



VARSITY

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Threat of watch on Muslim students

»Leaked report warns of extremism on campus

JO TRIGG
News Editor

Cambridge staff and students have reacted angrily to suggestions from the Department for Education and Skills (DfES) that university staff should spy on Muslim students. On Monday the *Guardian* newspaper exposed a document, sent to official bodies over the last month, containing proposals intended to stamp out extremism.

The leaked document warns that universities and colleges "provide a fertile recruiting ground for students" expressing fears that individuals will be "sucked in" to an Islamist extremist ideology". The article revealed that the DfES expressed concern over the increasing politicisation of university Islamic societies, positing that campuses provided "an opportunity for individuals who are already radicalised to form new networks, and extend existing ones". It proposes that campus staff should monitor the distribution of leaflets and the speakers being invited by Islamic societies and volunteer information to Special branch.

Umar Ahmad of the University of Cambridge Islamic Society (ISOC) argued that the proposals were "unnecessary", and would result in the "reduced likelihood of co-operation". He assured *Varsity* that they had "not had any problems with extremism for as long as anyone can remember", adding that ISOC "publicly condemns the killing of all innocent people".

The Federation of Student Islamic Societies (FOSIS), to which ISOC is

affiliated, said they were "very disappointed that the Government thinks this is the way forward", explaining that the proposals would "achieve nothing". A spokesperson claimed there was "no substantial evidence that such recruiting takes place". FOSIS, he continued, "encourages Islamic societies to develop stronger relations with students' unions".

Arif Ahmed, Lecturer in Philosophy, expressed similar outrage. "I am not going to spy on my students. There is a good deal of religious lunacy in Cambridge already and I see it as part of my job to disseminate rationality and tolerance in particular". He contended that these values "are of course incompatible with the cretinous superstitions of Islam, Christianity and Judaism".

Yet the article has been condemned by the Department for Education and Skills (DfES) as "inaccurate". A spokesperson told *Varsity* that the guidelines "are not about spying". Instead they would be about "working with universities, students and local communities to stamp out extremism on campus".

Professor Drummond Bone, President of Universities UK (UUK), said "While this is clearly a draft document, there are dangers in targeting one particular group... Not only is this unreasonable but, crucially, it could be counterproductive". He concluded that it was "not constructive for the Government to suggest universities are complacent or passive about extremism". This position is being fully supported by the University of Cambridge.

Architectural delight: The new faces of urban planning



Second-year architects Benj Ohad Seidler and Lettice Drake (top) knit together their submission for Unit 1 of the course, entitled "Performing Space; Live". One hundred balls of wool, donated by Patons were strung across buildings in Portugal Place last Saturday. Ayaka Suzuki and Mike Taylor used balloons to explore the possibilities of "adapting the climate and the public audience into a 'flexible surface'" (bottom). Photos by Alexandra Constantinides and Ayaka Suzuki



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In Brief

Cambridge drugs bust

Police in riot gear raided four homes in the village of Cambourne near Cambridge, on Wednesday 18, as part of a large drugs bust. More than 50 police officers and dogs were involved in the raid, leaving Cambridge in a convoy of 15 vehicles at 6.45am. It is not known what quantities of drugs were seized, but police did remove a samurai sword from one of the properties. A neighbour said: "This is quite a nice area but some of the people who live around here have a bad name with the police". **John Walker**

Botham walks for charity

Cricketing legend Ian Botham took part in a charity walk around Cambridge for the charities Leukaemia Research and Teenage Cancer Trust on Monday 15. The sports star, known to many as "Beefy", walked over 10 miles on a circular route around the city. He was joined by fellow cricketer and former England Test Captain Nasser Hussain, as well as Jeffrey Archer and Alistair Campbell. Botham's event was part of a series of walks in 17 cities over nine days. **William Percy**

Darwin digital evolution

The complete works of Charles Darwin, totalling 50,000 pages, were made available online yesterday. The Cambridge-financed project, the first of its kind, also incorporates mp3 files. Users can download audio versions of works such as *The Origin of Species* to listen to on CD or mp3. Dr John van Whye, the project's director, said: "The idea is to make these works as accessible as possible. Some people can only get at Darwin that way". He added, "There's no reason why, if you can search and read the text, you shouldn't be able to download and listen to it as well". **Douglas Bailey**

Hawking's showbiz debut

Professor Stephen Hawking is to star in "Beyond the Horizon", a film that will address some of his most daunting theories, including the cause of the Big Bang. The film will use advanced computer graphics, with Hawking narrating the soundtrack, and will be brought to life in three-dimensional Imax cinema. NASA scientists and former Star Trek script writer Leonard Mlodinow are working with Hawking on the production. **Alice Whitwham**

Anti-gay Christian course

A campaign against campus-based evangelical course "PURE" has been launched by students nationwide through social networking site Facebook. The course has been criticised for encouraging gay students to suppress their homosexuality, as well as recommending homophobic literature. Protest group "Stop PURE" has more than 1500 members and aims to prevent the course from running at universities. **Jo Trigg**

»Extensive University reading resources remain off-limits to local residents

Town library closure leaves readers unpagged

KANIKA BHATIA

The announcement this week of the forthcoming closure of the Central Library in the Lion Yard has left local residents without direct access to any library in the city centre. While Cambridge is home to 60 departmental libraries, 30 college libraries and the University Library, these institutions are highly restrictive in their entry policies.

The library will be closing in January 2007 for a year to 18 months, for an estimated £7.5 million refurbishment programme. The refurbishment proposes to improve stock, services and IT provisions, as well as making it a more attractive and comfortable environment in which to work. In the meantime, other Cambridge County Council libraries are extending their hours to late evenings and weekends in order to accommodate the users of the Central Library.

