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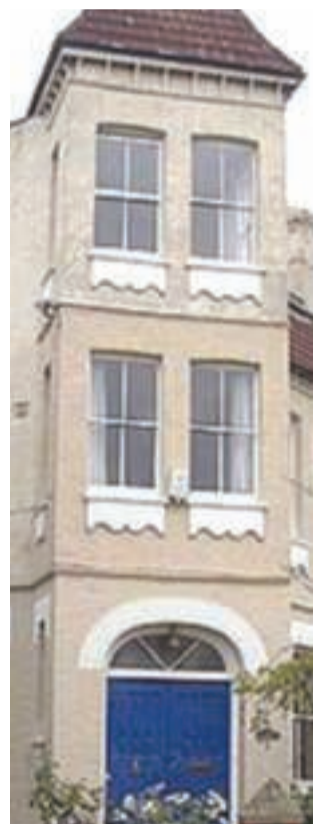
Friday October 14, 2005

# VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

## FOSTER APPEARS IN COURT

One week on: Alethea Foster to face jury trial for attempted murder of student



The Foster's home in Bronley, Kent



John Foster outside Court on Wednesday



Alethea Foster pictured minutes after her alleged attack



Rachel Divall

**A**lethea Foster, the academic accused of attempting to murder a student at Lucy Cavendish College on October 3, has appeared in Cambridge Crown Court for a preliminary hearing of the case. The assault, which took place last Tuesday at 2.25pm, left victim Julie Simpson, 44, fighting for her life after suffering stab wounds to her face, chest and hands.

The hearing, attended by *Varsity*, took place on Wednesday of this week. Foster arrived at court in a police van under police protection. She made no application for bail and will remain in custody. Her husband John Foster and two sons were present in court.

If found guilty, Foster will face a lengthy custodial sentence: under English law an attempt carries with it the same penalty as that attached to the full crime. Section 4(1) of the Criminal Attempts Act 1981 states that a person charged with attempted murder will be "liable on conviction to imprisonment for life."

However, the standard of proof required to secure a conviction for attempted murder is extremely high. Whilst it is possible to be found guilty of murder despite only intending to cause grievous bodily harm, a conviction for attempted murder will require unequivocal proof of an intention to kill. The high evidential burden on the prosecution makes it a particularly difficult charge to sustain and the Crown Prosecution Service guidelines explicitly advise courts to consider whether a lesser charge might be more appropriate.

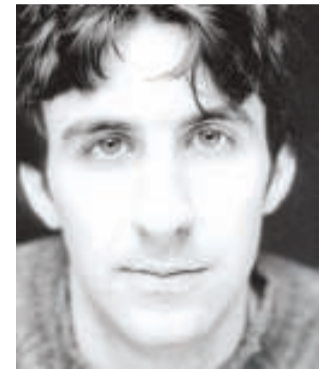
At trial Foster's intent will be a matter left to the jury. They will be advised to take into account factors relating to evidence of calculated planning, the selection and use of any weapon, and any threats made prior to or during the attack. Should the jury feel that there is inadequate evidence it will be left open to them to find Foster guilty on a less serious count.

Foster will be free to raise the defence of "provocation" or diminished responsibility, the successful establishment of either being likely to result in a more lenient sentence.

To successfully prove provocation she will have to show that an act or series of acts caused in her "a sudden and temporary loss of self-control" making her "for the moment not master of her own mind". It is possible that she may wish to adduce evidence of Simpson's alleged affair with her husband, John Foster.

Diminished responsibility would require proof that the defendant had suffered from "such abnormality of mind as substantially impaired her mental responsibility for his acts and omissions in doing the (attempted) killing". This is a defence often used as an alternative to a plea of insanity, which carries with it the risk of indefinite detention. Although victim Julie Simpson has been described by Addenbrooke's Hospital as being "stable", magistrates at the hearing were told that she remains in too serious a condition to be able to give evidence or sign medical forms.

A provisional date for the trial has been set as December 16.



Mark Watson >>page14



All the Honeys >>page7



College Food >>page10

## University set to suffer under new Charities Act

News Reporter

**T**he first reforms to charity law in 400 years could spell bad news for Cambridge colleges. The proposals include the introduction of a "public benefit" requirement, meaning that all charities will have to prove that their work is of benefit to the general public.

It is still not clear what academic institutions will have to do to satisfy this obligation and at a meeting held at Senate House earlier this week academics raised some of their concerns about the proposals. One speaker described them as "an attack on Oxbridge colleges". Cambridge is currently an "exempt charity". But under new law it would have to be externally regulated. Academics are concerned about the possibility of outsider

meddling. Professor AW Edwards said: "In 1571 Cambridge was granted exclusive use of its name. It should be kept that way".

*Varsity* spoke to Christopher Pratt, chair of the Cambridge Bursar's Committee, who described the proposed reforms as "a nuisance" saying that making the requisite changes would mean "lots of extra work and an awful lot of form filling."

The National Council for Voluntary Organisations defended the Bill explaining it was meant to "level the playing field". They reassured *Varsity* that most organisations would be able to show a "public benefit" without problem, saying "for Cambridge, the existence of access schemes will be a great help."

The Charity Commission hopes the law will come into force in 2006.

## Cambridge welcomes overseas assessment

Jude Townend

**T**he University of Cambridge enthusiastically greeted announcements that international judges will assess UK universities in the Research Assessment Exercise (RAE) 2008. The UK Higher Education funding bodies announced yesterday the names of the 50 international and additional non-academic members scheduled to join the main 15 panels of the RAE to judge the standard of every active academic in the UK.

The significance of the RAE was apparent after the the Architecture department faced closure in November 2004 having been given a 4-star rating in 2001.

In January 2005 Head of Department Professor Echenique

said that the method of assessment by RAE was not appropriate for Architecture, declaring that the 2008 RAE assessments would be the first time the department's research will be assessed properly. The Physiology department, also graded 4-star, has been forced to merge with the Anatomy department after funding cuts as a result of the 2001 RAE.

Professor Ian Leslie, Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Research at the University of Cambridge, said: "We welcome the incorporation of international expertise to judge the excellence of our research, as befits a world class university. We see this as being a benefit to the exercise as a whole and wholly appropriate considering the international profile of our departments".

See Editorial page 19.

## Investigation

**Zoe Pilger begins a new investigative series that examines the growing corporate influence within the University**  
>>page 5



news in brief

**Student Spies**  
MI6 is for the first time openly recruiting candidates with the launch of its new website. Other branches of the secret service have been online for several years and MI6, formerly known as the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), has now joined them, in making application information available to all. Applicants are encouraged to possess a "global outlook", adaptability and flexibility and send their CVs into a PO Box number.

**Hoteliers strike back**  
The proposal for a new exclusive hotel should be greeted enthusiastically after last week's damning report that labelled Cambridge as the "Bermuda Triangle" of the hotel world. Swaston House, an historic Elizabethan manor house with listed building status, has been given the go-ahead for renovation into a hotel with restaurant and heated swimming pool. After the planning committee refuted a neighbour's appeal against the original approval, the hotel proposals have been approved for a second time.

**Food Fest**  
Cambridge food festival begins on 17th October, with a variety of events running till the 21st. Events include wine tasting, cooking demonstrations, restaurant promotions and talks on "Wild Funghi" and "quick fix diets".

**Cricket Match violence**  
A used his bat to fell a schoolboy who had just clean-bowled him in a Cambridgeshire village cricket match, a court heard this week. After the aggression on the pitch, further violence followed in the pavilion, when residents of the Cambridgeshire village of Elsworth played host to Cambridge St Giles in August last year. The trial continues.

**Christmas comes early**  
It's only October and the Christmas shop has already opened in the shopping arcade on Regent Street.

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You can hear Varsity on the radio on Mondays at 10pm. CUR 1350

**our policy**

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# Two As and a Btec?

Jude Townend

The Director of Admissions for the University of Cambridge, Dr Geoff Parks, will today submit a proposal to the Admissions Forum, which recommends a University review into the entrance policy towards students coming from a vocational background. He hopes to make changes to the admissions policy by January, in time for inclusion in the Undergraduate prospectus for 2006/7.

Dr Parks hopes that for some Cambridge courses, a combination of both vocational and academic qualifications will become a well-accepted route into the University. In September, Dr Parks spoke at a debate at the Labour Party conference, in favour of the motion "Should vocational qualifications take you to an elite university?" He argued: "For some vocational qualifications courses to lead to some courses, absolutely. For all vocational qualifications to lead to all courses, certainly not. There are some courses that Cambridge offer for which you can't imagine how the skills needed could



Geoff Parks, Director of Admissions

be obtained outside an academic diet."

His proposals come in the wake of the Government call for reform into vocational qualifications. Following the October 2004 Tomlinson Report, a Government white paper on 14-19 Education and Skills recommended introduction of 14 specialised diplomas, covering a broad range of sectors and skills available at three levels. Dr Parks is confident his proposals will be well-accepted by the Admissions Forum, which is composed of all the college Admissions Tutors, other relevant staff from the Cambridge Admissions office and Press Office, "assuming I get the support for this review and I'd be a bit surprised if that didn't happen." However, he maintains that changes will still go ahead even if he does not obtain the agreement of all the colleges. He said, "Not every college will necessarily have to co-operate. There are already variations between colleges in admissions policy."

Dr Parks' motivation for the review is David Eaves, a recent Jesus graduate from a vocational background, featured in the University Engineering prospectus and as a case study in the Government white paper. Dr Parks says, "Look what it says in the prospectus at the moment. Look what is says in the 14-18 Paper about David Eaves. It does not compute. If you read both, there is a discrepancy. The bottom line is, if you read the prospectus then David couldn't apply to Cambridge." David Eaves is the only case the Director of Admissions can cite. He says, "He is the only applicant from a vocational background I've ever seen - he can't

probably held items such as spears and shields. He believes that the different locations of its marbles, actually inhibit their study because the scholars study the Parthenon as a whole.

**Equality rating for Council**  
Cambridge City Council has been announced as one of the top three Councils in the UK in a new Corporate Equality Index,

# Freshers' fun run

Aidan Brown

On Sunday 250 people turned out to take part on the Fresher's Fun Run on a flat course around the Cavendish laboratories and vet school. Winner Will George of Jesus (15.53) and was chased home by Pat Ward, Churchill, who also won the title of First Fresher Home. Despite their individual efforts Queen's continued their dominance from last year, taking first place with two runners in

the top eight. Jesus took second whilst Catz just beat Girton to gain third place, largely by force of numbers from their mass finish of unscoring runners.

In the women's event Queen's failed to hold off a strong Trinity side, with Joan Lasenby and Sarah Kummerfeld achieving respective 8th and 9th places. Helen Tobin of Cambridge and Coleridge completed the 2.8 km course fastest, in 9 minutes 23 seconds, 6 seconds faster than last year's winning

time. Her two scoring teammates were just behind, in third and fourth places with guest runner Louise Perrio (09:34), taking second place.

Charlotte Forbes (10:25) of Girton, and Tricia Peters (10:29) of Darwin were the first two home for the Cambridge side giving new hope to the University team.

The next College League Race will be held on Sunday 30th October at Granchester Meadows.



Seasoned runners and freshers kick off this year's run

be the only one though. David certainly is exceptional, but he can't be unique. We do need a slightly more flexible attitude."

It is unclear whether Dr Parks will focus on targeting students who have already taken a vocational route, or to encourage potential Cambridge applicants to take a vocational route. He says, "At the moment we're about attracting students who have gone down this route. Looking ahead, there is the

debate about the development of the new specialised diplomas. My hope is that they will be redesigned in such way that there won't be any doorways shut off. They should become entirely viable entry points and there should not be this terrible stigma attached to a vocational route."

Dr John Brennan, Chief Executive of the Association of Colleges, thinks in many situations students are actually better

prepared if they come from a vocational route. "Vocational qualifications can be a valuable vehicle for developing skills. It's not a substitute for academic vigour. My personal experience has shown that a narrowly academic background is not always useful for equipping people with the skills needed for the workplace." He says, "We need a more open system in which talent can be selected from a variety of backgrounds."

# A Formal Investigation

Lionel Nierop

Cambridge is renowned throughout the world not only as a centre of academic excellence but also a culinary wasteland. Following this week's Varsity investigation into college food - which raises troubling questions about the way we're fed - I propose to take a look at the institution that is Formal Hall. And to ask the burning question: why does anyone still go?

The heart of the paradox is that "normal Hall" food isn't that bad. There may be considerable variation - compare the stunning peak of John's with the trough of Caius (literally, as well as figuratively, if

we believe all the stories) - but, on average, there is much to be commended. Fresh ingredients, edible vegetables, a wide choice.

Yet just minutes after the halls have been cleared and the table laid for what is often considered a classic Cambridge showpiece event, the food deteriorates from glorious mediocrity to a greasy, sloppy mess poorly served and twice the price.

But still, colleges pile them in. I put the blame squarely on a combination of social divides, apathy and alcohol. Because while formal is pretentious enough to satisfy our inner Cantabrian desire to show off the Harry Potter element of our university lives, most of the time - if we can afford it -

we'd much rather go out to eat.

Those who can't afford it use natural cunning to beat the system. Varsity's intrepid, and surprisingly gastronomically minded, correspondents were able to prepare a healthy and tasty meal for the same price as formal, using ingredients supplied by one J Sainsbury. Many students achieve similar feats on a regular basis, having discovered that much more satisfaction can be attained through the careful application of their culinary talents.

Apathy, then, must explain why we trudge so often to our local Formal, handing over far too much money for far too meagre a product. As with so much in our student lives - essays, the noisy

next-door neighbour, exercising our democratic right to elect the next government of the country - it is just not on our crowded agenda to take action to get a better deal.

There is, of course, one more thing. The kaleidoscope of Formal goers who make the nightly journey from bar to hall are armed - with a gown, yes. And with liquor! That bottle of cheap-as-chips wine that occupies the right hand of every frequenter may provide that crucial fortification which makes Formal bearable.

Or, if not bearable, at least it helps them forget how bad the experience really was.

>>page 14  
**Ned Beauman**  
nominated for  
two Guardian  
Media Awards



The Week In Weather

						
FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR

# “Oxbridge, we have a problem”

## Joseph Heaven

A young nineteen year old entrepreneur's Oxford-Cambridge airline could be little more than a flight of fancy, it was revealed this week. Oxford Airport denies any recent contact with the owner of Alpha1 Airways, Martin Halstead, and said not to trust the teenage entrepreneur. If it goes ahead, the service would dramatically cut journey times for students, academics and science-park business-people who regularly travel between the university cities.

Yesterday Alpha1 Airways told *Varsity* that from early November students would be able to fly directly to Oxford and Bristol, and by connection to Manchester. In response, Cambridge City Airport's Operations Manager angrily said that there was “no contract” between them and warned students to have “no dealings” with the new budget airline. James Dillon Godfrey of Oxford Airport told *Varsity* “he's always had permission, just not the ability to fly”. When told of Halstead's plans to commence flights on 7 November he said “we have had no news of this but if he comes in to ask tomorrow then I am sure that would be fine.”

When approached by *Varsity* last week Halstead resolutely pledged a plane from Cambridge to Oxford on 31 October. “We've researched the route fully and it

will be a success”. He assured students, “The date is set in stone – that is the fact of the matter and it's not flexible”. Yet when *Varsity* contacted Halstead yesterday he said the jets would be picked up on Tuesday and flights would now commence November 7.

Halstead wanted preparations to be secret until his return from an international airline conference in Copenhagen, but following a leak he was forced to reveal his hand to *Varsity*. He described how his 19-seater BAE Jetstream 31s could fly to Oxford in just 30 minutes - five times faster than trains and six times quicker than coaches. Fares of £39.50 each way looked set to tempt those in a hurry and a promise of a champagne and chocolate in-flight meal would pamper those wishing to arrive in style. Alpha 1's plans also include a route from Bristol to

“HE'S ALWAYS HAD PERMISSION, JUST NOT THE ABILITY TO FLY”

Liverpool. Since the first reports in March doubt has followed Alpha1's launch dates – all three of them.

CCA Operations Manager Malcolm Gault said, “Believe



Martin Halstead, the young entrepreneur whose plans appear unlikely to take off.

Photo: Ian Jones

nothing that [Halstead] tells you. He seems to have a big ego trip, gets a lot of people interested in his plans and then does nothing about it”. Asked about an appearance on Channel 4's ‘Live Now, Pay Later’, Halstead quickly pointed out that the show had been “more about him” than his airline.

Alpha1 has a history of setbacks. In March the plans to lure Oxbridge academics and science-park traffic from train travel were announced in a blaze of publicity, but the April 18 launch passed and

was replaced with a June date. The airline's website, which has not been updated since August 1, reported flights would start in September and anticipated “making the schedule public in mid-August”. Halstead attributes the delays to a big, late investment and a consultant's recommendation to launch multiple routes. After courting venture capitalists in America he was “confident” the cashflow problems that hampered initial progress were over. In early September Alpha1 pilots had uni-

forms fitted at Gatwick and enjoyed a weekend of teambuilding and watersports in Nice. On August 9 Halstead said that the Cambridge-Oxford link would be delayed until January to coincide with tourist demand, but that two domestic routes from a Cambridge hub would be revealed “next week” with three further routes in the spring. There was no press release and student jetters were left in the dark.

Last week Malcolm Gault agreed that the scheme was a

“brilliant idea”, but criticised the airline's chief, calling him ‘Walter Mitty mark II’. “He has not approached us or made any new plans since April” added Gault.

Teenager Halstead values his airline at a theoretical £3million and boasts there is “300 years worth of aviation background” between his 20 employees, yet with only A-level business knowledge the youngster's plans and planes have yet to hit the skies.



Scientist Aubrey de Grey

## Professor predicts long life

### Steve Elliot

A Cambridge scientist who claims that humans will one day be able to live to five thousand years has taken centre stage at conference at Queens' College.

Aubrey de Grey, a Cambridge gerontologist, has set out seven types of age-related damage, and has proposed seven corresponding methods of repair. De Grey's collection of ideas is called Strategies for Engineered Negligible Senescence (SENS). His self-organised gerontology conference, SENS 2, in September was the second of its kind in Cambridge and attracted over fifty speakers.

De Grey claims that with adequate funding, the lifespan of laboratory mice can be trebled in the next decade, giving proof to the scientific community and the general public that human ageing can

be “repaired”. He cites reasons for using mice as their low price and life expectancy, as well as the fact that “they're furry, so people identify with them more than with fruit flies and such like”. We could be next in line, with a tripling of human life expectancy expected about 15 years after that of the mice. The therapies expected to carry out this colossal task would include implanting stem cells and adding genetic material to chromosomes.

In de Grey's opinion, being confrontational is his best asset: “The softly-softly approach has been a catastrophic failure for gerontology for 50 years. How long does a failed strategy have to fail before we should abandon it?”. At SENS 2, he urged his peers to be more vocal: “We possess unique influence over society's willingness to continue to condemn people to a, by future standards, hugely pre-

mature death in decades to come by delaying the defeat of human ageing.”

De Grey is far from shy, and has appeared on several TV programmes, expounding on his theories and, when questioned, his beard. His responses include, “It's all my wife's fault, I wasn't expecting it to look quite like this,” and “I play with it all the time.”

Discussions of facial hair were put aside at the conference, speakers instead discussed the social and ethical implications of living for centuries, as well as several technical developments which could form human anti-ageing therapies. De Grey himself admits that despite his optimistic predictions, people may not benefit from SENS for over 100 years, saying, “Fixing ageing is tricky, to be sure, and will take time, but the sooner we start seriously trying to do it, the sooner we will succeed.”



## It's a Don Deal

### Aditya Dasgupta

Oxford University is gearing up for a second round of squabbling over proposed reforms to the institution's system of governance. Oxford's recently appointed Vice-Chancellor, Dr. John Hood, saw his drastic proposal for reorganizing the university dismissed some months ago. He now returns with a more moderate set of proposals to be discussed by the University Congregation on November 1.

Hood's original reforms included proposals to centralize the governing structure, but perhaps the most controversial reform proposed was Hood's plan to systematically review academics' performance, and to include a routine of “financial rewards” for high-performing academics and to threaten low-performers with possible “rebalancing of academic duties”.

These proposals were defeated in the Congregation, Oxford's academic parliament. Academics claimed victory over a motion they said would damage Oxford's unique personality. However Hood's supporters say that the academics are simply adverse to modernization, and want to avoid pressure of performance reviews on their allegedly comfortable lifestyles.

Hood's modified set of reforms are expected to pass. The stiff requirements of the first proposals have been replaced with far more general talk of departmental “restructuring”.

Initial reviews from the academic community have been tentatively optimistic, both sides saying they are willing to arrive at a resolution through discussion. It is thought that these latest proposals stand a fair chance of success. An Oxford University press spokesperson told *Varsity* “We hope and expect that it will lead to consensus.”

## Clarke eyes up city for next election

### Joe Gosden

Conservative leadership contestant Ken Clarke has said that it would be a “personal triumph” if the Cambridge City seat could be won back for the Conservative party. He told journalists that “Cambridge was and should be a Conservative city. It was when I was at university and I should clearly like it to be a Tory seat again”.

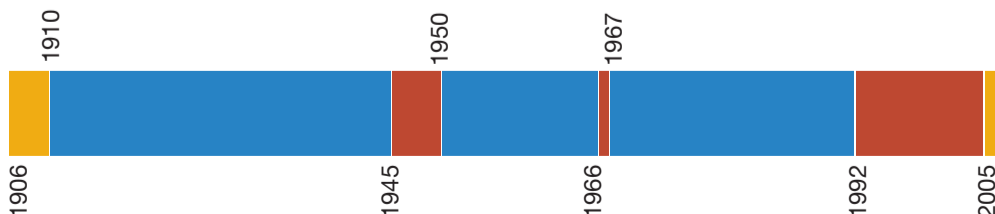
Despite such optimism Clarke could have a tough task to convince local MPs that he's the man for the job. Some county MPs have already declared their support for right wing candidate David Davis. Clarke's statement met with support from CUCA President Laurie Fitzjohn-Sykes who said “I think Ken is right, in that Cambridge City is exactly the sort of seat that we need to and can win back...CUCA will always be campaigning to make

this happen”.

Clarke's optimism was, however, put into context by Cambridge Liberal Democrat Seth Thevoz who asked “has Clarke actually seen the last election result in Cambridge?”. He pointed out that “the Tories came a distant third with sixteen percent of the vote, and they lost a third of their vote since the last election” going on to add “Their brand of politics has no place in a progressive city

like Cambridge, the idea that they could ever take what is now a Lib Dem marginal is pure fantasy”.

Clarke, who read Law at Gonville and Caius, immersed CUCA in controversy during his time at Cambridge by inviting fascist Oswald Mosley as a speaker. The move provoked the resignation of a Jewish CUCA member, one Michael Howard, who Clarke clashed with later that year in the Union elections. Howard beat Clarke to win President, but a year later Clarke was back and won the presidency in 1963.



True Blue? Cambridge's chequered electoral history

**VARSLITY SQUASH - TONIGHT from 7 till 9pm at THE SOUL TREE free club entry**

## On Campus

### Oxbridge Science on top of the world

According to a survey commissioned by *The Times Higher*, the best place to study science is England. For the second year running Cambridge topped the poll, which focused on research-active science academics, closely followed by Oxford in second and with Imperial College London making it to tenth place. The US continues to dominate the top ten with six institutions making the cut. The data is just one part of *The Times Higher's* World University Rankings 2005, of which more results will be published throughout October.

### University makes it to final of construction awards

Cambridge was the only higher education finalist in the Client of the Year category at the Contract Journal Construction Industry Awards, which were held on October 6. The award recognises clients who have shown leadership, innovation, strategic thinking and a long-term commitment to fostering improvement. The University currently has the largest HE capital investment programme in the UK, with over £600 million of projects at various stages of design or construction.

### Breaking down the language barrier

A Cambridge-based research group, led by Professor Robert Foley of the Leverhulme Centre for Human Evolutionary Studies, are hoping they will be able to

uncover the histories and origins of groups of languages. They plan to use a new method for comparing languages based on structure rather than vocabulary; current methods only allow academics to analyse how languages have been related to each other over the past 10,000 years. It is hoped that this new development will allow researchers to look even further into the past.

### Uni applications

This Saturday brings with it the application deadline for places on undergraduate courses at Cambridge starting in 2006. More than 14,000 students apply to the University each year, of whom around 3300 can expect to gain offers. UK undergraduates starting their degrees in 2006 will be the first to pay top-up fees. They will be eligible for bursaries of up to £3,000 a year and will receive a government maintenance grant of up to £2,700 a year. Tuition fees will not be payable until students have graduated and are earning over £15,000 a year.

### Breaking down the language barrier

New Cambridge research will allow diabetics to monitor their blood glucose levels by wearing special contact lenses. A team at the university have developed contact lenses which have a multi-layered hologram imprinted on their surface. The layers in the lenses react to glucose to tear fluid and when levels of glucose are too low, they change colour.

## Cross Campus

### Like father, like son

Nicky Blair, the son of Prime Minister Tony Blair, has been appointed secretary of the Oxford University Labour Club for Michaelmas 2005. Blair, studying History at Lady Margaret Hall, was elected in the termly General Meeting held in the last week of Trinity term and he fought off other candidates. As secretary, he is responsible for administration in the club and the production and distribution of OULC's weekly journals.

### Animal activists threaten Oxford builders

Threatening letters suspected to be from animal rights activists have warned Oxford painting and decorating firms not to work for Oxford University. 18 anonymous letters have been reported to the police. The letters warn contractors they will be targeted by the militant Animal Liberation Front (ALF) group if they undertake work for the university. New research laboratories, where tests on animals will be carried out are currently under construction.

### US student body found

Virginia police have uncovered a body believed to be that of missing freshman student Taylor Marie Behl last seen over a month ago. The remains were found 50 miles from where she went missing.

### Student nightlife League

The London School of Economics (LSE) offers its students the best and most varied local entertainment according to a new survey by Yell.com. LSE has a ratio of one night-club for every 93 students. The University of Cambridge came in at 13th, narrowly beating Oxford, in 14th position. The top 5:

- 1 London School of Economics
- 2 King's College London
- 3 University of Bath
- 4 University of Newcastle
- 5 University of Durham

### "Fun Czar" hits Harvard

Harvard University has hired a recent graduate to oversee social events and is opening a student pub on the campus. Surveys have shown that Harvard students are very able, but they do not have an active social life. The university has employed a 23-year-old alumnus as its special assistant to the dean of social programming, nicknamed the "fun czar" to dream up entertainments and events.

### N8 research partnership appoints chief exec

The N8 research partnership, comprising eight research intensive universities in the North of England has appointed Dr David Secher as its first chief executive. The group includes Durham, Leeds and Liverpool.

# Jesus opposed to bus terminal move

Joanna Trigg

Members of Jesus College have expressed serious concerns over proposals by Cambridge City Council to move the long distance bus depot from Drummer Street to Victoria Avenue, next to Jesus College and Midsummer common. Jesus Senior Tutor Dr Steven Siklos told *Varsity* "Jesus strongly opposes the proposal. We believe that there would be a serious impact on our students in terms of both security and general disturbance". It is worried that the antisocial behaviour found surrounding the current bus depot could be transferred closer to the college.

130 members of Brunswick Resident's Association, acting on behalf of the college, have outlined their objections to the proposal in a petition. They cite seri-

ous concerns about anti-social behaviour and the safety of Jesus students living in nearby accommodation. The Committee Chair Roger Chatterton has said: "We are worried that some of the anti-social behaviour that happens around Drummer Street will transfer to Victoria Avenue, increasing safety concerns for residents and students living nearby."

JCSU President Adam Watson echoed Brunswick Resident's Association's concerns that the relocation could prove "harmful to students". He told *Varsity* "the College has done a lot in recent times to help protect the welfare of the students, such as keeping our front gate permanently accessible and manned... we wouldn't want to see any changes that could potentially undo much of this good work". Roger Chatterton believes that "It is totally illogical to try to solve the congestion

around Drummer Street by shifting it to the largest area of green space in the City Centre." These concerns are particularly relevant as the Council's alternative proposal is considered to be more suitable. Dr Steven Siklos has said "The alternative proposal, to site the new terminal in the Park and

Ride on Trumpington Street, seems far more sensible".

The Council's Area Joint Committee will discuss the plan at its meeting on Monday 17 October at 2pm in Shire Hall. The meeting is open to the public and press.



Buses leaving Drummond Street Bus Station late last night

# Oxford slammed in rowing inquest

Joe Gosden

An inquiry into the death of Oxford rower Leo Blockley has concluded that on the morning of his death the OULRC coach was still "under the influence of alcohol" and that the club had deliberately withheld information. The coroner said OULRC had "regarded the reputation of the rowing club as of greater importance than the death of a young man".

Leo, a former Downing undergraduate, was studying Mathematics at Oxford and was on a training camp with OULRC in Barcelona when his crew was hit by a storm on the River Ebro. They tried to return to the boat-house but were swamped as they crossed the river, Leo was seen trying to swim back to shore but dragged under by the strong current. His body was found five weeks later, eight miles down-

stream. The original inquest returned a verdict of accidental death.

A coach who had accompanied the trip told how he was woken the night before Leo's death at 3am by loud shouting as head coach and Cox Leila Hudson returned heavily intoxicated. Five hours later she was seen "clearly the worse for wear from alcohol" on her way to training.

Jeremy Fagan, former OULRC President, told the court that



Leo Blockley rowing for Downing

Hudson had been slurring her words on the morning of Leo's death and that he had received an e-mail from Hudson the morning after the tragedy asking: "Was it because I was hungover that the accident happened?"

Hudson denies claims that she was intoxicated, stating "I was certainly not drunk", although she could not recall how much she had drunk the night before, and did not carry out a risk assessment. She was unaware that she was legally responsible for the safety of the rowers, seeing herself more as a "figure-head".

The Coroner concluded there was insufficient evidence to suggest that the tragedy was a result of alcohol, although Hudson's evidence was described as "disjointed and unsatisfactory". Leo's parents, who now run a campaign to have buoyancy aids fitted to all rowing boats, have

announced: "We feel completely vindicated".

Leo is fondly remembered for his time at Downing. Close friend Alex Taylor told *Varsity* "Leo was highly-intelligent, very witty, completely dedicated to everything he tried, and, quite simply a great fun bloke". He added that "If Leo's boat had been [fitted with buoyancy aids] then he would be alive today...we are aware of 91 deaths other than Leo's that would have also been prevented by this simple design feature". The Downing 1st VIII compete each summer in a boat donated to the club by Leo's parents and a memorial plaque hangs in the boat house. According to Leo's father "Leo's Downing splash-top was his most prized possession".



www.leoblockley.org.uk

Builders were once again stars of the show at the ADC this summer, as the second completed phase of the theatre's ongoing redevelopment was unveiled this week. The changes see a newly expanded bar and roof patio, and a newly built access corridor to the auditorium, adding to the alterations made to the façade and foyer area last year. A lift has also been added, allowing full disabled access for the first time. The next phase will see new rehearsal spaces and dressing rooms once sufficient funds are raised.



