Home and astray: how the humble hound became man’s best friend.

Dear Mother: we recall the forgotten art of the letter home.

Don’t sleep. Don’t nap. Be like the Japanese and do inemuri.
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Welcome to the Lent edition of CAM. When is sleeping in public acceptable? In Japan, the appearance of sleep – in meetings, at dinner – is sometimes not only necessary, but also desirable. On page 18, Dr Brigitte Steger explores the phenomenon of inemuri.

My father still likes to remind me of the missives I wrote home from Cambridge (most, he alleges, focused on the need for more funds). On page 14 we discuss why, when it comes to documenting daily life, the medium matters as much as the content.

Meanwhile, on page 28, Dr Philip Howell relates how the dog became man’s best friend (blame the Victorians apparently), and on page 47 Nick Brooking, Director of Sport, explains why participation in sport at all levels continues to be key to student life. Finally, on page 7, Dr Fumiya Iida explains why claims of robot takeover are greatly exaggerated.

In the last issue we reported that Cambridge was launching a £2bn fundraising campaign. Six months in, the campaign total stands at £625.6m. To find out more, contact your College or visit cam.ac.uk/YoursCambridge.

Finally, thank you for your many letters about CAM’s new look. On this, and all other matters, I look forward to your thoughts.

Mira Katbamna (Caius 1995)

Brainwaves
Being a bear of very little brain (and I’ve a Third to prove it), certain concepts have sometimes proved problematic for me – like ‘stream of consciousness’ for example. [Having] finished reading Michael Bywater’s article, I now not only understand what a stream of consciousness is but have been for a swim in it.

Geoff Brown (Fitzwilliam 1967)

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Michael Bywater’s piece about thinking (CAM 76), but couldn’t see why he had to take a sideswipe at mindfulness. The whole point of mindfulness (meditation) is that it gives one respite from the frantic, albeit creative, lunacy of one’s mind, after which one will probably find that it is clearer and functioning even more effectively.

Kumba Hutt

Ticket to ride
I was a member of the Comex 2 team in 1967. Relations between Pakistan and India were tense but those in the Middle East were worse. From Eastern Turkey we crossed into Iran and then on to Afghanistan, following the main highway to the Khyber Pass. I can’t recall much preparation before departure, although my fellow travellers remind me there was quite a bit, including a training camp at Sussex University. I took, and passed, the test for a PSV licence in order to drive the
very smart 30-seater coach with which we were equipped. I never knew where the money came from to buy these – there were 11 coaches – but we did manage to return it to England in more or less one piece for resale: one careful owner, 15,000 miles.

John Holden (Emmanuel 1964)

The article on the Comex expedition of 1965 revived memories of a smaller expedition undertaken at the same time by myself and two other King’s students, Alan Greggains (King’s 1963) and Quentin van Abbé (King’s 1963) along with my girlfriend Sheila (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife). We set off in an old Morris van we had fixed up (now my wife).

Peter Bowler (King’s 1963)

Fractured memory

I read Becky Allen’s article with interest, since my Dad died from Parkinson’s this summer. She mentioned that a UTI (urinary tract infection) made her mother agitated and angry; this is something I learned about with my Dad and I think the public should be more aware of. My message, for those with elderly relatives, would be if you notice any sudden, out of character changes, go straight to the GP and ask for tests.

Margaret Marsh (née Scopes, Girton 1980)

Society

Thank you so much for profiling the Cambridge University Ceilidh Band. As the Band’s original lead fiddler, it was great to read that it’s still flourishing, successful and fun – and that the romances continue to blossom! There have indeed been several Ceilidh Band babies born over the years – I know four of them!

Emily Coltman (née Baker, Newnham 1995)

On time

My personal best time (CAM 76) is 4.30p.m on a Sunday in term, as the Choir gathers for rehearsal before evensong. Two and a half hours of beautiful music, in the timeless surroundings of Chapel, singing with some of your best friends, followed by sherry in the Ante-Chapel, then Formal Hall. True, the food is nothing to write home about, but company is everything. The evening concludes with more revelry in someone’s room before starting a new week as all new weeks should start: with a slight hangover.

Chris Thompson (Christ’s 1996)

Too much education

I belong to a book group of Newnham graduates, ranging in matriculation dates from 1954 to the late 1970s. We are all married to Cambridge men, and I certainly never came across the prejudices mentioned! I think Anne Thackray (CAM 76) must have been very unlucky in her choice of friends.

Fay Pascoe (née Yelland, Newnham 1954)

Campaign

I was pleased to read about the creation of the El-Erian Institute for Human Behaviour and Economic Policy (CAM 76). As an economics student, I concluded that the explanation for rival but valid economic theories boiled down to the fact that ultimately everything depends on the uncertain art of predicting human decision-making, individual and collective. So, yes, I decided economics was merely a specialist branch of psychology.

Philip Venning (Trinity Hall 1967)

Don’s diary

I read with amusement Dr Clackson’s report on Welsh mis-translations (CAM 76). I have another to add to his list. When Tesco opened a new Express shop in Aberystwyth in 2014, it provided a free cash machine on the outside wall with a helpful notice: “Free cash withdrawals”. Unfortunately, in Welsh the notice was rendered as “Codiad am ddîl” – which roughly translates as “Free erections”.

Tony Jones (Clare 1967)

Write to us

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Write to us at: CAM, 1 Quayside, Bridge Street, Cambridge, CB5 8AB.

Please mark your letter for publication. You can read more CAM letters at alumni.cam.ac.uk/cam. Letters may be edited for length.

Facebook.com/cambridgealumni

Leonard Pearcey (Corpus 1959) loved “the new look and the new feel”. Simon Loftus (Trinity 1964) thought it was “much better looking and a much better read”, which “echoed what I loved about Cambridge”, and Roy Macgregor (St John’s 1972) reckoned the design was “a breath of fresh air”.

However, while thanking the team for “an otherwise excellent magazine”, Philippa Russell (Hughes Hall 1958) pointed out that the new paper made it hard to read “while eating because it won’t lie flat on the table!”.

Gill Buckle (née Bibby, Girton 1967) and Anthony Greenstreet (St John’s 1949), among others, wrote to say that the typesize was just too small. A serious criticism – and an element we felt we had not got right. While the need to fit a certain amount of text on to the page cannot be ignored, this issue of CAM has been set in a larger typesize, which we hope will improve readability.
HEAD OF HOUSE
“I am thrilled to be joining the College and look forward to collaborating with everyone at Peterhouse.”

Distinguished BBC correspondent Bridget Kendall on the announcement that she has been elected to be the next Master of Peterhouse, succeeding Professor Adrian Dixon. At St Catharine’s, Fellows have elected Sir Mark Welland, Professor of Nanotechnology, to be their 39th Master, succeeding Professor Dame Jean Thomas.

RESEARCH
Brain’s back door

A new study has identified a 'back door’ into the brain that could help cocaine addicts overcome their habit. Dr David Belin, from the Department of Pharmacology, and Professor Barry Everitt, from the Department of Psychology, studied the brains of rats addicted to cocaine through self-administration. They found a previously unknown neural pathway that links the basolateral amygdala – associated with the link between a stimulus and an emotion – with the dorsolateral striatum, which plays a role in habitual behaviour. But it bypasses the prefrontal cortex, which helps a user decide whether or not to take the drug. The study is published in the journal Nature Communications. "We’ve always assumed that addiction occurs through a failure of our self-control, but now we know this is not necessarily the case,” said Dr Belin. “We’ve found a back door directly to habitual behaviour.”
**Target for the campaign for the University and Colleges of Cambridge.**
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When did you say? The last weekend in September. That’s Friday 23 to Sunday 25 September. Write it in your diary now. Then invite everyone on Facebook. That should do the trick.

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Tickets
Online booking opens on Wednesday 22 June 2016. Better put that in your diary too. alumni.cam.ac.uk

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**TWO-MINUTE TRIPoS**

**PAPER**

**SPIDER-MAN QUESTION 1**

**PLEASE CALCULATE THE MAXIMUM SUPERHERO SIZE COMPATIBLE WITH ADHESIVE FOOTPAD TECHNOLOGY.**

Spider–Man! Spider–Man!

Does whatever a spider can!

Well, not quite. He can’t actually scuttle up the side of that skyscraper, for example.

But… he’s Spider–Man?!

Well, he could if he was the size of a gecko, or smaller. Geckos, new research from the Department of Zoology has revealed, are the largest animals that can scale smooth vertical walls. The researchers compared the weight and footpad size of 225 climbing animal species including insects, frogs, spiders, lizards, mites… is this the science bit?

Yes. For climbing animals, it’s all about the ratio of adhesive footpad to body size. The percentage of body surface covered by adhesive footpads increases as body size increases, setting a limit to the size of animal using the skyscraper-scuttle strategy.

So big is beautiful?

It is impossible for larger animals such as humans to use this strategy as they would require impossibly big feet.

How big?

Walter Federle, senior author of the study, posits shoes in European size 145 or US size 114. I bet I could find them on eBay.

But you’d be a bit stuck with the additional requirement for Spider-Man antics, which is having 40 per cent of your total body surface, or roughly 80 per cent of your front, covered in sticky footpads.

“A bit stuck.” Oh yes, I see what you did there.

Don’t give up hope. Tree frogs are apparently making their pads stickier rather than bigger as an alternative evolutionary solution.

Tree Frog Man!

Exactly.

Pens down, please. And don’t try it at home.