A Council spokesperson said, "Milton Road Library will be doubling their hours including opening on Sundays during this time. There will also be a 50 per cent increase in the opening of Rock Road and Milton

Road libraries and the availability of free internet facilities."

Central Library's collections are being transferred to other libraries within a few miles radius of the town centre, such as Milton Road Library and Bar Hill Library. It is hoped that for the famous Cambridgeshire Collection, an archive of memorabilia from the county of Cambridgeshire and Isle of Ely, is to move to a new

"The UL ... does not currently allow the public to access its resources"

Historical Resource and Cultural Centre being built near the railway station. It is uncertain, however, whether this work will be complete by the time the library reopens.



Cambridge Central Library in the Lion Yard

EMILY WRIGHT

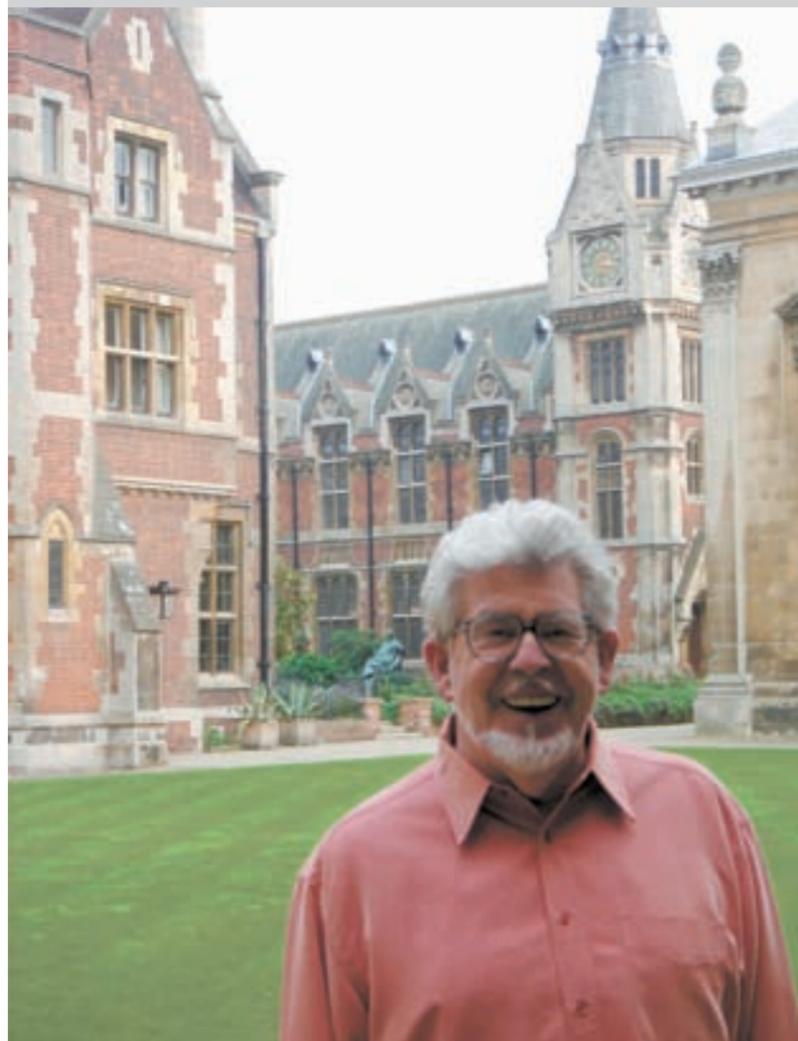
The University Library on West Road, one of only six copyright libraries in the British Isles, does not currently allow the public to access its resources unless they are accompanied by a university member. Only visiting scholars, with a letter of introduction from an academic or professional, are exempt. Other people may only enter the library as visitors to any exhibitions that may be running. The same rule applies to college libraries.

Mr Tony Harper, Head of Reader

Services at the University Library, told *Varsity*, "There will be no change to the general public not being able to borrow books". He added, "We will do our best to accommodate referrals from Central Library of those with serious research needs. However, our need to serve the university comes first, and we are currently in discussion with Central Library about how to take care of the community during this period".

www.lib.cam.ac.uk

Rolf Harris: Filming at Pembroke



MARY BOWERS

The *Varsity* cameras catch Rolf Harris on a break from filming in Pembroke. The "most recognised painter in Britain" was interviewing ex-Pembrokian Bill Oddie for his new TV Series *Celebrity Portraits*.

House prices on the rise

CAT MOSS

House prices in Cambridge have soared by 13 per cent in the last year, creating problems for students and University staff seeking accommodation in the area. Fionnuala Earley, an economist who compiled a nationwide report on the issue, explained that "the reputation and success of Cambridge University has led to a big increase in business opportunities in the region, particularly in biotechnology". Cambridge is now one of the most sought-after cities in the UK, but it also has the smallest housing stock in the country. High demand has led to a boom in house prices.

The shortage of houses is a major problem for students not living in college-owned accommodation.

Homerton, for example, does not guarantee rooms for second year students, while graduate and mature students often do not want to live in college. With members of Anglia Ruskin University also needing somewhere to live, finding houses near the city centre can prove difficult. Given the fiercely competitive present situation, one student at Homerton described the search for a reasonable rent prices as "a complete nightmare".

Many Homerton students live in nine-bedroom houses with communal facilities on Bateman Street, off Trumpington Street. The price of a room ranges from £325 to £375 per month, including bills. Students are by contract obliged to pay rent annually, and therefore lose the benefit of having only termly accommodation charges. In addition to the high cost of living out of college, many landlords refuse to let to students.