Theatre-goers enjoy the newly revamped ADC bar

# Cancer insight

Rachel Dival

Cambridge scientists have expressed hope that breast cancer treatment could be dramatically improved in the wake of a £1.7 million research exercise at the Cancer Research UK Cambridge Research Institute.

Professor Bruce Ponder, director of the Institute, said that research indicated the existence of hundreds of natural variations

in genes that could lead to an increased likelihood of developing cancer. The research seems to show that genetic factors could be behind almost a third of cases.

Scientists already know of two genes that can increase the risk of breast cancer, but these only account for 5% of inherited cases. It is hoped this new research will allow a far larger proportion of women to find out about their risk of developing the disease.



How the new centre could look once built

# High Street Honeys

Jamie Munk

Three past winners of the FHM High Street Honeys competition were the guests of honour at Ballare for the Freshers' Snowball last Sunday. The Honeys have been consecutively voted the most beautiful 'girl next door' by readers of the monthly men's magazine. Although the act met with appreciation from male spectators, some female clubbers expressed their distaste at the show.

At a later stage, students were picked to perform in a High Street Honeys stripping contest watched by the Honeys. Many girls in the club appeared unimpressed with both performances.

The three Honeys told *Varsity*, "the tour aims to help identify new Honeys for next year's competition", and the girls expressed their eagerness to offer advice to would-be

competitors at the clubs they have visited so far.

Leaving the club at the end of the night, one of the FHM girls praised the crowd, commenting that "the students were brilliant". Ballare assistant manager Ian Tarbet has stated his willingness to hold an equivalent male event, so there may well be more glamour coming to town.



The Honeys work the crowd

# SELLOUT

In a new series, Zoe Pilger investigates the growing corporatisation of Cambridge University.



Cambridge needs to question whether it is a place of learning or a business. The University website extols some frightening prospects: "Cambridge Enterprise", an umbrella organisation formed in 2003, "encourages and supports the commercialisation of knowledge from all parts of the University." Rewards are evident: in 2003-4 Cambridge research showed a cumulative growth of more than 60 percent in 5 years, coming top of *The Guardian's* research income league table. Profit is generated as commercial companies buy the Intellectual Property rights to ideas conceived in Cambridge labs. In the same year, 61 patents were filed, based on 136 invention disclosures.

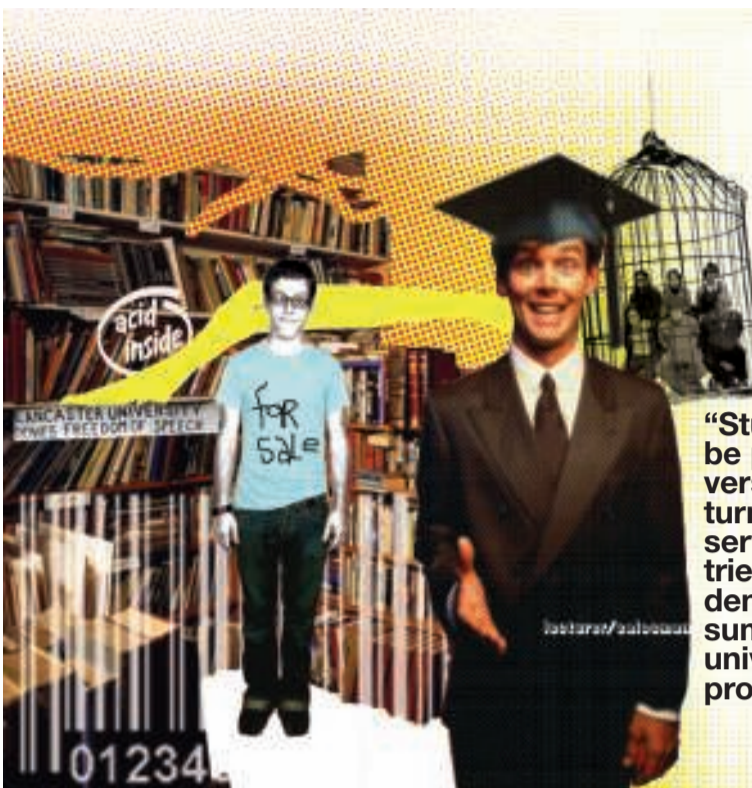
The Cambridge Programme of Industry (CPI) is proud that "over 300 top executives from BP Management Worldwide have now been through the Cambridge learning experience". Amongst these executives are Bank of America, McDonalds Corporation, Exxon Mobil, Coca-Cola, Pfizer, Unilever, HM Treasury... the list goes on. The Cambridge Judge Business Institute is the best in the country. Cambridge Estate Management and Building Services are currently developing £600million of construction projects, and Cambridge University was the only higher education finalist for Client of the Year at The Contract Journal Construction Awards, held at Grosvenor House on 6th

October.

Last Friday six students and members of the public were convicted of "aggravated trespass" at Lancaster University. Their crime was to hand out protest leaflets for three minutes at a "corporate venturing" conference, designed to attract business. Despite prosecution by their own university, the judge found the students' behaviour merely "disruptive", and sentenced each to 2 years conditional discharge and costs of £300. The 1994 Criminal Justice Act, under which the students were charged, was applicable only by a New Labour amendment: persons "in the open air" could also now be trespassers.

Companies including BAE and Rolls Royce had spent the day teaching Lancaster staff how to "commercialise university research". One of the six convicted students gave this response to the charge: "[The University] has a duty to allow and even facilitate the expression of views opposing unethical companies and the university's involvement with them."

And yet this involvement is now standard practise. How else are universities, burdened by debts and under-funding, supposed to compete on a world-scale? "Compete" is the key word. In the 5th Report of Services 2002-3, Margaret Hodge stated clearly the government's ideology for the coming years: "...as higher education becomes more globally competitive, it is important that within the nation state we maintain our competitive edge, and introduction of regulated market forces within



Whereas before universities were seen to be in the general public interest, they are now a commodity. Students used to be products of universities, which in turn provided a service to industries. Now the student is the consumer and the university is the product."

This reversal is directly linked to top-up fees: students must

**"Students used to be products of universities, which in turn provided a service to industries. Now the student is the consumer and the university is the product."**

— James Lloyd,  
Head of Campaigns,  
People and Planet

United Kingdom higher education will support our global competitiveness."

The "introduction of regulated market forces" to which Hodge refers, is GATS – General Agreement on Trade and Services. "Competitiveness" means allowing state-funded British universities to compete with private American universities on the global market. If certain universities are subsidised

there can be no economic "level playing-field". GATS was implemented by the WTO in 1995. The aim was to "liberalise", or lower, trade barriers; to allow services to be sold and bought; to allow universities to behave like corporations.

James Lloyd is Head of Campaigns at People and Planet, and ex-General Secretary of the NUS. He cites the impact of GATS as "the commodification of edu-

"consume" their education in line with the greater framework of globalization. The cap of £3,000 fees a year for every university will be reviewed in 2010. Chris Patten, the Chancellor of Oxford University, has already expressed his wish for this cap to be lifted unlimitedly. If the government continues to pursue the American model, British universities will be able to charge according to their product mer-

chandise. Harvard's total costs for students in 2005-6 are \$44,350 - \$46,750; Cambridge too will shoot through the roof.

I contacted a spokesperson for The Department for Trade and Services to ask them about the effect of GATS and the WTO policy on top-up fees. Alarming, he had never heard of either GATS or the WTO, but he did ask me to send him some background to catch up. When asked how the financial burden of increased debt would affect students, he replied that it would make higher education more affordable – learn now, pay later.

Cambridge is in danger of returning to the elite. The 800th birthday drive towards fundraising resonates with what is to come: a heavy emphasis on ex-alumni donors, on the presumption that ex-alumni can pay. Now only 10% of Cambridge graduates donate to the university, compared to the vast bankrolling of the Ivy League. Uncapped fees will ensure the acceptance of wealthy students, and mark them as life-long clients.

The University Council has failed to note the warning signs, or perhaps welcomes the warning signs. In the report of 9th August 2004, the Council states that without the increased fees of £3,000 "the University's freedom to develop and compete internationally is severely constrained". Margaret Hodge's vision of a "global competitiveness" is again re-iterated. Whether this will actually benefit students or simply speed privatisation seems irrelevant.



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# weekdays

MURRAY MORSE

EDITOR OF THE CAMBRIDGE EVENING NEWS

## wednesday

The day starts as usual with a steaming mug of coffee in the office at 6am. The Newsdesk team are becoming increasingly excited by their follow-up story on yesterday's splash about a mature student who was stabbed at Lucy Cavendish College. 2.30pm: Putting the finishing touches to our new 16-page entertainments section, Scene, which launches tomorrow. Late home. Another burnt dinner.

## thursday

No meetings today - a rare change. It's the last edition of Venue, our weekly entertainments section, and three pages of it are used up on plugging the new section, Scene, to be launched in 7 days' time.

## friday

We splash on a special investigation into a drugs den at a play park at Christ's Pieces in the city. We've found numerous needles thrown away by heroin addicts and other drug paraphernalia. The leader of the city council promises that he will personally oversee the clean-up. 9am: I drive 40 miles to our Hertford offices for a 3 hour meeting with other editors within our newspaper group. The talk is about shared ideas and content.

## saturday

7am. Early call to the office to check everything is okay for today's paper. I tell them that reports of the Asian earthquake are just coming in and that I want it on the national page as it's likely to be a major story. 11am: I'm at Bottisham College to present the new football strips to the girls of Cambridge United's centre of excellence.

## sunday

A day of rest. I plough my way through the Sunday Times, The Sunday Telegraph, The News of the World, The Sunday Mirror, The Mail on Sunday, The Sunday Express and The People, and the various supplements. The front pages are dominated by the quake disaster.

## monday

We splash on the quake disaster, plus carry two more pages of amazing pictures inside the paper. Two local men were among the first teams of rescue workers to arrive in the disaster zone. Within hours of arriving, they've pulled survivors from the rubble.

## tuesday

It's a story-fest today - we have no fewer than three different splashes on the front pages of our five editions. News desk are cock-a-hoop. I leave the fun at 11am for a meeting with Douglas Pattison, the chief executive of Hinchingsbrooke hospital, who gives me a tour of their hugely impressive new £20 million building.

# Varsity asks: Too easy to cheat?

> The Exam Board confirmed there were no measures in place to prevent the wrong person sitting an exam

> 100% of students we asked were in favour of introducing photo ID

> Universities like Edinburgh and Bristol already require proof of identity before their students can take an exam

### Varsity speaks to the Board of Examinations

#### Getting caught:

What are the signs?  
"Sometimes someone would be careless enough to leave notes behind in the room. Or we might find notes stuffed up a jumper."

What happens where students are caught?

"Where there are extenuating circumstances sometimes people just drop down a class or two. We rarely send people down, more often there is a disciplinary hearing."

#### How do people cheat?

Copying from notes:  
"We get a sprinkling of these incidents. The examiner will still mark the script and then we assess what relevance the notes would have had. It would then go to the proctors and they might have an interview with the student."

Hiding stuff in the toilets:

"In a first year English Tragedy exam a student hid a plastic bag in the toilets containing a script booklet with an answer written out only without the introduction

#### Would it be possible to...

Hide notes in the toilet?  
"University attendants search the toilets before each exam."

Phone a friend?  
"The developments in technology are a constant worry to us."

Recruit an expert to do it for you?  
"We would rely on students sitting about to realise it was the wrong person."

Do you ever make mistakes?  
"There was one funny case where the invigilator spotted someone with writing all over their arm. But it turned out it was a nervous habit - they wrote on themselves during the examination. They had come in with a clean arm and went out with writing all over it."

How often do you catch people?  
"There are a few cases each year. Only one or two would be taken to the Proctors."

and conclusion missing. She then swapped the booklet with the one in the exam room"

Swapping papers:  
"A student hung around following a final medical exam and then swapped their cover sheet with that of another student who they knew full well was good. We only found out when the stronger student unexpectedly failed and on seeing the script they realised it was not their own. It became clear that they had cheated in repeatedly; one of the worst cases recently seen"

#### Students speak out (preferring to remain anonymous):

"I heard a rumour a few years ago about someone sitting an exam in college who checked notes from his pocket on a toilet trip. I guess the wrong person could go in for you. Photo ID would help, but they're not necessarily 100% safe."

"The Cambridge exam system is a bit lax, but most people are quite honest. Photo ID would be a good plan."

"The exams at Cambridge are not as strict as GCSEs or A level"

"The Cambridge exam system is very open to cheating in the first couple of years with big anonymous lecture theatres. The fact that you can just walk out to the toilet unaccompanied whenever you want makes it ridiculously easy to cheat. During one exam last year I went to the toilet about five times because I was suffering from severe handpain and needed to run my wrist under hot water. Noone ever questioned me."

#### Fellow's perspective:

"I had to get a student to the exam room for a 9 a.m. exam after she had overslept. When we arrived there there was no empty desk - the invigilators thought that there was nobody missing, and couldn't understand how they now had an extra candidate. Later I heard that an ex-Cambridge student had walked into the exam room, sat down at an empty desk and begun to write a script."

I'm sure that such a thing could never lead to a student having a mark attributed to him or her in error that was not their own. But, the incident does show that it is quite possible for somebody to come in off the street unchallenged and to disrupt the examination process, even to appear to sit the examination! We do not, of course, ask students for any identification before we allow them to take their place in the exam room."



## A juicy week in the confessional box

Which Cambridge editor is the subject of a relentless Japanese safe sex campaign, offering the longest and the thinnest products available? The amused recipient reacted with customary nonchalance, but three days later and the catalogue is nowhere to be seen.

Architecture students are on a roll after last year's salvation of the department and what has been heralded already as a bumper crop of Freshers for this year. One hirsute third-year buildings nut has been bragging 'it's a vintage year, cracking

stuff, and I am gagging to pop some corks and have a swig!

Rumour has it the Hawks club heroes have found Jesus. Reports have sighted the chaps heading down to the college on frequent occasions to take a better look at the first year girls. Perhaps they should head down to the Architecture department while they are at it.

One college magazine has been celebrating the 'Prank of the Century', giving a four-page spread detailing how students of the 50s engineered the positioning of an Austin Seven on top of the Senate House. Apparently it actually garnered the college involved some worthy publicity, so perhaps undergrads out there should do their bit for the college and get pranking.



Hooray to the new term and drinking society initiations. The Bishop was moved to hear that the Wyverns have kept up old traditions and incorporated chinos, chillis, goldfish, dirty pints and rugby tackling into one night to remember.

REPORTS HAVE SIGHTED THE CHAPS HEADING DOWN TO THE COLLEGE ON FREQUENT OCCASIONS TO TAKE A BETTER LOOK AT THE FIRST YEAR GIRLS.

# incidentally...

by zoe organ



When Tracy Emin became depressed and felt ashamed of her body, she went and sat in an art gallery, in Sweden, in the nude, and let people watch her paint imitation Picassos. Opposing any sense of "the death of the author", artists at the moment can't seem to get out of their work. There has been a sudden swing from minimal manual and delicate involvement with the work (I've got a shark and I'll put it in a tank; I've poured a glass of water and I'll call it an oak tree, etc etc) to Mark Quinn freezing his own head in blood. While I am glad not to have had to watch Emin soiling her own bed, I like the fact that art is get-

ting physical. It's more like live music, where the bodies of the musicians never withdraw.

Here, to move from the Tate Modern to the UL, there is no such studio for neurotic naked academics to redeem themselves in the name of art. (Un/fortunately?). Where the body is concerned though, the academics are ahead of the game. It has been seeping into criticism since Freud, Feminism, and more recently Queer studies. At Newnham I have always been very aware of my supervisors bodies. Their gender, is, after all, a criterion for them being there, and Ms Greer never lets us forget this, her unfettered bosoms bouncing along to Shakespeare's iambic pentameter. Gone is the great romantic sublime when the artist and reader could wander wordless and bodiless into higher realms: now words and art are worth nothing unless we can see the ample flesh from

which they were born.

As you can see if you walk around the UL, there is little hesitation among most students to peel away their festering layers, spread and spread their hairy legs. This is very brave, when you remember that en masse, our Cambridge academic bodies have some of the roughest times around. They spend more time slowly whitening in the library. They're fed on more extortionate college cheeses and ports and UL teacakes, chocolate, Prozac and caffeine to hype them up and then weed, herbs and painkillers to calm them down. Then after months of being grazed and chapped by Siberian winds we whip them out for May week. Yum.

What happens when these bodies hit the texts? Since Gillian MacKeith have started to persuade us that "you are what you eat," you would have thought the Cambridge diet would leave us

weeping over unrefined sugar. If the UL were to serve mackerel and aduki beans, our hormones might settle and modern criticism might experience a new awakening. To an extent this might be true: when I was "growing up" at school, I couldn't do any work because I couldn't sit still for more than a few minutes unless I'd had at least a half a bottle of wine. It seriously jeopardised my GCSE results. Luckily here at Newnham, where bodies run free, I found a sympathetic tutor to take me in. Unlike artists, however we have to trample over our physical demands and suppress any illogical physical response. It would be great if more allowances were made for bodies in the Tripos: "It's alright you're a rower- the sheer volume of muscle and protein in your body had swelled your blood and warped your reaction to the tragedy."

In reality, how I tame my body into the constraints of the final year is my problem and not

that of the English Faculty. Of course, they can't fund my mackerel habits. But the small consolation is that here in Cambridge, it doesn't matter what you let your body become on the outside, for in this heady hothouse of ours, the strength of pure intellectual adoration is enough to completely revise the boring aesthetic stereotype. Here inspirational supervisors can have as many undergraduates as they have warts on their bellies. There's one such sexual and intellectual guru who can't stop farting. If we continue with this excellent perversion of the laws of natural selection it may make for more windy generations. But perhaps the evidence of unquestioning association of body and mind is in fact a sign of utmost sincerity. Just as true art must recognise the constraints of the body in which we work, so must true love reject them.

# LET'S NOT GO NUTS

Following the descent upon Cambridge by *FHM*'s High Street Honeys, **JON SWAINE** asks why Lads' Mags have developed a new nasty streak

Last January it was announced that at a multi-million pound risk, two weekly magazines, aimed specifically at young men, were to be launched across the UK. 'It will never work', the commentators resolved. The market for men's magazines was as crowded as it was prestigious: huge, established titles were finding things tough enough as it was. 'IPC goes nuts', cried the Guardian headline, mocking the magazine's publisher. To many, both seemed destined for a humiliating fall. Yet the many were wrong. *Nuts* and *Zoo* have become unstoppable cultural phenomena, selling over a quarter of a million copies each every week.

As Cambridge club-goers witnessed this week, magazines like *Nuts*, *Zoo* and *FHM*, their beery spiritual father, whose content has been swiftly re-aligned to ape that of the weeklies, have recently elected to eschew the journalistic concept of 'ideas' in favour of basing much of their output on a middle-shelf resurrection of 'Readers' Wives', a well-trodden, inexpensive pornographic concept.

In *FHM*'s 'High Street Honeys', readers are presented with a cut-out voucher and encouraged to present it to any passing female who catches their eye. *Nuts*' 'Real Girls UK' and *Zoo*'s worryingly-titled 'First Timers' sections provide a similar service by the week.

In reality, the competitions seem to inspire two quite different types of response. The first could be seen as a slightly sinister outgrowth of a broader cultural stroke: our national obsession with frenzied reality television talent shows. Much has been written on the premise that in making the chance of chart success more transparent and democratic, programmes like *Popstars* and *The X-Factor* have demystified fame to such an extent that it is clearly the celebrity, rather than musical credibility, that many of its hopefuls crave.

Perhaps, then, it should come as little surprise that these magazines should take the logical step of offering a chance at being the next Jordan or Jodie – famous for being famous, and to a lesser extent for hooking their thumb on the strap of their thong. The competition for publication is fierce, but many hopeful girls seem to internalise with little trouble the unwritten rule that the more nipple, curvature of crotch or orgasmic facial expression that can be fit into one shot, the better chance they'll have.

Traditionally, those seen as moralising on the subject of pornography of any strength have been struck in return with the argument that it can actually be seen as a sophisticated expression of female emancipation; the ultimate in free choice – a woman may earn as she chooses, the joke being solely on the men pathetic enough to pay for the magazines. But the truism seems

to leave as bitter an after-taste as ever: if the model knowingly takes the money and runs, can she really be any less degraded? No amount of post-modern wriggling seems to provide a satisfying response. She who attempts to argue the value of aspiring to be the pouting, spread-eagle subject of grubby onanism into the wider narrative of female advancement still faces a considerable task.

In her 1998 book *The New Feminism*, Natasha Walter offered an optimistic assessment. As the young men and women she saw around her seemed the most mutually accepting generation yet of the simple sensibleness of basic equality, she "imagined that soon young women would no longer feel that the only way to gain men's approval was by making themselves into simulacra of pornographic images". Now, her "optimism has foundered", as "these magazines build sales by relying on nothing more subtle than a few women with silicone in their breasts pulling down their pants." More tellingly, she adds that "the thing that strikes you if you flick through them is just how aggressive and single-minded they are."

Indeed, the second response to these competitions seems worse still – the typical reader desperate to forcefully display, frankly, how fit his girlfriend is. And, this tone of the 'were you looking at my bird?' pub-shout-in-print that Walter alludes to is consistent throughout: a full-page feature on a man who split open his hand open 'punching a



ADAM WELCH

“**NUTS AND ZOO OFFER THE MESSAGE THAT IT'S FINE TO BE AN EMOTIONALLY-VOID VESSEL FOR LAGER, BOOBS AND FIGHTING**”



The High Street Honeys in Cambridge this week

machine' here; a double-page-spread on the latest *Grand Theft Auto* game - apropos the boast that this edition will allow players 'kill [their] friends with [their] bare hands' - there. *Nuts*' regular interactive feature 'Guilty Wanks: Toss Off and Think About What You've Done' regularly includes submissions such as 'Natalie Portman in the film *Leon*' and 'S Club 8'.

It all seemed different a decade ago. Amidst 1994's greying days of Major's Conservative Britain, the *Independent* published an article entitled 'Here Come The Mirror-Men' by Mark Simpson. In the piece, he foretold of the arrival of a new type of British man. Gone was the hapless husband, annually dragged through Debenhams and looking as though he had dressed in the dark. Simpson's 'Metrosexual' was an emotionally intelligent aesthete, equipped with a sense of style and happy to spend a great deal of his new-found disposable time and income on his personal appearance and lifestyle.

Fast-forward to less than three years later, and in a Britain under the first conceivably anything-sexual Prime Minister, a men's magazine industry exploded, trading on what seemed precisely to be the interests and concerns of this rapidly mythologised creature. Despite an ugly blip at the 1998 World Cup, hooliganism was becoming marginalised by the disgusted majority. In broader terms, there seemed within Britain at least something of a mainstream progressive new culture of masculinity. Lad Culture remained, of course,

but even expressed through organs like *Loaded*, it seemed a relatively poignant, tamed beast – a post-Yoof TV survivor championing pubs, television and football, but harmless enough. Simpson's bold prophecy seemed prescient. His terminology became common parlance, and was discussed to the point of satire.

The articles and photographs within the magazines seen as metrosexual flagships were themselves sometimes debatable in the same terms as those accusations levelled at *FHM* and its ilk. But *GQ*, *Esquire* and *Arena* featured, and continue to feature, some artistically beautiful photo-shoots, subtly mixing amongst thought-provoking writing on arts, and constructive articles on health, lifestyle and sex (and not in the vein of *Nuts*' 'How do I seduce my friend's girlfriend?', either.)

Of course, this all might justifiably be ignored as slightly pretentious cultural fluff by those a little more concerned about the important problems of our time. But it seemed at least refreshing and benevolent. The brutal, regressive messages offered by *Nuts* and *Zoo* – namely, that it's perfectly fine to be a woman-consuming, emotionally-void vessel for lager, boobs and fighting, and to attempt to show aspirations to the contrary as unnatural, are simply less easily excused.

Like the racist comedian, the 'ironic' excuse is wheeled out by some. Indeed, some articles do read as so ridiculously near-derth that one wonders whether the author's tongue was firmly in his cheek. But just as much of the comedian's audience will laugh at the joke's basic level of prejudice, so will the knowing nods inevitably be lost on a huge number of readers.

Mark Simpson has spoken of a recent 'retrosexual reaction' to the trends he observed in the 1990s, borne of a post feminist-victory insecurity. Some vehement reactions to Michael Buerke's case for the genders' need to return to their 'rightful places' in a recent Channel 5 documentary suggests that there are still plenty unwilling to indulge this, but the increasing influence of what has been described as 'Nutsworld' seems to be doing its very best to fight the opposite corner.

In launching a new range of more 'serious cultural programming', Johnny Webb, director of programmes at Bravo, a television channel long associated with Lad Culture, said "Men are in a very different place than they were five years ago. They can be adolescent man, but they can also be family man and serious man. [They are] more multifaceted." If this is true, fine. But it would seem news to the editors of *Nuts*, *Zoo*, *FHM* and others. They only seem willing to give their readers the choice of one, all-too familiar face.

## PRESCRIBED

### King's Spalding Common Room

**dwellers:** Stand outside Barclay's on the Market Square, with your ear cocked up to the open window, and it's like listening to the pirate radio station that Cambridge deserves. Heroes.



### The Boomslangs: punk as fuck and twice as loud - and squeezed into Cambridge's tightest jeans...



### Young Genius season at the Barbican:

Between now and January catch seventeen experimental productions, with half-price tickets for the under-26.



### Locust Music: Brilliant Chicago freak-folk/psychedelia label. Check out Espers, Josephine Foster, and Lau Nau (pictured).



**the isopod:** this fish swims into another fish's mouth, chews off its tongue, attaches itself, and then becomes a nightmarish replacement living tongue for the bigger fish. A lesson to us all.



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SEO London is a charity that works with most major investment banks in the City to provide summer internships for ethnic minorities under-represented in front office investment banking. SEO provides not only internships, but training, coaching and networking to ensure the success of all students. Over 75% of eligible SEO students received full time job offers with the Investment Banks after their internships. More than 120 places will be available for 2006.

**'A DAY IN THE LIFE OF...'**



Friday 21st October 2005  
12:00-2pm  
Mong Hall, Sidney Sussex College

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# SUBJECTIVE STYLINGS

Bitter rejects **BENJ OHAD SEIDLER** and **LUKE ROBERTS** rank faculty fashionistas

**Luke:** This week, journalism turns to making stuff up. We will be generalising horribly and inaccurately about how what people wear echoes what they study, sneering with too much superiority.

**Benj:** There can never be too much superiority.

**Luke:** And acting like fashion matters.

**Benj:** Because it does.

**Luke:** We'll basically be lying.

**1. History of Art:** Number one, the fashion US to Cambridge's fashion NATO. If they don't like what you're wearing, they have veto power. They'll send you back to your room to change, only to send you back once more. Art Historians only really came into their own after the mid-nineties, when the department dropped mandatory Tudor clothing. Now they dress sublimely, because they have the time to think about it. Perfect tailoring and Wellington boots are set off by mud (spray on), so it looks like they've been traipsing around stately homes. With nicknames like 'Versace boy,' 'The Librarian,' and 'Tom Watson,' these kids are hard to beat.

**2. Philosophy:** Outfits are assembled with a carefully-chosen air of laconic tragedy. Wisps of lace flow vivaciously due to battery-operated fans tucked into their garters. One must always remember – wrestle on the inside, pose on the outside.

**3. Architecture:** An architect's wardrobe is a playful Miu Miu to



the Art Historians' sophisticated Prada. 80s electro-clash chic sums it up neatly: how achingly ironic, how achingly cool. They carry cardboard models of exciting buildings they've designed everywhere. They want you to ask.

**4. ASNAC:** We've never met an ASNAC, so we'll assume you dress like Vikings and talk like pirates, and not in the Vivienne Westwood kind-of-way.

**5. Oriental Studies:** These people wear vintage embroidered clothes that snare people into this conversation:

You: That's an interesting top...  
OS: Oh yes, I got it on my Gap Year.  
At this point, it is fatal to say 'Oh, where did you go?' You'll be well and truly snagged for hours. When all their gap year clothes are in the wash, they have badges saying 'Ask me about my gap year.'

**6. MML:** Tight pencil skirts and jaunty cardigans are de rigeur for the contemporary linguist, and for the girls red lipstick and a smile. If you study French, a Fendi baguette will show that you truly do believe your course pervades all aspects of your life, including

your diet. (If you don't get that last bit then just give up now. Even the most simplistic fashion references are beyond you.)

**7. English:** More 'wannabe architects', really. They miss out on being actually interesting by an over-reliance on brown corduroy. Even if they're not wearing some, they'll have a little swatch in their pocket to sniff. They accessorise with moral superiority and a novel they haven't read.

**8. Economics:** Swagger around the university in dark

sunglasses and Juicy Couture velour power suits (think power dressing for a new comfort-driven business generation). Wow! These people mean money, and they'd wear it if they could.

**9. Classics:** Generally wear things like cricket whites and cravats, sometimes draping them like togas. Some choose to accessorise with an entire crew that provides dramatic lighting and a plinth. That way, when they exclaim (with horror) 'What do you mean you don't serve mousaka?!' in hall, it demands attention.

**10. Music:** Musicians look dashing prancing around the Sidgwick site in white powdered wigs and jeans. We're guessing this is a reference to Galliano's early work for Dior, or else it would just be absurd.

**11. Theology:** To please as many Gods as possible (while also accepting the possibility that there may just be matter and equations) they dress like nice middle class parents. They accessorise with a watch (to validate their dull lives with the gentle tick of time passing) and wear high-waisted sensible knee length skirts in chocolate brown and – if they dare to dream – olive green.

**12. SPS:** These aspiring rulers dress like children, and hang around with theologians to form boring little family units. Their clothes' prints are actually made with ink rubbed off from the Che Guevara posters they rub up against at night.

**13. History:** They've learnt from their past mistakes, but are resigned to history repeating. Their clothes echo this resignation. Their wardrobes revolve on a regular monthly basis. And judging by the endless amount of Topshop and H&M 'versions' of Marc Jacobs jackets that they seem to possess, they never manage to leave the dark ages.

**14. Mathematics:** Number wizards are likely to eclipse the success of Coco Chanel's little black dress with their shapeless blue sweaters. Beauty note: Lipstick is best worn on teeth.