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**MUST FARM DISCOVERY**

**Buried treasure**

University archaeologists have unearthed the best-preserved Bronze Age houses ever found in Britain. At the Must Farm quarry in Cambridgeshire, the dig has uncovered large wooden houses still containing their perfectly preserved contents, including exceptional textiles made from plant fibres such as lime tree bark, rare small cups, bowls and jars (some complete with the remains of food). It is likely that the settlement was destroyed by fire and then collapsed into a river, preserving the contents in the deep, waterlogged sediment of the fens. Mark Knight, of the Cambridge Archaeological Unit, said: “Must Farm is the first large-scale investigation of the deeply buried sediments of the fens. Everything suggests the site is not a one-off but in fact presents a template of an undiscovered community that thrived 3,000 years ago ‘beneath’ Britain’s largest wetland.” arch.cam.ac.uk
Dear World,
You sent us Isaac. We sent you gravity. You sent us Charles. We sent you evolution. You sent us Jocelyn. We sent you pulsars.
What will we send next? A new source of energy? Some answers to Alzheimer’s? The next Monty Python?
For eight centuries we’ve made quite an impact. Now we want to make even more.

Yours, Cambridge
At this point I started to enjoy myself. I replied to as many requests as possible, thinking about the positive implications for the research.

Last term began before I was quite ready. A few weeks prior to the start of the new academic year, the BBC reported on my team’s research into how machines might replicate the autonomy and adaptability of biological systems, particularly at the level of evolutionary process. The project’s technical progress was reported as it had often been done before, but this time the result was something of a media hurricane.

On arriving at the BBC on the day of the broadcast, a producer told me: “We love you at full speed today, then forget you tomorrow.” I didn’t understand what he meant until he showed me the schedule for the day: 14 interviews for various radio stations starting at 8.13am and then every seven or eight minutes thereafter. This was just the beginning. At 10.15am, I was dragged to see the make-up staff before a 10-minute TV interview; meanwhile, my mailbox and mobile phone beeped continuously with requests for interviews that afternoon.

At this point I started to enjoy myself. I replied to as many interview requests as possible, thinking about what the positive implications might be for the research. In the end, I managed a total of 17 individual interviews that day, followed by a few dozen more in the following days and weeks.

Of course it’s important to communicate what we do to the wider world. But looking back at the coverage now, I realise that the momentum for the story largely originated in people’s fear of ‘the rise of machines’. In some ways, it’s not surprising: ‘Machines becoming creative through evolution-like processes’ is a pretty eye-catching headline. The problem is, of course, that it disregards entirely the current maturity of technology – the main concern, from a researcher’s viewpoint. I’m still wondering how to strike a balance between ensuring the detailed accuracy of my statements as a scientist and the important obligation to report research progress to taxpayers and stakeholders.

After such an exciting start, you might think that the rest of my term might be quieter – but it has not worked out like that. In what was effectively my first ‘working’ term since I joined Cambridge last year, I taught a new lecture series, supervised a new module, was affiliated to a College for the first time, and acquired six new research students and some new administrative tasks to boot. To manage all these new tasks, my entire calendar was optimised to the minute (and I’m very grateful to my family for their patience).

But despite the sometimes overwhelming challenges, I have been extremely excited to embrace the work because of the ambition I have had in my mind for a while – to create a robotics culture and curriculum for the first time in the long and illustrious history of Cambridge engineering.

Unlike many engineering subjects, robotics is a field of integration and interdisciplinarity. To build robots we need knowledge from electrical, mechanical, material and computer engineering, as well as from maths, physics, chemistry and biology. Robotics needs all of these disciplines, but at the same time, if a robot is dissected into a smaller piece for the sake of simplicity of investigation, the research is valid – but it is no longer robotics. In other words, robotics is a study of something that is more than the sum of its components. It is in many ways philosophical and also often subjective. There is no simple way to structure a roboticists’ community for these reasons, but the culture needs to be built up on top of many creative minds with a rich diversity of backgrounds.

Fortunately, I am not alone in this ambitious vision – there are many keen roboticists in Cambridge. As this year goes on, I am thinking more and more about ways to bring the robotics enthusiasts together to create a fertile robotics community. And who knows – despite the negative spin, the blanket coverage of robotics one day last September might spark the curiosity of a few more.

Hold the presses: the robots are not taking over. Not yet, anyway.

*Dr Fumiya Iida* is University Lecturer in Mechatronics in the Department of Engineering and a Fellow of Corpus.
A21 Murray Edwards

*Dame Barbara Stocking (Murray Edwards, New Hall 1969) re-enters a modernist masterpiece with third-year geographer Bethany Evans.*

"It was rather more stark when I lived here," says Dame Barbara Stocking, looking admiringly round room A21, now occupied by Geography finalist Bethany Evans. "I had a nice Monet print over there, and a six-foot brass rubbing on the stairway. It wasn’t decorated as beautifully as this."

Indeed, Evans’ decorative style (a riot of bunting and photographs) is a triumph of personality over architecture. Designed in the 1950s by modernist architects Chamberlin, Powell and Bon (best known for the Le Corbusier-influenced Barbican) the room is a striking, minimalist space – with a very interesting staircase leading to a mezzanine. "Oh the stairs!" says Stocking. "Getting up the stairs was hard enough, but getting down them was almost impossible!"

Despite the challenges, Stocking took the mezzanine. "I shared. I arrived first, had a quick look around and took the upstairs. I did Natural Sciences so I got up for 9 o’clock lectures, worked all day, often in the evening, and got to bed early. My roommate did History. Completely different life cycle. It was amazing that we got on, but we did, very well."

Today, Evans has the space to herself, and the mezzanine is her bedroom. From it, a second door opens onto a shared terrace. "We bought loads of fairy lights for it and planned to have terrace parties," she explains. "But with the weather, that somehow hasn’t happened yet."

In Stocking’s day, the terrace had a distinctly different atmosphere. "It was the hippy era, and people would have bells and wind-chimes hanging in open doorways. Across Cambridge, we were one woman to every 10 men, so you had to be very good to
be here. I think we were known as the college for independent-minded women. We’d just seen students on the barricades in Paris, and the pill had arrived.

“There was a whole different dynamic about what was possible for women. Yet at the same time you were like any other student, trying to get your essays done.”

Stocking speculates whether the current generation of students may in fact be more traditional than their ‘60s and ‘70s predecessors – “they do like their gowns! But there is still that sense, especially from the second year onwards, of incredible confidence and purpose.” Evans agrees: “I like it being all women. It’s chilled and really easy to make friends. And it’s a nice distance from departments so you can separate home and work.”

In the room itself, little has changed. An adjacent corridor of rooms has been refurbished and is more popular than the authentically sparse A Staircase. But both agree that the architecture of this space they’ve shared across a 45-year gap of time reflects the dynamic of the College and its community. “Its modernism gives it a very innovative feel,” says Stocking. “When we got over our first-year nerves we felt, ‘Yes, we’re the future’.”

As the two sit at Evans’ picnic table, they swap College slogans that have remained unchanged for decades. “Go hard, go dome,” says Bethany, referring to the great white dome above Murray Edwards’ dining hall. Stocking sips her tea and agrees. “There’s nothing like Dome life.”

**Dame Barbara Stocking** (Murray Edwards, New Hall 1969) is President of Murray Edwards and Deputy Chair of the Alumni Advisory Board. She was Chief Executive of Oxfam GB until 2013. **Bethany Evans** is a third-year Geography student and says she once managed to fit 24 people into her room. “They came round to watch YouTube videos after Formal Hall. It’s definitely a record!”

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**A CAMBRIDGE GUIDE TO...**

**You say howl**

Wolf species have howling dialects. The largest ever study of howling among wolves, jackals and domestic dogs has shown that different types of howl are used with varying regularity depending on the canid species.

**How was the research conducted?**

Howls were recorded from both captive and wild animals, creating a database of 6,000 that was whittled down to 2,000 for the study. This included combing YouTube for domestic dog howls. These were then fed into machine-learning algorithms to classify the howls into 21 discrete types, based on pitch and fluctuation.

**Does this relate to human language?**

Lead researcher, Dr Arik Kershenbaum (Department of Zoology) says the findings could be used to track and manage wild wolf populations and help mitigate conflict with farmers. It may also provide clues to the earliest evolution of human language. “Understanding the communication of existing social species is essential to uncovering the evolutionary trajectories that led to more complex communication in the past, eventually leading to our own linguistic ability,” he said.

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**TWEET OF THE TERM**

Dear Cambridge, everything floating around would be super annoying. So thanks for the gravity. Yours, Richard @camalumni

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**IN BRIEF**

**HONOURED**

The University has conferred its highest honour on His Excellency the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Ban Ki-moon, who will receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. Cambridge academics have also been recognised in the New Year Honours list. Professor Dame Ann Dowling was appointed to the Order of Merit, while Professor David MacKay, Regius Professor of Engineering, has been knighted. Harvey McGrath, co-chair of the £2 billion fundraising campaign for the University and Colleges of Cambridge, was also knighted. Professor of Neurology Alastair Compston was appointed CBE and Dr Emily Shuckburgh was appointed OBE.

**BOBBIN BIKES**

In collaboration with the University, specialist bicycle manufacturers Bobbin Bikes have launched a “Cambridge” bike complete with University crest. If only it came in Light Blue.

**GLOBAL UNIVERSITY**

Wherever you are in the world, Cambridge alumni networks are on hand to help you settle in, meet new friends and network. So from Canberra to Guernsey and from Frankfurt to Mongolia, to attend an event or volunteer, visit alumni.cam.ac.uk/Get-involved.
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- Marc S

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Into the wilderness

The Cambridge University Expeditions Society have been equipping student explorers since 1904.