Estate agents say that while there are few houses available for private rent, the number of students who approach them remains constant. The University Accommodation Service can help, whilst Homerton is currently providing students with more rooms. Yet the need for a long term solution remains. CUSU President Mark Ferguson commented, "As more colleges tie in their room rents to the market level, the rising cost of Cambridge accommodation is something of which we should all be aware".

A scheme of development that would create 2000 homes for students and a similar number for University staff has been proposed for the Madingley Road and Huntingdon Road area, but it is still only in the early stages of consultation.



Local housing market

EMILY WRIGHT

Convicted murderer makes successful dash for freedom

»Suffolk police warn public not to approach dangerous criminal



The Debenhams' cafe where Ryder lost his minders in a crowd at 2.55pm on Thursday 12

EMILY WRIGHT

NIKKI BURTON

A convicted murderer escaped his prison minders whilst on a day trip to the Grafton Centre on Thursday, October 12. Mark Ryder, who had served twelve years of a life sentence at Highpoint Prison in Suffolk, was escorted to the shopping centre by minders, but managed to lose them in the crowded Debenhams' cafe. CCTV footage shows Ryder, 37, dodging customers and running down the escalator, before exiting the store into the shopping centre at around 2.30pm. The Grafton Centre declined to comment on his subsequent movements. He has not been seen since.

Initially sentenced to imprisonment

for car theft, Ryder had escaped from prison escorts some thirteen years ago whilst on a prison-organised boat trip. He evaded the police for over a year, starting a new life in the New Forest with his girlfriend and her child. He was recaptured when he murdered father of two Stuart McCue, a childhood friend who was also his girlfriend's former lover, with a sawn-off shotgun. The pair fell out when Ryder started a relationship with the mother of one of McCue's children. When McCue, who was also serving a sentence at the same prison as Ryder, was released from jail in May 1993, Ryder hunted him down. Ryder was sentenced in October 1994, then aged 25.

Despite having committed murder, and escaping and evading custody for

over a year, the Prison Service approved Ryder's application for

“murdered... his girlfriend's former lover with a sawn-off shotgun”

“escorted absence” last week. Highpoint is a Category C prison,

which the Home Office classifies as being for “prisoners who can't be trusted in open conditions but who are unlikely to try to escape”. Neither Highpoint Prison, the Prison Service, or Suffolk Constabulary, who are dealing with the case, were prepared to comment on why a criminal such as Ryder had been placed in a Category C prison.

A spokesperson for the Prison Service refused to discuss why the prisoner had been granted permission for the excursion, but told *Varsity* that Ryder's case was not being “classed as an escape”. Rather, she explained that “he failed to return from an escorted absence”. She added that the purpose of escorted absences is to “re-familiarise the prisoner with the community” as part of a rehabilitation programme. Prison Service resources are currently being invested in this rehabilitation scheme, its purpose being “the prevention of escapes”. An internal enquiry concerning Ryder's escape is now taking place.

The “Help Us Find” section of the Suffolk Constabulary website, which lists wanted criminals, does not currently feature Mark Ryder; the Constabulary has confirmed that it has no intention to do so.

Shoppers outside the Grafton Centre expressed deep concern at the escape. One 54 year-old told *Varsity*, “It's ludicrous that a prisoner's rights to a shopping trip can override the public's right to safety”. Another laid the blame at least in part with the Prison Service, arguing “the person who consented to his shopping excursion should be held equally responsible with the minders themselves”.

Suffolk Police have warned anyone who sees Ryder not to approach him, but to contact police immediately. He is a caucasian male, five feet five inches tall, with shaved brown hair which is greying at the sides and cropped on top. He also has a faded tattoo of a cross on his forehead. He was last seen wearing a light blue, long-sleeved Lonsdale sweatshirt, blue jeans, and white trainers.

“Bleak future” for Maggie's children
 »Simon Allen examines why

On October 10 Conservative think-tank Policy Exchange released a report forecasting a bleak future for the generation born between 1980 and 1994. We so-called “Maggie's Children”, born in the “Thatcher Era”, are apparently extremely unlucky when compared to the situation into which the “baby boomer” generation of the 1950s were born. Rising student debt, spiralling house prices and poor pension provisions in addition to increased family breakdown seem to ensure our generation will “reach life with far fewer financial and social assets”, according to Roger Gough, the think-tank's research director.

So why is it that we are predicted in growing numbers to die poor and alone? We face a situation in the near future of a “greying” population who, when they reach retirement, will need to be supported. Our parents' generation did not have this problem of ever-increasing longevity.

This all seems very depressing, but are there any ways to avoid such a situation from occurring? The report suggests changing retire-

“predicted in growing numbers to die poor and alone”

ment age and making voluntary care of the elderly more attractive.

Grandparents should, apparently, invest in Lifetime Saving Accounts for their children's offspring. Hardly the sort of profound advice to redress a generation of bad luck.

Yet is it fair to blame our current situation entirely on Maggie and her regime? Would it not be fairer to say that much of our current situation came about after the Iron Lady's downfall? Both economically and socially a lot has happened in the last twelve years: maybe “Tony's Teenagers” is just as apt. For one, interest rates and inflation have remained low, and Labour has certainly added to the student debt problem by encouraging increased levels of higher education. Perhaps a different question should be posed? Surely Thatcher's student loans helped a great number of people better their economic and social situation through

increased employability and wage potential? I would hope here that our university degrees worth exceeded the debt incurred whilst achieving it.