**15. NatSci:** In the periodic table of dress sense, NatScis are Helium; inert and unreactive. The NatSci will not set the room alight. If there's enough, they will even prevent anyone else from setting the room alight. If you are a NatSci and you want people to talk to you, go into W H Smith. You will be mistaken for an employee and asked questions – seize the opportunity thus:

Customer: Where can I find the CDs?  
NatSci: I like playing jenga and hiking, what sort of stuff do you like?

WARNING! There is a sub-breed of NatScis who dress like English students. You can spot them by the test tube in their pants. They're not just pleased to see you. But they are pleased to see you. They're not just pleased to see you.

**16. Law:** Who cares? Go on then ... sue us.

## buyer's guide: super sandwiches

- Kazimirs:** next to Haffer's art store. Seriously tasty sandwiches and other good Polish things. Worth the trip and the price. Expensive.
- Pepperooms:** 3 Rose Crescent, 20 Kings Parade. Well filled baguettes. Monday-Friday 07:30-16:30, Saturday 08:00-18:30, Sunday 09:30-15:30. Meal Deal £2.65.
- Smiley's:** 68 Trumpington Street. Much more smiley since the deep-sea fish departed. Irresistible baps remain as do varied and scrumptious baguettes. Monday-Friday 08:00-18:00, Saturday 09:00-18:30, Sunday 09:30-17:00. Average Price £1.15-£2.15.
- Truckle Ulman und Freunde:** Pembroke Street. Wholesome european sandwiches and soups £2.13 takeaway.
- Martin's:** end of Trumpington Street. Bacon and egg baps are legendary. The green-spoon choc comes at a price. Bacon and Egg £1.60, Breakfast £5.
- East:** 21 Petty Cury. If you can deal with the name do Go. And. Eat. Monday-Friday 07:30-18:00, Saturday 08:00-18:00, Sunday 10:00-17:30. Sandwiches £1.30-£3.00, Soups £2.00-£3.00, Salads £2.50-£3.10, Hot Pies £3.95.
- Bovino's Emmanuel Street:** 18 11 82 pasta and coffee! Munchy Mag Room/reads. Bruschetta £3.99 takeaway. Worth it. Ft.
- Cambridge Blue:** 24 Regent Street. Monday-Friday 07:15-15:15. Prices from £1.95-£2.20.

Joe Schutzer-Weissman

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# SUPERHALL ME

It took a television series and accompanying publicity drive by Jamie Oliver to convince the government that the standard of food in our schools was **"SCANDALOUS"** to but what about universities? **ZOE SMEATON** asks whether our Colleges are serving nutritious fare, and if students even care

**S**uperhall, Formal, Buttery, Cafeteria, even 'Slops' - most of us eat it, and most complain about it. Either college food isn't tasty enough, it's not filling or it's just too unhealthy to consider touching with a bargepole. But we still use our hall - on average three times a week, according to a *Varsity* survey - because it guarantees a meal (albeit possibly of dubious quality) and, as Caius head chef Tony Smith said: "It's hassle-free. Students don't have to think about it."

But as a third of students asked by *Varsity* rated the healthiness of their college's food as 'very poor', and a further six per cent 'awful', it might be time to start "thinking" about the food a little after all.

And some of us already are, Vicki Mann, CUSU Welfare and Graduates officer, said: "In my experience, students do worry about the quality of college food. Many halls are accused of a tendency to provide too many carbohydrates and too few salads. A common complaint I received at Sidney was over the offering of deep fried vegetables, though they have now been

taken off the menu."

At Newnham, one student said: "Generally Formal food is very good but the buttery isn't great - it's always rubbish like pizza, burgers and chips."

However healthy the food might seem when put on the plate, another student admitted that "By time we put enough salt on the food to make it palatable it couldn't possibly be healthy."

But if our college food is apparently so nutritionally deficient, might there be a decent explanation for it?

The chefs at Girton say that cost is to blame: "We are in a *Catch 22* situation. If the food is made healthier, (ie. less greasy and fatty) it will be more expensive, and then students will complain."

One obvious example of this predicament arises because

almost all colleges cook much of their food by frying it in oil. These oils often contain large quantities of saturated fats, considered unhealthy if consumed too often. They increase levels of LDL cholesterol in our bloodstream, which increases the chances of cholesterol sticking to our blood vessel

walls and restricting blood flow, which can eventually lead to heart attacks.

Olive oil contains monounsaturated fats, though, which appear to have a more neutral effect on blood LDL cholesterol levels. But, the Girton chefs said that they could not afford this healthier option, as it would mean raising prices.

But for some colleges, it is not only a matter of 'bad food' to cut costs. In many cases, college caterers respond directly to student feedback, so, as Tony Smith says, "If they ask for unhealthy food, then that's what they get."

Tony holds a weekly meeting with a Caius student rep, who reports what students have thought of the food in the past week. He says "We try to give a balanced variety every week, but ultimately we respond to what we hear the students want."

And the Girton chefs seem to agree that a lot of students do prefer less healthy options: "If we didn't serve chips every night, there would be uproar. But contrary to these com-

ments, *Varsity* found that most of us are aware that eating healthily is important - three quarters of students questioned told us that they do worry about eating well.

Unfortunately, though, for a lot of us, simply worrying about it is not quite enough. Often students just don't have the time to prepare healthy meals

from fresh ingredients every night. One "unstrict vegetarian" told *Varsity* that whilst they do worry about eating healthily, "hunger and deadline stress usually overcome any resistance to put grease, fat or bits of animal in my mouth."

And it seems this student is not alone. Only 29 per cent of students questioned manage to eat the recommended five portions of fruit and vegetables every day, and 31 per cent eat two portions or less. One student confessed to eating none at all.

But these figures are actually better than the national average. In 2001, the National Diet and Nutrition Survey for the Office of National Statistics found that zero per cent of young men

(aged 19 to 24) consumed the recommended five portions of fruit and vegetables each day, with only four per cent of women of the same age doing so.

But whilst the average Cambridge student might be lacking in fruit and vegetables, it is perhaps surprising that they aren't compensating for these in predictable areas.

Just 23 per cent eat crisps or biscuits every day, 26 per cent consuming chocolate or sweets 'often'. And despite impassioned efforts to save Gardies last year, 66 per cent of students surveyed said they eat fast food less than once per week, and just eleven per cent drink fizzy drinks more than once a day.

Anna Denny, a Nutrition Scientist at the British Nutrition Foundation said that it is ok to include some of these types of food in the diet, but that not only is a healthy and varied diet needed to help to enhance our general well being, but also: "Research has shown that eating (a healthy) breakfast improves problem solving abilities, memory, concentration levels, visual perception and creative thinking," which are all pretty valuable to the average student.

But this should not be too dif-



icult to achieve, even on a student budget. Anna said: "All types of fresh, frozen, canned and dried fruits and vegetables count towards the five portions a day." And the

Food Standards agency has lots of tips to help students eat cheaply and healthily on their website ([www.eatwell.gov.uk](http://www.eatwell.gov.uk)).

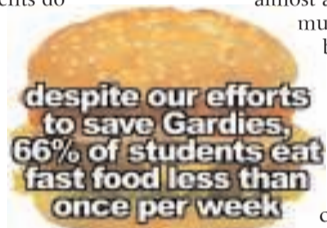
They suggest that students use the local market, which is often cheaper than the supermarket, as much as possible and shop seasonally. "It stands to reason that in the middle of winter you'll pay more for summer produce flown in from a distant corner of the world, so you'll find it cheaper to buy fruit and veg when it's in season in the UK."

But whilst the average student should be able to sort out their diet and start getting all the nutrients they need, for college food things may be more tricky. One student said: "I think people whinge too much, it's impossible to cater to everyone's tastes. If the food were healthier people would complain that it was too boring."

So next time you're planning to campaign for healthy halls, consider that it might be the demands of some of your fellow students that need to change before college food can.



Varsity poll of students' favourite junk food



## Krystyna Larkham uncovers the mystery of the KFC

**A** simple quiz: KFC stands for a) Kentucky Fried Chicken, b) Kitchen Fixed Charge, or c) an excuse to con impoverished students out of even more money, to feed the already overstuffed bellies of College Fellows?

For those of you who picked b), congratulations. The KFC is a 'flat rate tax', slipped into the midst of the termly college bill, or disguised as a compulsory 'meal ticket' system. But ten per cent of students questioned in a *Varsity* survey believed that their termly charges, as high as £236 per term in some colleges, actually funded "fellows' wine and port".

A new Downing College JCR report on KFC sheds some light on the real reasons behind the charges however, quoting them as being "designed to cover the cost of staff, buildings, utilities, insurance and infrastructure which underpins the catering provisions around college."

In colleges where KFC is charged as a flat rate, it is designed to act as an 'incentive scheme' so that the more meals eaten in college, the more value for money students get, the greater the profit for the kitchens, and therefore the lower future KFC will be.

Yet, according to the

Downing College report, "it simply doesn't work. We have already demonstrated last year that despite a 25% increase in sales, the catering department made only a 1% increase in profit, and so were unable to give any KFC reduction."

With the average KFC being over £100 per term, is it really fair to demand that today's student pay for the services of a cook and waiter, when 45% would prefer to cook for themselves instead?

Tony Smith, Head Chef of Caius said: "Lots of students complain about the cost. In the past I've given some students the money they would pay for a meal and told them to go to Sainsbury's and buy food to cook themselves a three course meal. They struggle."

But when convenience and personal choice are also considered, the cost of eating in some halls drastically rises. Colleges such as Caius and Peterhouse, where a certain number of meals must be eaten per term, also have college accommodation far outside the college Domus. For those far away from college who have already paid to eat, missing meal times due to work and extracurricular activities can all add up to £200 a term. One Caius student, for whom the

journey to and from Hall itself can take up to 40 minutes said 'Caius must surely be the worst food, most dreadful system, and most expensive (£5.25 per evening meal) in the university. (I) would have seriously considered applying to another college if I had known how awful it was, it's the bane of my life'.

Forty-five per cent of students questioned said that given the option, they would prefer to live in a self catering college, and Oxford, Cambridge and Durham are almost alone in the UK in churning out graduates with virtually no cooking skills at all, thanks to their extensive catering services.

But for colleges to scrap their costly catering provisions is unthinkable. The catering infrastructure that KFC supports in term time enables colleges to host conferences in the vacations, without which many colleges would simply not be able to survive. It is the profits from these conferences which allow us to live relatively cheaply in listed buildings, with in some cases hotel style resources.

So whilst KFC may be the charge we all love to hate, without it we might not be able to afford to eat anyway. **KL**



“CAIUS MUST SURELY BE THE MOST DREADFUL SYSTEM”

## Francis Letschka tries DIY food

**I**n most College Halls one can buy a three-course meal for about five pounds, but is it easier and cheaper to do this in the luxury of your own gyp room? And does choosing the ingredients yourself mean you can plan, cook and eat a healthier meal?

I braved Sainsbury's with a provisional list that was constantly ripped up and rewritten. As someone used to *Tasting the Difference*, perusing the value aisles of our favourite supermarket was a useful lesson in just how cheaply you can shop, if you have time.

But there was the crux; time. It took hours to buy all the ingredients I needed and stay on budget. The time that it took to plan and re-plan as I discovered that honey was really expensive and that somebody had bought all the cheapest chocolate, was just unrealistic for an over-burdened Cambridge student.

However, emerging from Sainsbury's triumphant, I had all my ingredients for the princely sum of only £4.91.

Now for the fun. My starter was a simple staple of Italian menus: 'Bruschetta al pomodoro'. Simply de-end a baguette (£0.25) and slice in half lengthways. Grill until golden brown, place on a plate and drizzle with olive oil. Then

halve a clove of garlic (£0.24) and rub the cut ends over the bread until nice and garlicky. Slice your tomatoes (£0.26) and place on top. Finish with a basil garnish (£0.64) and a drizzle of oil.

Main course: 'Caramelised Onion and Parsely Frittata'. Slice your onions (£0.12) into rings and place in a frying pan with some oil on a highish heat until nicely caramelised. Meanwhile beat together five eggs (£0.54) add your onions, parsely (£0.64), ersatz parmesan (£0.99) and season. Transfer to your frying pan and cook on your lowest setting until the bottom is set. Then transfer to a preheated grill until cooked.

Finally, the pudding, 'Peasant girl in the Vales'. Simply poach two apples (£0.52) in water until nicely tender, then slice and layer with broken chocolate (£0.42), cream (£0.29) and some breadcrumbs (reserved from the baguette) fried in butter with brown sugar. Bake in an oven on a medium heat for 15-20 mins.

So it is possible to assemble a nutritious and delicious three-course meal for under a fiver. But considering that a similar meal in Hall also saves a vast amount of time, it's not as obvious a choice as one might think. **FL**



Caroline: jacket-county drama wardrobe, belt, skirt, leggings, spats.  
 Bill: tails-county drama wardrobe, tshirt-gap, trousers-topshop.  
 Anton: trousers, braces-county drama wardrobe, tshirt-Gap, scarf-Market,  
 styling+image by Lucy Minyo+Aisha Speirs.

## Mirror, Mirror



### 03. The perfect walk

Anyone at the back still tripping around in a flower-power haze of ballet pumps and layers, take a long hard look at Kate and Sienna, and see me after class. The sun's gone and summer's fashion idols have fallen. This winter is about hard edges, curves and sex. And to be a woman – a real woman, none of this nymphing about – you need a pair of boots (2-inch heel minimum) and a femme fatale strut. If you've been trudging around in Converse and leggings, fancying yourself as something of a Karen-O-ish pixie child, it's not too late to fake some glamour. Mirror Mirror presents 5 easy tips to sashay down the streets in stilettos like a quasi-empowered fashionista in an HBO drama.

#### Step One: Trim those calves.

Prepare yourself by toning your calves (walking on tiptoe around the house, perhaps while doing the washing up) and stretching out the arches of your feet.

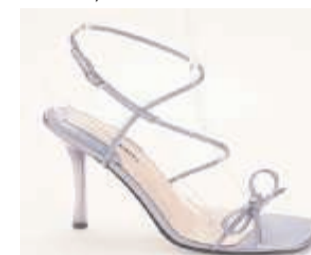
**Step Two: Talc the toes** If you have new shoes, dust your feet with talcum powder before you put them on. I said before. Now you look like a clumsy coke fiend. If you have old shoes, throw them away, they're ugly, and buy some new ones.

#### Step Three: Stand up tall

Posture. This doesn't work if you slouch. Stand against a wall with your head, back and the palms of your hands against its surface. Now step forward in the same position. Hold it. If you can't do this you should definitely ask your finishing school for a refund.

#### Step Four: Careful first steps

Now you're ready to walk. Keep your balance centred and imagine your weight settled around your hips. Keep a smooth even stride starting from your hips. Heel down first, but only a fraction of a second first. If you walk with your feet down flat your weight will be too far forward and you'll look like a mathematician (no offence.)



#### Step Five: Keep it simple

Take only short steps – imagine your feet are actually fettered together. No running either: it can wait. Anything further than 100 metres warrants a taxi.

#### Step Six: Give in and cheat

When you feel you're at breaking point, pop some Scholl 'Party Feet' (squidgy gel pads, available at £4.99 from Boots, Topshop and partyfeet.com) into your shoes where the ball of your foot will be. Now back on that dance-floor and no excuses. The guy with the peachy-soft skin is totally staring at you and your new-found vixenish aura.

Jess Holland

## at the bar



### The Margarita

#### ■ The History

There are countless tales as to who invented the Margarita, where, when and how it got its name. Some say it was invented in 1938 for Marjorie King, who apparently couldn't drink any liquor except tequila without getting sick (strange... tequila doesn't seem to hold the same anti-vomiting properties for anyone else); or maybe it was invented for Rita Hayworth (whose real name was Margarita) or, most plausibly, it was invented by Margaret Sames for a party at her home in Acapulco. In any case, it's still unquestionably stylish, tangy and great on summer nights, as well as dead easy to make and actually pretty cheap.

#### ■ Ingredients

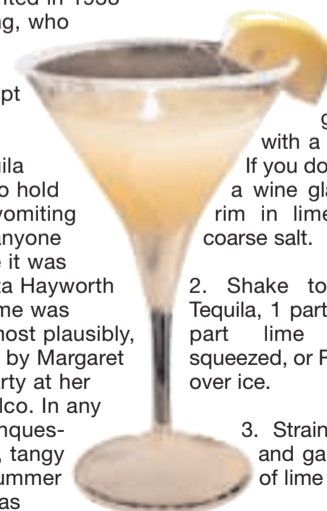
Golden Tequila  
 Cointreau  
 Lime Juice  
 Ice  
 Coarse Sea Salt

#### ■ Method

1. Take a Martini glass (stemmed, with a triangular vessel. If you don't have one, use a wine glass) and dip the rim in lime juice, then in coarse salt.

2. Shake together 2 parts Tequila, 1 part Cointreau and 1 part lime juice (freshly squeezed, or Roses Lime Juice) over ice.

3. Strain into the glass, and garnish with a slice of lime over the rim.



Rosalind Earis



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Achieving more together





At formal a friend of mine made the preposterous claim that the region of his Californian Merlot was better than mine. I obviously need to put the poor chap right. Have you tried searching the web?

Of course, but I'm afraid the results Google gives me are hardly satisfactory, all they seem to want to do is sell me something. I need to put him in his place with authority.

It sounds like you need to access the "deep web".

Whilst I agree wine tasting can often induce a certain frisson of the emotions I'm not sure it is a particularly deep experience.

I don't think you understand me. When you search the web with Google you are searching an index of about 8 billion pages. Quite impressive I'm sure you'll agree but as it happens not at all comprehensive. There are, in fact, estimated to be over 15000 times more pages on the web, of which only one in five hundred could be accessed by a conventional search engine.

**So where are all those other pages hiding?**

The pages that can't be accessed by a conventional search engine are often 'hidden' in online databases. These files aren't really hiding, the problem is that they only really exist when you search the database for them. They are made on the fly for you to look at. They are called the deep web because you can only access them directly, they do not form part of the surface web searched by search engines like Google.

**But if the omnipotent Google can't get to them how am I going to?**

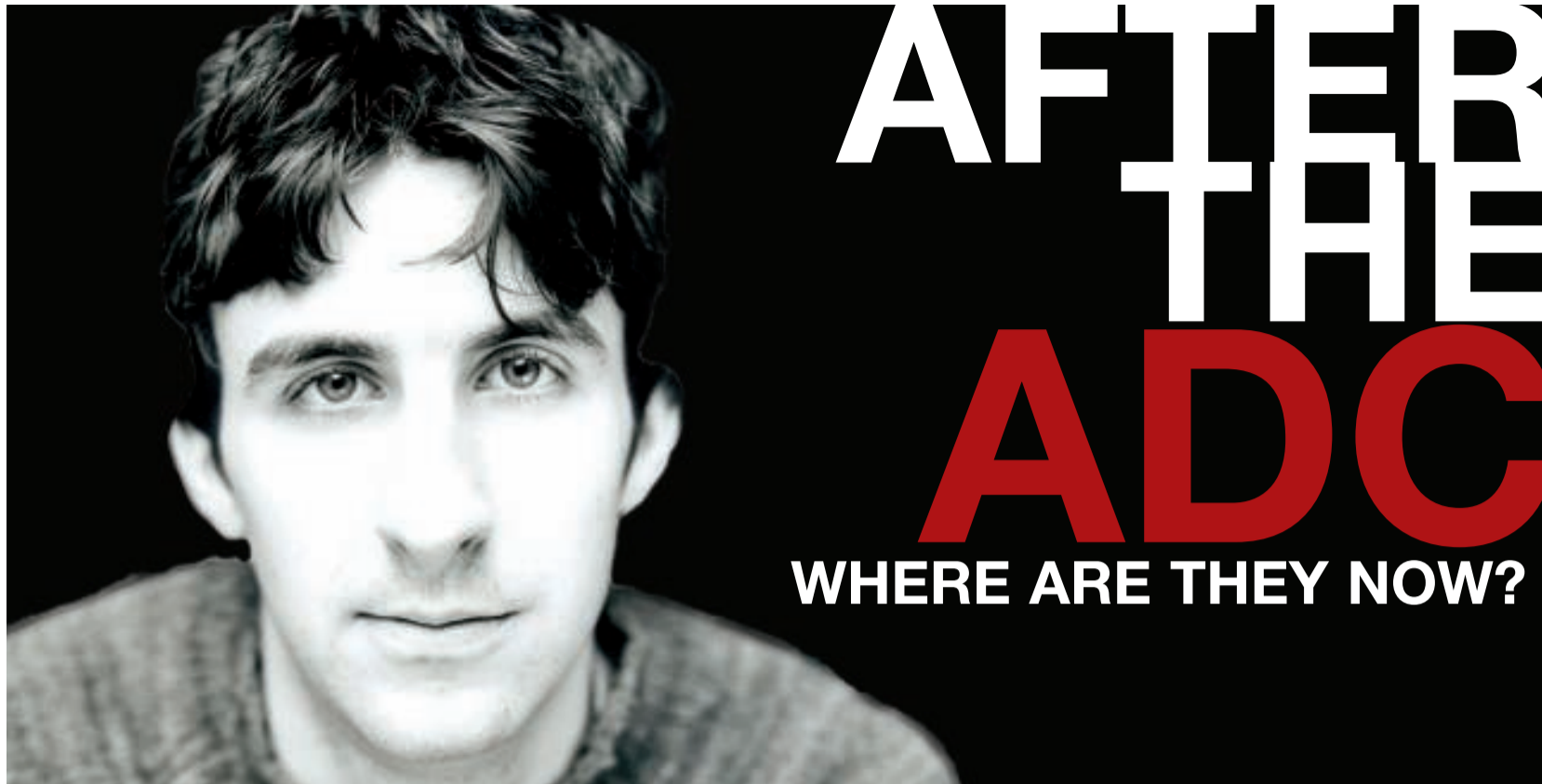
Strangely enough you use Google. The trick is to search for a database that may contain the information you are after. In this case you could try a search for 'wine database', which gives you a long list of potential sites. You then pick one that you think looks like it should contain the right information and that could be trusted. Go to the "wine database" website and enter your search, for instance "Californian Merlot", which should bring up links to relevant, good quality documents.

**I'm guessing that this deep web can be used for slightly more academic purposes.**

It certainly can. In fact academic databases make up a large proportion of the deep web and are amongst the most reliable resources to be found on the web. Another way to access academic content is to use Google Scholar, a search that only returns results from online journals.



<http://scholar.google.com>  
**Doug McMahon**



Since storming Edinburgh with a 24-hour gig in 2004, he hasn't had a moment's rest. EMILY STOKES meets Perrier nominee MARK WATSON on his day off

With three minutes to go until the finale of Mark Watson's *2005 Years in 2005 Minutes* show in Edinburgh, the room in the Pleasance Dome has filled to bursting point. Anyone who has not seen the previous thirty-three hours of the show would be completely baffled if they were to enter now; the audience constitutes a mini community (with appointed balladeer, court artist, time-keeper etc) and is well armed with in-jokes and empty pizza boxes accumulated over time.

Mark Watson, awake now for two days and a night, is looking – unsurprisingly – very tired and even more wiry-thin than usual, hovering somewhere just off stage, rubbing his eyes. Six people are doing handstands for one minute (or one year in gig-terms) at the front of the room to celebrate the Upside Down Year (2002) and Emily Howes (Mark's fiancée, actor and fellow ex-Footlight) is sitting on a makeshift throne playing Queen Elizabeth II. For over thirty-three hours, people have been filtering in and out of this room in which Mark Watson has not slept.

Other comedians and friends have come to join him on stage, to offer support and entertainment, to play Trivial Pursuit, to arm-wrestle and – occasionally – to chuck out a drunken and rowdy audience member who has wandered in without any clear idea of what's going on. A (slightly bewildered) Timothy West has made a guest appearance having been summoned by an audience petition, causing euphoria lasting for several hours. Certain audience members have even been involved in a terrifyingly well-executed plot to hijack Mark's enemy's comedy show by coughing and talking on their mobiles (which Mark now feels just a little guilty about, although he'll get over it).

After the final countdown at midnight, with all its cheering, champagne and balloons (which Mark ineffectually urges must not be popped; he

is terrified of loud bangs), the audience – several of whom have also been awake for thirty-three hours – troops out to celebrate his success in the bar below, while Mark himself disappears to go to bed.

I can't help feeling that I know Mark Watson better than I do (and certainly better than he knows me) when I meet him in a café in Tottenham Court Road. I have seen him on stage for eighteen hours (of a 24 hour gig) in 2004, seventeen hours (of a 33 hour gig) in 2005 and once caught him – just a little drunk – at a party. I know peculiarly personal things about him from his onstage ranting: his fear of lightning, his hatred of poor punctuation in text messages, and his fury about the mini iPod ("because a normal iPod isn't that heavy"). I have even witnessed his proposal to Emily Howes in the very grand finale of his 2004 *Over-ambitious 24-Hour Show*.

And so I am at first a little surprised by his apparent shyness when meeting face-to-face. As he drinks his coffee, he talks quietly and articulately, so quickly that you get the impression that he cannot keep up with his own thoughts, all the while staring rather absurdly at the tape recorder as if it were a person. He is also sporting his English accent today, although many audience members know him as a Welsh comedian from his shorter gigs. He picked up the accent, he says, for a show at the ADC after listening to the Super Furry Animals in an interview and finding that "normal things would sound very odd in their voices."

He admits that "starting out, the Welsh accent was a gimmick, otherwise I was just another Oxbridge educated white boy without any differentiating features," but now it is a little more than that: "I basically wanted something that wasn't my real voice – I felt less self-conscious."

Today he is like the calm, scholarly, English cousin of his Welsh, manic and hilari-

ously irrational onstage self. He talks about his English degree (with well-remembered references to the Part II Chaucer paper), his mother's "archive" of press cuttings and the plans for his wedding to Emily which will take place at Queens' college chapel in February.

He says he hates telling people that he is a stand-up; "they'll ask me to tell a joke, or at least want to see if I'm funny in conversation."

He makes no conscious attempt to 'be funny' in interview; in fact he is disarmingly sincere and honest. But, despite his apparent earnest tone, I'm not quite sure just how seriously I am supposed to take his claim that his "massively competitive" nature is his main motivation; he tells me at great length about two of his rivals (males, studying English like him) at Cambridge, and speculates that "it's only having a certain degree of success that's stopped me from having – er – feelings of inferiority".

He claims, with calm conviction, that he only wrote *Bullet Points* (his first novel, published two years after leaving Cambridge in 2004) because "I said to everyone that I was going away to do some writing, and I didn't want to be the sort of person who would make a claim like that and then come back having clearly just pissed about for a few months."

Mark (perhaps, I wonder, expecting a post-essay supervision-style critique) found the excellent reviews "vaguely patronising": he felt his critics went easy on it because of his age. All of the reviews started with 'For-a-first-novel-comma-dot-dot-dot.'

Now aged 25, Mark has just finished the first draft of his second book "about the look-alike industry" – although he complains that by the time discussions with his publisher have been resolved "it might be about a haberdashery".

It is rather refreshing to talk to someone young and wildly

successful who admits both their "massive ambition" and their hard toil. He explains that Edinburgh is the climax of his business year, and needs a huge amount of preparation. "It's a bit like Christmas, although not necessarily in terms of fun." He admits the pressure of needing a nomination for Best Newcomer: "If I hadn't, I would have felt that I had failed in some way."

When I ask him where he'd like to be in twenty years time, he ponders on it for a moment, and then states frankly: "I'd like to be someone like Stephen Fry or Ben Elton". I raise my eyebrows involuntarily, and he modifies his answer: "Well, not necessarily like Ben Elton."

Watson is certainly an all-rounder in the way that Stephen Fry is (he has written two books, is working on a screenplay, writing a sitcom for the BBC and comedy for Radio 4, and does regular gigs all over Britain), and, like Fry, has his very own sort of charisma and charm. I can imagine him appearing on *Just a Minute* in a few years' time.

But I almost hope that this doesn't happen for a while, and that he continues striving to attract attention with increasingly wild gestures. He talks about the "trade fair" that, for him, Edinburgh has become, and I realise that it is only shows as breathtakingly daring and wonderfully over-ambitious as his that are able to transcend this and become what Mark calls "a Fringe within the Fringe".

After the success of this year's show, it is clear that Mark Watson, with (or perhaps despite) his Cambridge degree and indisputable niceness, has achieved the sort of cult-status that is reserved for the truly odd-ball.

Even if he is a little anxious about next year's show at Edinburgh (can he stay awake for any longer than 2005 minutes? And is staying awake for any less time 'elling out?'), Mark Watson is certainly not going to rest for a moment.

“WITHOUT PUTTING ON THE WELSH ACCENT, I WAS JUST ANOTHER OXBRIDGE EDUCATED WHITE BOY”

# Varsity catches up with some of Cambridge's BRIGHTEST DRAMATIC HOPES of recent years



**Noel Fielding, Julian Barratt and Michael Fielding** starred in *The Mighty Boosh*, a BBC sitcom in 2004. The show first made a Perrier-winning splash on stage at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. The TV series was adapted from a six-part radio series, titled *The Boosh*, aired nationally by BBC Radio 4.

The very handsome **Christian Coulson** has made it into movies. He played Tom Riddle in *Harry Potter*, 2002. He has also made numerous television appearances, including playing Young Hammond in *Hornblower* in 2002, Jolly in the *Forsyte Saga* and Ralph in *The Hours* in 2001.

The Cowards (**Tim Key, Tom Basden, Stefan Golaszewski and Lloyd Thomas**) live together in a flat in North London and are a brand new four-man sketch show who stormed Edinburgh this summer. "Snappily presented, well written, well acted, and subtly funny"

**Dan Stevens** has been called 'the next Ralph Fiennes'. He landed the coveted lead role of Nick Guest in the BBC adaptation of Alan Hollinghurst's *The Line of Beauty*. He also played Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing* and Orlando in *As You Like It* at the Theatre Royal, Bath. He was nominated for the Ian Chaleson Award in 2004.

Now aged 29, queen of the costume-drama, **Justine Waddell**, played Estella in the BBC's *Great Expectations* (1997), Tess in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1998) and Julia in *Mansfield Park* (1999). On stage, Waddell has starred in the Almeida Theatre's acclaimed production of *Ivanov*, opposite Ralph Fiennes.

**Alex Horne** was nominated for Perrier Comedy Awards in 2003 and a Chortle Award Winner for 'Breakthrough Act' in 2004. In his *When In Rome*, he used an overhead projector and a 'Choose Your Own Adventure' computer programme to teach Latin, the 'final taboo of comedy'.

**Eddie Redmayne** graduated in 2003 and hit Hollywood. He has just completed shooting the film *Like Minds, Elizabeth I* for Company Pictures and is currently shooting *The Good Shepherd* with Robert De Niro. The winner of Best Newcomer at *Evening Standard Awards* also played Billy in the controversial play *The Goat* (2004), directed by Anthony Page.