Trekking through the wilderness of Iceland’s Tröllaskagi peninsula or canoeing along the Yukon River, spotting golden eagles and black bears. Forget spending the holidays on a sun lounger – members of the Cambridge University Expeditions Society (CUEX) have far more thrilling tales to tell.

Given that Cambridge is alma mater to explorers such as Sir Peter Scott and Sir David Attenborough, it seems fitting that the University is home to the world’s oldest expeditions society, founded in 1904. “Expeditions are travel with a purpose,” explains Chase Smith, secretary of CUEX and a second year historian at Caius.

Smith and three fellow undergraduates recently visited two remote farming communities in Peru’s Cordillera Blanca Mountains, whose water supplies are under threat. They were there to carry out research interviews and help to install new kitchen equipment. A grant from the Royal Geographical Society helped pay for the trip – without CUEX, says Smith, they wouldn’t have known where to find funding.

Closer to home, the Society hosts weekly talks by high-profile explorers. Recent highlights include duo Lucy Engleheart and Anne-Laure Carruth, famous for their travels through North Africa and the Middle East. But you don’t have to be a seasoned explorer to embark on a CUEX trip. “People think you have to be really experienced to go on an expedition and have all the required knowledge and training already,” says Smith. “But all you really need is the motivation to find out.”

CUEX would love to hear from alumni expeditioners – please email cuexpeditions@gmail.com.
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- Sicily -
Catania extension available

Secret Sicily
7 nights from £895

- Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia –
VJV Special Event

Baltic Capitals
7 nights from £895
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Smoking. Eating too much. Drinking too much. Moving too little. These four behaviours cause the majority of premature deaths worldwide. Enabling individuals to change these behaviours would avoid 40 per cent of cancers and 75 per cent of diabetes. Unfortunately, there is no one solution for changing these behaviours – but there are more and less effective ways. My research has helped identify a less effective way – providing people with personalised information about their level of risk – as well as more effective ways, namely changing environments to change behaviour.

Much of my work has focused on the question of whether being given a personal risk of diabetes, cancer and other disease based on genetic tests might prompt a change in behaviour to reduce those risks. What we have found is that while individualised risk information can alter a person’s perception of risk and their intention to change behaviour, on average it does not change their actual behaviour. Few of us would swim in waters signed as shark-infested, or, more prosaically, use a lift labelled: “It is inadvisable to use this lift if maintenance staff are not on duty”, as seen within our University. So, while humans are exquisitely sensitive to risk information concerning immediate threats to life and limb, we often discount the risk of future disease against current pleasures.

Formulating the reasons why communicating an individual’s risk does not generally change behaviour shifted my research away from information-based interventions aimed at motivating individuals to resist environments that readily cue unhealthy behaviour, towards less conscious routes to behaviour change involving redesigning environments to more readily cue healthier behaviour.

The herculean task now is to systematically describe the characteristics of environments that shape our behaviour – for good and ill – including physical, digital, economic and social ones. At the Behaviour and Health Research Unit that I direct, our focus is upon the physical cues in our immediate environments that subtly shape behaviour. These include the design of cigarette packets, tableware and drinking glasses. The impact of some of these cues on our behaviour can be large and most often operate outside conscious awareness. For example, from the results of our systematic review of 61 experimental studies, we estimate that removing larger sized portions, packages and tableware would reduce the daily energy intake in UK adults by 16 per cent.

One barrier to applying the results of this research comes in the form of the ‘fundamental attribution error’. Put simply, we overestimate how much our behaviour is under intentional control and underestimate how much is cued by the environment. Policymakers and the public are prone to this error, reflected in the discourse of personal choice and amplified by parts of the industries that profit from over-consumption of their products, with cries of ‘nanny state’ in the face of regulation in favour of environments that enable healthier behaviour.

Realising environments that enable healthier behaviour across populations – for example, through restricting the size of sugary drinks sold, standardising the packaging of cigarette packets or increasing the prices of alcohol – requires some level of public support. Evidence is emerging that public support for such interventions increases when a risk to health is perceived, the outcome is valued, an intervention is perceived as effective at achieving the valued outcome, and human behaviour is seen as shaped more by environments than by ‘free will’.

Ironically, this means that there is now a vital new role for effective communication about disease risk and its reduction, this time focused on increasing our support for interventions – often by government – to forcibly change environments to make easier the healthier behaviours that many of us prefer but still find difficult to achieve. How to increase public demand for such interventions is a research question to which my group and others in Cambridge are now turning.

Having eschewed research on the communication of risk as a poor means for changing behaviour, I now see it as core. Without public demand, other interests will shape our environments. With public demand we have a sporting chance of implementing what we now know is key to healthier populations: environments – physical, digital, economic and social – that readily enable healthier behaviours.
Have been living for past three weeks in old courts. The college locks up at 11 every night (high walls with spiked fence on top). And a lady bustles into your bedroom every morning to make your bed at 7.30! Still not getting down to work as I'd like to and since the lectures here aren't compulsory I've been too lazy (easy on myself) & missed a lot. Developing bad habits.
Dear Mother, It was good to get your letter today; I am so sensitive to mail and really enjoy it…”, wrote Sylvia Plath (Newnham 1955) to her mother. Plath was in her first year at Cambridge at the time and many of her letters home include her impressions of Cambridge in the 1950s, where, she wrote, “a kind of golden promise hangs over the Cam and in the quaint crooked streets”.

Strip Plath’s letters of the interpretation which comes with hindsight, and her concerns echo those of many students: “I am taking time early this sunny morning to limber up my stiff fingers in preparation for my Tragedy exam this afternoon and write you so you will know I’m still extant. Just. I have honestly never undergone such physical torture as writing furiously from 6 to 7 hours a day (for the last two days) with my unpracticed pen-hand,” she moans.

“…It’s disgusting to think that two years of work and excellent, articulate, thoughtful papers should be judged on the basis of these exams and nothing else.”

Where will future generations find these touchpoints of familiarity across the years? Printed-out emails? Carefully archived text messages? Sir Salman Rushdie (King’s 1965) has entrusted his archive, including computer files, to Emory University in the US. But those of us who aren’t Sir Salman will have no actual things. No boxes of scrawled letters, either carefully stored in an attic chest or shoved randomly in the back of a drawer. Just… pixels.

And those precious details of ordinary lives, those not deemed worthy of archiving, will be lost to future historians. Who knows, after all, how many future Plaths are out there, pouring out their hearts to friends on WhatsApp or Twitter rather than committing thoughts to letter, to be forever lost in the ether? “Whatever the advantage of social media and immediacy of communications, [with the demise of the letter] something is lost – the things that happen under the radar,” says Steven Barnett (Pembroke 1971), Professor of Communications at the University of Westminster. “In a hundred years’ time there will be masses and masses of data but we’re less likely to have the kind of intimate insights into ordinary, everyday lives that letters to friends and family have traditionally given us.”

This is as much about format as it is about digitisation. The letters of American poet Tom Clark

Before WhatsApp, before Facebook, before email even, the way generations of Cambridge students sent news home was via letter. CAM rips open the envelope.

WORDS HELEN MASSY-BERESFORD
ILLUSTRATION PAUL ANTONIO
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It feels like a medieval chill still lingers in some of the old stone buildings

(Caius 1963), author of *White Thought*, live on in a small corner of the internet: the January 2002 edition of now-defunct online poetry magazine *Jacket*, to be precise. But the detailed and lengthy descriptions of Cambridge life in the early 1960s leap off the screen to speak, again, across the years. “Have been living for past three weeks in one of the old courts of this college, which was founded in the 14th century, it feels like a medieval chill still lingers in some of the old stone buildings. I’ve been coughing & sneezing for 3 weeks,” he writes. “One funny thing is local pronunciation of names of colleges, of which I was of course innocent & unknowing: Caius is ‘Keys’, Magdalen is ‘Maudlin’, St John’s is ‘SINjens’. Another is that the college locks up at 11 every night, like a fancy kindergarten (high walls with spiked fence on top). And a lady bustles into your bedroom every morning to make your bed at 7.30!”

Work looms large. “Still not getting down to work as I’d like to, two papers a week difficult for me (I go slow) and since the lectures here aren’t compulsory I’ve been too lazy (easy on myself) & missed a lot. Developing bad habits,” Clark writes. Later, he confesses to have given up on lectures altogether. “Have ceased to attend lectures, period. Doing reading and writing mostly on my own & only secondarily for my supervisor. I am not making much of a sensation as a scholar.” And food, as ever, is a preoccupation. “The food at college is hideous so I purchase for myself what I need and thus grow strong.”

And actual letters may contain clues to something deeper than simply the words on the page. Everything adds something: the particular paper, sizes of paper, the signature, the distinctive hand of the person who has signed them. Even typed letters have their own identity, says Peter de Bolla, Director of the Cambridge Concept Lab which is housed in the Cambridge Centre for Digital Knowledge at CRASSH. “If you look back at 20th century archives, there’s also a very distinctive signature to typed letters – the typewriter that was used, the skill or ability of the typist – all those things are individual marks that you see in typed letters. You don’t see any of that in the electronic space. Some people are fastidious about correcting their electronic communications but most people let errors sit because of the rapidity in which they move across.”

