shorter term I’d like to improve as much as possible and eventually become a member of one of the proper University teams, ideally competing against and beating Oxford. There’s also an annual trip to Argentina that I’d love to go on, but as always it’s a question of funding. But so far so good, and with the support of the club and the excellent teaching I’ve been getting, it feels like the sky’s the limit.”

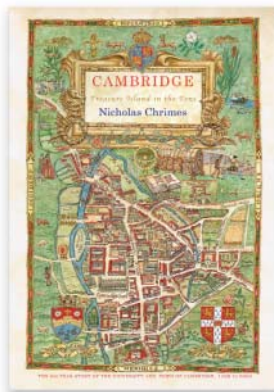
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The Undertones? by Schadenfreude

CAM 59 Prize Crossword



Solutions will be printed in CAM 60 and both solutions and winners will be posted online at www.alumni.cam.ac.uk/news/cam on 17 May 2010.



The first correct entrant drawn will win a copy of Nicholas Chrimes' *Cambridge: Treasure Island in the Fens* (Hobsaerie Publications, £20) and £30 to spend on Cambridge University Press publications.

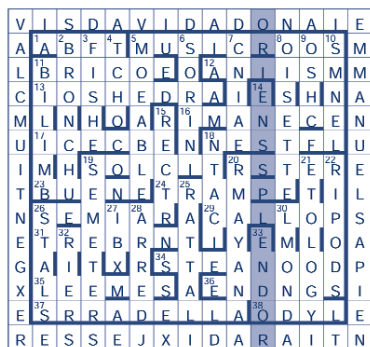
There are two runners-up prizes of £35 to spend on Cambridge University Press publications.*

Completed crosswords should be sent to: CAM 59 Prize Crossword, CARO, 1 Quayside, Bridge Street, Cambridge CB 5 8AB. Please remember to include your contact details.

Entries to be received by Monday 19 April 2010.

Solution and notes to CAM 58 crossword

The theme is the Seven or Great 'O's of Advent: Sapientia, Adonai, Radix Jesse, Clavis David, Oriens Splendor (highlighted), Rex Gentium and Emmanuel. The seven misprinted letters are all 'O's: 19A(woo), 31A(bore), 35A(words), 37A(clover), 38A(force), 8D(rose), 27D(goat).



Overcrowded cells are to be replaced by a single letter (A to L), corresponding to one of the thematic clues which lack a common definition. Five characters which follow two thematic items have been ignored, but are given by single extra words in the clues to four normally entered answers. An ongoing change to the underlying theme has altered the status of one item, but its thematic link remains valid. Chambers (2008) is recommended.

THEMATIC

- A Note chapter in book (5)
- B Black pipe with foot missing (4)
- C Gallery name (5)
- D Grey evening (5)
- E Unknown quantity of work returned (4)
- F Settle an argument in Sydney (9, 2 words)
- G Master spy and associate (7)
- H Ordinary rank (6)
- I Knight on stage (4)
- J Two gods (3)
- K Our quiet society is corrupt (9)
- L Isle of Wight's capital (6)

ACROSS

- 1 Small child in Brooklyn to stop at home after short film (8)
- 4 War poet keeps seventy cattle up north (5)
- 9 Clumsy swimmer died entering enclosure (5)
- 13 After condemnation by society I am quiet and drive away (6)
- 14 Fish containing about one pound of fused bone (6)
- 16 Greek right to take in senior tannery worker (7)
- 17 Experts on golf? They're about to depart (6)
- 18 Timing device assembled by navy in compartment base (9)
- 20 Rape and riot devastated the city (8)
- 23 Runs through sixties film about reflective prophet (7)
- 24 Plant tree in shelter (6)
- 25 Unattached Scots love unending sex (5)
- 26 Cases before a censor (4)
- 27 A kiss only complicated a joint fixation (9)
- 29 Perhaps paint a divine creature (4)
- 30 Crooked Scottish Liberal wearing a suit (5)
- 33 Lauren's dislocated part of her wrist (6)
- 35 Heraldic devices with fleurs-de-lis surrounding a single line (7)
- 37 Speech made by one leaving rough East End saloon (9)
- 39 Fancy metal rim surrounding the smithy's tool (10, 2 words)
- 41 Damned buffalo blocking retreating lieutenant (6)
- 44 European on board a train out of Tirol (7)

- 45 Name of female bird and Irish girl (6)
- 46 With no exceptions for a pussy cat (6, 3 words)
- 47 Councils stop working and sit back having lost independence (5)
- 48 Is democrat one for Hitler to pour scorn on once (5)
- 49 Clumsy retiring women accepted alcohol and ... (5)