Cannabis increases risk of psychosis

FLORENCE LUI

The dangers of high potency “skunk” cannabis have been highlighted by Cambridge Professor Peter Jones in a Conservative party report published last week. The report implicitly criticised the drug's downgrading from class B to class C in January 2004, which has meant that individuals are not arrested for possessing small amounts intended for personal use. This criticism comes in spite of a report by the British Crime Survey, released last weekend, showing a decrease in the use of cannabis. Whereas 10.3 per cent of 16 to 59 year olds used the drug in 1998, this figure decreased to 8.7 per cent in 2005-2006.

Professor Peter Jones, head of the Department of Psychiatry, found that 80 per cent of patients suffering from first-episode psychosis were heavy users of cannabis and other drugs. He said the risk was even more acute for

children aged 10 to 11, who treble their risk of schizophrenia by smoking “skunk”. But Jones warned against oversimplifying the statistics, “No one is quite sure what the cause or effect is,” he argued. “It's a complex association—cannabis may be used to medicate mental illness. However, it is certainly a factor. The risk of schizophrenia is one per cent, but you might increase it to three or four per cent with cannabis use.”

Jones also said that emerging research on the genetic disposition for psychosis linked to drug use were promising. He argued, “With cannabis, if a young person uses it and gets paranoid it is probably a sign that it is dangerous. It may well be that there is an important genetic part to that vulnerability.” But he was careful to stress the wider implications of cannabis use, saying “There is no doubt that it is a problematic substance. Schizophrenia is rare in comparison to other concerns, such as

academic failure, loss of social or job opportunities, and crime.”

Lucas Oliver, a Community Support Worker in the Cambridgeshire Drug and Alcohol Action Team (DAAT), which enacts the National Drug Strategy on a local level, said he has personally witnessed the effects that cannabis use has on mental health. He stated, “As a service, we've both seen and heard of it. Teenagers are very vulnerable up to the age of 25. The brain

and central nervous systems are still developing, and cannabis impacts that; it can alter the chemistry of a delicate system, and can lead to serious psychological illness.”

These warnings were echoed by Brendan Morrell, manager of Bridge Project, a confidential service for drug users. He told *Varsity*, “If you have a family history of mental illness, cannabis smoking would not be advisable”.



A student takes a drag on a roll-up

EMILY WRIGHT



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Pembroke House on fire

TOM EVANS

Plommer House, a college accommodation block in Selwyn Gardens, was left with an ashen kitchen and substantial smoke damage following a blaze attributed to an electrical fault in an extractor fan. The fire, which started at 8.15pm on Saturday 14, remained confined to the room in which it began and was put out with the aid of breathing apparatus after the arrival of the fire brigade. The next morning, the only sign that a fire had taken place was the blackened tiles on the roof and the fire escape signs glowing through the windows.

The rooms are provided for graduates at Pembroke College. It was only

thanks to a swift evacuation that nobody was hurt. Local residents reported seeing smoke billow out from under the roof of the house, before three fire engines arrived on the scene. The fire was put out using a CO₂ extinguisher that was already on the premises.

Pembroke Senior Bursar, Mr Chris

“attributed to an electrical fault in an extractor fan”

Blenco, commented that the college and fire services were in the process of deciding whether similar appliances to the one that combusted should be replaced. When questioned about gas and electricity checks at Plommer House, Blenco said that the college abided by all legal requirements, and that a survey of the house's electrical system had been made earlier this year. He also wished to thank the building's residents for their level-headed reaction to the situation. There have been no other fires in Pembroke buildings over the last year.

Of the 18 Cambridge colleges available for comment on recent fires, five had suffered one or more in college buildings during the last year. While



Cambridge Fire Service arrive on the scene

ELIZABETH OWENS

most colleges told *Varsity* that they had not had any fires. Many refused to divulge the relevant information. King's College is said to have one of the most rigorous fire safety policies; those wishing to use college rehearsal space are required to watch a video of the Bradford Fire so that they understand the need for a comprehensive safety programme.

Several colleges in the survey men-

tioned that fire alarms had often been set off by burning food or toast, but there had been no occasions of actual fires. Nevertheless, a spokesperson from Cambridge Fire Service stressed that on hearing a fire alarm, people should evacuate the building immediately and without exception, regardless of whether they suspect it to be a false alarm.



Selwyn Gardens

EMILY WRIGHT

Cambridge don leads primary school review

ELLIOTT ROSS

Professor Robin Alexander, a Fellow of Wolfson College, has been appointed the director of the first major review of primary education since the Plowden Report of 1967. As well as rating the current system's performance, the Primary Review will attempt to anticipate how primary schools should respond to future challenges and assess the impact of the manifold government initiatives of the last 20 years. He claimed “This, most emphatically, isn't just another education initiative”.

The study will be based at the University's Faculty of Education employing 60 research consultants from around the country, as well as an Advisory Committee of 20, chaired by Dame Gillian Pugh. Pugh said she was “delighted” with her role, criticising the lack of recent national debate on primary educational issues. As an independent investigation, the review will be supported by the Esmée Fairbairn Foundation. Director of the Foundation Dawn Austwick expressed her belief that “this review will open up profound questions about what primary education is for and how we can best deliver it”.

The Primary Review hopes to be an open forum, accepting written contributions through its website. Further evidence will be gathered through oral consultations with teachers, parents and children, systematic searches of national and international data, and published

work of national experts in the field. Preliminary findings will be published in the spring of next year, with the final report scheduled for publication in 2008.