**Tim Key** is one of the busiest comedy figures in town. His original radio series *Luke Wright's Nights* - based on last year's acclaimed Edinburgh show Luke and Stella - is due to broadcast on Radio 4 in 2006. Twice nominated for a Perrier, Tim has been touring with sketch group The Cowards.

**Garth Marengi's** series *Garth Marengi's Darkplace* is a spoof of a cheesy 1970s horror show set in Darkplace Hospital, featuring Richard Ayoade, Matthew Holness and Alice Lowe, all Cambridge graduates. Garth Marengi's Netherhead won the 2001 Perrier Award at the Edinburgh Fringe.

**Tom Hiddleston**, an expert in sword fighting, is busy with film work. He left Cambridge in 2002. He trained at RADA and has made appearances including *The Gathering Storm* - starring Vanessa Redgrave and Jim Broadbent - directed by Richard Loncraine, and in *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*.

The sassy **Hattie Morahan's** first professional role was as the lead Una in *Peacock Spring* (BBC), directed by Christopher Morahan. At the National Student Drama Festival 1999, Hattie was awarded the 'most outstanding performance' prize for her role as Catherine in *View from the Bridge*.

The beautiful **Rebecca Hall** recently played Rosalind in *As You Like It*, directed by her father, Sir Peter Hall. She also received critical acclaim for *Mrs Warren's Profession*, 2002 and *Galileo's Daughter* in 2004. She has made television appearances in *Don't Leave Me This Way* (BBC) and *The Camomile Lawn* (Channel 4).

## The Next Wave?

### Sarah Soleman

**Looking ahead:** Lead roles in two West End productions. Played the young Mrs Robinson in *The Graduate* and the lead in *Mrs Brown*. Role as 'Aysha' in Royal National Theatre production of *Sanctuary*. On TV was guest lead as 'Gillian Jennings' in BBC's *Red Cap*. Just finished filming *Mrs Henderson Presents* with Judi Dench, Bob Hoskins and Will Young.

**While at Cambridge:** Regular writer and performer for Footlights.

### Nick Mohammed

**Looking Ahead:** Writer for the late-night BBC radio 1 comedy 'The Milk Run'. Signed by PFD as a comedy writer-performer.

**While at Cambridge:** *Diagnosis*, *Great Expectations*, *Back in Town Again*, *Progress*, *Under the Blue Blue Moon*

### Samuel Yates

**Looking Ahead:** Currently performing with *The History Boys* at the National Theatre.

**While at Cambridge:** Director of *Macbeth: the hour* and *The Tempest*. *Twelfth Night* and *West Side Story* at the Arts theatre. *Ivan the Wanderer* in *The Master and Margarita*.

### Tara Hacking

**Looking Ahead:** Just finished filming *V for Vendetta* with Natalie Portman. Signed by PFD.

**While at Cambridge:** *Rosalind in As You Like It* with CAST, *Isabella in Measure for Measure* at the Arts theatre.



## The True Vine

The Vine Bar - Restaurant Review by Anthony Marlowe and Joe Schutzer-Weissmann

Why are wine bars often chosen for first dates? Because they are boring and safe; because they are bland, well-lit fish-bowls. Gone is the smoky intimacy of pubs, their resolute function and that smell of a thousand spilt pints. Instead are stripped pine floors, odious art (check out the Cow for some extraordinary examples), high ceilings and higher prices.

Their clientele often reflects this unhappy hybrid. We are reminded of those Jameson ads where sharp-shirted young professionals crack smiles and "let the conversation flow" about "married or single," "the book or the novel," "town or country" and similar clichéd claptrap. Cambridge suffers the same uneasy ambiguity; too refined for the rude ribaldry around us, but embarrassed by brains, how many shun intelligence and enthusiasm to wind up in All Bar One chatting about their favourite children's TV or showing off double-jointed thumbs. It is in this same contradictory pose, this pretence of the hiply humdrum, the ordinarily extraordinary, the careful carelessness and the homely highlife that wine bars offend.

The Vine Bar is no such wine bar. This came as a surprise to your jaded tasters; believe us when we say that if we had remembered our hats we would first have taken them off to the place, and then eaten them. It clearly falls into the wine bar breed but outruns its brethren

by happily marrying the pedigrees of its parents; the pub and the restaurant. So, the seats are actually comfortable. The music, although cheesy drum and bass, was quiet enough for Anthony to suffer Joe's post-Warner whining. Decoration: large scale photographs of gothic doorways are fine by us. The atmosphere was generally genial with a good mix of families, groups of young friends and older couples (not a first date to be seen) that gave it

plenty of trimmings (including some serious cauliflower-cheese) we will happily pay more. Appropriately enough it was in the menu that we found the restaurant lurking beneath the bar. The courses are fairly standard, with an emphasis on hearty autumnal meals. But there are twists to the tried and tested, for instance the deli option of tapas based starters - Anthony recommends the prawns. As in a real restaurant, the courses change with the seasons, and the wines with the courses. At present they offer a good list, with an unusual number of unusually drinkable Sicilian wines which will give way to the more powerful clarets and Shirazs as the days darken.

Talking to the staff, we were not in the least surprised to find that The Vine is independently owned and run. However, the owners did surprise us by confessing to past sins in the All Bar One chain. The Vine, we feel, is atonement enough.

### In a Nutshell

**Open:** Mon-Fri 12-3 5-10pm  
Sat-Sun 12-9pm

**Contact:** 01223 367888

**Food highlight:** Deli starters and a serious Sunday Roast

**Wine highlight:** Try the Sicilians. Also a decent Chilean Merlot.

### Ratings

Food 7/10

Value 7/10

Atmosphere 8/10

“

IT HAS MORE SOUL THAN THE 'SLUT AND LEGLESS'

”

a relaxed and friendly Sunday lunch feel. This can also in part be attributed to the staff, who were friendly but not fawning and to the layout of the seating which provides a useful diversity of spaces (there speaks our architect). Basically, it has more soul than The Slut and Legless or similar institutions (and there our theologian).

The food? The food impressed. We went for a Sunday lunch and found it a cut above a pub roast. It was also more expensive, but for good beef, pleasing vegetables and

## buyer's guide: hangover cures

Recall the traditional pub crawl, the traditional room party afterwards and the inevitable monster hangover that makes you wish you had never been born. Freshers' Week may be long gone but for those obstinate ones, here is a short list of tired-and-tested cures to survive that morning after.



### Prevention

We all know the old adage. Hangovers are caused by dehydration, which causes the brain to shrink, stretching the pain sensitive filaments connecting the outside membranes to the inside of the skull, giving you that killer headache. Avoid one by drinking lots of water before you go to bed. If you think that you will be too drunk to remember, place a large glass by your bed before you go out.



### Detox

Drink juices and sports drinks, which quickly replace lost salts and sugars. Then have a shower and go outside: walking helps to increase oxygen flow; increasing your metabolic rate and helping your body break down alcohol.



### The fry-up

The Full English breakfast must be the all-time classic. Is it because it drowns any remaining alcohol in fat? My humble opinion is that it increases metabolism, activates alcohol absorption, and increases the speed with which the body processes alcohol. Whatever, it tastes good.

### WARNING!

Simply do not attempt Hair of the Dog. It will only postpone the inevitable.



### Last Resort

My friend Catherine swears by burnt toast. At any rate, the taste will take your mind off the pain.



### Pop Them

Prevention and more stomach-satisfying methods having presumably failed, the next-best (and most scientifically-proven) cure is to go back to bed with a Nurofen, a cold compress and a BIG glass of water. Studies have shown that hangovers are often caused by a lack of B vitamins, so vitamin tablets should help. Alternatively, eat a piece of toast with Marmite, an excellent source of B vitamins.



### Beat the sickness

Eat a couple of ginger biscuits, or drink lemon and ginger tea. Bananas are a natural antacid, which helps nausea. They are also high in magnesium, which helps relax blood vessels causing that headache.

# TOO CLEVER BY HALF

What does it actually mean to be intellectual? **BETH ALEXANDER** wades through wordy pretension



CHARLOTTE BEVAN

“The good of a book lies in its being read...without an eye to read them, a book contains signs that produce no concepts; therefore it is dumb.” Telling indeed. So says the enigmatic William in Umberto Eco’s ‘The Name of the Rose.’ For Eco’s astute protagonist, no matter how dense the book case and how thick the reading glasses, clever facades do not render an unread book any less dumb.

In the extraordinarily bookish and scholarly environment in which we are cocooned here in Cambridge, everyone, it seems, wants to appear an ‘intellectual’.

Oxbridge relishes snobby intellectualism, a little risky considering that after a time we may even start to believe in the myths we ourselves perpetuate.

A fondness for words such as ‘mentality’, ‘sensibility’, ‘mind-set’, ‘standpoint’, ‘bias’, ‘prejudice’, and ‘ideology’, indicate intellectual inclinations, according to the latest book released by professed ‘trainee public intellectual’, Steve Fuller. Plainly speaking, pretentious phrases like ‘Gender domination will be subverted by placing the male female distinction under erasure’ - jargon common to SPS lecture halls and an example given in Fuller’s book - make absolutely no sense at all.

Just when we need it, Fuller’s book, *The Intellectual*

presents an Intellectuals-for-Dummies-style guide to understanding this most confounding of cerebral species.

Thankfully, with Fuller’s shrewd insights, one need never confuse the pseudo-intellectual with the genuine article ever again.



OXBRIDGE RELISHES SNOBBY INTELLECTUALISM. AFTER A WHILE WE MAY EVEN START TO BELIEVE IN THE MYTHS WE PERPETUATE



The professor of sociology at Warwick University presents a whole hierarchy of intellectuals, not to be confused with The Academic - who occupies a whole category, all of his own - whereby esteem is rated according to independence of thought and by integrity of intent to study.

Don’t underestimate the intentions of those conspiring and fraudulent intellectuals concealing a sinister agenda between the ruffled pages of

their notebooks. Reading Fuller’s analysis would make you wary of anyone reading so much as the words on a bus timetable.

Intellectuals are by no means a homogenous group. In fact, they represent a multifarious bunch and Fuller helps to distinguish the educated and the erudite from the pragmatically prosaic rogues.

Constituency-based intellectuals must never be mistaken for those of the client-driven mould and similarly it would be bad etiquette to mix up your ‘weathervane’ from your ‘echo chamber’ intellectual when preparing the biography of a guest speaker. If you’re as baffled as me, clearly we’re not yet sufficiently intellectual to grasp these important distinctions.

Anyway, I got the impression that Fuller doesn’t like journalists and freelance writers, whom he accuses - together with a whole horde of intellectual imposters - of exploiting the hard-working, genuine academics and experts.

In fact, he is convinced there are hordes out there, all attempting to hijack his exclusive realm of scholarly study. “Why do so many people enter academia to do research that few will bother to take seriously?” he queries rather impertinently.

It’s difficult to know how to impress someone as sound of mind as Fuller. He claims to have based his method of argu-

mentation on the style of Machiavelli; the 16th century Italian intellectual who accidentally cultivated a sordid reputation as Satan himself.

Yet such uncivil epithets did not prevent Niccolo Machiavelli from exacting hefty demands from his idealized Prince.

“In all his doings a prince should endeavour to win the reputation of being a great man of outstanding ability,” he wrote in his famous treatise.

In order to do so credibly, aspirant intellectuals may wish to follow Fuller’s handy hints. You’ll have to read these for yourself of course - just don’t ask for your money back if they fail to work.

But failing the intellectual inquest shouldn’t entail too much heartache. Occupying such a lofty plateau sounds painfully solitary. Being a true intellectual is “a state of exile”, Fuller claims. Maybe he’s just trying to discourage us. Too many intellectuals on one planet may not be good for the environment.

The intellectual, he claims, is an “eternal irritant”, who would want to be one?

Keep your head in the books and, who knows, you may just become (to borrow Fuller’s phrase) “the grit in the oyster out of which humanity will hopefully emerge as a pearl.”

***The Intellectual* is published by Ikon and priced at £10.**

What makes a classic book? >> - p 24

**Lane Clark & Peacock**

Actuaries & Consultants

**LANE CLARK & PEACOCK LLP**  
 Wednesday 19th October 2005  
 Sycamore Suite, Crowne Plaza Cambridge  
 Downing Street, Cambridge - 7.00pm



ACTUARIAL CONSULTANCY OF THE YEAR

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Our presentation will be informal and students will be able to meet several actuarial trainees to experience at first hand why LCP has the reputation of being an exceptionally friendly and professional firm. You will also learn about the work, the extensive internal training programme and what it is like to study for actuarial exams.

We look forward to meeting you.







# A Place of Greater Safety

The case for stronger University action

Tom Williams

Fresh-faced, beaming with the sort of meagre summer tan that only a person of Celtic descent could be proud of, I hurried excitedly into my new accommodation. Racing inside the room, I skidded on the threadbare, reassuringly stained carpet and came to a halt by my window, ready to yelp "Born Free" in my most abrasive octave. At that point I peered outside, paused, and my grin turned to the puzzled frown of a dog shown a card trick. There was my fence, there was my brick wall, and the two were elegantly separated by a public footpath, along which a gang of moody teenagers plodded, tilting their heads menacingly at my presence.

I questioned their hostility. My first instinct was to check I hadn't revealed any unappetizing body flesh. Reassuringly, my wavering dignity was in no danger. I then realised the danger lay somewhere else: in my room, and more specifically, my possessions. Suddenly the soundtrack was not so much "Born Free" as "Take It All For Free". I bolted my old window as best I could and, in the mid-afternoon sunlight, thrust together my curtains.

Safety is, at least we are told, a central issue for all students, not least those who happen to live outside college in the environment of (cue Cambridge gasps) the "locals". Current customs place the onus very



Suddenly the soundtrack was not so much "Born Free" as "Take It All For Free"

much on the students themselves to look after their own; if you have your bike stolen, marked or not, the suitable reaction is to shrug your shoulders, hide the news from your parents and somehow attain a new one. Such responsibility inevitably brings problems, and no doubt contributes to the thirty per cent of students who are the victims of crime.

The vast majority of undergraduates, from

whatever educational background, have thus far led a sheltered life, cushioned in the parental home and happily ignorant of the safety concerns of the rulers of the house. Living independently in a public place is a different matter entirely, but many students fail to recognise this change: they rarely feel the urge to lock their rooms, the most likely incentive being to avoid an early

wake-up call from the bedder.

Such habits should be altered - indeed one of the most valuable lessons of university is learning how to look after oneself - but the likelihood is they won't. Colleges do a grand job of giving enough warning to students on the importance of personal safety, be it through notices or countless Freshers' Week lectures, but the message is not

reaching the intended recipients.

If we students can be blamed for not taking the issue seriously enough it is also the case that the University ought to take measures to improve its (already respectable, I must stress) safety policies. This would entail more thorough check-ups on the rooms themselves before the students return for term, and taking action to improve

the situation where, previously, words of warning would have proven useless. If a room's structure and location is such that an insurance company wouldn't touch it, a student should not be housed there and simply told to keep an eye out. There is a mutual responsibility for the University to look after the students' welfare and the students to look after the University's property. A mere finger-wagging to the average student, and the grumpy presence of ex-servicemen in alternative uniforms, is, as has become evident, not enough.

Perhaps I'm being over-cautious and reacting to a problem which, I will admit, in much of the University accommodation doesn't exist. This century is fast proving to be the Age of Paranoia, especially in a country where the typical greeting to a stranger nowadays is a glance of fear and mistrust. To any Fresher reading this, there is no need to inhabit complete darkness, crouched and shivering in the corner of your room mumbling about the villains out to get you; but don't ignore the fact that for you, as for Spiderman, new freedom brings with it new responsibility. So stay safe kids; and in the mean time, if you need me, I'll be chillin' in my panic room.

A RESPONSE TO "NO MORE BLACKING UP"



ADC PRESIDENT  
BENJAMIN DEERY

As the largest and oldest dramatic society in Cambridge, the ADC is seen to occupy a position of particular responsibility within the cultural framework of the student population. This is a responsibility that the society accepts with open arms, and we understand that, we will often find ourselves under fire from those who are dissatisfied with perceived imbalances in the society's cultural makeup. Last week, Emma Paterson quoted me in a *Varsity* article, arguing that my comments to her about the University's theatre societies being 'receptive...to those who would effect' a shift towards a higher degree of cultural diversity constituted indifference on my part.

Whilst I will agree with Emma that there is imbalance, I cannot agree that it is met with indifference. Obviously, the disproportionate number of black students to white students in the University overall is an Access issue, but that doesn't mean that we can pass the buck, and we are still keen to address the issue. We are acutely aware of the fact that there is far too little a degree of ethnic diversity in Cambridge Theatre, and we are constantly looking for ways to solve this problem. But whilst we are anxious to see more black students involved with student theatre, we are not willing to sacrifice our integrity or sense of equality in our applications process to achieve this. The ADC has no centrally prescribed artistic agenda because we hold open applications for every production slot. Ultimately, the selection committee has the final choice of what goes into the programme, but it is, at present, only able to choose shows from the applications that are received.

To actively ensure that more plays written by authors of ethnic backgrounds are produced, or that more opportunities are given for actors to audition for racially specific parts, would undermine the Club's central and fundamental purpose, which is to provide support that will enable prospective directors to mount the productions of their own choice. However, we would, of course, like to persuade more black students to involve themselves in our artistic community, and my comments were actively intended to encourage people with proposals for racially diverse projects to submit them, not to distance myself from the issue.

I've recently contacted CUSU's Black Student's Campaign and expressed my concerns to them, and I look forward to sitting down with their representatives and discussing how we can go about improving the situation. Furthermore, I have spoken to our Directors' Rep about running some workshops that would focus on the work of lesser-known black playwrights, and we will talk to college access schemes about running tours of the ADC theatre for prospective applicants on open days.

Cambridge Theatre does have a problem with poor racial diversity. Black students need to feel that they are welcome participants in theatre both in the student body as a whole as well as among the numbers of the ADC Committee. If we achieve this, a progression towards increased ethnic diversity in student theatre can be effected in recognition of a shift in the cultural makeup and demands of the various societies' membership, rather than as a result of administrative imposition. I will be working throughout my presidency to try and heighten awareness of the issue and to encourage careful and considered movements towards a solution, and I hope that future ADC presidents will do the same.

## Unhealthy competition

Mungo Woodfield

I had intended in this article to write about the dangers of an over-competitive society, where the zeal for places, prizes and all things ranked obliterates any genuine appreciation of quality. Where the need to be rated amongst your peers overwhelms any personal sense of achievement. Where what you did matters less than who you beat. I had intended to expand on all these worthy points, and even add some more, when it occurred to me that there was one glaring problem with my argument: it made me sound like a real loser. For isn't railing against the hardships of competition merely the rallying cry of the loser? After all, the winners are hardly the ones complaining about it. I decided to check with a friend and he gladly replied in the blunt affirmative, "Yeah, dude, it makes you sound like a loser."

Well, I'll have to try to qualify myself. What I find remarkable about Cambridge is that competitiveness permeates everything. Not only are we concerned with how we fare in supervisions and how our

college rates in the Tompkins table - pretty justifiable concerns given that our purposes here are generally academic - but we are competitive about all the attendant bollocks too. Out in the wide world, people generally play down their efforts and responsibilities: minimum effort, maximum effect is the desired appearance. Here, if you ask your neighbour how long they've been in the library and how tired they are, they relish reeling off the Herculean tasks of endurance that they have undertaken.

And why? Because it is a competition. Because we all know we have scored a little victory when that bloke who came into the library after us has left it before us, and when the girl sharing your desk has sent more texts, more emails and taken more coffee breaks than you. Yes, across the Sidgwick site libraries, competition can mean that the bigger, the dustier and the more German your book is, the bigger winner you are. A3-sized periodicals raise some pretty admiring glances too.

It goes without saying that as the year draws to its inexorable competitive climax, the exams, everyone raises their game. Panic wins points, it's sexy to be stressed, bags under your eyes will bag you the prize. Lack of sleep is a battlefield, where fatigue loses out to insomnia and glandular fever is a badge of honour. Yet surely all that ultimately matters is your results, not the sleep deficit incurred in pursuit of them.

The streak of competition also manifests itself in students' preponderance for self-imposed starvation, or at least claims thereof. Where else would declarations of impromptu three day fasts be received with looks of approval and understanding? "Lunch is for wimps" said Gordon Gekko, "Right on!" says Cambridge's busy, busy boys and girls. One measly pitta every three days can be taken as a sign of distinction, not disorder. It is not anorexia, it's just brutal time management. It is a wonder people have time to wash. Perhaps in time that function, too, will be

added to the list of things to catch up on at the end of term.

People are quite right to try 'to make the most out of their time' at Cambridge - most of us are here for only three years and it is shame to waste them doing nothing. But Cambridge's experiences are incomparable by virtue of the variety of paths to be taken through three years. There is no competition between so many variations of fulfilment. So this must explain why we are drawn to compete over the mundanities of student life: food, sleep and time spent working. I don't know whether your play is better than my article, but I know that my stomach is churning with acid reflux and I haven't slept for three and half days. I am literally dizzy with success. And yet I think it would be a far better, and certainly far healthier, option if at this stage in the year we could all agree to an armistice of competitive personal neglect. Students of the world respire, you have nothing to lose but migraines!





The best ending for a short story is an unexpected one. This is not the best ending for a romantic relationship. The best ending for a romantic relationship is a slow, aching demise. This is not an effective ending for a short story, only for a novel: to fit this type of ending into a short story, you'd have to start demising from the beginning. So I've decided to write a short story about a romantic relationship. Whichever way I end it, there'll be a significant feeling of disappointment. And I feel all literature should disappoint, not just poetry.

Reader, I can read you like a book. Or I could, but I've got a lot of commitments at the moment, and haven't really got the time to get to know you socially. So what I'll do, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll read a few chapters and read your summary on Sparknotes. I'll at least be able to get an essay out of you, even if I won't be confident taking you into an exam. While there may not be a place for you in my heart, there'll always be a place for you in my bibliography.

Great literature, then. In *Varsity* this week, there is a groundbreaking study revealing THE modern classic of novels. It's *The Big Read* of the book world. Wow. I don't know what's won - it may well be Harry Potter due the unpleasantly sticky layer of irony around the student accommodation and the high contingent of biased wizards in residence. But what I do know is, it's all jolly silly. People will just vote for books they've seen on TV - *The Big Read*, after all, was won by *Newsnight Review*. But what do I want to win? Well, I'm hoping the *Varsity* poll will be won by the noise that opens Lulu's masterpiece *Shout*. wey-ee-ey-ee-ey-ee-ey-ee-ey-ee-ey-ee-ey-ee-ell.

Lulu's iconic warbling in those few perfect bars takes the listener on the same emotional journey as Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, but with such heightened economy of language. With those ginger Glaswegian lungs, Lulu prophesied the death of literature; a prophecy that this new poll will hopefully fulfil. I'm sick of reading things - my ears get all irritated they can't get in on the action. Before you say anything, I have tried appeasing them with audio books, but apparently that's 'crushingly patronising.'

To speed up essay writing I, like many other English students, have taken to not reading the whole text, and rather extrapolating 2000 words of criticism from a close reading of the title. My essay on Wordsworth's *The Prelude* would have been first class, my DoS said, had it not been for some fairly hasty comments on Wordsworth's *The*. I stand by those comments - it is cheeky.

The Booker prize has come round again. Once again, it hasn't been awarded to me, nor to anyone I know. I'm beginning to think it's rigged. John Banville picked up the £50,000 prize at the ceremony at London's Guildhall for his book *The Sea*. Sound familiar? Of course it does! It's shockingly derivative of *The Prelude*! How brazen to use that *The*! To stamp it on the page without any of that beautiful lazy sardonic guile Wordsworth undercut that insouciant little word with. I want an enquiry into that judging panel, and I want the enquiry to result in me getting the money.



FRESCO: TOM KINGSLEY

## Bird Flu hatches from West Egg

Why Fitzgerald's tragedy matters more than ever

At school I was friends with an American boy called Wilson, who had read *The Great Gatsby* too early for his own good. He came from a rich New York family who wanted him to be educated, as for some reason many such families do, at an English boarding school.

Wilson thought he had a noble, tragic nature, and wanted nothing more than to die in a quarrel over a woman; he even called everyone 'sport' for a while, but like most of his other affectations it was soon bullied out of him. I'd always wanted to go to New York, and I resented him for never inviting me to stay with him during the holidays, even though I dropped constant hints.

I realise now that, at school, Wilson always believed that there was a halo of myth around him; that, like Gatsby, everyone was always talking about him behind his back, fascinated by this mysterious, rakish American, exchanging wild and contradictory stories about his background, history, and talents. If any of us saw how he really lived, in a suburban house with his parents and two younger sisters, the myths would be dispelled forever. Of course, no one ever really talked about him, and he never had even a punch thrown at him because of a girl.

What is it about *The Great Gatsby* that so obsesses our generation? Here's a tip, lads: if you're stuck for first date conversation, just talk to her about Gatsby. If there's one thing I know about women, it's that they all love F. Scott Fitzgerald. If there's two things I know about women, then I'm not telling you the other one, because it's all I have left now and I don't want to die alone.

But a lot of men love Gatsby too, including myself. Why? After all, it's meant to be about the American Dream, which isn't of interest to many of us here in rainy Cambridge. None of its characters are particularly attractive - certainly

none of them stand up as role models. So why?

I have a theory. We are doomed. This is almost beyond question. Look at what we will have to face in our twenties. Bird flu, which will kill tens of millions. Suicide bombers, who will strike London again. Global warming, which will flood our coasts. The exhaustion of the oil fields, which will topple our infrastructure. The inevitable war between America and China. The theft of our freedoms by the

“ If you're stuck for first date conversation, just talk to her about *Gatsby*. If there's one thing I know about women it's that they all love F Scott Fitzgerald ”

government and corporations. Iran with a nuclear bomb.

Sir Martin Rees, Master of Trinity College, has written a book called *Our Last Century*, in which he estimates that the human race has only a fifty percent change of making it to the end of the twenty-first century. You may be sceptical about some of these dark visions, but the fact is that each, on its own, is capable of radically altering our way of life. We are the last generation; or, if not the last, certainly the last to enjoy, if only in youth, the luxuries and liberties presently taken for granted.

This much we hold in common with

the generation Fitzgerald wrote about. We see the same in Evelyn Waugh: *Bright Young Things* only makes sense beside its supernaturally prescient epilogue about 'the biggest battlefield in the world', *Brideshead Revisited* only as a recollection by a soldier travelling an English countryside which seems to be populated with no one but soldiers.

What about today's literature? The closest thing we have to a Fitzgerald, not in terms of talent but in terms of the section of society he chooses to portray, is Bret Easton Ellis, whose new novel *Lunar Park* was released last week. Easton Ellis, like Fitzgerald, writes about young Americans who are bored because they're rich, who throw away their youth, who can't stand to be sober - but he replaces whisky with cocaine, tragedy with ultraviolence, and, most importantly, unrequited love with degrading sex. For Fitzgerald, love always offers the possibility of hope, truth, and redemption, but for Easton Ellis no such things exist.

And that's why we like Fitzgerald better than we like Easton Ellis. The latter presents a world which richly deserves an apocalypse, which has nothing to lose from plague or terrorism or war. That was appropriate in the nineties, when the Cold War was over, when there was no threat from anywhere - then, if a writer wanted to make us afraid for the future of the human race, he or she had to lay bare each individual's capacity for amorality and self-destruction. But today the threat is back, whether it's a virus or a bomb or a tidal wave, and so, to scare us, a writer has to demonstrate, as Fitzgerald did, that there really is something to lose, that it will be a tragedy, not a blessing, if we are wiped out.

And that's why Fitzgerald is so suited to our age: because he, without knowing it, lived in the shadow of the Second World War, while we live in the shadow of ten latter-day plagues.

Ned Beauman



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To be involved, contact the relevant section editor, turning up to a section meeting (right) or by coming to the *Varsity* squash - 7pm on Friday, 14th October at The Soul Tree. No experience necessary.

**Section Meeting Times:**

News - The Munby Room, King's: 7pm, Sundays  
 Music - Upstairs, Clown's Cafe: 3pm, Friday  
 Literature - Tatties, Trinity St: 2pm, Friday  
 Sport - The Eagle, 5pm, Saturdays

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VARSTY

# VARSITY

## A sceptical approach to assessment

Recent funding troubles faced by the Department of Architecture resulted directly from a decision by HEFCE to grade the department with four out of an expected five points in a Research Assessment Exercise (RAE) in 2001, resulting in funding losses of up to £400,000. At the time, the research performance of the department was in the top ten per cent of the UK and it was considered internationally, as it still is, one of the best courses of its kind in Architectural circles.

For some time it has been widely felt that the RAE fail in their duty to fairly assess subjects that cannot be clearly classed as either Arts or Sciences. Architecture is by definition an inter-disciplinary academic method. Other small subjects, like Politics and International Studies, Physiology and Archaeology and Anthropology also act as mothers to the arts and sciences. HEFCE fails to provide adequate categories for the assessments of such departments (and most damagingly for Architecture) nationwide and so these subjects often come under unclear, bundled categories. Architecture, for example, came under the assessment category of "built environment," a category dominated by construction and surveying courses. In this instance, Architectural research was directly compared to quantitative scientific research. Of the other 11 departments assessed nationwide in 2001 according to this criteria, only two focussed on architectural research. There were no practicing designers, and only 6 international referees were appointed to the panel. They saw a tiny proportion of the submissions, made no valid comments and changed no ratings. Five of the seven 5 point rated Universities in the country had full-time members of staff on the judging panel.

The problems suffered by the Department of Architecture illustrate the need for RAE reform. The 50 international members that look to join HEFCE must ensure that all RAE's are modernised so that they can adequately assess all small subjects and so fairly allocate funding across the country. Until they do so, departments will continue to suffer as Architecture has.

## No More Blacking Up

This week, the article 'No More Blacking Up', featured in issue 622 of *Varsity*, has been met by a multitude of responses. Some have been measured, others impassioned, and all have demonstrated the value of an increasingly open and enfranchising journalistic dialectic within the University. What has also been made clear by all responses, however, is that hot-blooded journalism, driven only by emotion and instinct, can prove a dangerous and ignorant political mouthpiece.

'No More Blacking Up' has been peppered with accusations of worthlessness and pointlessness. It has been described as an unabashed attempt to gain exposure through sensationalism. It has also been met with praise and respect.

That the piece has proved so inflammatory demonstrates not the salaciousness with which it was allegedly written, but rather the telling defensiveness of those who have categorized it as such. The issues raised, agreed with or not, have evidently touched the nerve of a cultural scene. Paradoxically, the indignation shown by some only exhibits the partial culpability that they attempt to renounce.