DOWN

- 1 ... gin might have this glib lady reeling (8, 2 words)
- 2 Empty hotel accommodating American earl (5)
- 3 Satisfactory national reserve (4)
- 5 The spirit of Victor's successor (7)
- 6 Old confectioner finally gets posh clothes to meet a King and Queen (10, hyphenated)
- 7 One enthralled by journey's inaccessible places (6)
- 8 Chocolate stirred in on a plate (10)
- 9 They annoy one in office surrounded by action (5)
- 10 Apparently a nose twitches in these breathless periods (7)
- 11 City judges heading for Derby seem uneasy and mostly abrupt (9)
- 12 The authorities in India See Charles touring Ireland (6)
- 15 A piece of bone hospital department found in cold drink (7)
- 19 Religious leader featuring in early English poetry (6)
- 20 Satellite channel received by pupil teacher (6)
- 21 Fight back provided by a literate vagrant (9)
- 22 Musical instrument lined with copper material (6)
- 26 Someone like Fellini can set Italy alight (7)
- 27 Supremely flexible soprano wearing a bodice (7)
- 28 Outsiders sit uncomfortably in remote institute (7)
- 31 Terrible rage shown by extremely loud spear-throwing fellow (6)
- 32 Triumphant delight produced by Jane juggling with one club! (9)
- 34 The rule stops unproductive kid perhaps (8)
- 36 These oils are essential until seconds after occupational therapy (5)
- 38 An injection all Scots complain about (5)
- 40 Is this me running workshops? (8)
- 42 Sheets of paper are ruined by marks (4)
- 43 Game fish pursued by Elizabeth and John (9)
- 44 Condition regular engineers at the front (8)

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Pembroke from Trumpington Street



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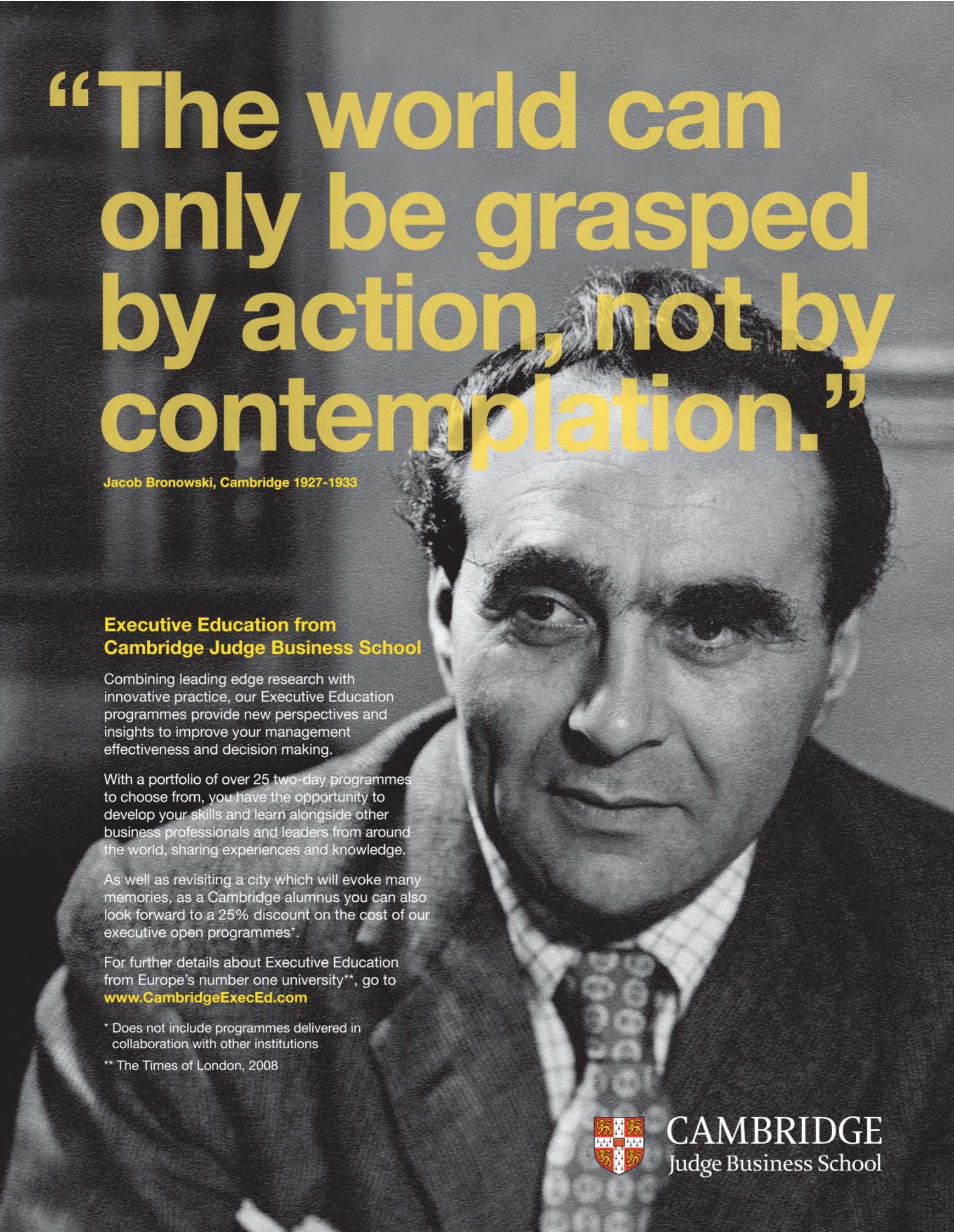
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“The world can only be grasped by action, not by contemplation.”

Jacob Bronowski, Cambridge 1927-1933

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