Professor Alexander brings a wealth of experience to the role. He is an Emeritus Professor at the University of Warwick, has served as an advisor on education to both Conservative and Labour governments, and was one of the “three wise men” who gave their name to the 1992 enquiry into primary teaching. In 2002 he published an academically

“This... isn't just another education initiative”

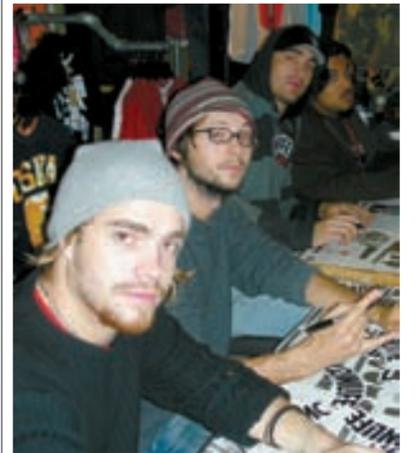
acclaimed comparative analysis of primary education in England, France, India, Russia and the United States entitled *Culture and Pedagogy*. Alexander explained how “in many quarters optimism about the opportunities created by recent social and educational advances is tempered by a deep anxiety about what lies ahead for today's children”, promising to ask important questions “without fear or favour”.

www.primaryreview.org.uk


Jesus

Caesarians smashed on Malcolm Street

After a “quiet dinner out” at the Old Orleans restaurant last Sunday, the Jesus Caesarians were spotted on a pub crawl, during which they got so inebriated that members of the society proceeded to smash up glass bottles on Malcolm Street. One received a nasty cut to his face as a result of a fall, whilst others had to be carried home.

Sidney Street


One Cambridge Spy was star-struck on her way to Sainsbury's on Wednesday afternoon: the sight of the “boy band good looks” of pop act *Fightstar* signing in *Cult Clothing* left her “all of a flutter”.

Engineering Department

Police: any balaclavas around here, mate?

Engaged in a harmless perambulation down Trumpington Street in the early hours of Thursday morning, another spy was alarmed to see police and sniffer dogs entering the Engineering Department. Our spy was interrogated by a burly copper, who demanded “have you seen any men in balaclavas around here?” The incident was later confirmed to be an attempted break-in.

The Union

Shut up and go home at the Union

Doormen at the Union's new club night “Shut up and dance” were last Friday forced to eject a group of underage revellers. The youngsters, from Cambridge Arts and Sciences (CATS), who rent parts of the debating society's building, were sussed out when they failed to produce any form of ID. Some of those who did make it past the door somehow found their way into the society's snooker room, photographed themselves prostrated on the velvet in a debauched manner.



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- Matthew Sorge,
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Sidney Sussex ejects arms trade protestors

GRACE CAPEL

Students protesting against Cambridge's investment in the arms trade were "thrown out" of Sidney Sussex College on Tuesday by Domestic Bursar Colin Britton. The protesters, who wished to target students attending a Cambridge Futures event by Rolls Royce at the college, were displaying posters and handing out flyers when they were told they were required to leave. Speaking to *Varsity*, Mr Britton said "They were causing a nuisance and creating a potential health and safety risk". Peter Waddell, College Chaplain told *Varsity* that although he had "sympathy with the aims of the demonstration", the Domestic Bursar was "entirely within his rights".

The flyer handed out by members of Cambridge Students against the Arms Trade (CSAAT) names Rolls Royce as one of four "major arms companies in which Cambridge colleges have substantial investments". When asked by *Varsity* to respond to the flyer, a Rolls Royce representative at the event was emphatic that "Rolls Royce does not make arms" and so "is not an arms company".

CSAAT point out that combat aircraft with Rolls Royce engines such as the BAE Systems Hawk Jet have been "exported to countries with a history of ongoing genocide or poor human rights records". The aim of their protest, they said, was to "inform other students" of these facts and ultimately to "end Cambridge University's support for the arms trade". CUSU, the CU Labour Club and People and Planet Cambridge, all of which call on the University to adopt a policy of ethical investment, support CSAAT in this campaign.

Several UK universities such as Edinburgh and Leeds have recently adopted centralised Socially Responsible Investment Plans in response to student pressure. A Cambridge Spokesperson explained

that a centralised policy was not possible as "the University is unable to dictate to colleges how they invest their funds". Currently only two Cambridge colleges, Selwyn and St Catharine's, have socially responsible investment policies, which require them not to invest in companies trading arms. *Varsity* asked the Rolls Royce representative whether investment in Rolls Royce could be considered socially responsible. He responded, "I don't see why not".

Sidney Sussex Green Officer Joe Casey said, "The Socially Responsible Investment Campaign is about to get off the ground in Cambridge". During the next CUSU Council, Hamish Falconer will propose a motion preventing Cambridge colleges from investing in named companies including Rolls Royce which, through their business, are perpetuating the genocide in Sudan.



CSAAT protestors JIMMY APPLETON



Junior Organ Scholar Oliver Sullivan demonstrates the new organ pipes at Trinity Hall MICHAEL DERRINGER

Trinity Hall millionaire funds brand new organ

GEORGE GRIST

A new pipe organ, designed by acclaimed Danish builder Carsten Lund, and worth around £350,000, has been installed in Trinity Hall Chapel. The inaugural service, held on Sunday October 15, involved the blessing of the organ by Rt Revd Graham James, the Bishop of Norwich, followed by the performance of a specially commissioned piece by Canadian organist and composer Julian Revie and an anthem for choir and organ by Trinity Hall's Director of Music Richard Baker.

Baker described the organ as "world class", adding that it will "be invaluable for both teaching and practice". The replacement opens up the opportunity for tempting back a number of

past organ scholars to perform in the college, and perhaps even a series of celebrity recitals, which Baker is in the process of organising.