The medium also affects exactly what we choose to communicate, says de Bolla. Emailing or texting lends itself to rapid and sometimes repetitive communication, whereas letters have a residue of formality about them. “You might ping an email across two, three, four or more times during a correspondence which is very different from setting out something in a letter, which has a much longer form. All of those things change the nature of what is actually communicated.”

And those distinctions, those intangible clues bound up with the ink and the paper, matter. Padma Desai discovered her father Kalidas Desai’s (Fitzwilliam 1925) letters in a decorative metal box given to her by her mother. They crossed oceans and continents to bring a taste of cold, damp, culinarily disappointing Cambridge to his friend Vishnuprasad Trivedi back home in India. “Considering I am in England, where sesame oil or proper spices or pulses or variety in vegetables are impossible to procure, I am getting very satisfactory food,” he wrote, with a note of resignation.

As I glanced at the letters, I was overcome by a sense of bewilderment and joy: here was my father speaking to me across a distance of almost a century, a voice that had been stilled by his death just a few years ago,” says Desai, a professor at Columbia University, New York, and editor of the correspondence, published as *From England With Love* (Penguin).

She was overwhelmed, she says, by the sense that his letters had given her a sense of where her father ‘came from’, in all senses. “His love of Shakespeare and the English romantic poets, his frequent allusions to the Lake District, his passionate interest in gardening and his admiration of the English stage were all now obvious: they were screaming at one from his letters from Cambridge as an undergraduate at Fitzwilliam. There, he recounted to his friend the experience of listening to TS Eliot’s lectures, his travels in the Lake District, seeing Shakespeare staged in London, watching cricket matches and much else.”

His letters did not change her perception of her father, she says, they reinforced them. “Here, in embryo, were the seeds of the loves and passions that his children had witnessed in him. The act of receiving handwritten letters confers on one a glimpse of the writer’s soul.” As Plath, quite simply: “I must say, the best present anyone can give me is a fat typed letter.”

Tell us about your letters home on Facebook, Twitter, by email or letter – see contact details on page 3.
The Japanese don’t sleep. They don’t nap. They do inemuri. Dr Brigitte Steger explains.
The Japanese don’t sleep. This is what everyone – the Japanese above all – say. It’s not true, of course. But as a cultural and sociological statement, it is very interesting.

I first encountered these intriguing attitudes to sleep during my first stay in Japan in the late 1980s. At that time Japan was at the peak of what became known as the Bubble Economy, a phase of extraordinary speculative boom. Daily life was correspondingly hectic. People filled their schedules with work and leisure appointments, and had hardly any time to sleep. The lifestyle of this era is aptly summed up by a wildly popular advertising slogan of the time, extolling the benefits of an energy drink: “Can you battle through 24 hours? / Businessman! Businessman! Japanese businessman!” (1989).

Many voiced the complaint: “We Japanese are crazy to work so much!” But in these complaints one detected a sense of pride at being more diligent and therefore morally superior to the rest of humanity. Yet, at the same time, I observed countless people dozing on underground trains during my daily commute. Some even slept while standing up, and no one appeared to be at all surprised by this.

I found this attitude contradictory. The positive image of the worker bee, who cuts back on sleep at night and frowns on sleeping late in the morning, seemed to be accompanied by an extensive tolerance of so-called inemuri – napping on public transportation and during work meetings, classes and lectures. Women, men and children apparently had little inhibition about falling asleep when and wherever they felt like doing so.

If sleeping in a bed or a futon was considered a sign of laziness, then why wasn’t sleeping during an event or even at work considered an even greater expression of indolence? What sense did it make to allow children to stay up late at night to study if it meant that they would fall asleep during class the next day? These impressions and apparent contradictions led to my more intensive
involvement with the theme of sleep for my PhD project several years later. Initially, I had to fight against prejudice as people were reluctant to consider sleep a serious topic for academic enquiry.

Of course, it was precisely such attitudes that had originally caught my attention. Sleep can be loaded with a variety of meanings and ideologies; analysing sleep arrangements and the discourse on it reveals attitudes and values embedded in the contexts in which sleep is organised and discussed. In my experience, it is the everyday and seemingly natural events upon which people generally do not reflect that reveal essential structures and values of a society.

We often assume that our ancestors went to bed ‘naturally’ when darkness fell and rose with the sun. However, sleep times have never been such a simple matter, whether in Japan or elsewhere. Even before the invention of electric light, the documentary evidence shows that people were scolded for staying up late at night for chatting, drinking and other forms of pleasure. However, scholars – particularly young samurai – were considered highly virtuous if they interrupted their sleep to study, even though this practice may not have been very efficient as it required oil for their lamps and often resulted in them falling asleep during lectures.

Napping is hardly ever discussed in historical sources and seems to have been widely taken for granted. Falling asleep in public tends to be only mentioned when the nap is the source for a funny anecdote, such as when someone joins in with the wrong song at a ceremony, unaware that they have slept through most of it. People also seem to have enjoyed playing tricks on friends who had involuntarily dozed off.

Early rising, on the other hand, has clearly been promoted as a virtue, at least since the introduction of Confucianism and Buddhism. In antiquity, sources show a special concern for the work schedule of civil servants, but from the Middle Ages onwards, early
ranging was applied to all strata of society, with “going to bed late and rising early” used as a metaphor to describe a virtuous person.

Another interesting issue is co-sleeping. In Britain, parents are often told they should provide even babies with a separate room so that they can learn to be independent sleepers, thus establishing a regular sleep schedule. In Japan, by contrast, parents and doctors are adamant that co-sleeping with children until they are at least at school age will reassure them and help them develop into independent and socially stable adults. Maybe this cultural norm helps Japanese people to sleep in the presence of others, even when they are adults – many Japanese say they often sleep better in company than alone. Such an effect could be observed in spring 2011 after the huge tsunami disaster destroyed several coastal towns. Survivors had to stay in evacuation shelters, where dozens or even hundreds of people shared the same living and sleeping space. Notwithstanding various conflicts and problems, survivors described how sharing a communal sleeping space provided some comfort and helped them to relax and regain their sleep rhythm.

However, this experience of sleeping in the presence of others is not sufficient on its own to explain the widespread tolerance of inemuri, especially at school and in the workplace. After some years of investigating this subject, I finally realized that on a certain level, inemuri is not considered sleep at all. Not only is it seen as being different from nighttime sleep in bed, it is also viewed differently from taking an afternoon nap or power nap.

How can we make sense of this? The clue lies in the term itself, which is composed of two Chinese characters, ‘I’ which means ‘to be present’ in a situation that is not sleep and ‘nemuri’ which means ‘sleep’. Erving Goffman’s concept of “involvement within social situations” is useful I think in helping us grasp the social significance of inemuri and the – largely tacit – socio-cultural rules surrounding it. Through our body language and verbal expressions we are involved to some extent in every situation in which we are present. We do, however, have the capacity to divide our attention into dominant and subordinate involvement.

In this context, inemuri can be seen as a subordinate involvement which can be indulged in as long as it does not disturb the social situation at hand – similar to daydreaming. Even though the sleeper might be mentally ‘away’, they have to be able to return to the social situation at hand when active contribution is required. They also have to maintain the impression of fitting in with the dominant involvement by means of body posture, body language, dress code and the like.

Inemuri in the workplace is a case in point. In principle, attentiveness and active participation are expected at work, and falling asleep creates the impression of lethargy and that a person is shirking their duties. However, it is also viewed as the result of work-related exhaustion. It may be excused by the fact that meetings are usually long and often involve simply listening to the chair’s reports. The effort made to attend is often valued more than what is actually achieved. As one informant told me: “We Japanese have the Olympic spirit – participating is what counts.”

Diligence, which is expressed by working long hours and giving one’s all, is highly valued as a positive moral trait in Japan. Someone who makes the effort to participate in a meeting despite being exhausted or ill demonstrates diligence, a sense of responsibility and their willingness to make a sacrifice. By overcoming physical weaknesses and needs, a person becomes morally and mentally fortified and is filled with positive energy. Such a person is considered reliable and will be promoted. If, in the end, they succumb to sleep due to exhaustion or a cold or another health problem, they can be excused and an “attack of the sleep demon” can be held responsible.

Moreover, modesty is also a highly valued virtue. Therefore, it is not possible to boast about one’s own diligence – and this creates the need for subtle methods to achieve social recognition. Since tiredness and illness are often viewed as the result of previous work efforts and diligence, inemuri – or even feigning inemuri by closing one’s eyes – can be employed as a sign that a person has been working hard but still has the strength and moral virtue necessary to keep themselves and their feelings under control.

Thus, the Japanese habit of inemuri does not necessarily reveal a tendency towards laziness. Instead, it is an informal feature of Japanese social life intended to ensure the performance of regular duties by offering a way of being temporarily ‘away’ within these duties. And so it is clear: the Japanese don’t sleep. They don’t nap. They do inemuri. It could not be more different.

Dr Brigitte Steger is a Senior Lecturer in Modern Japanese Studies and a Fellow of Downing College.
The data showed that the light emitting from 51 Pegasi, a star in the Pegasus constellation approximately 50 light years from Earth, was wobbling. PhD student Didier Queloz didn’t know why. It should have been steady and constant. Instead, the detector he had so carefully built was showing interference. Every time he observed it, the light was even more wrong than before, almost as if something kept getting in the way. Something big. Something, maybe, like a planet, orbiting a star, outside our own solar system.