The words 'institutional racism' were never uttered. Nor, we would argue, were they implied. When investigating the lack of black student involvement in the University's arts scene, the minute proportion of black students in the University was never ignored; it was acknowledged as part of the problem, but not the whole. And the article did not attack particular individuals within the cultural scene, nor did it use those mentioned as scapegoats or targets. The singular purpose of the article was to open our eyes to problems that exist and can no longer be ignored: to document one journalist's experiences of university life. Journalism that misinterprets and misrepresents in its response only uses energy that exacerbates where it could amend.

That a single student's opinion has generated so much debate demonstrates the importance of a student political dialogue and the validity of a student press. Those responses that are defensive will always be balanced with those which are supportive of such issues in this culturally and politically vibrant University. Benjamin Deery's decision to write this week of how the ADC now intends to deal with this problem is an affirmative example of a student prepared to enact change in this University. May many other follow him.



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### Black students: the debate continues

Dear Sir,

With a plethora of excellent black students, mediocre white students (and I count myself), and all else in between, one would be forgiven for saying that colour is really what you choose to make of it. In the last few weeks it certainly seems that a great deal has been made of it, and the result - if it is possible to talk of results - has been minimal.

As a student body we are defined by our parts, and as students at Cambridge there is a long and complex mechanism which establishes those parts far beyond our control; hence the admissions argument which stretches (in one form or another) into the dull mists of time.

As has been said this year most notably by Trevor Phillips, multi-culturalism may be a divisive aim. Here - of all places - where life is so vibrant and varied, it is the ebullient support of uni-culturalism (pun very much intended) which we pick up your paper to enjoy.

Rupert Myers  
Emmanuel College

Dear Sir,

I was caught between a cringe and a smile as I read TCS "hack-at-large" Mark Ferguson's suggestion that "I must use what little influence I have in these pages to refute this nonsense." Ferguson's "little" influence extends to five (very long) articles, and sixty per cent of the content of six consecutive pages (as well as, bizarrely, a letter). The "nonsense" that he earlier calls "offensive" is

the highly personal, and certainly admirable, views expressed in Emma Paterson's recent article (*Varsity* features, 7 October).

Nowhere is it suggested that Ben Deery, the ADC, Cambridge's dramatic community or indeed any Cambridge student is consciously, unconsciously or subconsciously racist. Paterson instead comes across as a student anxious that more is not being done to correct the severe lack of black participation in Cambridge's cultural scene.

Ferguson correctly suggests that "it is only as an enraged mass (ed - that) we can truly change things, not as a group of individuals who fret and snipe at inappropriate targets." He is correct that it is the collective responsibility of all at this university to enact a change in access, but fails to understand that responsibility must lie in the

### Letters

hands of those society presidents that Cambridge students have chosen to represent them across the university's cultural scene.

And so as to avoid any risk of upsetting the poisonous pen of Mark Ferguson, I will remain

Anon

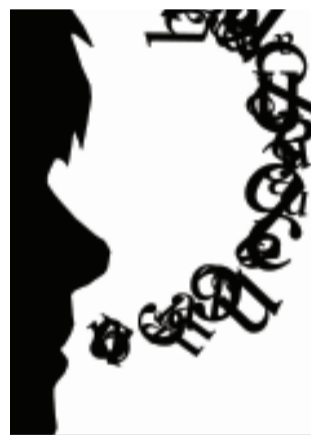
### A quickie for Mary

Dear Sir,

A slacker society already exists (*Varsity* Comment, 7 October): it's called the English faculty. Come along, we'd love to have you.

Lottie Oppenheim  
Queens' College

Letters may be edited for space or style



### Letter of the Week

Diversity in drama:

Dear Sir,

Your article about the lack of black actors in Cambridge makes several serious and narrow-minded arguments that need to be addressed. Emma Paterson stresses the lack of black writers featured by the ADC. This deliberately ignores the other university theatres which have featured works of black writers. How you could print this article in the same paper as Helen Oyeyemi's work beggars belief. Her first play was premiered in the Corpus Playroom. But then again, the author would probably dismiss her production as she didn't have any black actors in her play.

Paterson also makes the point that there are no memorable black actors on the university stage but

fails to see the contribution produced by members of other ethnic minorities in the theatre. People like Esh Alladdi for example have been the life and soul of the ADC in recent years, producing and acting in spellbinding theatre.

The fact is that people would rather go to see a good well-produced piece of theatre than go to see a mediocre production. Directors have to choose the best people for the best roles regardless of race. It's not up to the ADC to decide how a play should be cast - it is down to the director. In the five plays I've directed at Cambridge I've never had a black auditioner.

There ain't much Ben Deery can do about that. In *Annie Get Your Gun* two years ago, Onu Ochoi - an African black actor, played

### The Answer

a North American Sioux Indian. If that's not un-prescriptive racially vibrant casting, I don't know what is.

Keir Shiels

Letter of the Week wins a specially selected bottle from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



## Wits lecturer: "I will intimidate you into passing this course"

### The Last Word

## This Week: South Africa's pride

I am a third year student at supposedly the finest academic institution in the southern hemisphere. Well, it depends on how you judge fine. The food is fine. The weather is certainly a much finer prospect than the UK's grey skies garbage.

But we have our problems. I recall an incident where lecturer displayed a miserly 5cm of chalk and declared the lecture ends when the chalk is finished - this from the finest university in the hemisphere. This same lecturer has coined the phrase of my university life to date. He declared in his thick Afrikaans accent "I will intimidate you into passing this course." His extreme tactics (combined with subtle hints of the exams questions) did help me to pass. He was an

extremely prepared individual and issued an invitation to the physic exam complete with a dress code of WARM.

But seriously, Wits is world renowned and highly respected. Take the present members of South Africa's government... well, none of them went to Wits but they are trying their best to run the ship. Many of the Constitutional Court's judges are Wits alumni. It is widely expected that they will soon declare Attendance at Wits to be a constitutional right.

I have a saying, "there is a close connection between getting up in the morning and getting up in the world". So far, it seems to have worked. Except, of course, when the bus driver is babbels (hungover, for you Brits). Then getting up in the morning doesn't help

much.

One of the common trees around Johannesburg is the Jacaranda tree. It blooms in the late spring right when we are preparing to sit our final exams. So there's a myth that goes "if the jacaranda is in bloom and you haven't begun to study, it's too late and you'll fail your exams." It's a sobering thought as you stare out the window during lectures and the Jacaranda stares back.

Wits' has about 25 000 mostly white students. Controversy was sparked after a deanship was advertised and the successful candidate was a white American male, completely contrary to the standard policy of appointing female and African people to positions of influence. The Vice Chancellor said that, while this appointment did not

follow those guidelines, the candidate's qualification outstripped his demographic profile.

The student body is relatively liberal and when the proposed subsidy scheme was altered last year, the lefty students started agitating and disrupted class for three days in protest. I now feel like a real veteran and can talk with a glint in my eye of surviving the protests of '04.

Like Cambridge, we've got some good architecture at Wits. But best of all, we have a spectacular pond complete with Koi fish. It is always pleasant to watch them swim, free from worry.

Somehow the soothing fountain and the carefree fish never fail to drain the angst of the day away.

And that, more or less, is

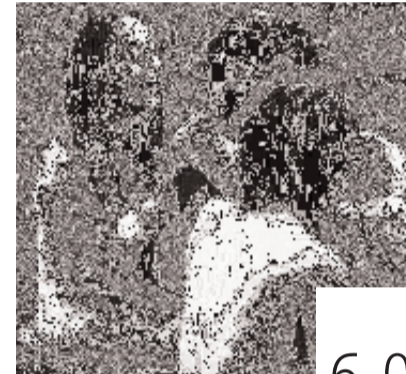


Hilton Shak

### FIFTY YEARS OF ANDROGYNY



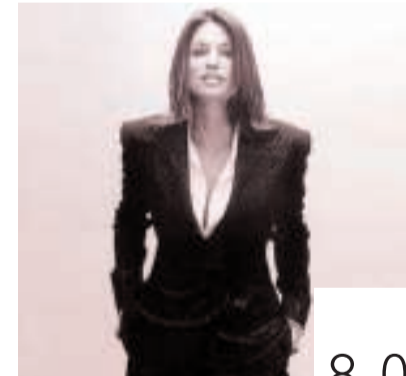
5.0 The more women work, the sooner we win. Women prove they can do 'men's work' creating a new image for themselves, and setting a precedent for decades to come.



6.0 Free Love meant hippies were free to love whomever they liked, whenever they liked, however they liked. Taboos were lost and the notion of strict sexual identity blurred.



7.0 David Bowie as alter-ego Ziggy Stardust let his leopard squeeze out every last inch of his masculinity.



8.0 Q: How do I break through the glass ceiling? A: Don a power suit and muscle your way through.



9.0 And it all broke down in the role reversal, when Nancy Boy Brian Molko perfected gothic glam.

# MAN I'D LIKE A FEMALE WOMAN

Emma Paterson goes in search of androgyny, but gets in touch with her femi-

'Cesario, come - For so you shall be when you are a man; But when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen'

These are Orsino's final words at the close of *Twelfth Night*. Yes, before heterosexual men in art house cinemas everywhere confessed that Hilary Swank plus strap on was still sexy in Kimberly Peirce's

*Boys Don't Cry*, before Diane Keaton swaggered her way down the red carpet in men's braces; even before Frida Kahlo grew a monobrow, donned an oversized shirt and smoked a cigar. Before all this, Shakespeare, king of gender bending, pioneer of cross-dressing, ended his well-loved family hour comedy, *Twelfth Night*, with the king urging his soon-to-be-wife to dress up as a man every now and then because, to be perfectly honest, it turned him on.

Well, in this day and age, fair enough. We've come a long way since the blonde hourglass in polka dots and petticoats was chained to the kitchen sink, while the breadwinning G.I. Joe laid brick at the local depot. Now four out of five indie frontmen can't prove their credibility without a touch of Rimmel around the eyes, and you haven't proved your worth in Oscar gold until you've bound your bosom and stuffed your slacks. But when the throwaway, token gestures come off with a dab of make-up remover at the end of the night, is this a gender fluidity symbolic of the sexual liberalism of our times, or just one big crisis of identity?

This week the all-male Shakespeare company, Propeller, offers Cambridge their production of *The Winter's Tale* (reviewed below); *Varsity Arts* meets Ladytron (right), Liverpool-based elec-

## BOYS DON'T CRY, AND THEY STILL LOVE IT WHEN A WOMAN DOES



Androgynous punk rock The Boomtangs

tropop fourpiece renowned for their unicolour asexual cool; and the retrospective of New York photographer Diane Arbus, famed for her iconic work 'A young man in curlers at home on West 20th Street, N.Y.C. 1966', begins its much anticipated run at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. On the surface, such events are an encouraging indication of the gradual dissolution of gender barriers that feminists have been campaigning to erode for decades. With men playing women and women playing men, surely we can no longer insist on a distinction between the two. Television and cultural phenomenon, *Sex and the City*, certainly aimed to prove this was the case as its female protagonists masturbated and copulated their way through Manhattan, with Darren Star, creator of the show, declaring that the four professional women more commonly known to audiences as Carrie, Miranda, Charlotte and Samantha, were essentially just men in vintage skirts.

Not everyone was convinced. Lynne Segal, Professor of psychology and gender studies at Birkbeck College, pointed to a third-wave feminism that only skimmed the surface when she commented that "*Sex and the City* has been a sort of post-feminist empowerment of women, up to a point. And that point is, that all they really talked about was men". She certainly has a point; it was always hard to reconcile the declaration of a female sexual revolution with the archetype of female submission and conformity floating around in the shape of the very prim and proper Charlotte York, proving just how difficult it is to genuinely break the gender mould and keep it fully broken. Blazer wearing, cropped hair sporting, multiple partner women we may be, but it's not easy to extract yourself from a socially constructed sexual identity when having sex still equals easy, seeking sex will always scream preda-

tor, and refusing sex earns you the label 'lesbian' through the gritted teeth of a wounded male ego. And it seems apt, then, that David Cronenberg's *A History of Violence*, showing now at the Arts Picturehouse, is a neo-Freudian examination of masculinity in which the male protagonist lives out his fantasies by shooting a gun-wielding imposter dead, and satisfying his wife in a sexual encounter that borders on rape. As Cronenberg demonstrates, this is a cultural milieu in which the dissolution of gender boundaries is always met with a sharp re-assertion of their existence. Boys, after all, don't cry, and they still love it when a woman does.

As much as we try, women will never be accepted as equal, but, then again, is this even what we want? John Kerrigan asks, "Should feminism base its ethical claims on equivalence or difference?" It's a valid question. Having sex like a man, taking pride in my flat chest, choosing a pint over an alcopop - I'd be better off striding around the Sidgwick site wearing a t-shirt that screams 'penis envy'. I don't think that in the 1970s I'd have burnt my bra. I don't believe that female heterosexuality is a betrayal of the feminist cause. And if you happen to be male, feel free to open the door for me because I think it's a bit goddamn rude if you don't. But I still want a music festival like 'Ladyfest' to be held in Brighton at the end of the month to celebrate female contribution to the arts. I want directors such as Lynne Ramsay and Carine Adler to keep making viscerally honest films about what it means to be a woman. I want to eradicate words like 'slut', 'cunt' and 'whore' from the dictionary because they're products of a male dominated and oppressive semantic field. I just want to wear a suit - with a bra - but still have my chair pulled out for me at a formal hall because I'm allowed to contradict myself because I'm a woman, we're irrational, and that's what we do.



Photographed and styled by Quentin Jones. James wears a suit from Topman and a shirt from Brookes Brothers. Amy wears a suit from Zara Man.

## Gender-bending BOHEMIA

Since Dryden grumbled in 1672 that *The Winter's Tale* was, "so meanly written, that the Comedy neither caus'd your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment", the opinion of audiences of every subsequent generation has been divided. The critics' interminable wrangles over whether the play should properly be considered a romance, a tragicomedy or a pastoral are reminiscent of Polonius' tedious mumbblings and run the risk of deadening the whole thing. Yet for theatre-goers it remains a baffling play. If the play is to work, the director must overcome two famously tricky moments: the

ISABEL MORRISON REVIEWS THE ALL-MALE ENSEMBLE PERFORMANCE OF THE WINTER'S TALE AT THE CAMBRIDGE ARTS THEATRE

abrupt interruption of the tragic opening scenes by Antigonus' 'blackly comic death at the claws of an enraged bear and a time lapse of 16 years in the middle of the action. This does not worry Edward Hall, the award-winning director and son of Sir Peter Hall, or his all-male touring compa-

ny, Propeller. Indeed, rather than adding to the confusion, the cast liberates the audience from their preconceived worries. After the sight of a regally pregnant, balding Simon Scardifield as Hermione, nothing can dismay. The production, like Hermione herself, is serenely authoritative. You quickly forget the gender-bending conceit altogether. Each of the men brings something intriguing to the female roles, from the androgynous gentleness of Tam Williams, who plays Mamillius, Time and Perdita, to the mannish forcefulness of Adam Levy's Paulina.

A cast of twelve sharing the roles, a beautifully sparse set, ensemble music and physical work ensure that the production is never fussy or precious. Sand pours in a stream from the ceiling, maquettes are deployed like chess men, a toy boat and an hourglass are deftly employed. Even the infamous *Exit pursued by a bear* is adroitly handled. But most of all, the production is bursting with life, especially in the riotous, comic scenes of Bohemia in which many of the cast make cameos as particularly idiotic sheep. Asides and soliloquies, entrances and exits through the auditorium, and the court scene, in which the entire theatre is illuminated, keep the audience continually engaged. The dénouement is particularly innovative, making intelligent use of a ghostly Mamillius to suggest the impossibility of complete reparation. This is a company that is not afraid of trying anything and their daring repeatedly pays off. It is impossible not to be captivated.



## Dude Rocks Like A Lady

Sam Blatherwick meets Liverpool-based Ladytron on their mission to blur sonic boundaries

Ladytron's Reuben Wu used to live in Cambridge and this is the first time he's been back. He capily admits that he spent most of his time in his bedroom. Although not too keen on the Cambridge scene, it was obvious from seeing him chatting to people in the queue to get in later on that he still has friends here - possibly even more after the performance on Sunday night.

Last week we described Ladytron as electropop. I'll offer an unreserved apology to anyone who missed out on such an awesome gig through being put off by this pigeonholing music journalists are so fond of. It's my fault, it honestly is, I should have been alerted to the shift by the new album. "We've become more capable of producing the actual sound that we've always wanted to produce" they confirm, "There's many more layers to it. There's more instruments that

we've used, including a live drum, bass guitars and the vocals are a lot stronger as well". Certainly the live drum and bass is something that stands out in their performance, but is also something that seems to add so much more to their old material whilst playing live. "We realised we'd evolved at the end of the Light & Magic tour... we changed our perception of who we were".

So why did I apologise for calling Ladytron electropop? Because it just struck me in the face whilst watching them that they weren't some cold electro-pioneers after all; they rocked harder than any guitar band. It should have been obvious long before this! "The difference between a guitar and a synthesiser is that a guitar has strings... the strings are oscillating on a guitar and the oscillator in a synth is doing just that". It sounds so simple,

but it only really makes sense when Ladytron are rocking out in front of you with strobes blaring. The walls of dance, rock, and indie are being burnt down, Ladytron feed their synths through pedals; "We've always been into bands where you can't tell if a sound is obviously a guitar or obviously a synth. I hate it when I hear a

track where you hear a really clean synthesiser sound. It sounds really sterile... Why should music have to be tethered to an instrument when it's all about a sound?"

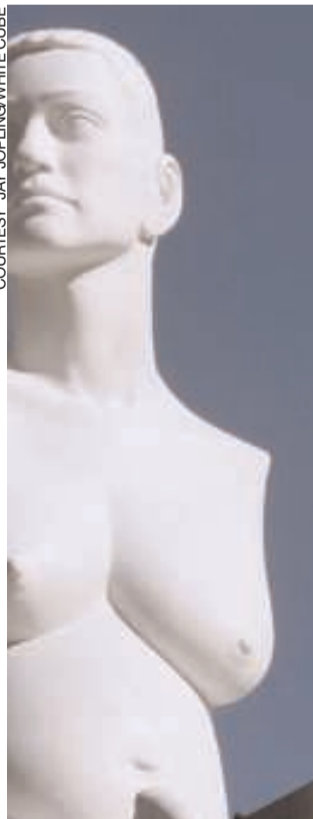


## Disabled by Design

There are some things that we British do better than any other nation, queuing, gravy, cricket and embarrassment. That collective nervous tick of saying sorry to everyone, even when it's the other persons fault, has meant we have developed a strict code of taboo subjects that art loves to flaunt. Marc Quinn has surely hit the 'taboo jackpot'? His latest work, commissioned for the empty plinth in Trafalgar Square, depicts, 3.55 metres high, a nude portrait of a disabled, pregnant woman. This potent mix has the maximum embarrassment quota: sex, women, deformity and confrontation.

*Alison Lapper Pregnant* is an arresting work of white Carrara marble, which has set journalists spluttering half apologetic articles and cautious reviews. No one dares to actually challenge the work, the subject or the concept, mindful of our collective embarrassment. Well, I think the sculpture is boring and the concept intellectually arid. It forms part of a series entitled *Group Works*, a collection of portraits depicting disabled people in the poses of classical sculpture. The idea is fairly obvious, clichéd and trite- 'lets challenge the modern view of beauty'. My problem lies with this driving idea behind the work; it isn't clever enough, subtle enough, striking enough or deep enough to make the sculpture work.

The fact is Quinn's unimaginative idea is disastrous. It was commissioned by the *Cultural Strategy Team*, a government *quango* on art, so it is essentially state sponsored. And as we know when governments buy art they like something flattering. So, the irony of the work is its conservativeness, commissioned as a celebration of diversity in Britain, a monument to government legislation on disability access schemes and child care it completely loses any of the initial force of embarrassment. With this in mind the setting seems appropriate, *Alison Lapper Pregnant* surrounded by a pantheon of nameless colonial generals, distant reminders of how the 19th century wanted to be remembered.



Marc Quinn *Alison Lapper Pregnant*

# BLOOD SWEAT AND POPCORN

Tommy Adeane discusses art, Cambridge and the YBAs in the studio of Sculptor Marc Quinn

Although it was made fifteen years ago, using eight pints of his own blood, Marc Quinn's most famous self-portrait is still a pretty good likeness. Shuffling around his Shoreditch studio, the man often described as the *enfant terrible* of British art serenely waves hello and disappears off to check up on a few of his assistants, who are busy sticking popcorn to a canvas. I take the chance to snoop around, clocking sketches for past and current projects on the walls. Subjects range from Kate Moss with her head between her legs to orchids and sculptures of foetuses. In a moment, Quinn appears again, looking ready for action. "Do you mind if we talk in the car? I have to go to a workshop in Brixton."

Outside in the street, with his slashed camo trousers and now sporting a woolly hat and cashmere scarf, Quinn looks the perfect image of an East-End artist, and a bit less like Donald Pleasance in *The Great Escape*. He pauses to spit in the gutter before hopping into an old Landrover. We head south and talk about making it big in the art world.

Whilst most of the group generally described as the Young British Artists were at Goldsmith's during the '80s, Quinn studied History of Art at Cambridge, graduating from Robinson in 1983. His experience was a mixed one;

"I applied to Robinson because it was the newest college, and I thought it would be the most modern. It turned out that because it was so new it was really uptight." At the time, he was working with drawings and mixed media sculpture. He held his first exhibition in Robinson, finally being kicked out of his college room for turning it into a studio; "But it's good to have an understanding of the history of art and a broader education than art school. Really I enjoyed it because it was three years to sort my head out."

After Cambridge, Quinn moved to London and started making heads out of bread dough, which he then let rise, casting these distorted forms in bronze. His first big break was being picked up by art dealer Jay Jopling in 1988 as his first big break, but it wasn't until his 1991 blood sculpture, *Self*, that he really came to the British public's attention.

*Self* was exhibited around the world as part of the *Sensation* exhibition, and the furor surrounding its public reception -

BRINGING REAL LIFE TO ART AND NOT MAKING ART ABOUT ART...! GUESS I'M STILL DOING IT NOW

New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani denounced it as "degenerate" - sealed the artist's reputation.

Quinn once shared a flat with Damien Hirst, but is sceptical of the YBA label:

"As with all those kind of groupings - it was an artificial thing." He explains, "There were three stand-out works produced at the time: Damien Hirst's shark (*The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*, 1991), Rachel Whiteread's concrete cast of a house (*House*, 1993), and my blood head (*Self*, 1991). What the pieces had in common were that they were bringing real life to art and not making art about art...I guess I'm still doing it now. My sculpture of Alison Lapper is essentially part of the same discourse."

*Alison Lapper Pregnant*, now on show in Trafalgar Square was originally one of a series of sculptures called *Complete Marbles*, of people who had lost limbs or were born without them. Quinn describes what originally drew him to this subject:

"The idea came from watching people looking at old sculptures in the British Museum. Everyone thinks of the *Venus de Milo*, which is a fragment, as a kind of shorthand for feminine beauty. By making sculptures of disabled people I wanted to reverse the idea of a fragment - they're whole human beings. It's about the difference between art and life, and what's really beautiful and what isn't. The Alison Lapper sculpture is particularly powerful because she is an anti-archetype: she's a woman, she's pregnant and she's disabled."

There has been controversy over its exhibition in Trafalgar Square. Why should it be shown alongside historically important figures like Admiral Nelson. "Nelson was disabled too but nobody had ever thought to point it out. In that sense I wanted to awaken a dormant aspect

of the Square. Also, if it was on show in the Tate Modern people would have had to pay to see it - I would be preaching to the converted. With a wide audience you can get a big emotional impact. Most people will do anything to avoid questioning their emotions, and that's why they don't like it."

But in Marc Quinn's world, the Alison Lapper sculpture was made a long time ago.

We've crossed the river now, passing restaurants advertising spicy cow skin and chicken's feet. I ask Quinn what he's working on this afternoon. Apparently it's popcorn: individual pieces of it, cooked until ready to eat, scanned in 3-D, enlarged until they are five feet tall, reproduced precisely in bronze, and then painted... to look like popcorn. They should be ready for the Frieze Art Fair on October 21st. We arrive at the workshop where one bronze has just been painted, and everyone looks to Quinn for approval.

"It's too... ORANGE" he finally pronounces, putting on a face-mask and some rubber gloves, "I'm going to stay here until it's done."

The critical reception of Quinn's popcorn work may be sweet or salty. Some may label it, alongside his blood heads and frozen bunches of flowers, as a provocative conceptual gimmick. But if he needs to, he is able to eloquently defend his work. His artistic approach seems to be one of cautious, exploratory and almost scientific investigation. Intensely conscious of the history of art, he returns to, and develops, themes touched on earlier in his career. In his sculpture *Alison Lapper Pregnant* he picked up on the idea of regeneration implied in his blood heads. With the popcorn, as with his frozen flowers, he captures a single moment in nature, this time finding a more dramatic (and at the same time banal) moment - that of the explosive shape popcorn forms when heated.

Earlier this year, Charles Saatchi sold Quinn's *Self* for over £1.5 million. Britain's most powerful art collector, who these days is more interested in paintings, recently told *The Art Newspaper* that the YBAs might be "nothing but footnotes" in art history.

Rather than gimmicks, Marc Quinn's works are succinct and unnerving. It will be these qualities that keep him out of the footnotes, and on the page where he belongs.

## BIOGRAPHY

- 1964 Born in London
- 1982-5 Read History of Art at Robinson
- 1984 Started sculpting
- 1980's Created a series of busts from bread dough
- 1988 Did not show in the Damien Hirst-curated 'Freeze' exhibition which brought the yBas together for the first time
- 1991 For *Self* eight pints of blood taken over 5 months
- 1992 *Self* exhibited at Saatchi Gallery
- 1995 Exhibited *Emotional Detox: The Seven Deadly Sins*, a group of seven casts of his own body
- 1997 'Sensation' exhibition at the Royal Academy
- 1998 Solo show at the South London Gallery marked a new and sustained post-'Sensation' moment in London art of the 90s
- 2002 Solo exhibition at Tate Liverpool showing a portrait head of his newborn baby in the form of a frozen sculpture

## Modern Sculpture in Cambridge

### Kettles Yard

Jim Ede's personal collection of predominantly early 20th century sculpture viewed as arranged by him, in his own home

#### Search out:

Brancusi

*Prometheus*

### New Hall

The college's unique collection of 20th Century Women's Art, the largest in the United Kingdom

#### Search out:

Hepworth

*Ascending Form*

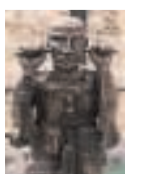
### Jesus College

Leading collection of 20th century sculpture throughout the college grounds

#### Search out:

Paolozzi

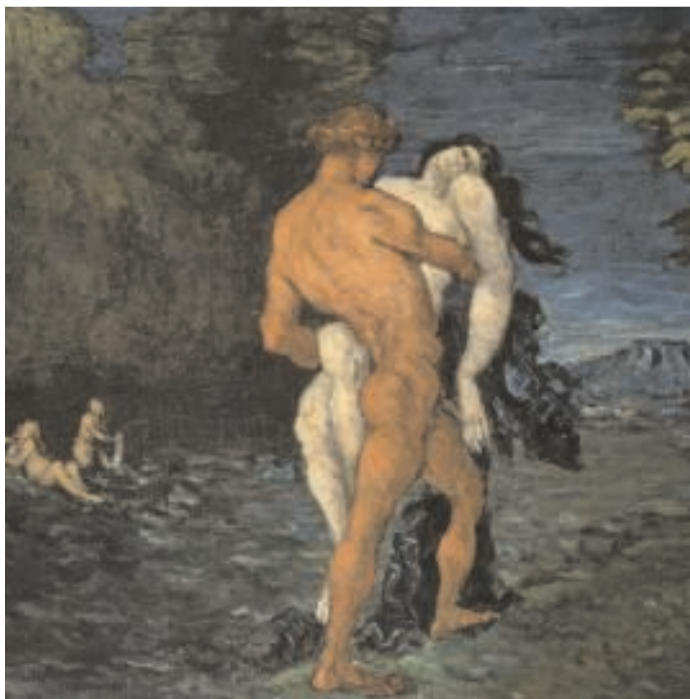
*Daedalus on Wheels*



Quinn at work in his London studio



JON LOPEZ



The Provost and Fellows of King's College Cambridge

## Art Around Cambridge

'The Abduction'  
Paul Cézanne  
1867  
Fitzwilliam  
Museum

The themes of abduction, rape and murder tormented Cézanne. The Abduction, or The Rape, a work full of dark miseries, is impressive largely for its turgid force. This figure painting is sinister with passion and turmoil. Cézanne was seized by a sense of the mystery of the world and human behaviour. Originally belonging to the writer Emile Zola The Abduction depicts the classical myth of the abduction of Hades and Persephone. In the foreground, a god-like figure carries off a pale maiden as she droops in his arms. The girdle in the hands of one of the victim's companions establishes her as Persephone abducted by Pluto to

his nether kingdom. In the background, her companions can only watch, powerless to aide her. It has been suggested that perhaps in using darker yellow and umber colours, Cézanne is portraying the presence of Hades upon the normally blossoming Enna valley, the autumnal colours representing the transition from spring and summer into winter. Painted in 1867 The Abduction represents a seminal work in the early career of an artist whose style evolved considerably throughout his career. It is a transitional work for Cézanne, in a style that is still Romantic but more controlled, moderate and supple than his early work. His looser use of the brush, palette knife and large expressive smears of paint create an energised, vibrant canvas helping to reinforce the drama of the paintings subject. Cézanne's painting met with contemporary criticism, just as Alison

Lapper Pregnant did over a century later. Both works explore the constraints of the physical being; Alison Lapper restricted by the immobility her disability dictates and Cézanne's female nude by her physical weakness in her inability to disarm the power of the male form. Cézanne's treatment of the female form is far removed from the classical ideal favoured by predecessors such as Ingres and Delacroix. Through the exaggerated male musculature Cézanne is able to express the weakness of the female form to greater effect. The Abduction and Alison Lapper Pregnant confront the viewer with the vulnerability of their subjects in an aggressive, confrontational manner.

*Each week we highlight an object of aesthetic interest in Cambridge. Send suggestions to [letters@varsity.co.uk](mailto:letters@varsity.co.uk)*

Vintage has just published a list of the 100 books from the last 100 years most likely to become future classics. **But why?** Do we need to call something a Classic? Haven't we got enough lists already?