The new organ was funded by Dennis Avery, Trinity Hall's greatest living benefactor, who has recently donated an undisclosed seven figure sum to the college. In addition to the new organ, this generous donation will contribute to the college's new Wychfield Site accommodation, consisting of 155 new en suite rooms, as well as to two fellowships. The first, the Robert Runcie Fellowship, governs the position of the Dean and costs incurred by the chapel; the second is in Mathematics.

In recognition of Avery's continued generosity, Trinity Hall's South Court was renamed Avery Court in a ceremony held last Sunday.



The newly named Avery Court

CUP invests in Indian publishing house

KATHARINE HAIGH

In a bid to cash in on the rapidly growing Indian market for educational publications in English, Cambridge University Press (CUP) has acquired a 51 per cent stake in Indian publishing house Foundation Books. An investment of \$6 million, it is the first step in CUP's long-term aim of becoming the leading publishers in the Indian and South Asian market.

CUP chief executive and president of the new entity, Stephen Bourne, told reporters that it has been renamed Cambridge University Press India Private Limited. After announcing the opening of a new office and showroom of CUP India at Kolkata, he stated, "CUP India Private Limited will become a base for publishing quality educational materials for many countries in Asia

and elsewhere." Bourne added that it was "an attractive proposal for us and we want a piece of the market".

The Indian acquisition will add a

"publishing quality educational materials for many countries in Asia"

further 20 per cent to the number of titles published by CUP this year, bringing the total up to 2,500. As well as bringing out books under the CUP

India banner, titles will also be published under the name of Foundation Books.

The new venture will be the exclusive distributor for CUP in the sub-continent and will focus on publishing both local authors and "subjects which have a direct bearing on the Indian reader". Bourne emphasised that such a venture would benefit Indians, enabling the publication of a wider range of books "at affordable prices".

With the world's second largest population, of which 40 per cent are under 15 years of age, and a strong cultural focus on education, the demand for English language publications in India is considerable. CUP has entered the market in time to benefit from India's rising economic status, but Oxford University Press remains a strong rival competitor for dominance on the sub-continent.



CUP's Pitt Building on Trumpington Street

MICHAEL DERRINGER

Prisoner of conscience dies

ALICE WHITWHAM

On Monday October 16, Ko Thet Win Aung died in prison aged 34. For the past two years, Cambridge University Amnesty International (CUAI) have been campaigning to draw attention to his case. Thet Win Aung was imprisoned in 1998 in Burma for organising

“was imprisoned for peaceful protesting”

student demonstrations, which called for educational improvements and the release of political prisoners.

As part of their campaign strategy, CUAI runs a cage event each term. Volunteers offer to sit in the cage for a couple of hours, while others encourage passers-by to sign a big calico petition. One volunteer commented, “When you consider that Thet Win Aung was imprisoned for peaceful protesting, doing nothing more than what we were last weekend, it makes it more important than ever for students to fight for human rights”.

Amnesty International believes that he had been tortured during his

imprisonment and suffered from cerebral malaria. By 2005, it was reported that he was unable to walk unassisted. Thet Win Aung had protested against the lack of adequate medical treatment and poor detention conditions by going on a hunger strike in 2002. The situation deteriorated in 2006 after Burmese authorities suspended prison visits by the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC). Amnesty has called for an immediate and independent investigation into the causes of Thet Win Aung's death, and insisted that the State Peace and Development Council (SPDC) takes urgent steps to protect the health of all prisoners.

Hamish Falconer, CUAI Chair, commented “Thet Win Aung was a student activist whose ultimate demise in prison was a result of his repeated efforts to call for freedom and democracy in Burma, an authoritarian military dictatorship. His death is a tragic reminder of the failure of the international community to properly engage with Burma. The deaths and oppression of political peoples in Burma cannot continue.”

CUAI campaigns as part of the world's largest human rights organisation to raise awareness of human rights to students. It runs campaigns that aim to stand up for people unjustly persecuted and to end specific human rights abuses. In 2006, CUAI campaigned against violence to women, and in 2005 for the control of arms and the prevention of terrorism.



CUAI's cage protest outside King's College last weekend

AMNESTY

Thet Win Aung: A Life

- 1988: As a high school student, he takes part in protests against the government.
- 1991: Tortured and imprisoned for nine months.
- 1994: Under threat of arrest, he goes into hiding.
- 1999: Sentenced to 52 years' imprisonment, extended to 59 years after subsequent interrogation.



Ko Thet Win Aung

AMNESTY

Hopes of reopening Varsity railway revived forty years down the line

REBECCA LESTER

A proposal from housing developers has revived hopes of reopening the railway line between Oxford and Cambridge, closed almost 40 years

ago. The Department of Transport has previously been unable to meet the cost of restoring tracks and rebuilding stations along this route. But now developers have offered to raise funds by paying a £10,000 “roof-tax” on each house built near to the

reopened line, on the premise that buyers will be willing to pay a premium for a home with good rail connections.

Local authorities are planning to open the line in stages, beginning with the eastern section. Phyllis Starkey, MP for Milton Keynes SW, an area in close proximity to the line, supports the campaign. Starkey told *Varsity* that “things are moving in the right direction”. Capital raised from the “roof-tax” on new houses would cover the cost of reinstating the section between Oxford and Bletchley. Starkey said “The strategy is to get the line open in bits in order to create pressure to reopen the whole thing”.

Although most of the track is still in place, there is a 12-mile gap of housing near Cambridge. To fill this, the line would have to be re-routed from its original course, which would be “hugely more expensive” than simply

restoring existing track.