But this, of course, was impossible. All the theories said so. In fact, the whole idea of building his machine specifically for finding planets was considered a bit odd. It wasn’t particularly fashionable. After all, there were plenty of groups who had been looking for planets orbiting stars outside our solar systems since the 1950s. There were lots of different methods, false positives, theories. But nobody had found another planet orbiting a star, such as Earth. Queloz didn’t care – building the machine had been a great experience and, anyway, he was interested in anything that might be orbiting a star, planet or not.

I’ve done something wrong, was Queloz’s first thought. An inaccurate line of code, an incorrect inference from the data, something systemic in the machine. That’s the end of my PhD. I’ve done a bad job. Queloz was on his own. His PhD supervisor, Dr Michel Mayor, had gone on sabbatical to Hawaii, leaving Queloz to happily play with his spectrograph, an instrument that records variations in light, at the Observatoire de Haute-Provence in France. He had nobody to ask. So he took a decision: to investigate further.

“People have asked me, since, what made me a discoverer,” reflects Queloz, sitting in his office at the Cavendish Laboratory 20 years later, where he is Professor of Physics. It’s not hard to deduce his area of expertise: on display are a whiteboard covered with scrawled symbols, two toy rockets, an old brass telescope, and a University campaign poster with the slogan: ‘Dear Planet Earth. Now, I’m on the hunt for your lookalike. Yours, Didier.’ He says: “I think it is the attitude. Others might have said: ‘I will let it go, I will take another star.’ I didn’t. I built the machine. I trusted everything I did. I thought: ‘There is something wrong here, and I won’t move on from this until I understand it’.”

So after calculating, recalculating, checking, researching, then checking some more, Queloz came to a decision. He sent Mayor a fax. (It was 1995 – they could analyse the light from stars, but email had yet to reach the Observatoire.) It read: “Michel. I think I found a planet.” The answer came back: “Maybe.”

When Professor Didier Queloz spotted a light emitting from a star many light years away from the Earth, he thought it signalled the end of his PhD.

WORDS LUCY JOLIN PHOTOGRAPHY ANNA HUIX
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This was a response in the spirit of great science,” says Queloz with understandable glee. “It was perfect timing! He didn’t trust my stuff, he told me afterwards. But he was open-minded!”

Mayor came back, and after multiple observations, they concluded that Queloz was right. It was a planet, a gas-giant planet the size of Jupiter, with a surface temperature of more than 1,000 degrees, eight million kilometres from its companion star and orbiting it every four days. It was an exoplanet – a planet orbiting a star outside the solar system. And it was the first one ever found. They announced the discovery at a meeting in Florence: it sparked a global frenzy. They submitted a paper to Nature: the editor was unsure what to do with it. Queloz wasn’t prepared for the attention, both from the media and the scientific community. The discovery, he says, was something he “survived”.

“Like hanging off a cliff, with only a fact to hold on to!” he remembers. “But looking back, it was a gift. There are very few scientists that have the chance to do a major discovery. You train, you know the theory, you know what is behind the theory – but at some point, your research may lead you into a place where you must forget what they have been teaching you. Because you are writing the book – and the book that you have read is wrong. And that is exactly what happened to me.”

It’s not an exaggeration to say that Mayor and Queloz’s paper, A Jupiter-mass companion to a solar-type star, eventually published in Nature in November 1995, opened up a universe of possibilities in planetary science. The search for planets orbiting suns outside our solar system is more than a scientific exercise. It’s a search for the answer to one of the biggest questions: are we alone in the universe? If we’re not, then the most likely source of life will be one of those planets.

Around 1,800 exoplanets have since been discovered and Queloz discovered 300 of them – though, he says, you always remember your first time the best. The planets are far more diverse than anyone expected: massive super-Earths, even bigger super-Jupiters, gas giants, rocky giants, mini-Neptunes. The discoveries have turned old theories of planet formation on their head – new planet types mean new textbooks have had to be written.

“Planet formation is like a garden,” says Queloz. “You are a gardener. Say you are an expert in roses. But one day you go to another country, to a tropical forest and you realise there are plenty of different flowers. They are still flowers but the diversity is much wider than you expected. So in theory, planet formation is more like a weather mechanism than a single straight theory. It’s semi-random, depending on what is going on at the beginning, or the end, or the middle.”

Queloz has always had that curiosity, he says – the kind of curiosity that led him to dismantle radios as a child, but not put them back together again. “Once I understood it, it became boring.” He remembers being outside at night in Greece, visiting family in places where there was no light pollution, looking up at the Milky Way. He never had a telescope – binoculars were enough.

Serving in the Swiss Army, he found it odd when colleagues complained about night duty. “I thought it was great. I enjoy sitting outside in the dark, looking at the sky and the moon. They talk to me. Which is good, in my line of work...” It was that interest in maths and physics that took him to the University of Geneva, one of the few universities in Switzerland where you can study astrophysics, and from where he discovered his planet.

Queloz’s work now is focused on answering the big question. Yes, we have found plenty of planets, he says, but we have failed to find an Earth equivalent, which would be the real prize. He is overseeing a 10-year project to find the equivalent of solar systems using the findings of the European Space Agency’s Plato project, a space-based observatory designed to search for planets and due to launch in 2024.

Telescopes like Plato and the James Webb Space Telescope, NASA’s new telescope to be launched in two years, will be our best chance of finding Earth equivalents, he says. Life is more likely to exist on smaller planets orbiting smaller stars, as the amount of heat from the star will be weaker, providing a liveable temperature. And life, by its very nature, is imbalanced. It changes things. There are no balanced, stable life systems. That lack of equilibrium will leave traces – the wobble in the starlight, if you like.

And it’s not just about finding a planet. We need ways of knowing about it, too. There is a push right now to expand our knowledge into our description of these planetary systems, says Queloz. “We want to get to the structure of these. How are they made? Are they made like the Earth? Are they made like Neptune, or Jupiter? And then we want to get to the atmosphere. Can we measure the temperature of the atmosphere? Do we know there is water? Do we know there is carbon dioxide? Maybe there’s an ocean of lava. That’s pretty interesting to a physicist. Then there are the biologists who think there’s something different going on from what you’d expect in terms of complex life – a change of temperature or composition. It’s a new science branch which fits between different well-known territories – physics, biology, and then there is even philosophy and the impact on society.”

Queloz hopes to see evidence of life elsewhere in the universe in his lifetime. Until then – and, most likely, after – he’ll keep looking. “Look back to the 16th and 17th century, the people who explored the world and its oceans and their fascinating stories. These days, those explorers are scientists. We’re exploring the unknown, whether it’s microbiology, the inside of the brain, the outer reaches of the universe, or social behaviour. There are still so many unknowns.”

Didier Queloz is Professor of Physics at the Cavendish Laboratory. To find out more, visit phy.cam.ac.uk.
Dr Philip Howell explains how the humble dog became man’s best friend.

PHOTOGRAPHY
DAVID STEWART
WINNER 2015
TAYLOR WESSING PORTRAIT PRIZE
The advent of commercial photography in the 19th century democratized the portrait, allowing hundreds of thousands of ordinary men and women to capture their own images as well as ones of those they loved. In 1843, the English poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning expressed her delight in the new medium by writing that the photograph was “the very sanctification of portraits”. She added: “It is not merely the likeness which is precious in such cases – but the association, and the sense of nearness involved in the thing… the fact of the very shadow of the person lying there fixed for ever”.

For Barrett Browning, the Daguerreotype offered the possibility of “a memorial of every Being dear to me in the world”, and as a true dog lover, she would surely have understood the demand for photographic portraits of pets that emerged in her lifetime. Although long exposure times meant that animals remained a tricky proposition (when a specific, live animal was not needed, photographic studios sometimes resorted to stuffed specimens as props), as ‘instantaneous’ camera technology developed, so did the ability to record still images of at least the more patient pets.

Pet dogs, in particular, became favourite photographic subjects. Paintings of individual and, more importantly, individualised animals pre-date the photograph, but this new technology brought the image of the pet within the reach of a much larger cohort of consumers. The carte de visite, dating from 1854, is perhaps the most familiar format, but later in the century postcards were even more popular, at their price of a penny or a halfpenny. These mementos of favourite pets that emerged in her lifetime.

Can we talk of these pet dogs as having a history? When the history of animals was first mooted many decades ago, it was only in the mean spirit of satire.

More recent research has challenged Clio’s anthropocentrism, however. Since human beings are animals too, all history is animal history, of a sort. Then there is the fact that some animals, and again the dog is pre-eminent, have been entangled with human beings for so long that any attempt to write human history without them is futile. And the evolution of the idea of the ‘pet’ – the transformation that led dogs into the photographer’s studio, to sit or stand so obediently alongside their human companions – certainly has such a history.

We can locate the pet dog reasonably precisely: the English word ‘pet’, for instance, meaning an animal kept for pleasure or companionship, seems to have been used no earlier than the 16th century, and possibly as late as the early 18th. It developed, moreover, from earlier references to indulged or spoiled children rather than to animals, so we might reasonably turn our earlier question around, and ask: when did ‘pets’ become animals? And the answer to that question, again at least in the western world, seems to indicate an even later transformation. In 18th-century England, pet dogs seem to be widespread, but were often portrayed as useless luxuries, the playthings of a corrupted aristocracy and their womenfolk. Such quintessentially ladies’ pets as lapdogs could be scorned as frivolities, fashion accessories and wasteful indulgences. Worse, they could be portrayed as a perversion of proper feelings, for a married woman’s natural affections were supposed to be directed to her husband and children, not her spaniel. As Alexander Pope put it in The Rape of the Lock (1712):

“No louder Shrieks to pitying Heav’n are cast,/When Husbands or when Lap-dogs breathe their last.”