# FUTURE CLASSICS

**Hermione Buckland-Hoby** resents the compulsive list-making that makes us search for Top Tens everywhere

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single book in possession of a great readership must be a classic. 'Universal truths' however, as Ms Austen reminds us, are notoriously fallacious. This seems particularly true of Vintage Publishing's list of 'Future Classics', announced last month. The list is a compilation of fifteen titles, chosen by forty-eight reading groups from a prescribed list of 100 Vintage titles. Whilst the promotion itself is an obvious marketing ploy, it does call into question the existence of the literary classic, whether past or future.

Rachel Cugnoni of Vintage Publishing argues that 'the list has the authenticity of being voted for by lots of reading groups,' but when did popularity become a precursor of lasting literary significance? Does this make Dan Brown's 'The Da Vinci Code' a 'future classic'?

It's absurd to think we can construct a list of classics. Not only is literature and, of course, all art, subjective, but at an even more basic level, as Ruth Rendell and Rachel Cugnoni demonstrate, we can't even agree on the defini-

**"A glut of choice and possibility has led to a glut of lists. We're overwhelmed by choice"**

tion of a classic.

One of the greatest things about being alive now is the accessibility of culture. Anyone can Google 'Murakami' and within a couple of minutes be making vaguely knowledgeable noises, if not actually venturing to go out and read a novel. It seems that this has led however, to

an overload anxiety. As we become aware of just how many films there are to see, albums to listen to, books to read, we are completely overwhelmed by choice. A glut of choice and possibility has led to a glut of lists, and even more alarmingly, a recent spate of books on what to read including 'The 100 Most Influential Books Ever Written', by Martin Seymour-Smith and 'What to Read' by Micky Pearlman. These books and lists, like supermarket compilation CDs, have a tainted whiff of ready-meal culture, in which we let someone else do the cooking and hastily eat the second-rate product. Dictates of greatness are dangerous and the idea of the 'future-classic' a virtual oxymoron. Instead let's be brave enough to accept and celebrate the equivocality of literature and find and enjoy our personal classics. And then of course, we could always make a list....



**"A list that contains Calvino, Thomas Mann and Louis de Bernieres is not a list but a horrible warning. I don't do best of, but I could easily enough do what the fuck are half those books doing on a list of things people should read. Dear oh dear."**

Jenny Diski

**Mark Twain:**

**"A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read."**

**Ruth Rendell:**

**"Nothing like it has ever been done before. A classic may not be easy to read but demands care and concentration and will seldom have much immediate appeal to those whose past reading has been thin on the ground or confined to the lightest of fiction."**

## Our Classics

- 1 To Kill a Mockingbird**  
Harper Lee, 1960
- 2 Mrs Dalloway**  
Virginia Woolf, 1925
- 3 Catch 22**  
Joseph Heller, 1961
- 4 Sound and Fury**  
William Faulkner, 1929
- 5 Brave New World**  
Aldous Huxley, 1932
- 6 Harry Potter**  
J K Rowling, whenever
- 7 Midnight's Children**  
Salman Rushdie, 1991
- 8 For Whom the Bell Tolls**  
Ernest Hemingway, 1940
- 9 Atonement**  
Ian McEwan, 2002
- 9 Captain Corelli's Mandolin**  
Louis de Bernieres, 1994
- 10 If On A Winter's Night A Traveller**  
Italo Calvino, 1979

result of a poll of 100 Cambridge students

**Rhona Brown** finds a classics list to be an easy Rough Guide to literary enlightenment

Mark Twain said 'A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.' I'm tempted to accept his definition as it allows me to joyfully consign Jeffrey Archer's books to the Biffa bin of trash literature. As an indictment of the snobbery surrounding 'great books', Twain is, of course, spot-on. Hands up, honestly, who doesn't feel that they'd rather watch a Wallace and Gromit interpretation of Joyce's *Ulysses* with hilarious consequences than read the text? (Aah, if wishing made it so, you could pick the fluff out of your belly button whilst becoming culturally enriched!)

Penguin propose a solution to this problem in the form of their

'Great Ideas' series and their 70th anniversary pocket penguins. They certainly saw me coming; 'Hurray!' I said, 'I've always thought it would be nice

**"Who doesn't feel that they'd rather watch a Wallace and Gromit interpretation of Joyce's Ulysses?"**

to have read Flaubert without having to actually spend time in the library!'. 'Aha!' said Penguin, 'It just so happens that our new editions of contempo-

**Alexander Pope:**

**"Fix the year precise when British bards begin to immortalize. Who lasts a century can have no flaw; I hold that wit a classic, good in law."**

**"None of the three novels I consider the finest of the past century are there, so I'd nominate them all: Lolita, by Nabokov; Blood Meridian, by Cormac McCarthy; and Ulysses, by Joyce. If I had to include one single novel, it would be Lolita."**

Robert Macfarlane

rary and classical, um, classics are charmingly cute and tiny, at student-friendly prices and 3 for 2 in Heffers!'. Well lazy literature lovers everywhere, you can imagine where my pocket money went that month - they're porn for bibliophiles. Seriously, if I read all of both series, which would take about 2 days if I didn't have toilet or pickled onion breaks, would I therefore never need to read anything ever again? Hardly. Firstly, we should also make our own classics - I love a book called 'The Magic Pudding', but I can see that to anyone but a starving student it could have limited appeal. What about books that have been published too recently to be put on a list?

**Omar Sabbagh** reflects on the beauty of a truly classic novel

A classic for me is a book that tells the truth. But then, a novel isn't some kind of imaginative hypothesis that can be tested for validity through observation.

Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code* has recently been a number one bestseller, but then, ten years ago, so was Vikram Seth's *A Suitable Boy*. There's no doubt about which of these two is and will continue to be a classic, but why is that? Well, simply because most people I know read Brown's book in less than a day, to pass the time, extremely readable as I'm told it was, and then got on with their lives, unaffected. Whereas, speaking now from personal and treasured experience, Seth's opus was itself a life experience. Better than sex, better than food, healthier than one and more enduring than the other. I can say without hesitation that

Reading 'classics' won't guard you against becoming behind with the times and we should attach equal importance to what our own century says about the world as to ploughing through Dostoyevsky. However, I hardly think Penguin's sole motive was allowing slothful people like me to bullshit their way through the classics.

We shouldn't place more emphasis on reading the 'great books' than on simply enjoying and exploring literature, nor should we allow our tastes to be dictated to us. However, though we may object to them, I say the classics are good for us.

Seth's novel enriched my life in ways I'm sure I'll never fully be aware of. That's what a classic does. It's an epiphanic process.

And for me character is the keystone of this process. A good story is obviously important, but you can read a great story, condensed, in five hundred words in a newspaper. You can find out what happens in a story very quickly, and be thrilled by

**"better than sex, better than food, and more enduring"**

that. But what endures in the imagination, and what stirs us, I believe, is not what happens, but to whom. When a novel is able to create real people, however fantastic or prosaic, serious or funny, clever or stupid, peo-

## Their Classics

- 1 The Handmaid's Tale**  
Margaret Atwood, 1985
- 2 Captain Corelli's Mandolin**  
Louis de Bernieres, 1994
- 3 The Name of the Rose**  
Umberto Eco, 1980
- 4 Birdsong**  
Sebastian Faulks, 1993
- 5 The French Lieutenant's Woman**  
John Fowles, 1969
- 6 Memoirs of a Geisha**  
Arthur Golden, 1997
- 7 The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time**  
Mark Haddon, 2003
- 8 Catch-22**  
Joseph Heller, 1961
- 9 Brave New World**  
Aldous Huxley, 1932
- 9 To Kill a Mockingbird**  
Harper Lee, 1960
- 10 Atonement**  
Ian McEwan, 2002

result of a poll of 500 British book groups

**The OED:**

**"A book which is deemed of the highest importance to literary culture; considered as a model for future works."**

ple who enter the rolling hills of your mind and stroll there endlessly, then you have something that lasts, something worthy of being called a classic. That's what truth is in a novel. It's not correct or even quotable ideas, nor is it accurate description; it's the live beat, the pulsing throb of an alternative reality that touches us, makes an impact on the more prosaic reality of our everyday lives.

My grandmother used to tell me, and she still does (God bless her), that a book is your best friend. That, simply, is what I'm getting at. When a book does indeed become a best friend, when you happen to find yourself, during reading, or upon finishing, stroking it and grinning gleefully, dreamily, happy that no matter what happens you'll always have it in your life, then you have a classic. And a friend for life.



# Venue Guide: The Junction

## Where is it?

In Cambridge terms you've got to don your walking boots and rucksack to trek there. In real terms it is about a 15 minute walk in a straight line up the road that Emma is on. Impossible to miss as it is surrounded by a complex that would give Las Vegas a run for its money in terms of number of garish lights.

## Why The Junction?

It plays host to some big-ish names from all the main music genres, so throughout the term they're bound to have on something you like. Also, it prevents college bar rot from setting in your bones, as you actually have to move yourself to get there.

## What Goes On?

The weekends often see club nights that range from hip hop and drum

and bass to disco and funk. During the week the junction often sells out as it manages to entice groups and artists that have achieved mainstream artist status. So remember to book your tickets if advance if you don't want to be disappointed. Also, bring id as you can't just nip home to get it and the big, burly bouncers won't fall for any amount of sweet talking or smiling.

Most nights get into full swing around 10.30- 11, leaving you plenty of time to stock up on cheap drinks at Wetherspoons, as The Junction's only downside is that the drinks are relatively expensive, leaving you with barely enough change to get the essential taxi back to college as your dancing weary legs can't face the walk.

 [www.junction.co.uk](http://www.junction.co.uk)

## the essential events of the next seven days



### theatre

#### The Caretaker

Possibly the most important play by Harold Pinter, one of the twentieth century's most influential playwrights.

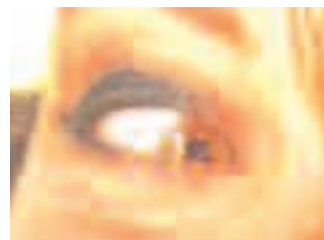
**Corpus Playroom, 7pm, Tuesday 18th until Saturday 22nd October, £5.50/£4**



#### The Receipt

Comic mystery surrounding said scrap of paper. Brought to you by last year's Perrier award winner Will Adamsdale and Chris Branch

**Junction, 8pm, Friday 14th and Saturday 15th October, £8/£3**



#### Baal

The story of the short rise and long, debauched fall of a man whose disdain for life and those around him defines and then destroys him.

**ADC, 11pm, Tuesday 18th until Saturday 22nd October, £3-£5**

## book now:



#### Goldfrapp

'I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with a strict machine. I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with a strict machine.'

**The Corn Exchange, 7:30pm, £16, Saturday 4th February**



#### Frankie Goes To Hollywood

The band now tour with a new lead singer, Ryan Molloy.

**The Junction, 7pm, £12.50, Wednesday 22nd February**



### film and music

**Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistlestop Cafe**  
An early role by Mary-Louise Parker, who, as Amy in *The West Wing*, is basically any thinking man's perfect woman.

**Trinity Winstanley Lecture Theatre, Monday 17th October**



#### Angela Hewitt

French Suite No 3 in B Minor by J.S. Bach, Piano Sonata Opus 10 Number 3 by Beethoven, and three mazurkas by Chopin. Awesome.

**West Road Concert Hall, Tuesday 14th October 7:30pm, £15**



#### Wallace and Gromit: The Curse of the Were-Rabbit

Ralph Fiennes, Helena Bonham Carter and Peter Kay are among the acting luminaries lending their vocal chords to this tale of mysterious beasts, cheese and pest-control.

**Vue from today**

## Martha & Mathilda

review *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Suddenly Last Summer* by Tennessee Williams



The close, regretful heat of a Southern summer swirls graciously onto the ADC stage this week with a Tennessee Williams double bill. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Suddenly Last Summer* seem to present the dance of angry, vibrant women around a silent centre. In *Suddenly Last Summer*, the ghost of Sebastian, cousin and son, hangs between monster and martyr in the humid air as Violet, mother, Catharine, cousin and Mrs Holly, aunt, claw at the fragments of truth which can give them peace. In *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Maggie fights to hold onto her husband, vanishing through alcoholism, lost to her after the death of his greatest friend Skipper.

Visually, Olaf Henricsson-Bell's production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* presents a rigidity and formality which belies the state of a disintegrating family. The bare wooden frame, latticed doors and soft gauze are fragile and transparent – a parody of permanence which mocks the characters who are, in Williams' own words, "haunted by a truly awful sense of impermanence". Like an architectural plan, the stage is drawn with clear lines of division and marked into sections by the black, white and auburn set and costume, creating an appearance of cohesion amongst the falling columns of the household. This interesting perspective could perhaps have been more creatively employed via lighting design. The drama rests almost solely in the words so much so that the physical violence is less moving by compari-

son. The leading women are the stars of this production: Zara Tempest-Walters (Maggie) and Eva Augustyn (Big Momma). Maggie's weighty, fraught monologues compose most of the first act of this three part play but Zara manages them confidently, offering a refreshingly light hand to this heavy craft. The still, drunken Simon Evans (Brick) is not eclipsed by Maggie's invasion of the stage, his melancholy disregard is often as well-judged as her torrent of words. Threatening to steal the show is Eva Augustyn, mesmerising from the moment she walks on stage. Eva's physicality is brilliant and matches the poignancy of her despair which left few dry eyes in the audience. The production as a whole however, lacks a certain spark; the rigidity of the framework seems to have rubbed off on the cast as the couples, however good the actors are in their own right, have little chemistry between them. This is a hard pitfall to avoid with Williams – the characters, wrapped in monologue, can stand isolated from one another which can make for engaging characterisation but at the cost of a cohesive group dynamic.

Not so with *Suddenly Last Summer*, a completely stunning production. Lydia Wilson has clearly cast an able artistic eye over all of the elements of this show; Matt Scarsbrick's stereo soundtrack punctuates the fluid language with the natural but discordant cries of birds. The whole theatre feels like a green-

house, creating a climate of claustrophobia within invisible walls. It is to the soundtrack of sanitised tropicality that a macabre tale is enacted. Based around the summoning of the family to another matriarch, the mood of *Suddenly Last Summer* immediately betrays a violent reality. Catherine is brought from the asylum to retell the terrible story of Sebastian's death and the truth of his life Cabeza de Lobo. Leading into the play, Mrs Venable chillingly narrates the hunting of baby turtles by birds of prey and likewise Catharine finds herself surrounded by her relatives eager to draw from her the words that they want to hear. The acting is flawless. Caroline Williams' Mrs Venable is captivating, she handles the words with delicacy, the cadence in her voice drawing the audience into her character. Jess Brooks' Catharine is equally brilliant, mastering complete stillness on stage, her evocation of Catharine's turmoil, at once manic and sad, is destroying. Starting as we mean to go on, Alice Harper, Catharine's mother, unflinchingly portrays her helpless desperation despite having less dialogue to thrust her on to the forestage. Benjamin Deery as Doctor Sugar and Sam Kitchener as Catharine's brother George, manage to play what could become unsympathetic characters with great sensitivity – Benjamin proves surprisingly proficient with a syringe, Sam less so with a tennis racket. The cast come together in a well-observed, moving and professional piece of theatre held together by Lydia's brave direction which is artistically unafraid to step outside of naturalism. And it is this which makes the production finally so successful: Lydia diffuses artistic imagination with measured realism creating a piece of theatre which runs in tandem with and is enhanced by the creative.

## When I was 21 Neil Tennant

of the Pet Shop Boys

### In what year were you 21?

1975

**What were you doing?** I had just started working for Marvel Comics in London as Production Editor.

**What was your favourite outfit?** Silver Surfer t-shirt and jeans.

**What were your illegal activities?** I don't recall having any.

**What was your most prized possession?** Probably my small collection of LPs

**What were you afraid of?** Violence

**What made you angry?**

Racism; music I thought was bad (some of which I would now like).

**Who were your heroes?** David Bowie, Evelyn Waugh. But it wasn't really a time for heroes.

**What did you keep secret from your parents?** More or less everything.

**What did you eat?** For a very special treat we used to go to the Spaghetti House in Knightsbridge and eat lasagne. At the flat, we ate frozen food and kebabs or fish and chips from round the corner.

**What music did you listen to?** David Bowie: Young Americans; Roxy Music: Siren; New York Dolls (first two albums); Stevie Wonder: Fulfillingness' First Finale; Overture from *Rienzi* (this was the very difficult transitional period between glam and punk. Some of my friends were listening to Fleetwood Mac, The Eagles and Little Feat.)

**What was the most rebellious thing you did?** Hate the Royal Family.

**What are you ashamed of having done?** Splitting up with my girlfriend just before our finals.

**What was your most political action?** The previous year I voted Liberal in the two general elections; the following year I started to buy *The Socialist Worker*. As with music this was a transitional period.

**What made you cry?** I don't recall crying much.

**What did you hope to be?** A pop star. I used to sit at my piano and write songs. I fantasised about joining a band but it all seemed too difficult and expensive - I didn't have an electric guitar. I also had vague ambitions to be a journalist.

**What do you wish you had known then that you know now?** Nothing really. I realised I was learning.



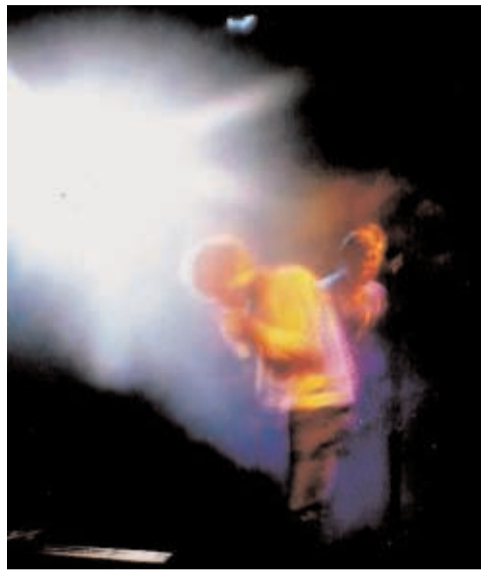
Emily Stokes

Pick  
of the  
Week



# Freshers' Fayre

...gig highlights from the week that was



THE PADDINGTONS ROCKING THE JUNCTION

## Kate Baker on The Paddingtons

Tonight the Paddingtons bring an enviably large crowd to The Junction. Opener 'Some Old Girl', a b-side that could have been a single, incites excitement that does not die until they leave the stage.

The Paddingtons have been described as many things; whether you think they're Libertines wannabes or punk saviours, their stage presence is undeniable. Lead singer Tom Atkins sings, or more accurately, screams into the microphone as if his life – and the life of everyone watching – depends on it. The band have always been good at playing as a unit, and tonight the absence of guitarist Marv is keenly felt. Kill City's Stuart LePage is an adequate replacement, but looks a little out of place – too

clean-cut for their junkie aesthetic. The Paddingtons are not the most original or talented of bands. Tom rarely performs sober and as he slurs incomprehensibly between songs it is clear this is no exception. Yet as he bellows the opening lines to recent single 'Panic Attack' ("You wanna die/Go on commit suicide/You wanna live, don't you?/Well I do too") this scarcely matters. The Paddingtons are clearly enjoying themselves and sweep the crowd along with them. They are unlikely to start a revolution, nor will they change your life, but in the midst of dreary granddad rock and whining singer-songwriters, they bring back something most music nowadays has forgotten – a sense of fun.



BLOC PARTY MAKING THE GIRLS DANCE AT THE CORN EXCHANGE

## Jess Holland on Trachtenburg Family Slideshow Players

After the show I hear someone say, 'What the fuck was that? They can't even sing in tune!' This is about as relevant as complaining that the Editors can't do Mcfly-style scissor-kicks. Riotously cacophonous the Trachtenburg Family Slideshow Players may be but they aren't auditioning to be on *Pop Idol*. They are, in their own words, an indie-vaudeville conceptual pop slideshow band: 'The slideshow element is what makes us different from all the other indie-vaudeville conceptual pop bands... We're approximately 64 months ahead of the industry.' They sing about the anonymous characters in the slides they show – collections found

in junk sales, dating from the 50's, 60's and 70's – the band themselves dressed in an ill-fitting, mismatched rainbow of clothes from the same era. The gig includes a 'six-song rock opera' which follows, word for word, an internal McDonalds marketing presentation from 1977, amidst stories of everyday lives in middle America: getting drunk, watching TV, visiting the Seattle 'Festival of Gas'. While the show could have come across as gimmicky and self-consciously retro, it is saved by a fascination with humanity at its heart. The 2-minute-long, half-shouted songs with rudimentary backing are infused with a sense of celebration of forgotten parts of

the recent past. During the mid-show Q&A session someone asks what the Trachtenburg family have learned from their slideshows, Jason answers that shopping and war are what link everyone: '...That, and, y'know, the things that people try and find in the midst of that.' 'You're okay with us,' runs the chorus to their theme song. I left feeling that the world was pretty much okay with me, that there was magic to be found in the stupid things we do to get by, and wishing I'd had the presence of mind to don stripy leggings and a thrift-store cardigan and shout about it, out of tune.

Liz Bradshaw on Bloc Party

Joining Peter Doherty amongst the legions of rock-stars-who-almost-went-to-Oxbridge-and-became-investment-bankers-instead, Kele Okereke informs us halfway through this set that "I didn't get into Cambridge". Almost tangible disappointment emanates from every girl in the room - purely, I'm sure, at the thought of academic potential tragically wasted. "I had to go to King's College London instead, but that's where I met my band": and suddenly even the shallowest fangirl is thankful, because Cambridge's loss is music's gain. Bloc Party are fantastic tonight. Hits like 'Banquet' and 'Helicopter' are artfully delivered, proving that this band can do music for girls to dance to like almost no other (and it's not just the girls who are dancing).

The catchy choruses are there, but enveloped in a more distinctive, angular sound and without the throwaway lyrics and quick-fix 'bub-

blegum rock' approach of some of their peers (Kaiser Chiefs, I'm talking to you). This makes for an altogether more satisfying live experience. This band are masters of the indie ballad, and the highlight of tonight's set is a hypnotic, spine-tingling rendition of 'This Modern Love' that provides a true showcase for the richness of Okereke's voice. As a frontman, though, he isn't exactly Alex Kapranos in the charisma stakes. The most risqué onstage banter offered tonight is "does anyone want a hug?", which I don't imagine is what Liam Gallagher customarily asks his fans. This shouldn't matter, but in an all too media-orientated industry I can't help but fear that Bloc Party, who stand out amongst their peers for all the right reasons, might take second stage for all the wrong ones.

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### 'THE 2005 NETWORKING SOCIAL'



Monday 17th October 2005  
6:30pm-8:30pm  
Beves Room, King's College

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### 'Ethnic minorities in Investment Banking'



Tuesday 18th October 2005  
6:30pm-8:30pm  
Mong Hall, Sidney Sussex College

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### 'A DAY IN THE LIFE OF...'



Friday 21st October 2005  
12:00-2pm  
Mong Hall, Sidney Sussex College

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Are there enough opportunities for writers of fiction in Cambridge?

Ned Beauman says:



Yes, but only because there aren't enough people writing. The *Mays* and *Imprint* publish about twenty short stories a year between them, most of which are excellent. *Contraband* would be all right if it raised the word limit – give people three thousand words, minimum, or there's no time to tell a real story, and you might as well just print a picture of a pretty girl. *Meat* was good but now it's graduated and we need a replacement.

The problem with fiction in Cambridge, once the home of Forster and Nabokov, is apathy. Everyone goes to the ADC, but not very many people read the *Mays*. Everyone gossips about Cambridge actors, but no one gossips about Cambridge writers, unless they get a (reported) six-figure book deal like Corpus undergraduate Helen Oyememi, author of *The Icarus Girl*. You might say it's because anyone can get involved in theatre, but not everyone can write fiction – but that's a myth. You stop writing stories at school when you're about eleven, but you can do drama until you leave, so people get used to putting all their creative energies into yet another turgid production of *Bouncers*, or whatever, when they could have the exquisite pleasure of telling a story of their own. Anyone who reads fiction can, and should, write fiction.

# Westwood drops da bomb

## David King takes a ride in the pimp-mobile

It's a mark of how successful Tim Westwood has been that everyone I've spoken to, regardless of musical interest, knows who he is. He is considered to be the man who brought hip hop into mainstream British culture. He has been a fixture at Radio One for 10 years, and his remarkably successful show is still comfortably the largest dedicated entirely to hip hop on any station. Westwood is, however, much more than a DJ and his fame and success have come as much from the force of his unique personality as the tunes he chooses to play. For some people he is the man who epitomises hip hop culture and imagery, which he has embraced whole heartedly from the clothing (he wears his own brand of trainers, a bit like Puffy or Jay-Z) to the pimped-out ride and the entourage who spill out of it. To other people he is a fraud, a white middle class boy, the son of a bishop, whose imitation of US rappers and their lifestyle jars with his surroundings and background.

Meeting Westwood is rather a surreal experience. To start with, the sight of an enormous SUV, blacked-out windows, huge rims and WIII RAP number plate parked outside King's College is an image that causes a double take. Westwood, despite the posturing imagery, is a real pleasure, with a manner and look that reminds me of a youth worker.

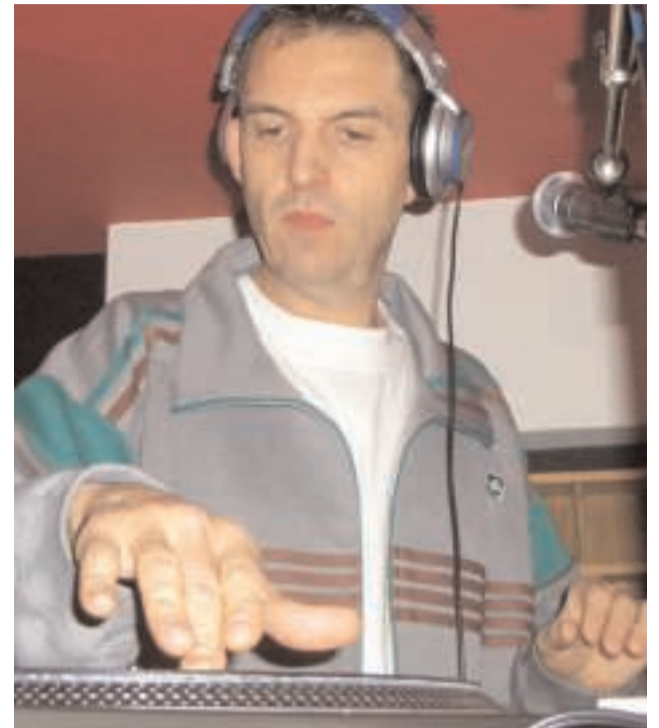
His enthusiasm comes out strongly when we get talking about hip-hop, the great passion of his life. Having been around for so long it's obvious that he has seen a lot of changes in hip hop, biggest of all being that it "has become the music of today's youth, it's become the lifestyle, it's become the brand that represents today's youth". Westwood often refers to this being the time of "the hip-hop generation" and you get the impression that he sees himself in part, not unreasonably, as a musical educator, bringing his knowledge to an audience of predominantly young people. He mentions with pleasure "some kid upstairs just said he listened to my show since he was seven". His

**"It wasn't hip-hop that pulled the trigger."**

show in Cambridge is part of a thirty date Freshers' tour stretching to the end of November, and this desire to get out of the studio and bring live music to people clearly excites him. As he explained; "I grew up in clubs, I love clubs. I love the variety; I am really blessed at the moment that I can play so many different venues and that so many different people are into hip-hop. Before it was just London, Birmingham, Bristol, only for me, but now with hip-hop being the music of

today's youth I can DJ all over the place and I really enjoy what I do. I'm loving what's happening about now".

What's happening about now is something of particular interest to Westwood. His radio show brought hip-hop out into the open, yet he has faced criticism that his focus is always towards the more established US scene. When I suggest this, it is clear he finds the criticism unjustified. "UK hip-hop is at its most powerful and greatest it's ever been. There's so much energy and heat out there, so many great artists coming through. There has never been a better time for UK hip-hop...[people like] Kano, Roll Deep, Lethal Bizzle, Skinnyman, the Kray Twins; they're the cats I think I'm really feeling at the moment. I've never been scathing [of UK Hip Hop]. I just support hot records, so if people give me hot records I support them. I've always supported the UK scene. Every week we've had artists on the show since the last ten years on Radio One. I think they've got tremendous energy out there. UK I've always been strong on man". On the emergence of grime, and the ongoing debate about where it fits into the genre Westwood was firm "They're hip hop baby, they're rhyming over beats and they're hot. They're like the new generation man. They're the people getting spun in the clubs. The records are like BAM!"



He also denied that he felt any connection between hip-hop and violence. Violence, he said, is "not part of hip hop culture, just part of society. And hip-hop is something that reflects society. [When I was shot] it was totally unrelated. It wasn't hip-hop that pulled the trigger. What you got to understand, hip-hop reflects what's going on, people are telling their stories. Hip-hop might be reflecting these stories so more people can understand and find out what's happening in peoples lives

but I don't think you can relate that to hip-hop. That's to do with people living in poverty, equal opportunities, family structures, it's to do with those issues. The fact that Fiddy got shot is not what makes him a great artist, it's not something people embrace him for, that's just part of the story he's telling". It's clear to see that Westwood is still at the forefront of his scene and is as unconcerned about detractors, both of him and his music, as he ever was.

## album reviews

### My Morning Jacket

Z ★★★★★

Listening to Z is like realising your new boyfriend is perfect on the first date: gorgeous, sensitive, with a great sense of humour. You know you'll have broken up by Christmas. This third offering from Kentucky quintet My Morning Jacket is exactly like falling in love too soon: sometime, sooner or later, it will become the kind of album you find with disgust in your Dad's CD collection after it has been on every Best of the Year list in the media. Z is what we have been waiting for since *The Bends* – The soul-and-ska beat of single 'Off the Record' is juxtaposed with the sardonic profundity of lines such as "a kitten on fire, a baby in a blender, both sound as sweet as a night of surrender" then, before you even have a moment to stop and say "thank you GOD!" you are lost in the whirlwind of 7-minute soaring conclusion 'Dondante'.

MMJ finally strike the balance of preaching without pretension, epic without the need for epidural. Jim James' near-falsetto soars above the kind of driven guitar that Mercury Rev can only dream of with the soulful echo that made you admire Chris Martin's voice before Hollywood marriage and radio over-play made you shrink back in smug disgust. But don't classify Z with the Radio 2-friendly commercial offerings that made Indie-Pop an oxymoron. Please. Buy this record before everyone else does, and savour your maudlin hours alone together...for I fear it won't be long before Jo Whiley gets her sticky hands on it,



Mary Bowers

### Boards of Canada

The Campfire Headphase ★★★★★

At the time, it seemed to be IDM trivia of no real consequence outside the online lives of forum-dwellers. But wider implications of the disclosure that Boards of Canada's Mike Sandison and Marcus Eoin are in fact brothers seem clearer upon a listen of this, the pair's fourth album. Elusive, reclusive, all that other achingly cool stuff – Boards always seemed to fit the delicious Warp aesthetic perfectly. Keep the music awe-inspiringly superlative, keep out of the press, and a quietly adoring bunch of devotees would be yours forever. And there was the music to match it – by turns dense and complex, spacious and subtle. Both *Music Has The Right To Children* (1998) and *Geogaddi* (2002) entwined childlike synths around beats crunchy with adulthood. It was bewildering, it was beautiful. But just as abrupt as the brothers' sudden willingness to play Mediaball is *The Campfire Headphase's* departure from

their uniqueness and niche.