The last train between Oxford and Cambridge, a route dubbed “The Varsity Line”, ran on New Year's Eve, 1967. At the moment, it takes approximately three hours to travel between the two cities, and costs from £35.70. Reopening the line would halve this travel time and reduce traffic congestion in the expanding areas along the old rail corridor.

While a guard at Cambridge station commented that a lack of political will makes chances of restoring the route slim, Starkey is optimistic that the line linking the two cities could be open “within the next 15 years”. Network Rail also supports the proposals, and has stated that it would be keen to incorporate the restored line into the national network. A spokesperson said “If there is the funding, then our view is - let's build it.”



The last train to Cambridge pulls out of Glemsford in 1967

Confessions of a punt sinker

» Date: 19 Oct 2006 10:48:02
Varsity receives an e-mail from an anonymous King's puntsman...

On Thursday October 12 between 12 and 14 first years at King's, whilst celebrating one of their number's birthday, decided it would be a good idea to hire a punt. By way of “warming up” a quantity of alcohol was purchased and consumed. The group stumbled to the Porters' Lodge at around 10:15pm. With very little fuss a single punt was secured for one hour only.

It was very dark by the river. The punt was already a little damp. One by one the group eased themselves into the punt. A few of the more conservative members decided that “maybe punting wasn't such a good idea after all” and remained on the shore. The rest, sitting wherever there was space: on the back and sides of the punt, unlocked the vessel and pushed out into the Cam.

Immediately the punt took on water. The stern dipped beneath the surface. The group pleaded with the oarsman to turn back, instead she

“the group pleaded with the oarsman to turn back”

pushed the punt further into the river, equidistant from both shores. Then she fell in. Quietly and without fuss. In fact I'm not sure many people even realised. The punt continued to take on water, faster and faster. Attempts to balance the craft confused matters and sickeningly it dawned on us that we were ruined. “I was absolutely positive we wouldn't sink”, said one passenger, “I simply couldn't imagine it happening, and then it did”.

The group now abandoned ship. Being in the very middle of the river passengers flung themselves from both sides of the punt. Swimming fully clothed to the shore and making use of the rather handy step built into the riverside, we lay panting and soaked on the grass. The punt was lost.

The group, I am delighted to report, reconvened in King's Cellar Bar some 15 minutes later and continued the celebrations at the Kamar. The upper corridors of the Keynes Building still smell of river water.

Cross Campus

Oxford conceals lab names

Oxford University has been granted a temporary Court Order forbidding the publication of details referring to the contractor of the University's new animal research laboratory. The order was granted in response to a campaign by animal rights group SPEAK to publish the names and addresses of those involved with animal research.

Newcastle goes Fairtrade

Newcastle University and its Students' Union have been granted Fairtrade status by the Fairtrade Foundation. The award can be given to academic institutions which stock the ethically traded foods in all their campus shops and serve fairtrade foods at all university meetings. Geobars in batter, anyone?

Oxford's black admissions hole

An investigation by Oxford's Cherwell has discovered that the university is failing to attract black students, over 100 years after the first Afro-Caribbean students matriculated. 0.7 per cent of Oxford students are of black origin compared to 6.35 per cent nationally. Unlike Cambridge, Oxford lacks a centralised access initiative.

Bulb-boiled eggs at Bournemouth

A Bournemouth University student has invented a way of boiling an egg without water. Simon Rhymes, 23, conceived the idea of the Bulbed Egg Maker (BEM), which can soft-boil an egg in six minutes using four high powered halogen lightbulbs, while studying Project Design at the university. The design has been patented.

Gay flasher at Leeds

The happy innocence of starting university was ruined last week for a Leeds' fresher, after he was flashed in a nightclub. The student was in the bathroom when a man approached and asked if he “needed anything”, before undoing his flies. The victim said “There was a terrible mix-up. I didn't want drugs and I don't like boys.”

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News Analysis

Exploring wheelchair access in Cambridge

TOM PARRY-JONES &
JO TRIGG

With its ancient cloisters and winding staircases, many would not expect Cambridge to be particularly wheelchair-friendly. Yet despite this, the NUS calls disability access an “anticipatory duty”. To investigate whether such contradictions are indicative of a wider problem, *Varsity* has this week examined the state of wheelchair access in Cambridge.

In Stephen Hawking, Cambridge has one of the most famous wheelchair users in Britain. Away from the world of celebrity, things differ. *Varsity* spoke to a wheelchair using prospective student who found that upon visiting Hawking's college, Gonville and Caius, tutorial staff were unaccommodating and dismissed his questions with an attitude he described as “we’ll change if you get here”. Despite this, the University's Disability Resource Centre (DRC) provides advice for prospective and current students with disabilities, ranging from permanent physical and unseen disabilities, to specific learning difficulties. They aim to “increase the confidence” of those interested in studying at Cambridge. Yet for potential applicants in wheelchairs, the guide can prove intimidating reading. It lists only seven of the 31 college libraries as being fully wheelchair-accessible, and describes a highly variable provision in faculty buildings.

Whilst departments like English, Computer Science and Music provide superb access facilities, with level floors, lifts, no heavy doors and adapted toilets, many major departments are largely inaccessible. The Department of Geography has, for example, a large flight of stairs and heavy entrance doors, with no alternative access points. One student using crutches reported severe difficulties getting into the building; for wheelchair users, it is completely impractical. The Department of Architecture and History of Art is similarly impossible to enter. The DRC Guide describes “steps and stairs everywhere”, whilst the Department of Land Economy has “no ramps, lifts or disabled toilets”.