The pet dog entered history in the early modern period, then, but principally as a kind of monstrosity.

From there to the pet dogs with which we are familiar – pampered still, but to a rather greater degree respectable – took some time. There is a strong case to be made for a focus on the Victorian age, when the newly admired royal couple pictured their pet dogs alongside their children, as the very image of a proper family. With the onset of industrialisation and urbanisation in the 19th century, pet keeping can even be considered as a kind of lament for a lost closeness to nature. There are other milestones on the remarkable journey to the modern pet too: the first dog show was held.
at Newcastle in 1859; pedigree dog breeding was formalised under the aegis of the Kennel Club (founded 1873); in or around 1860 the world’s first dedicated mass-produced dog food, Spratt’s famous ‘X Patent’ dog biscuits, were launched; and one of Spratt’s employees, a certain Charles Cruft, was to lend his name in 1891 to the most famous dog show in the world.

However, what these Victorian developments cannot tell us much about is the meaning of the animal-human relationship. If we define pet keeping principally as an emotional bond, it is hard to be so precise about chronology. Love for pets is evident far earlier, for instance – why should pet keeping be satirised for its emotional wastefulness unless this love existed in the first place? The early 18th-century letters of Lady Isabella Wentworth, to take a well-known example, remind us of the depth of affection that owners felt towards their pets, which in Isabella’s case included Fubs (a dog), Pug (rather confusingly, a monkey), and Puss (a cat, no surprise). On Fubs’s death in 1708, Isabella lamented: “Sure of all of its kind there never was such a one nor never can be, so many good qualities, so much sense and good nature and cleanly and not one fault; but few human creatures had more sense”.

Exactly a century later Lord Byron eulogised his dead dog, Boatswain, in superficially similar terms, as “one / who possessed Beauty without Vanity / Strength without Insolence / Courage without Feroicy / and all the virtues of man without his vices”. But such exemplary evidence is notoriously misleading: Byron’s lines are probably those of a friend, and the aim in his epitaph is almost certainly satirical and misanthropic rather than straightforwardly sentimental.
If we want to place the pet in the Victorian age, it is perhaps better to take this ambition literally rather than figuratively, to consider the location of the pet dog (the characteristically errant cat is an obvious contrast) in the family and in the home. Charles Dickens, for example, was fêted as a great friend of animals, dogs in particular, and his love of animals was entirely of a piece with his paeans to the charms of home. Dickens’s ambition, “to live in the hearts and homes of home-loving people”, profoundly coloured the many pen portraits of dogs in his fiction. The emblem of a comfortable and loving home, the Victorian dog was released to become one of the family rather than a threat to its right relations.

As a living and breathing reminder of the duties of care, for instance, the dog took on a new role in the moral education of middle-class children. The focus of new animal welfare efforts, ‘man’s best friend’ also became the animal equivalent of the host of ‘re-homing’ and ‘rescue’ charities that sprung up in the Victorian age. The founding of the Battersea Dogs & Cats Home in 1860 testifies to this desire to place the dog, as a pet, firmly in the security of the home. In an advertisement for its work, the animal welfare campaigner Frances Power Cobbe writes up the tale of her dog Hajjin in the first canine singular – lost in the streets, in fear of his life, Hajjin describes how he is rescued, brought to the Home, and happily reunited with his owner. *Confessions of a Lost Dog* (1867) comes complete with a photograph of the putative author, captioned “photographed from life” to drive home a further point – as an ardent anti-vivisectionist Cobbe believed that advances in photographic technology had the power to capture a beloved animal’s image without having to kill its subject.
first. Indeed, the Battersea Dogs & Cats Home regularly had to insist that none of its unclaimed animals were ever handed over to the medical schools for vivisection – the violent suffering of animals away from the home being the very antithesis of its vision of domestic security. It’s a policy that continues to this day.

The construction of the private ‘pet’ is unthinkable, therefore, without that of the proper dog’s public counterpart: the all-too-vulnerable ‘lost’ dog or ‘stray’. Dogs in public who had wandered off from their owners faced a host of new terrors – the vivisector, for one, but the dognapper for another. Dog-snatchers were criminals who stole pets and ransomed them back to their owners, for considerable sums (it is a trade which still exists, called into being by the emotional and financial investment that pets, and particularly pedigree pets, represent). In September 1846, as Elizabeth Barrett was preparing for her secret marriage to Robert Browning, her beloved spaniel Flush was stolen from the streets for a third time – necessitating an anxious expedition to Whitechapel to pay the six guineas’ ransom.

Dognapping illustrates how important the pet had become by the 19th century. It reflects the growing association between the pet dog and the middle-class home, and also the idea that dogs were ‘out of place’ in the public streets. This distinction between the ‘pet’ and the ‘stray’ was mutually reinforcing. It is a cruel irony, for instance, that the function of Battersea (to reunite owners with their lost dogs, particularly the pedigreed pooches) was matched by its role in clearing the public streets of the many unwanted strays, mongrels, and curs. Street dogs’ lives were increasingly inauspicious: being without a home was the same as being without ownership, and without all the protections that being property conferred. The stray dog was ever more vulnerable to being policed out of the public streets, and out of this world altogether – so many dogs’ homes today are forced to be, in the uncomfortable and oxymoronic modern parlance, ‘kill shelters’.

By the Victorian age, then, we have something like a modern culture of pet keeping: pet dogs were everywhere, and more importantly, were mostly respectable; they were the common enthusiasm of rich and poor, but also subject to an invidious hierarchy that separated the pedigree from the mongrel; and while the lucky few were securely placed in the sanctuary of the home, the dogs of the street found their lives increasingly precarious. We can, I think, call this the age of the pet. Cultural geographer Dr Philip Howell is a Senior Lecturer and Fellow of Emmanuel. His new book is Home and Astray (University of Virginia Press).
Folk story

In 1954 four undergraduates decided to take the guitar and singing thing a bit further. The result became the stuff of legends.

WORDS DORIAN LYNSEY PHOTOGRAPHY JON GARVEY
In early 1954, the British folk revival was in its infancy. The BBC Home Service had only recently begun broadcasting its first folk showcases, *As I Roved Out* and *Ballads and Blues*. The men behind *Ballads and Blues*, folk radicals Ewan MacColl and AL Lloyd, launched a club of the same name in Soho. Journalist Eric Winter started Britain’s first folksong magazine, *Sing*. And in Cambridge, a handful of music-loving new undergraduates formed the St Lawrence Folk Song Society, one of Britain’s very first folk clubs.

The St Lawrence thrived for more than 20 years, but despite its significance, records of it seem to have all but disappeared. It barely registers online. *Singing From the Floor*, JP Bean’s weighty oral history of British folk clubs, mentions it only once. And despite being once a member, guitarist Jon Garvey (Pembroke 1970) realised he actually knew very little about the society’s origins. “I started thinking it was a shame it would be forgotten,” he says. So he set about tracking down ex-members and documenting their memories. Their accounts have gradually coalesced into the story of a quietly pioneering society that hosted giants of the international folk scene, produced influential figures of its own and sowed the seeds of Britain’s oldest and biggest folk festival.

When National Service deprived Peter Gardner (Trinity Hall 1953) of his piano, he took up the acoustic guitar. Upon arriving in Cambridge, he befriended fellow enthusiasts Bernard Rudden (St John’s 1953) and Stan Bootle (Downing 1950) and they began playing together, soon joined by Newnham students Elizabeth Cochrane (Newnham 1953) and Anne Taylor (Newnham 1953), who would go on to become the award-winning psychologist, Anne Treisman. “On one occasion we said, ‘Let’s take this guitar and singing thing a little bit further. How about forming a society?’,” Gardner remembers. “It took off from there.” The name came from Bootle, who mistakenly believed that St Lawrence, a third-century Roman martyr, was the patron saint of...
balladeers. The first British folk boom, spearheaded by song collector Cecil Sharp in the early 1900s, had been a bourgeois, conservative affair. In 1954 the patron of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, based at Cecil Sharp House in London, was Princess Margaret. The revival, however, was born on the left. The leading record label, Topic Records, was established by the Workers’ Music Association and prime movers such as Lloyd and MacColl were working-class communists. Many of the folk songs in the St Lawrence’s repertoire were American labour anthems, with the result that Cambridge English undergraduates often performed songs from the picket lines of Colorado and Kentucky.

For Sonia Jackson (Newnham 1953), the daughter of veteran Labour MP Maurice Edelman, this dimension was significant. “It was quite left wing. That was quite important to me. I was already interested in politics and became more interested at Cambridge.” Not so for the considerably more conservative Gardner. “I distrusted the left,” he says. “I distrusted protest songs that seemed to rouse the rabble – except that I liked the songs.”

Stan Bootle was one of the stars of the St Lawrence’s early days. A Liverpudlian who became both a pioneering computer programmer and a prolific singer-songwriter (under the name Stan Kelly), Bootle sometimes collaborated with fellow St Lawrence alumnus Leon Rosselson (Fitzwilliam 1953). “In those days, anybody who had a regional accent was interesting. Anyone who had anything but received pronunciation was perceived to be working class. We were pretending when we sang these work songs, but Stan was thought to be the real thing.”