The album forays into acoustic instrumentation and dallies with more conventional structures – of no real problem, of course, if their inimitable cause could be maintained. And sometimes it is – 'Chromakey Dreamcoat' and 'Sherbet Head' respectively grate and dream well enough. But tracks like '84 Pontiac Dream' could be the sufficiently bland backing tracks to any BBC2 trailer, and 'Peacock Tail'? Enya wants her pan-pipes back.

*The Campfire Headphase* is a good album. But it's the Boards of Canada's weakest offering to date, and leaves them looking potentially as fallible as the laptop also-rans they would once (quietly) have trampled all over.



Jon Swaine

### Sugababes Taller in More Ways

★★★★★



With Push The Button gearing up to be their biggest hit yet, does the Sugababes' fourth album complete a triumvirate of pop near-genius after the respect garnered by Angels With Dirty Faces and Three? Taller In More

Ways is sanitized

simple pop by numbers and has none of the coquettish, knowing charm of its predecessors. The Sugababes' strength always lay in their canny choice of material. 'Ugly' is flat and unimpressive, and its troubled self-esteem content unashamedly grabs at the wallets of the teenage market, which they had been moving away from. Maudlin ballads 'Follow Me Home', 'Bruised' and '2 Hearts' are served with lashings of syrup but still leave a sour taste, not least because there is as much passion in their

vocals as if they were working on a till at Boots. "Red Dress" is a searing blast of electropop and demonstrates some of the grimy charm sadly lacking elsewhere; 'Gotta Be You' is a dramatic yet melodic cut and suggests the producers may yet earn their crust from their work here; "Obsession" and 'Joy Division' are pop rinsed through the funky cycle and showcase the girls' powerful but diverse vocal talents. Lead track 'Push The Button' is insistently catchy yet refreshingly compressed, edgy and tuneful. Taller In More Ways is the work of a band in need of direction. Listenable, yet strangely sterile.

Anthony Fitzpatrick

### The Chalets

Check In ★★★★★

You'll know from the first chord whether you're a Chalets fan or not. They're like Belle and Sebastian after too many packets of Sherbert Dib-Dabs, or like the Magic Numbers if only they'd let go and stop being so damn serious. They could be grrrrrrl-electro pop with boys or a transsexual version of fellow Dubliners The Thrills if only they lived up their names and stopped pretending they were from Texas. 'Theme from the Chalets' opens the album with a sickly-sweet punch in the face, and the ironic banality of 'Two Chord Song' shows that this band may be daft, but at least they're laughing at their own reflection. Fourteen tracks

of the same is a bit of overload: like having a nursery full of five year olds, they might be cute at first but by the end of the day you just want to give them away, unless you are insatiably cheery. See also: eating a whole packet of Love Hearts all at once. You may feel a little bit sick by the end but you can't help but smile at the thought of having got one up on anyone in a Hello Kitty T-Shirt. (n.b. If you've never done something as silly as eating a whole packet of Love Hearts all once don't buy this album).



Mary Bowers

# "I'll just pop this pill in your . . ."

**Jenny Lee** reviews *Ether frolics*, coming to the Junction this week

*Ether Frolics* is a play which aims to guide its audience through an exploration of the experience of anaesthesia. When I saw it in Edinburgh I was seated in a white hospital-like curtained space and greeted by an efficient looking nurse with a clipboard. She proceeded to talk the audience through the events of the play as if we were about to enter the operation theatre, ending with the curt aside "I'll just pop this pill in your ass", spoken with the same casual tone with which she might have murmured

"I'll just pop this in the bin". Seconds later we were plunged into a blinding darkness. "Jesus Christ" exclaimed the woman behind me, and a man further forward laughed hysterically.

Out of the blackness shapes began to emerge, so indistinct that I was unable to decipher which images were created by my own brain and which were the product of incredibly sophisticated lighting effects. The entire show was technically adept with sound, lighting design and stage effects forming the basis of the audience's experience. It was a brave decision by director Mark Espiner. My only reservation was, in the words of Gonzalez-Crussi in *The Five Senses*, that "pain, like all sense experience, is a private affair. It is fundamentally enigmatic and unknow-

able." The performance engages the audience in an extraordinary experience, but it is one that is necessarily theatrical and quite different to the experience of anaesthetisation that it aimed to simulate. Yet this is perhaps a moot point. The acting is deft, the three performers delivering uncomfortably disarming portrayals of the impersonality of medical staff.

*Ether Frolics* is the kind of intelligent yet daringly creative theatre that characterises the Fringe at its best. And now it's come to Cambridge.

**The Junction Shed**, 8pm, £8 / £3 conc, Thursday 20th and Friday 21st October



Distortions of the mind in *Ether Frolics*

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# Playroom

**What most appeals to you about Harold Pinter and *The Caretaker* in particular?**

The dialogue. At first, with the pauses, the colloquial interjections, the hesitations and self-clarifications, it looks like Pinter's trying to write 'natural-sounding' speech. Anyone who's seen one of his plays performed well knows that they may be lots of things, but they are not naturalistic. Speech patterns feel like subtle parodies of those in the "real world". The atmospheres are ominous, pathetic and sometimes symptomatic of a rather macabre sense of humour. But everything's in the dialogue - in the timing of its delivery, in stress patterns, tonal inflections. Pinter's dialogue is some of the very hardest for actors to learn, because the precision it requires doesn't admit any syntactic or lexical variation whatsoever. You have to stick to the script verbatim. And if you do, the texts become a bit like blue-prints, showing ways of constructing his delicate and rather wonderful dra-

matic moments.

**A common feature of Pinter's work is his use of silence. How have you tackled this in your direction?**

Silence can be a bit dangerous because it gives actors and directors lots of opportunities to ignore it. If you ignore the pauses in Pinter's plays, or in anyone's plays, you are ignoring crucial clues. And, when the struggle for clues to unravel *The Caretaker* is so difficult anyway, we've used everything we could find. The obvious questions: 'Why did x stop speaking?', 'Why does y not begin speaking earlier?'. Start there. It isn't rocket science.

**Why did you choose the *Playroom* to stage this production?**

It's the perfect size and the perfect shape. *The Caretaker* is set in a poky little room in West London. It's critical that the audience be among the actors, it's critical that we see the twitches in their faces, that we can smell the dust and the

dirt. A pros arch would destroy the whole thing. An end-on would look dated, I think. The walls of the *Playroom* become our set. It's rather convenient.

**Why do you think this play is likely to appeal to Cambridge students?**

For those Homertonians who are forced to study *The Caretaker* as a set text, I have a feeling our appeal will be pretty overwhelming. Pinter is always popular, and it's very rare to see this, possibly his greatest play, performed by students. But I felt confident about taking it on because I knew that there were actors here up to its challenges. And I was right. Dan Mansell, Tom Secretan and Alex Finch give deeply impressive performances that I would put along any I've seen since I got to Cambridge. Plus, the direction. You've never seen such direction. It's the complete package.

**With the breaking news that Harold Pinter has just won a Nobel Prize, what are your**

**Laura Draper** talks to **Zack Simons** about directing newly-awarded Nobel Laureate Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* at *Corpus Christi Playroom*.

7pm, Tuesday 18th until Saturday 22nd October, £5.50/£4

**thoughts? Does he deserve it?**

Of course he does, and I wonder how rarely they award it to dramatists. Michael Billington said that Pinter was not performed enough, so hopefully this will prompt a renaissance. It is a great day for Pinter. Perhaps we should have a 2 minute silence to celebrate his success!



## The week in pictures at the ADC



**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof**  
Glamorous and romanticized, this adaptation of Williams' classic was nominated for an Academy Award. Starring Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman.

dvd of the week

Pictures from the two Tennessee Williams plays at the ADC this week. For a review of the shows in *Martha and Mathilda* turn to page 25.

## College film recommendations: *Some Like it Hot*

As if the presence of directorial legend Billy Wilder wasn't reason enough, *Some Like it Hot* demands your viewer-ship, on account of its effortless and comic portrayal of 1920's prohibition America.

Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon and Marilyn Monroe star in the story of two musicians on the run from the mafia after witnessing the 192 St Valentines Day massacre. To escape the wrath of the heavies, they skip town, taking cover with a Florida-bound all-girl band. Trouble is, they have to masquerade as "Josephine and Daphne", and a meeting with seductive singer Sugar is imminent. Cue the love and the archetypal Hollywood character arcs to which we've grown accustomed and there you have it...or do you?

Well, not completely. Risque for their day, themes of cross-dressing and the mutability of gender sustain and amplify the film's dramatic formula. Wilder is careful to incorporate wholly heterosexual elements into the story line so as to leave his original audience in no

doubt as to sexual leaning of his protagonists. The kind of sexual ambiguity that is now acceptable would perhaps have been too subversive for the two hours of "family fun" for which it was originally intended. It seems the process of humourising these issues is still preferred as a means of addressing them.

*Some like it Hot* does meander at times, which is perhaps the only criticism I can offer. The lead duo are superb, with chemistry akin to that of Reford and Newman. Wilder comes in for particular kudos for managing to extract such a decent performance from Monroe. Infamous for her inability to recall lines and diva-like antics on-set, Monroe is subtle, funny and memorable. Arguably here we have a comedy that audiences over the last four decades have found hard to resist. You have my unequivocal recommendation.

***Some Like It Hot* is showing at Christ's College on 20th October**

Mike Grace

## The Mays: Three Commissioned Poems

### Sista Swan

Sista swannin, summa of da slink sphinx, she sassy.

Borrowed mi boots, boxed in boobs, burnt da buns.

Sista slimmin to snake svelte, so sexy she can seem

For Buff Boys, bruffers, big bucks on da booty bus.

**White knuckle  
pull,  
cull da Clean cut  
cleavage,  
Knockers  
liftin, lappin,  
dapple dipped  
nipple.**

**Pint peaches  
juggling,**

**Petrol breath  
bare leg.**

**Woo you  
wiv da flash,  
phosphate,  
acid on da tongue.**

Press up, id and ego double up, hip hand crimp,  
stamp

Bling bling ring on thigh, on mi gobby green girl.

Twists time in table talk, twitters a turgid tete a fete

Dirty doll, dog end day, think depressed death,

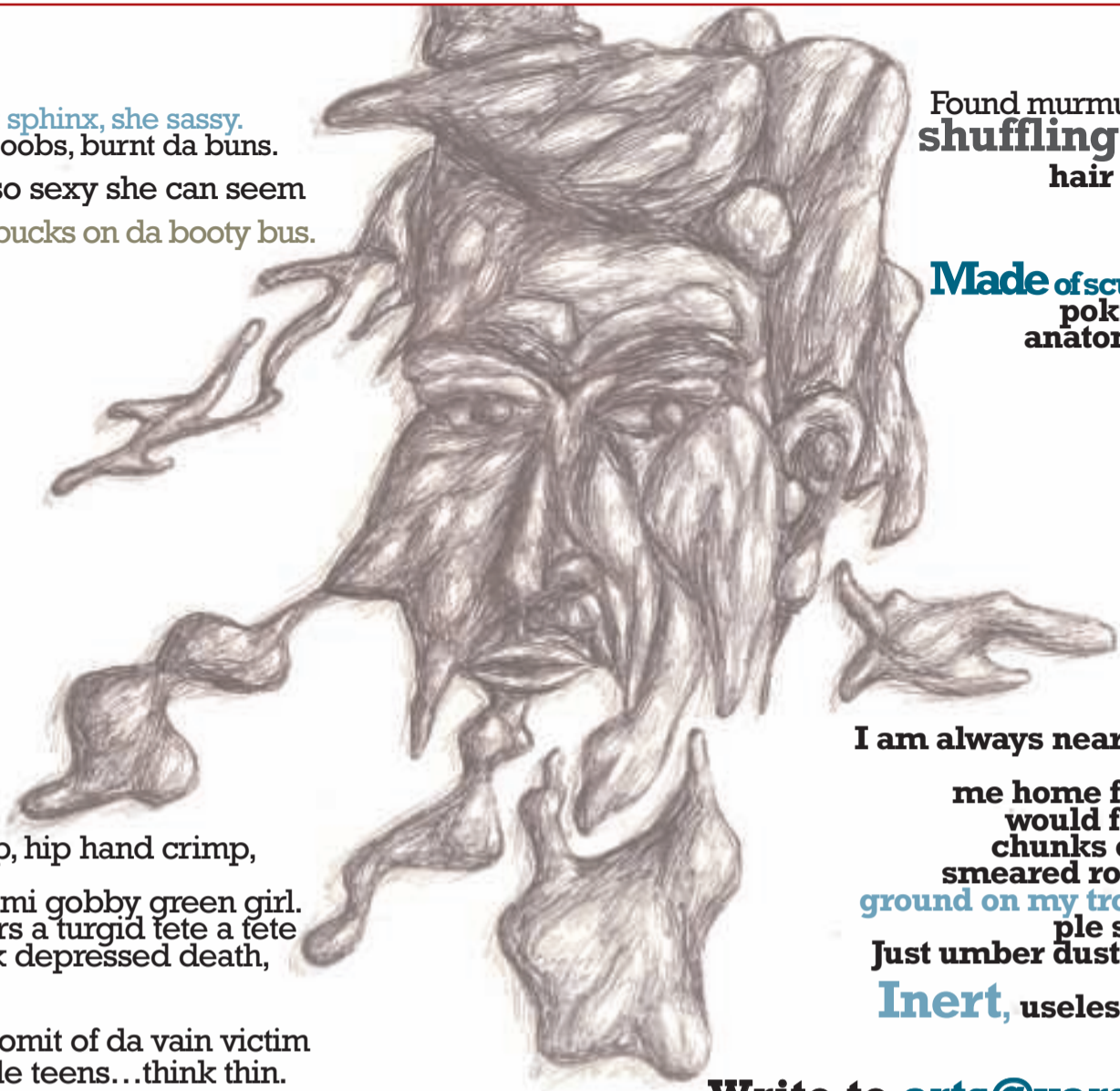
ditto

as do I.

Vie, Violet virago, vie venom vomit of da vain victim

Tank, Tubby tums think thin tele teens...think thin.

Alexandra Strnad



### Untitled 1

Found murmurs of your day  
**shuffling** on my chest,  
hair coaxing dew.

**Made** of scuffed corners,  
poking fun at my  
anatomy: oak rings  
in the air.

### Untitled 2

I am always near **rust**: it fol-  
lowed  
me home from school. I  
would find **the moon**  
chunks on my hands,  
smeared round the sink,  
**ground on my trousers.** A pur-  
ple scent of steel.  
Just umber dust crossed with  
my sinuses,  
**Inert**, useless as a broken  
bulb.

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**Venue:** Fitzwilliam Museum, Trumpington Street

**Time:** 6.30pm

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# Out of *The Back Room* and into the spotlight

Was **Yaqoob** discusses “journalistic hype bollocks”

The last time I saw guitarist Chris Urbanowicz, he was hurling his ascetically skinny frame around at their frenetic Portland Arms gig earlier this year. An hour before their gig at the Junction, however, and thousand-mile stares and fashionably dishevelled hair are out the window, replaced by a disarming candour. Talking about the band's forming in 2000, he admits that 4 years of gigging before being signed to indie label Kitchenware “were absolute, grinding hell. At the same time as doing toilet venues half of us worked in a call centre, and the other half in shoe shops in Birmingham”. Asked about a teenhood presumably spent listening to Cure in bedrooms, he interjects “we all had a big hangover from Britpop. When I was in bands at 14 or whatever, I wanted to rebel, do politics, that kind of thing. But after Britpop I put my guitar down, got into dance, hip-hop”. So why pick up a guitar again? Surprisingly, he points to the Strokes “they made guitar music exciting again”. It seems like an odd choice, given that even the band's poppiest cuts have a decidedly melancholic, introspective edge compared to the wanton strut and scruffy glamour of the Strokes. “Mentioning the Strokes seems to take people aback. But the truth is, our influences are pretty contemporary.”

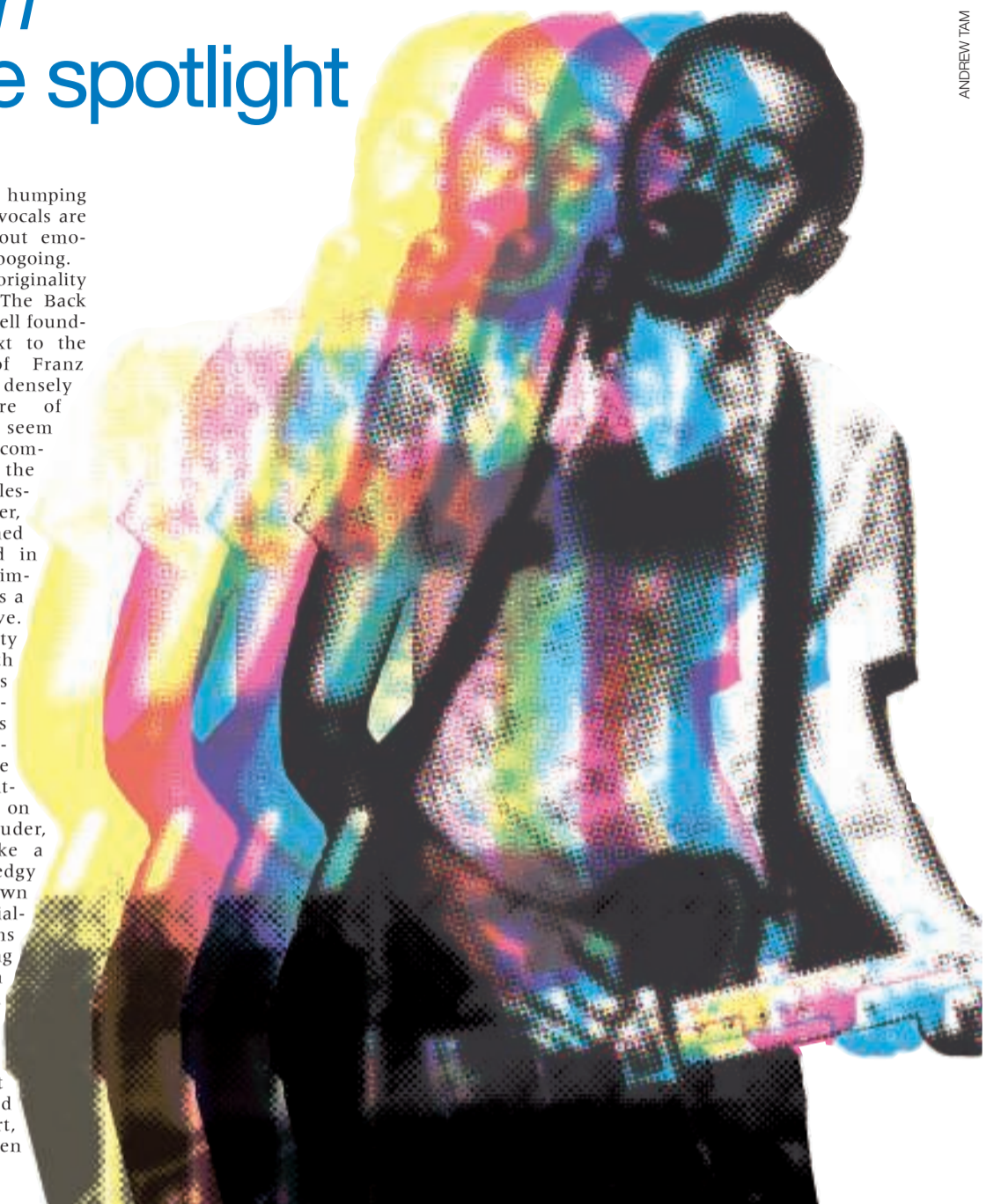
A rudimentary survey of critical opinion on Editors will

show that the words Joy Division, Echo and the Bunnymen, and frequently ‘copyists’ are more commonly, and disparagingly, used as critical currency—especially due to singer Tom Smith's mournful baritone. Asked about being seen as tacking onto the New Romantic/post-punk revival, Chris bluntly says “we're very reluctant to be associated with any scene. We don't feel any affinity with bands like the Departure or Interpol. I'm tempted to say it's all total journalistic hype bollocks. It was really just a close-knit bunch of people doing what they really enjoy”. Comparisons with Joy Division do yield some bitter fruit. The theatrical middle section of their debut is naggingly redolent of the meditative, synth-laden latter half of their masterpiece *Closer*. On record Editors can often sound like a slightly unconvincingly miserabilist pastiche of countless bands full of serious men in long coats wandering romantically monotone cityscapes.

But the absurdity of labelling them a ‘disco Joy Division’ is obvious. JD's canon was hardly conducive to jazzy hands and glowsticks. Live at the Junction however, Editors shine not on the morose epics, but with what the band themselves once called the ‘dark disco’. Opener ‘Lights’ sees its somewhat soporific initial jangle mutate into gorgeous echo-laden guitar burst. Single ‘Munich’ is a cor-

uscating, dancefloor humping delight, even if the vocals are more concerned about emotional fragility than pogoing.

Doubts about the originality or lyrical depth of *The Back Room* are possibly well founded. On record, next to the detached irony of Franz Ferdinand, or the densely layered atmosphere of Interpol, Editors seem almost staid. Even compared to Interpol, the formula of their singles—sharp jangly Telecaster, distorted high pitched guitar lines soaked in delay, and hi-hat shimmering drum beats—is a little unimaginative. However the intensity of singer Tom Smith and Chris Urbanowicz's performance transforms these songs. Set closer ‘Fingers in the Factories’, eliciting little more than ‘meh’ on record, seems louder, faster, and less like a Siamese twin of edgy post-punk and Town Called Malice, especially when it steams towards its pounding glam chorus. As Tom Smith whirled and staggered like a pale dervish on Ketamine, it seemed pretty obvious that Editors are a band worthy of support, even if only when playing live.



ANDREW TAM

## All the Answers

### Tibor Fischer by Tom Kingsley

Tibor Fischer is a brusque man. He famously described Martin Amis's *Yellow Dog* as being “like your favourite uncle being caught in a school playground, masturbating.” So he talks brusque, he looks brusque, and he writes trickily post-modern novels with concepts much funnier and more exotic than his name. Their titles are brusque. Like *Don't Read This Book If You're Stupid*, or *We Ate the Chef*, or *Under the Frog's Arse*, or the one he's writing right now – *Good to be God*. Why is it good to be God, I ask, ambiguously. “I can't tell anyone. I can't,” he answers, unambiguously. “But it is set in Miami.” Well the location is of no help at all. It wouldn't help at all to know that *The Collector Collector*, for example, was set in modern London, because it is narrated by a sentient ceramic bowl which bitches about the people it has been quietly observing in various pottery collections over the past 6500 years.

That's weird. “It was a challenge. It's just more interesting

for me to try and do something new. I tried to write as a bowl in order to be something that had no gender.” The bowl's barbed banter still sounds rather male, but the conceit comes off brilliantly – with the earthenware's earthy sense of humour steering the surprisingly pacy plot into something approaching an adventure story. Which you wouldn't expect from an inanimate object.

“*The Collector Collector* is the most extravagant thing I've written so far,” says Fischer. It is. It's far removed from Fischer's first novel, *Under the Frog*. It was called *Under the Frog's Arse* in

Hungarian, because they understand that the title was from the Magyar proverb: “the worst place in the world is under a frog's arse down a coal mine.” Similarly bad is Hungary during the unruly decade after the Second World War, which is the setting of Fischer's book. It's an energetically comic commentary of the chaos of communism's collapse, which two young men manage to survive by joining a travelling basketball team. But the frequent sadness and pathos shows a sensitivity lacking from Fischer's later, rather more glib, novels.

When Gyuri, one of our hoop-shooting heroes, finally escapes from

Communist Hungary, his elation and his homesickness are conveyed in the image of “tears, in teams, abseiling down his face”.

It's a situation with which Fischer identifies: his parents suffered the same plight as Gyuri. They too played basketball, and were among the 200,000 people who fled Hungary in 1956. Everyone else in his family still lives in Hungary, and that was a reason for him to go to Budapest as the *Daily Telegraph* foreign correspondent on the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe in the late eighties. When he was 30, he returned to London, and figured that he had the time, and the savings, to write his first novel. “If I hadn't, it would never have got written.”

I met Fischer at Catz's Shirley Society, where he's reading extracts from his work, and we're sipping the free wine, thank you. He studied in Cambridge, at Peterhouse, and used the experience as part inspiration for *The Thought Gang*, in which a Cambridge philosophy fellow called Eddie Coffin runs away to France and becomes a successful bank robber. The Cambridge education is evident in Fischer's perfect pastiche of Coffin's smug philosophical jargon, and in the description of the university itself. “Why set up a university there in the first place is beyond me, unless it was an act of malice by someone who relished the sounds of clerics coughing in foggy fens. The most sensible place for a seat of learning would have been

Dover – as far south as possible and closest to a country with a proper climate and cuisine.”

Back in the improper climate of Cambridge, Fischer is reading from *The Collector Collector*, and *Voyage to the End of the Room*, and a sneak preview of a bit from *Good to be God*. But he doesn't sound like he's very excited about any of them. They seem to bore Tibor. This isn't surprising in itself – writers don't have to be good at reading out loud, that's why they write things down. But it's significant that his declamation is entirely different when he reads from *Under the Frog*. He becomes animated, leaping about to read each character's line in a different place, doing accents, re-enacting the scene when the director of a Soviet propaganda film tries to get a dying

**“HE STUDIED IN CAMBRIDGE, AT PETERHOUSE, AND USED THE EXPERIENCE AS PART INSPIRATION FOR THE THOUGHT GANG, IN WHICH A CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHY FELLOW CALLED EDDIE COFFIN RUNS AWAY TO FRANCE AND BECOMES A SUCCESSFUL BANK ROBBER”**

man to cheer on communism for the camera. He doesn't say it, but this is clearly his favourite book.

It also got him onto Granta's list of the Best Young British Novelists, and it was short-listed for the 1993 Booker Prize. He hasn't been back on the

shortlist since. Why? Maybe it's because he's become too concerned with being clever and whimsical and post-modern. His later books seem to distance themselves from personal, real, subject matter.

He really seems to enjoy writing for its own sake, becoming visibly happier when talking about the way he writes than when discussing what he writes about. “I've spent nearly a year sitting and thinking about *Good to be God*. I like to explore it on the page, and just redraft it and redraft it and redraft it. Some writers say they just write straight through and they're finished. Maybe they're lying.”

He's working on *Good to be God* right now, and all the signs are that it'll be another crazy exercise in literary technique. “I'm not interested in

writing the same book again. I don't want to be seen as the man who writes novels about Eastern Europe. I just don't see the point of that. This is more stimulating.” It may be for him, but for me, Fischer's at his best under a frog.





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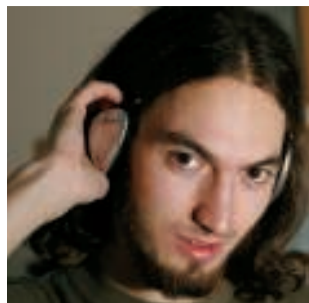
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**Dave King**

Clare Cellars got the term started with **Klashnekoff** last week, and the quality and professionalism of the act was refreshing, even if the short performance length and sound gremlins detracted from the overall experience. **Bloc Party** were also plagued by sound problems, but kept a very keen crowd happy with a high tempo set. They also dropped into the Kamar afterwards, lending the venue future star appeal. **Westwood** brought his inimitable brand of hip hop as well as his entourage along on Sunday, and his set was as bouncy and floor filling as you would hope.

This week there are only a couple of events to recommend. Those who need a fix of distorted guitars and rock should check out the **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club**.

There is more d'n'b and hip hop with Switch at the Junction featuring beat box **Killa Kela** among others. Ex-Caius boy **Jimmy Carr** is returning to Cambridge with a new show at the Corn Exchange on Sunday, and - who knows? - he might even make 'local' jokes. A far better bet for some righteous entertainment is **Lee Evans** at the Corn Exchange on Monday and Monday week. Some people are just put on the Earth to make people laugh, and Evans is one of them. In the West End production of *The Producers* recently he regularly brought the entire theatre to tears before he even spoke a line. If none of this takes your fancy Carnival at Queens' on Saturday is presenting Dancehall Fever with 1Extra and **Robbo Ranx**. You can also use this week as a chance to catch up with the best regular club nights. Check out the dextrous mixing skills of **DJ Kayper** at Ebonics on Tuesday at the Fez or the indie blitzkrieg of the new Club Goo at the Soul Tree on Wednesday which this week presents **Viva Voce**.