The society met in College rooms or at Bootle’s house before establishing a weekly routine at The George and Dragon on Midsummer Common, where members would perform old songs and try out their own compositions. At nights run by the hardline, authoritarian Ewan MacColl in London, singers could only sing material from their own native tradition: an Englishman, for example, couldn’t sing a Scottish ballad. At the St Lawrence, however, there were no such strictures. “It was very open, very free,” says Gardner, who used to record the meetings on his elephantine tape recorder. “It didn’t really matter what the songs were. I played funny songs, sad songs, Russian songs, Swedish songs, German songs, American songs...” Jackson remembers “absolutely no rules at all. People sang whatever songs they wanted to.”

Folk music’s profile rose in January 1956 when Lonnie Donegan’s Top 10 cover version of the American folk song, *Rock Island Line*, triggered the skiffle explosion. One fan swept up in it was Liverpudlian banjo-player Rod Davis (Trinity 1960), who played in The Quarrymen for a year alongside a teenage John Lennon. Unlike Lennon, he was interested in skiffle’s roots in American folk, especially bluegrass, rather than its relationship to rock’n’roll.

“It was a complete antidote to the rocking and rolling that was going on elsewhere,” Davis says of folk music. “The feeling was that we were reaching back for something worthwhile and beautiful that had been lost but still had considerable value for us. It had a purity, perhaps, and an innocence that the modern music didn’t have.”

Davis never even saw his erstwhile bandmate perform with The Beatles. The night they played in Cambridge in March 1963, he was running a bluegrass night at another venue. “I was very pleased they did what they did but it wasn’t my kind of music at the time,” he says. He was no more enthusiastic about clean-cut American folkies like the Limeliters, whom he refused to book at the St Lawrence. “Their sort of music was total anathema to me and as it turned out we’d already booked [traditional Scottish singer] Jeannie Robertson that weekend,” he says proudly. “Someone else booked the Limeliters but we had the real thing.” Other guests on Wednesday nights at The Horse and Groom in King Street included Ewan MacColl and his wife Peggy Seeger.
The folk scene grew exponentially during the early 1960s, fuelled by dedicated TV shows such as *Hullabaloo* (hosted by Rory McEwen) and new American stars Bob Dylan and Joan Baez. In 1961, St Lawrence chairman Chris Rowley (Clare 1959) convinced a wary Cambridge Union to host a show by Pete Seeger, the forefather of the American revival. “They were very sniffy and said they didn’t have things like folk songs at the Union,” says Rowley. Seeger arrived with an axe and a large log of wood which he proceeded to hack rhythmically while performing a work song, sending chips of wood flying across the hall. “The concert was one of the great memorable things in my life,” says Rowley, who lent Seeger his guitar. “He got everybody in the room, even the most fuddy-duddy scholars, to sing.” Seeger’s £500 fee was dauntingly high, but the Union was so packed that the St Lawrence’s finances were healthy for years to come.

Other big names flocked to Cambridge with the launch of the folk festival in 1965. Masterminded by Sonia Jackson’s first husband, Philip Abrams (Peterhouse 1952) and fireman Ken Woollard, who met through the local Labour Party, the inaugural line-up included Ireland’s The Clancy Brothers, Peggy Seeger and, as a cheap last-minute addition, a young Paul Simon.

By the time Garvey arrived in Cambridge in 1970, bands like Fairport Convention,
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‘The itinerary made the tour. It was so well put together. Every day we got up thinking it couldn’t possibly be as good as the day before, and it was. Different and wonderful.’ – Participant on Essential India in 2015.

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Pentangle and Steeleye Span had taken folk-rock into the mainstream and the UK had around 3,000 folk clubs. The St Lawrence’s Wednesday night meetings, upstairs at The Red Cow on Corn Exchange Street, were fuller than ever. True to folk club tradition, guest headliners such as Martin Carthy, John Martyn and Nic Jones would alternate with amateurs “singing from the floor”. When the guests were particularly popular, the room was so rammed that some people were forced to sit on the windowsills, dangling their legs outside.

In *Singing from the Floor*, JP Bean describes the second half of the 1960s as “an era of purists and policies” in an increasingly divided folk scene, but the St Lawrence retained its catholic ethos. Former president, Keith Sidwell (King’s 1966) remembers singing his version of the 19th century folk song, *Tramps and Hawkers*, to MacColl himself, backstage at a concert in 1970. “That’s too pretty,” growled the cantankerous old purist. “For him it was banjo, unaccompanied voice or simple guitar chords,” says Sidwell. “We’d grown up with The Beatles and The Rolling Stones. We hadn’t isolated ourselves. So we were bound to come up with something more eclectic. You’d have traditional songs, singer-songwriters, parodies of pop songs, blues... Everything, really. People were eager to listen and people were eager to play.”

“The year I was treasurer, the secretary was a traditional fiddle player,” remembers Martin Stirrup (Fitzwilliam 1969). “He’d be booking Martin Carthy and I’d be booking John Martyn and those two strands would be weaving in and out of each other.” No performer challenged convention as boldly as Fred Frith (Christ’s 1967) of the avant-rock group, Henry Cow. “He came to the club one day and started playing atonal stuff,” recalls Garvey. “I don’t think anybody understood any of it.”

The strangest lacuna in the St Lawrence story is Nick Drake (Fitzwilliam 1967), who became, at least posthumously, Cambridge’s most celebrated folk-influenced alumnus. Drake’s biographer, Trevor Dann, suggests that it’s “likely that he played at informal folk nights upstairs at The Red Cow”. Sidwell, however, insists, “If Nick Drake did play at any of the folk clubs in Cambridge I’d have heard of him.” Drake, an indifferent student who had already released his debut album for Island Records, dropped out just before Stirrup arrived at Fitz威廉. “I missed him but I did play with some people who had played with him,” Stirrup says.

The folk revival faded in the mid-1970s, as the big acts split up or moved on. Faced with waning interest, the St Lawrence merged with the younger Cambridge Folk Club, which still exists today. The St Lawrence did, however, leave a mark on the lives of those who sang from the floor. Although few had the meteoric ambition of Rory McEwen, all of the members interviewed for this article continue to play music to varying degrees. Sonia Jackson’s son and grandson have both been involved with the folk festival. Rod Davis performs with the Original Quarrymen. Martin Stirrup continues to release albums.

Jon Garvey speaks for many of them when he says: “It taught me how to stand up in front of a bunch of people and make them happy. That was a lesson for life.” It did more than that. The night of the John Martyn concert he began dating the woman who became his wife. Their son is called Martyn, named after the man himself. To read the stories of St Lawrence members collected by Jon Garvey please visit stlawrence.jongarvey.co.uk.

Do you remember the St Lawrence? Share your memories with us on Facebook, Twitter, by email or letter – see details on page three.
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“The itinerary was wonderfully crafted to provide a wide variety of houses and art.” – Tour participant.
At the moment, I’m working on Nazi propaganda films for my dissertation. I spend hours watching the films, and if I’m not watching them, I’m reading up on them. It can be quite disturbing, so I need somewhere to go to have a break from going through it, just to sit and be outside.

So my reality checkpoint – rather embarrassingly, as I’m not studying English, but History – is the English Faculty courtyard. I found it because my three best friends at College are all English students and when they headed off to study or to lectures in the morning, I’d just go with them and work in their library.

The Faculty is a modern, light building and the library is beautiful and quiet – you can always find a quiet spot to get your work done. But the best part, right at the centre of the building, is the courtyard. People come out for a smoke break, or to read, and despite it being in the middle of the Sidgwick Site, it’s really tranquil and light. There’s a patch of grass, a couple of statues and benches. It feels like some of the older cloister-style places in the University, but here it is as though the designers have taken that idea of being outside for quiet reflection or conversation, and made it modern.

Even when I’m working in the library, I like to sit where I can look up from my books, and see outside – quite a few of the rooms look out on the courtyard. And I like it all year round. It’s got its own special appeal in the winter, when everything is a bit grey. No matter how cold, I’ll go and sit out there and just enjoy the fact that it’s deserted. I’ll have a coffee and read. I know I’ll look back on these quiet times in years to come: the times I spent here with my friends.
A biologist’s philosophy

Tim Lewens is a Professor of Philosophy of Science and Deputy Director of CRASSH, the Centre for Research in Arts, Social Sciences and Humanities. He is a Fellow of Clare.

Peter worked in my department for a long time and I knew him well. His book is beautifully simple and yet quite profound. But the simplicity of the book hides just how good it is as a piece of philosophy. After all, when you work through an argument in very simple, easy steps, the result can seem thoroughly obvious. But in reality, it’s amazingly difficult to do philosophy like that, and even more difficult to do it well. What Peter achieved is an exemplary piece of work, so the book also serves as a reminder to me to make sure my material is written in the clearest, most accessible way possible.

I’ve done a lot of work on philosophical questions around biology and there are two real problems you face when doing this. One is that you need to make sure you get the biology right – if you’re trying to write the philosophy, but haven’t completely understood the science, the result won’t be worthwhile. This then leads on to a problem at the other extreme, which is that sometimes philosophers of science get so absorbed in the scientific minutiae that they end up with a book that reads like science journalism. This book avoids both these issues. It’s very much a philosophy book about the conceptual issues in how to understand evolutionary theory, but it’s also really technically adept. I could have chosen any one of Sober’s works to illustrate this, but this particular book, which came out when I was about 10, set the new standard for what the philosophy of biology could achieve.
EXTRACURRICULAR CAMBRIDGE SOUNDTRACK | INTERVIEW: CAROLINE ROBERTS

Singer Iestyn Davies talks live radio and the joys of St John’s Chapel.
Iestyn Davies (St John’s 1999)

BROOKLYN
COLM TOIBIN
The thing I find most impressive about this book is that nothing much happens. There are very few episodes of real excitement and it’s not even written in an especially passionate way. It’s simply about a woman who goes off to the US, falls in love, and then returns to Ireland, where she can’t quite decide if she’s still in love. There, the book ends – and yet I found it exceptionally moving.

DANNY, THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD
ROALD DAHL
Of all of Roald Dahl’s stories, this was by far my childhood favourite. I particularly love the genuine, loving relationships – unusual in Dahl’s books, which are often about delighting in thoroughly gruesome characters. There’s a sense of trudging through the mud and woods of the countryside, which makes it the most Hardyish of all Dahl’s books, and a feeling of the excitement and danger that comes through in the adventures. And today, my own children love it just as much as I did.

THE WOODLANDERS
THOMAS HARDY
I grew up in the extremes of Hardy’s so-called ‘Wessex’, on a farm in the middle of nowhere. A lot of his books are very good at describing what it’s like to trudge around the muddy hills of Devon and Dorset on warm, wet summer evenings – exactly the kind of thing I used to do when I was little. As with many Hardy novels, there’s a thoroughly admirable character at the beginning of the book, who – by the end – is dead. In this one, it’s poor Giles Winterborne. I’m not sure why I should find this attractive, but I’ve always had a big soft spot for Hardy and this one is particularly engaging.

Tim Lewens’ most recent book, The Meaning of Science (Pelican), was named a Guardian Book of the Year for 2015.

MISERERE: SETTING OF PSALM 51
BY GREGORIO ALLEGRI
Originally composed for the Sistine Chapel, this is sung at St John’s Chapel every Ash Wednesday and broadcast on Radio 3. I was a chorister at John’s and had to hit all the top Cs on live radio. It was the first time I felt the sense of history on my shoulders and it stuck with me. Forget how well you sang last week – people judge you on today’s performance.

LIKE AS THE HART: SETTING OF PSALM 42
BY HERBERT HOWELLS
Howells’ work has a bluesy, melancholy feel. The opening line has the word ‘desireth’ on a flattened seventh, which is very jazzy and pulls at the heartstrings. It transports me back to Chapel, with its dark browns and reds, Purbeck Marble and William Morris-type tiles. I’m getting married there this year and I’m having this piece at my wedding.

VIVI, TIRANO!
ARIA FROM THE OPERA RODELINDA
BY GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL
In my second year I saw a Glyndebourne video of Rodelinda with Andreas Scholl. This aria is full of the fireworks of coloratura runs – it set the bar for me, and it took several years to develop the technique to tackle it. In 2011, I shared the stage with Andreas at New York’s Metropolitan Opera, playing his confidant Unulfo in Rodelinda. It was a chance to hear this aria up close.

OH HEAR YE THIS, ALL YE PEOPLE:
SETTING OF PSALM 49
BY THOMAS WALMISLEY
This is about how we all die the same – rich or poor – and it has some amazing poetry. Psalm singing is the perfect symbiosis of music and words, and it can very powerful.

Iestyn Davies (St John’s 1999) is a countertenor. He will appear at the Salzburg Festival in July and August in The Exterminating Angel by Thomas Adès (King’s 1989).
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Whether you earn a Blue or play for the College Third XI, sport is an essential part of student life.

Nick Brooking, University Director of Sport

By the time you read this, I will have been in post as University Director of Sport for a mere three months. Having agreed to write a piece before realising that this column was previously penned by the Vice-Chancellor, I feel I have exposed my possibly naïve enthusiasm to seize any and every opportunity to promote sport and the related benefits.

That enthusiasm stems from personal experience. As a young man, I attended schools in London, Liverpool and Bristol, before moving to Manchester for my undergraduate degree. Today, I recognise that participating in sport made these various challenging transitions, in what were arguably my formative years, a lot easier. Being able to find common ground and shared interest with a new set of people every couple of years can be challenging, and for me sport, along with other skilled pursuits such as music and drama, promoted respect, friendship and bonds that might not otherwise develop.

And that is why I believe that at Cambridge, sport is for everyone. I am intensely proud of our high achievers, our Varsity triumphs and our Olympians. For some people, sport will be about performance, intense competition and achieving the highest possible goals, whether as individuals or teams. At the highest level, this is what gives us great events and reputation enhancing – or breaking – images. But I am also determined that all sport – whether College football or the chance to have a run around with some like-minded souls – should be at the heart of Cambridge life for students and staff alike.

Personally, I believe that participating in a sport or interest club is far more likely to lead to the development of meaningful friendships and respect than any amount of time in the pub or other social venue.

However, while competitive sport may not be to everyone’s taste, there cannot be many people today who don’t know that combining regular periods of activity with a healthier diet will reduce everyday illness and more serious later-life health issues.

Today, there is growing concern that young people are being put under increasing pressure to succeed while leading lives that are becoming ever more screen-centric and less physically active. This translates into physical, social and sometimes mental health concerns. It is actually not restricted to young people, of course, and, as employers, we are aware that changing job roles and other requirements on our staff are having a similar impact.

We have started the process of developing a strategy for Cambridge sport, with more than a hundred representatives from University clubs attending an initial consultation evening in January to express their views about where our priorities should lie. The strategy will endeavour to address both performance and participation and give a focus for development of services and facilities.

From the many conversations we had, and continue to have, with University sports people it is evident that there is a need to look at governance of clubs – and an interest in developing a more co-ordinated and collaborative approach. It is vital we ensure Cambridge sport is fit for the future and has a louder, collective voice in the bid for resources.

To echo the theme of the previous issue, it is vital for Cambridge sport that we have effective partnerships to promote progress. As the proverb says: “A boat doesn’t go forward if each is rowing their own way.” Cambridge sport has a great history. My job, along with our supporters, is to ensure that it also has a great future.

www.sport.cam.ac.uk
INSTRUCTIONS
One third of the answers are to be entered in reverse. Some clues contain an extra word which has only one letter in common with its answer. These letters, which must be highlighted, give thematic information. An instruction is given by single letters to be removed from the other clues always leaving a real word. All final grid entries are real words or phrases, reversed where appropriate.

ACROSS
2 A palace in Spain - all there including south tower’s area for ball? (2, two words)
11 Old-fashioned bloke to apply for outside parking (4)
13 Embrace brother on good terms with church (6)
15 Musician tuned harp with one pluck (7)
16 Discussion at work focused on English poet’s transport (6)
17 Cait’s benefit tour arranged in branch office (5)
18 Drying chamber Oscar accepted with haste (4)
20 Stray sort taken in by one in Oban (5)
23 Essentially ironic not soft language (4)
24 Eloquent agriculturist is about 90 (7)
27 Husband leaves game with Spain before seven (4)
29 Nobody joins Belgium to destroy Sweden (6)
31 Husky eyes overcome by drifting smoke (6)
32 Mayors refuse to admit governor touring Norway (4)
33 Vow’s primary need is a period of vicarious government (7)
36 Sort out bites for the locals (4)
38 Position accepted by Austrian huntsman (5)
42 Retired Welshman loved places of worship (4)
44 Crocket getting drunk twice, keeping conscious (5)
45 Ineffectual mean earl dogged by a French unionist chief (6)
46 Gold returned by positive high school angels (7)
47 Slough accommodating eastern Faunist (8)
48 Edges removed from inferior screw (4)
49 We preside at banquets for a Rugby society and unruly smart set (12)

DOWN
1 Hospital nurse holds a little wild flower (6)
3 Amateur leading at tense open for some (5)
4 This climber’s guide is too poker-faced (4)
5 Black colt’s missing from Guy’s old stables (5)
6 Indonesian beast definitely not welcomed by adult hare (4)
7 Beetles are soon let loose (7)
8 Exporter was up for public showings (5)
9 Girl, anonymous, not cold (4)
10 Bitterns and herons from Italy caught by callous European (8)
12 A lot of doctors or nurses stomp in the middle of aisles (5)
14 Silk contains this old compound of iron, bismuth and fluorine (7)
15 English poet’s transport (6)
19 Anglicans eliminate parish priest (4)
21 Female benefactor abandoned by daughter accepted sympathy (5)
22 Jock’s bear seen fleeced south of deep river (4)
25 American growler soldier found in wood (7)
26 Sun orbited by apparently seven dusty planets (large) (4)
28 Culmination came in terror (4)
30 Launches beginning to enter narrow passages keeping constant lookout (7)
32 Buddhist wearing robe succeeded a lot (6)
34 Singular jokes about associate French banker? (5)
35 Well endowed Ohio female surrounded by naughty married boys (6)
37 Faith’s short of time with seconds to fully pack up (5)
39 Association that’s probing Eton MP perhaps (5)
40 Caught pip standing up? Take ordinary antibiotic (5)
41 Scots meant old Jack to retain independence (4)
43 Iodine put in some mixed paste (4)
44 Some honest or noble uninvited guests might do this on Burns Night (4)

SOLUTION TO CAM 76 CROSSWORD
VICTORY BY SCHADENFREUDE
Winner: Charles Haigh (Trinity 1950). Runners-up: Andrew Sheppard (Trinity 1974) and Line Baribeau, a former research fellow at Darwin.

Middle letters of extra words give JEREMY PAXMAN. Extra letters from word play give LOVEDAY, TAYLOR, MARTINELLI and WARNER (the winning team). Non-alphabetic characters replaced AND, TWO, LOVE, ONE and FIVE. Altered entries were TROJAN, ANTe, LASSU and VELL. Altered letters are shown in red.
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