**stage**



**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof**  
Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer-prize winning play.  
ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, until Saturday 15th October

**Suddenly Last Summer**  
Williams' darkest work.  
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, until Saturday 15th October

**Blithe Spirit**  
Much-loved supernatural comedy by Noel Coward.  
ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, Tuesday 18th October until Saturday 22nd

**Baal**  
Bertolt Brecht's first work.  
ADC, 11pm, £3-£5, Wednesday 19th October until Saturday 22nd

**The Winter's Tale**  
All-male ensemble performance of Shakespeare's passionate and haunting play.  
Cambridge Arts Theatre, various times and prices, until Saturday 15th October

**The Caretaker**  
Pinter's masterpiece.  
Corpus Christi Playroom, 7pm, £5.50/£4, Tuesday 18th October until Saturday 22nd

**Beyond Midnight**  
New writing casts a dark light on a Classic fairytale.  
ARU Mumford Theatre, 7.30pm, £6.50 NUS, Saturday 15th October until Tuesday 18th (no performance Sunday)

**The Little World of Don Camillo**  
Catholicism meets Communism in these Italian short stories.  
ARU Mumford Theatre, 7.30pm, £10/£8, Thursday 20th October

**THIS WAY UP FESTIVAL: The Receipt**  
New Theatre company's mystery play.  
The Junction, 8pm, £8/£3 (NUS), Friday 14th and Saturday 15th October

**Dead Man's Biggest Fan**  
Witty show on claustrophobic friendship.  
The Junction, 8pm, £8/£3 (NUS), Tuesday 18th and Wednesday 19th October

**Ether Frolics**  
Theatrical journey into the history and contemporary practice of anaesthesia.  
The Junction, 8pm, £8/£3 (NUS), Thursday 20th and Friday 21st October

**Mobile Thriller**  
Chilling Hit-and-run staged in the back of a car.  
The Junction, 7.30pm & 9.30pm, £8/£3 (NUS), Thursday 20th October until Saturday 22nd

**Footlights Smoker**  
This year's virgin smoker  
ADC, 11pm, Tue 18th October £5/£4



**screen**

**Arts Picturehouse**

Friday 14 October  
A History of Violence (18)  
20:45  
Batman Begins (12A)  
22:40  
Howl's Moving Castle (U)  
15:20  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20, 23:00  
Los Debutantes (18)  
22:50  
Night Watch (15)  
13:00, 15:30, 18:00, 20:30  
Pride & Prejudice (U)  
12:50, 17:45  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45



Saturday 15 October  
A History of Violence (18)  
20:45  
Batman Begins (12A):  
22:40  
Fantastic Four (PG)  
11:00  
Howl's Moving Castle (U)  
15:20  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20  
Los Debutantes (18)

22:50  
Night Watch (15)  
13:00, 15:30, 18:00, 20:30, 22:50  
Pride & Prejudice (U)  
12:50, 17:45  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45

Sunday 16 October  
A History of Violence (18)  
21:20  
Destiny (n/c)  
18:00  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20  
Marius Et Jeannette  
14:30  
Night Watch (15)  
13:00, 15:30, 20:30  
Pride & Prejudice (U)  
16:30  
Rocky Road to Dublin (15)  
12:00  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45

Monday 17 October  
A History of Violence (18)  
20:45  
Howl's Moving Castle (U)  
15:20, 18:45  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20  
Night Watch (15)  
13:45, 16:15, 21:15  
Pride & Prejudice (U)

12:50, 17:45  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45  
Tuesday 18 October  
Battle in Heaven (18)  
18:30  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20  
Night Watch (15)  
13:45, 16:15, 21:15  
Now Voyager (PG)  
21:15  
Pride & Prejudice (U)  
15:30  
Sunrise: A Song Of Two Humans (U)  
13:30  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45



Wednesday 19 October  
A History of Violence (18)  
20:45  
Finding Neverland (PG)  
11:00  
Howl's Moving Castle (U)  
15:20, 18:45  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20  
Night Watch (15)  
13:45, 16:15, 21:15  
Now Voyager (PG)  
11:00  
Pride & Prejudice (U)  
17:45  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45  
Wind and Tide (U)  
13:00

Thursday 20 October  
A History of Violence (18)  
21:30  
Howl's Moving Castle (U)  
14:30, 18:45  
Innocence (15)  
15:20, 20:20  
Kika (18)  
17:00  
Night Watch (15)  
13:45, 16:15, 21:15  
Pride & Prejudice (U)  
The Intruder (15)  
12:50, 17:45

**exhibitions**



**Ways of Living**  
Contemporary sculpture from four internationally renowned artists. Each exhibit explores the relationship between art and life (above).  
Kettle's Yard, free entry, 1st October until 20th November

**Cambridge Illuminations**  
The largest and most comprehensive exhibition of illuminated manuscripts including ten centuries' worth from Cambridge collections.  
Fitzwilliam Museum, free entry, 26th July until 11th December

**Coveney: Island Identity in the Fens and Currency in Africa**  
Two of several small exhibitions in the Andrews exhibition gallery that explore the extensive reserve collections of the museum.  
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, free entry, 19th September until 1st December

**The Real Madagascar**  
An exploration of the flora and fauna of the strange island of Madagascar, from pre-history to the present day.  
Museum of Zoology, free entry, 19th July until 24th December

**The Antarctic Photographs of Herbert Ponting**  
Photographs taken from the original negatives of the intrepid photographer who accompanied Scott's expedition to the Antarctic in 1910-1914 (right).  
Scott-Polar Research Institute, free entry, 1st September until 31st March 2006

**Being and Not Being Black**  
Part of Black History Month in Cambridge, curated by Hakim Onitolo.  
Artspace Gallery, free entry, 4th October until 26th October

**Currency In Africa**  
Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, 19th Sept - 1st March 2006, free entry

**Life, ritual and immortality: Eating and Drinking in China**  
Special display of Chinese bronze, jade and ceramic vessels used for rituals and daily life  
Fitzwilliam Museum, 4th October - 3rd January 2006, free entry



**Drawn to Africa**  
Workshops including African fabric painting, Sona sand drawing, Kente cloths and African Indigo dye drawing.

Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, selected dates throughout October and November, free

**Paul Goodwin**  
the local songwriter and Songs in the Dark favourite plays with a full band  
8pm £3  
Portland Arms  
**Generator**  
angular-fringe indie  
9:30-2 £3  
Kambar  
**Boogie**  
disco inferno  
10-2:30 £7  
The Junction  
**Beat Wax**  
dirty house and breaks  
9-1 £2  
The Cow

**The Geek Girl**  
Manchester indie  
8:30 £4  
The Portland Arms  
**The Switch**  
hip hop and d'n'b with Killa Kela live  
10-3 £9  
The Junction  
**Fat Poppadaddy's**  
a pub jukebox's idea of 'eclectic' comes to Clare  
9-1 £4  
Clare Cellars  
**Carnival**  
dancehall  
8-1 £3  
Queens'

**Sunday Roast**  
the opposite of church  
9-1 £4 NUS  
Life  
**New Model Army**  
big in the eighties  
7pm £16  
The Junction  
**Acoustic open-mic**  
not always that bad  
9-12 free  
CB2

**R\*E\*P\*E\*A\*T new bands**  
with the Cohort Effect and Little Hope  
8:30 £3  
The Portland Arms  
**Fat Poppadaddy's**  
the 'alternative' alternative  
9-2:30 £2 NUS  
Fez  
**International Student Night**  
pohjanmaan kautta!  
9:30-2 £5  
Life  
**School Days**  
'free entry in school uniform'  
9:30-2 £5  
Ballare

**Black Rebel Motorcycle Club**  
Jesus and Mary Chain revivalists  
7pm £16  
The Junction  
**Top Banana**  
CUSU's weekly fruit-market  
9-2 £4 NUS  
Ballare  
**Unique**  
LBG night  
9:30-1  
£4

**Rumboogie**  
the student magnet  
9-2 £4 NUS  
Ballare  
**The Alley Club**  
ska, soul and rhythm'n'blues  
8-12 free  
The Devonshire Arms  
**Funk da Bar**  
you love this  
8-12 £3  
Emma bar  
**Open mic**  
avoid if you possibly can  
8-11 free  
Man on the Moon

**International Student Night**  
na zdravje!  
9-2 £4  
Ballare  
**Litmus**  
space-rockers  
8pm £4  
The Portland Arms  
**Urbanite**  
bass! how low can you go?  
9-2 £3  
The Soul Tree  
**First we take Manhattan...**  
Grimy devilry & revelry  
9:30-2  
£3 before 11/£4 after  
The Kamar

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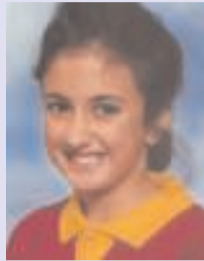
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2. The Philosophy of Mechanics

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**Drop in sessions:**

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# No more sporting blues

Varsity Sport investigates how Cambridge students can receive injury treatment

Sophie Pickford

Cambridge is a land of sporting opportunity on many different levels. Each year at the freshers' fair its rich pickings are spread in front of us like a deluxe chocolate assortment – 'What to do next?' you ponder, 'Eton Fives? Real tennis? Orienteering?' Soon e-mails from clubs you never meant to disclose your personal details to will start flooding in, but be warned, should you actually do the unthinkable and turn up to a training session, particularly in a second, third or fourth-choice sport, the risk of injury is surprisingly high. This week I met two of Cambridge's leading physios, Kristin Giussani, Superintendent physio at Addenbrookes' Sports Injuries Clinic, and Linda Dennis, new CUBC physio, to find out what our options are once injured.

The Sports Injuries Clinic at Addenbrookes is 20 years old this year and should be the first port of call for anyone with an acute injury less than 48 hours old. Entry is by 'self-referral' (i.e. you just turn up) and is without a doubt your cheapest and most convenient access to treatment, being free to all patients. Contrary to popular belief you can have visited your GP before, though they won't assess anyone who has already been to A&E. Appointments are on a first-come-first-served basis and the opening hours are Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 9-10.30am. Doctors and physios will investigate your injury using anything from X-rays to bone and MRI scans and the average patient will have three physio sessions spanning four weeks before returning to their sport, though this varies from injury to injury.

The list of sports qualifying for treatment at the SIC is long; there are currently 120 on their database, including such random entries as 'dog agility'. They have also been known to see dancers and the odd musician, though injuries must officially have occurred whilst performing sport – tripping off the curb in the car park of the football club doesn't qualify. Don't even consider lying to them (something they get very upset

**"The Sports Injuries Clinic at Addenbrookes should be the first port of call"**

about) as the nature of the treatment they prescribe will alter according to how and when it was done. Last year alone they saw nearly 900 patients, an impressive tally for a department run by only a handful of people. The highest number of cases come from town-based football players, whilst rugby comes in top for the University. Running also scores highly, and it is knees and ankles in general that suffer the most, though to date the clinic has dealt with a total of 400 different injuries.

Clearly not everyone will sustain acute injuries suitable for treatment at the SIC, in which case there are other options available. With a chronic injury you can seek referral to the clinic from a GP, though this will take on average 4-6 weeks. Of course there's always A&E to fall back on if you're very, very concerned. The third option is to go private-



Kristin Giussani treats a knee injury at Addenbrookes

ly (sharp intake of breath from anyone on a student budget), but in Cambridge this is not as daft as it seems and some practitioners are specifically set up with students in mind. Linda Dennis is one such example. Having recently started as physio for CUBC, the men's heavyweight rowers, Linda also runs a private practice from Goldie boathouse and will give students at least a 30% reduction on her

usual prices, making the whole process quite affordable. Having been a student here herself (she was in the women's blue boat in 1996), she also very much understands the pressures placed on students to recover from injuries and the importance of both BUSA and the Varsity matches. She is available for appointments most days and can be contacted on (07931) 534513.

# Women's rugby unstoppable

Blues go wild in West Norfolk with 36-5 victory to get season off to a flier

Helen Richardson

This could not have been a better start to the season for the Cambridge University Women's Rugby Team. Following a crushing Varsity defeat last season, the experienced Blues gained some of the victorious Tigers Varsity team, and stormed to their first win of the season over West Norfolk. The game saw some fighting displays from the forwards and stylish passing from the backs.

The game began slowly for Cambridge as they let the imposing West Norfolk team dominate and control the ball. However, the opposition failed to capitalise on their brief period of fortune and the Blues soon gained the upper hand. Their first try came after only fifteen minutes when winger Alex Gillen was

released and sped away to score the first Cambridge try of the season.

The second, third and fourth tries came in quick succession towards the end of the first half as Cambridge dominated the game. They had the advantage of being quicker than the opposition, but also capable of tackling even the largest opponents. This

**"The most advanced women's rugby team for five years"**

proved to be a deadly combination as West Norfolk were unable to break down the Blues attack, nor form one of their own. The second try was again scored by the sensational Gillen who steamed down the wing to score in the corner. The third came from one of the women of the match, a new addition from Bath University, and an important figure

of authority at fly half. Kim Stephens showed great vision to pick and go from the back of a ruck, and exploit the space left wide open by the West Norfolk team. The fourth try was a similar display of awareness and speed, as Claire Stanley, scrum half, powered through the middle of the park to score under the posts.

The second half began as the first had ended, with Cambridge in control. While the first was a half for the backs, the second was a display of the talented forwards. The first try of the half came from Maddie Garnish who fought her way through a group of Norfolk forwards to score in the corner. She was also instrumental in stifling the opposition's

most dangerous attack, running half the length of the pitch to drag down an opposition centre. She was thoroughly deserving of the forward of the match honour. The sixth and final try for Cambridge came from a penalty on the five metre line, conceded by the otherwise rule-abiding West Norfolk defensive line. The ball was popped to Kirsten Sibbit who refused to be stopped by the defence and dived for the line to score.

West Norfolk were allowed a consolation try in the closing stages due to a lack of concentration. However, it did little to dampen the spirits of the Blues, a team who are regarded as the most advanced women's rugby team Cambridge has seen at this stage of the season in the last five years. They showed a great combination of forwards power and backs speed and passing which bodes very well for the rest of the season.



A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF  
JONNY UFTON  
PRESIDENT OF THE HAWKS

monday

I'm struggling with a hamstring injury so I'm not playing tomorrow. Go for a run early morning to test it out and then a bike ride in the gym. The guys are training in the afternoon so I go along to watch and then go to the gym again to do some weight training...it's not fun but it has to be done at some time.

tuesday

Test my hamstring out with a long run and go to the gym again...got to stop doing this; I'm sure it's not good for me! Match against the Town: the guys put on a good show and win easily 41-0. Have a few celebratory pints...have to keep the team spirit going. End up in Ballare...

wednesday

Sweat out the night before on the bike for 40 mins and do some kicking. No organised training today so try and catch up on a bit of admin. Have a Bears outing at the Hawks club with the Misfits and then on to Rumbogee at Ballare. A good night was had by all...apparently...

thursday

Sweat out the night before on the bike for 40 mins and do some kicking. No organised training today so try and catch up on a bit of admin. Have a Bears outing at the Hawks club with the Misfits and then on to Rumbogee at Ballare. A good night was had by all...apparently...

friday

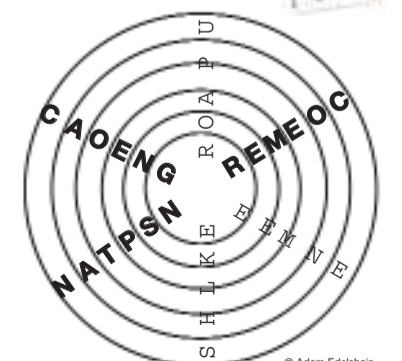
Lectures start, so an hour of social engagement with nature stimulates the grey matter. More admin to try and sort out my dissertation. Training is in the evening... contact... never fun!

saturday

Morning training then off to London to pick up all the things I left behind when I should have packed properly the first time. Meet up with Neil Toy, who left last year, for his birthday drinks.



Win one of three copies of 'Guess Who'. Guess Who is available to buy or rent on DVD on 12 September 2005 from Twentieth Century Fox Home Entertainment. Thanks to www.fox.co.uk



Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk

## THE LOW-DOWN

### Archery

**>>Name:** Cambridge University Bowmen  
**>>Where:** Christs and Sidney Sussex Sports Field for the outdoor sessions, and Kelsey Kerridge for the indoor ones  
**>>When:** We have "have a go" sessions on first three Saturdays of term, and practice sessions on Sunday and Thursday  
**>Who:** Well, anyone with two hands can play it!  
**>Aim:** Shooting arrows onto the target! Shooting them all dead centre onto the target would be the ultimate aim

**>>National:** Naomi Faulkard (at Birmingham Uni, was at the last Olympics), Alison Williams (Olympic bronze) and Larry Godfrey (Olympic 4th place)  
**>>Cambridge:** We have performed marvellously, as always! We just won the Varsity Match for the eighth year in a row, and Team Silver for both indoor and outdoor BUSA Championship last year. Our member, James Keogh was the individual champion at indoor BUSA.  
**>>Contact:** Matthew Johnson (cub-captain@srcf.ucam.org)

### sport in brief

#### Boxing:

Last week we interviewed CUABC Patron Chris Eubank. If you would like to get in touch with Chris you can by contacting his agent Philip Bonn. Please contact sport@varsity.co.uk for further details.

#### Hockey:

Both male and female Blues teams were winless last weekend - the men losing 4-2 to Whitchurch and the women drawing 2-2 with Taunton.

#### Football:

The Men's Blues drew 2-2 in their season opener away at Brunel University.



# "the ultimate prize in cricket"

England's Ashes winning women's captain Clare Connor talks with Joe Speight

On the second day of the final Ashes test match at the Oval in early September, England and Australia were embroiled in a tense nail-biter, a nation was gripped and a full house inside the ground was captivated. Yet when the opportunity for a short respite and a refilling of pint glasses arrived at the tea interval, few left their seats. Why? They all remained to cheer, applaud and break into another rendition of Jerusalem to celebrate the other set of Ashes heroes this summer – the England Women's cricket team.

It was a mark of just how far women's cricket in this country has progressed and the impact of the exploits of captain Clare Connor and her team. When Connor took up the reins as England captain in 1999 the side hit rock bottom as they lost nine successive one day matches in Australia and New Zealand. Ever since though there has been a steady progression as a talented team has evolved – a team which reached the semi-finals of the World Cup in South Africa last spring. But now England's women have pulled off their biggest coup to date, beating World Cup holders Australia for the first time in 42 years in this summer's two-test series, 1-0.

Connor, an all-rounder, has been one of the most successful international women's cricketers of recent times. She has played for Sussex women at county level and made her England test and one-day debuts in 1995. She has played 16

tests for England and in 2002 was named the Vodafone Player of the Year, before hitting the small screen a year later as a member of the Channel 4 cricket commentary team. She currently teaches English and P.E. at Brighton College, and having begun playing cricket with her father at the age of 8, she now feels she has reached the pinnacle of her sport.

Reflecting on the Ashes triumph, Connor describes it as an "immense achievement and the stuff of dreams – the ultimate prize in cricket whether you are male or female. It's the most traditional thing that we play for and the rivalry between us and Australia is massive. All the interviews and publicity since have been hard to believe and it's almost a bit of a blur". And when the celebrations in Trafalgar

"I woke up and felt like a kid at Christmas. It was the stuff of dreams"

Square got underway the following day Connor felt "completely elated". "I woke up and felt like a kid at Christmas and could not have imagined the scale of things. I had to get up and teach the next day and when I woke up on the Wednesday morning I was still shaking from all the excitement. The contrast between all that euphoria and then standing in front of children teaching Hamlet was massive".

The 29 year old is also quick to point out the positive role that this victory will play in the future of the women's game. Indeed, in the last month the ECB has launched a Women's academy programme for promising youngsters, with the World Cup in 2009 the long term goal. The captain, who will miss the upcoming tour to the subcontinent due to a foot injury, is hopeful that "in terms of youngsters people will latch on and there will be more and more opportunities for young girls to play the game, and the bigger the base ultimately the stronger the national side will be in years to come". But will there ever be a time when the women's game becomes as professionalized as the men's? "I can't see that happening. There just isn't the revenue generated by



Clare Connor in action as England captain



## Channel Hopper

Derek Acorah looks like a dog which has just caught a scent on the wind. He breaks off mid sentence and closes his eyes. He furrows his brow and then his jaw falls slightly open. It twitches as if Derek is stuttering, but no sound emerges. Then he speaks. "I'm getting... I'm getting..." Derek churns the air with his other hand in the manner of an oenophile confronted with a particularly tricky '87 Merlot. His frown becomes more pronounced. "It's not clear, it's not clear," he mutters. Then the clouds break.

"I'm getting..." he repeats, more hopefully this time: "do the words – is it, is it something like Hague? Hague? Yes? The Hague!" He opens his eyes, drops his hands in triumph. "The Hague was definitely significant in some way to this person." Derek Acorah, 'Britain's finest professional spirit medium', has struck gold again. What a ghost in a stately home on the Isle of Wight could possibly find significant about the capital of Holland is not obvious at this stage – but then, we're only a few minutes into UK Living's Most Haunted, and there's plenty of time to find out why before the show is done.

Besides being Britain's finest professional spirit medium, Derek Acorah, formerly Derek Johnson, may be the only former Liverpool footballer to be making a living from the paranormal; he's also the current Variety Club of Great Britain Multi-Channel Personality of the Year, an honour he shares with Most Haunted's twittering host, former Blue Peter star Yvette Fielding. "Ghosts roam Arreton Manor along with monks and lost children," warns Yvette, neglecting to explain if the aforementioned kids have merely been separated from their tour guides; "Murder, horror, and poltergeists await the Most Haunted team." Crikey. We snap to the witching hour and night goggle green, where we will remain for the rest of the show, in unremitting BlairWitchVision. "Our night of fright was underway," Yvette breathes.

The Hague doesn't come up again, unfortunately. But soon a book falls off a shelf. Also a little girl called Isabel taps on the wall. David senses a woman called Ami Tetchnook, or "something like that, you know, two syllables." Something grabs the make-up woman's legs. ("an unconscious physical reaction or an invisible physical connection?") A plate falls off a table, and Yvette thinks she sees an arm in a doorway. The monks keep quiet.

The best bit is when Derek gets possessed by a man called Edward Bryan. He starts gurning and hollering and staggering around in circles. "CHARLIE BOY WHERE ARE YOU WHERE ARE YOU WHERE ARE YOU" he says and then when he's asked when he died he says "DEAD DEAD YES EVERYONE KEEPS SAYING I'M DEAD" and then he has a kind of whiplash spasm and falls onto a convenient sofa. Yvette brings Derek, now mercifully himself once more, back to the land of the living. The air goes cold around the cameraman, and David has the smell and taste of blood in his nostrils. Later on research confirms that Charles I stayed here once. It's all in a night's work for the Most Haunted team: "But," as Yvette asks, "was it all coincidence and wishful thinking – or evidence of something supernatural? Our night in Arreton Manor has certainly fuelled the debate."

www.derekorah.org  
www.richardfelix.co.uk

Most Haunted, Living TV, midnight weeknights; 9-11 Saturdays

For answers to the crossword and Pot Black, contact:

competitions@varsity.co.uk

## fact file

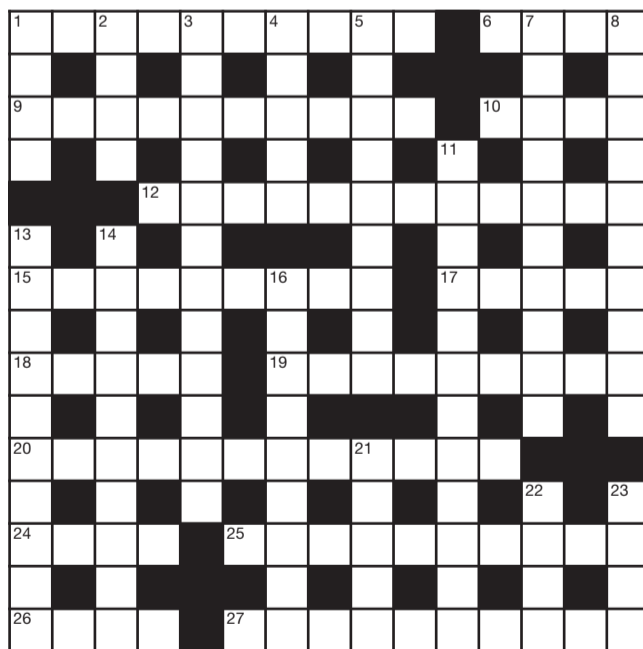
**Name:** Clare Conner  
**Born:** 1976, Brighton  
**Played for:** England Women, Sussex Women  
**Batting Style:** Right hand bat  
**Bowling Style:** Slow left armer  
**Awards:** Vodafone Cricketer of the Year 2002, Awarded OBE in June 2004  
**Broadcasting:** Extensive cricket writer and became first TV female commentator on Channel 4. Also Test Match Special  
**Currently:** Teaches English and P.E. at Brighton College

## Varsity cricket on ice

Ann Garrioch

Baltic Adventures are holding a Varsity Ice Cricket competition in Estonia this winter from 16th-19th February. The idea developed this year when Wolfson College took part in the tournament.

The tournament is open to undergraduates, postgraduates, specific departments (e.g. medics), colleges, Alumni, male/female/mixed teams. The only requirement being that competitors must be from Oxford or Cambridge University (past or present). The company are also hoping to include a Varsity Ice Curling competition on the Friday (17th February) in the former Soviet Missile Factory. Don Summers was captain of last year's Wolfson side and he described the tournament as "fantastic". Wolfson beat the Estonian national side on route to the final. If you are interested in submitting a team please contact [cricket@balticadventures.co.uk](mailto:cricket@balticadventures.co.uk).



### Across

- Mitigate effects of deed on bar (10)
- End of pashmina slips, revealing disfigurement (4)
- Made law about support I criticised (10)
- One who's against Tina Turner? (4)
- Lost puppy punished by Eros? (6,2,4)
- Bewildered, Cathi takes note after Teletubby makes sausage (9)
- Actor used ten times in a lifetime? (5)
- Hypnotist takes time and energy over female organs (5)
- Score I needed to win this? (6-3)
- Delight as batsman knocks out middle of display (12)
- Scrape top off part of sleeve (4)
- Racing around – no time when storm spreads in mountains (10)
- Time with soap backed to wash this off? (4)
- 'Clear off,' headless pseud reacts to Christ's blessings (10)

### Down

- Animal's leg muscle (4)
- Encourage to destroy Oriental rug (4)
- References to benefit matches (12)
- Respond to shattered crate (5)
- Car meek accountant destroyed for sticky treat (5,4)
- Mixture firm sergeant, say, caught one with; no going back! (10)
- I retreated, went round, and did it again (10)
- Whim in considered fashion? (12)
- Accepted untidy Parisian who accedes (10)
- My arrows in collier's passages(10)
- Eternal difficulty around at change-over (9)
- Sailor books fortune-teller's cards (5)
- Brought up to bartend oddly? (4)
- A Goddess comes from within – this I see (4)

Set by Mathmo

## POT BLACK

### Instructions:

Complete the questions in order from red to black. The answer to each ball is integral to the following question.

- How many countries will compete in the 2006 FIFA World cup?
- What round of Wimbledon has 'redball' players left?
- Who beat Man city in the 'yellowball' round of the 2005 FA cup?
- Which 'greenball' star is 2 goals short of the club's goal record?
- 'brownball' plays for which national team?
- 'blueball' were beaten in the last world cup by which team?
- Which side qualified ahead of 'pinkball' for the World cup?





**RUGBY UNION - MEN**  
**Cambridge 24-50 Leinster**  
 Blow to Blues Varsity 2005 campaign



**RUGBY UNION - WOMEN**  
**West Norfolk 5-36 Cambridge**  
 Women start season in style with away victory in Norfolk



**HOCKEY**  
**Defeat for Men's Blues**  
 University men go down 4-2 to Whitchurch



**HARE AND HOUNDS**  
**Freshers Fun Run**  
 Record turn-out for first event in running calendar



**Captain's Column**  
**ALEX MUGAN**  
 University Football

After last year's Varsity match we were all gutted. Losing that match was hard to take, especially after a season where we had come together as a team and played some exceptional football. We were a better side than Oxford, but that's not what anyone else will remember. For me and for the rest of the team though, it's not a case of being haunted by mistakes; that match will be a part of what drives us to victory this season.

We've lost a few class performers, among whom Stevie Smith, Duncan Heath and Johnny Hughes, three of the best university footballers in the country stand out, but thankfully, as I'd been praying for all summer, they've been replaced by talent. Freshers have as yet been hard come by, but new grads have proved excellent. Johnny Chavkin, a signing from Princeton, Alex Morgan from MIT and one or two others moving into the side give me great confidence for the coming year.

**"THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY FAMOUS YEAR FOR CAMBRIDGE FOOTBALL"**

These players will provide the extra experience and quality to go with the nucleus of talented players we retain from last year. Mikey Adams is back, as Brunel University have already found out to their cost, and younger players like Mike Dankis and Brendan Threlfall, whose appearances last year were limited, are set to be strong performers this season. Add to this the complement of Falcons who look set to make the grade, Chris Glover outstanding among them, and we have a squad with the quality to achieve a fantastic amount.

Under a consistent coaching set-up which inspires the players, I have every confidence in the team that I personally am so proud to be a part of. We go into our fixtures off the back of a very successful pre-season schedule, and we will be out to win BUSA, the Varsity match and anything else we play in. Nine out of ten captains will readily tell you about how their team will dominate, but I genuinely believe it; what's more, the team is going to show it. This is going to be a very famous year for Cambridge football.



Jamie Marland

## Leinster breaks Blues' defence

Jamie Brockbank

Cambridge go down 24-50 to Leinster development side

Having put seven tries past flimsy local opposition the previous week, Monday was the Blues' turn for punishment as they were blown away 50-24 in a second half of free-flowing counterattacking rugby by the talented Leinster A development side.

The Irishmen's comprehensive eventual winning margin belied a competitive first half that the injury depleted Blues arguably shaded, despite squandering their early dominance to run in at the break 13-10 in arrears.

Pivotal to the Blues solid first half performance was the return at fly half of acting captain Jonny Ufton. His impressive marshalling of the backline and flawless placekicking would seem to pen him in as Dafydd Lewis' natural successor at 10.

Cambridge dominated possession in the opening exchanges and the initial breakthrough came in just the second minute, as Ufton took advantage of an early penalty to find a

good touch on the 22. Excellent quick ball off the top of the lineout from veteran lock John Blaikie sent in outside centre Dave Akinluyi under the posts for a simple converted try, after he benefited from fellow centre Steffan Thomas' bullocking run and off load.

Despite a number of marauding surges up the flanks by Nic Alberts, the visitors sparked into life in the nineteenth minute. Leinster's hooker was gifted a simple run in under the sticks after poor Cambridge marking around the contact on the 22 line. Leinster then capitalised on the swing in momentum with a period of sustained attacking pressure, creating a well worked overlap try in the cor-

ner in the 27th minute, securing the Irishmen a 3 point lead at the break.

Almost immediately after the restart, Leinster took full advantage as the Blues kicking game plan backfired. With some poor missed touches they quickly recorded 2 lightning end-to-end kick and chase tries. John Murray, who enjoyed a fine game on the wing, responded for the Blues with a converted try in the corner, but this gain was quickly squandered as more poor first time tackling allowed Cambridge's patchy defensive line to be repeatedly breached, opening up acres of space for Leinster to claim another brace of well-worked tries.

Despite the Blues' backline vulner-

abilities, the forwards' set-pieces were consistently solid and another strong lineout set-up replacement lock Ed Andrew's pushover try to reduce the deficit to 38-17. But any hope of a comeback was soon ruthlessly extinguished by two more long range tries to make it an eight try haul for the Dubliners.

Skipper Ed Carter, due to return from his dead leg at full back next week against Bedford, admitted his side had been outclassed but remarked that he was "reasonably pleased" with his team's performance. The Australian added that, "quite a few Varsity positions will go right up to the wire," as the Blues stuttering preparations for the 123rd Varsity Match at Twickenham on 7th December continue to be depleted by injuries to experienced players, like last week's star Ian McInroy.

**"CAMBRIDGE'S PATCHY DEFENSIVE LINE WAS REPEATEDLY BREACHED"**

page 7<<

Why today's lads mags are worse than ever

Mirror, Mirror

Prepare yourself by toning your calves

p11<<

page 13<<

"66% of students eat fast food less than once a week"

Quick Sudoku

Medium

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

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