All colleges offer places to disabled

students (the 1995 Disability Discrimination Act legislates equal access to education) but adapted facilities are a major factor in the choice. Most provide specially-adapted rooms for physically disabled undergraduates, but there can be trouble getting to even the most basic facilities. In six town colleges there is no wheelchair access to the Porters' Lodge. At Homerton, however, “every building is accessible” according to Estate Manager Keith Waters.

On paper, studying in Cambridge can seem like a minefield for wheelchair users. But, speaking to current undergraduates, *Varsity* discovered that the reality is more positive. James, a first year law student at Downing, said that whilst his use of an electric wheelchair and zimmer frame “affected my choice of college in a very big way”. Yet the major factor was apparently “attitude”, and how willing

24
the number of college libraries not fully accessible by wheelchair

6
town college porters' lodges completely inaccessible



Department of Architecture proves out of bounds

EMILY WRIGHT

the colleges were to adapt. He praised his college, which provides ramps to many areas, including the bar and library. James told *Varsity* that “they're very responsive” if any changes need making, the maintenance department carry out alterations by the next day and staff are “always willing to think up ways” of dealing with problems.

The modern Law Faculty building is highly accessible. Across the University, James described a “gradual change” that is making a “reasonably good compromise” between access and the constraints posed by budgets and listed buildings.

The experience in town varies, with major chains like Sainsbury's and Wetherspoon's providing good access and smaller shops often willing to help if you park outside. Cambridge clubs also deserve credit: Fez Club offers a lift, while bouncers at Ballare are willing to help with the stairs. James gave particular praise to the ADC theatre for providing wheelchair access not only to the auditorium and bar but also to the lighting and sound box.

Simone, a second year SPS student at New Hall, is similarly pleased with her Cambridge experience. She uses a car and manual wheelchair to get around and found that the college was particularly helpful in obtaining a permit for University parking. The college building provides every facility she needs. Yet, in an isolated incident, the college refused to buy Evac chairs

for a fire exit because of the cost, even though the Fire Safety Officer had specifically recommended them.

Simone was also positive about access around town, although ramps at the Union and Lion Yard are “too steep to be used unaided”. She also highlighted a “bad experience” at Soul Tree. Despite promises upon her first visit that the club's lift would be repaired, it remained broken when she returned two months later and staff treated her with “contempt”.

Access may be improving, but there is a lot more to be done. The NUS' Students with Disabilities campaign is adamant that universities can't “wait for a disabled person to complain”. But James argued that “it takes somebody with a permanent disability to change things”. Luke Pickering, CUSU Access Officer, acknowledged the “unfortunate” difficulty Cambridge faces as a result of the age of some of the buildings, a point underlined by the fact that the CUSU offices are completely inaccessible and the position of Students with Disabilities Officer at CUSU remains vacant. Judith Jesky at the DRC, admitted “Everyone is co-operative with the DRC but not always as readily as they should be”.

The DRC remains positive, explaining, “All colleges are doing an enormous amount ... access is increasing year on year”. Simone was equally clear that by coming to Cambridge as a wheelchair user, she hadn't had to sacrifice her “independence”.



Geography Dept: Impossible



Round Church St: Close Shave



ADC Theatre: Easy Access



CUSU Building: No Entry

Varsity Asks



How much of an '80s child are you anyway?

- As the Berlin Wall fell a piece of my heart went with it.
- Thatcher wasn't all that bad really.
- Footless tights? Leggings I'll have you know.
- I could never live without my iPod.

» Poll results on page 37

Vote online at varsity.co.uk



Ah you sinful children, learn ye now: nowhere does absolute power corrupt more absolutely than Cambridge. An encounter with a high-ranking student official brought with it an unexpected smell... surprise turned to horror as it seems that this suspected “incense” was more likely to have emanated from a herb than a holy

vessel. One can only hope that the arrival of the scent and personage were not connected...

And in a diocese in a land far far away it seems things are going from bad to worse. The week two freshers hangover proved a particularly, ahem, testing time for certain members of the community. Wrongly accusing two people of screwing each other is bad enough; wrongly accusing two high-powered organisations of it, probably worse. Ah well, as the Bible tells us - learn through suf-

fering. Although it seems that in this case, the people involved suffered more than they've learned. And in another corner an ex-shag of a certain notoriously hell-raising director was whinging about being the only person in the shagland not to receive a personalised invite to his latest offering. Although rumour has it they're not the only prominent person who got blanked...

Send your confessions to thebishop@varsity.co.uk

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Comment | Email: comment@varsity.co.uk

VARSLITY

Keeping the Faith?

Varsity has, over the past fortnight, given extensive coverage of Richard Dawkins' visit to Cambridge. However, for many in the University, Dawkins' atheist arguments and criticisms of scripture have proved inflammatory material. There are those who feel that intellectual thought cannot condemn and deconstruct faith, as faith constitutes the vital passage from uncertainty to understanding. A world where faith is absent and morality is the product of social pragmatism can stir up a sense of disgust at the lack of emotional involvement with taxing social and philosophical questions both in the devout worshipper and even the wavering agnostic.

Dawkins' intellectual popularity cannot simply be put down to the quality of his thought. His supporters enjoy his anti-religious arguments because he affirms them with such directness and enthusiasm, so much so that his position can appear to verge on religious intolerance. Intolerance has long been a dirty word in politics, synonymous with racism, but the threat of terrorism has led to a slight semantic shift. Similarly, the idea of multiculturalism has gone from being the grail of the truly diverse and democratic society to an experiment that increasing numbers of people are beginning to perceive as a failure.

There are still those who see religion as the preserve of moral conscience. However on a less idealistic level, religion can precipitate violence, and, less dramatically, isolate communities from each other - so much so that it can be seen to preserve the status quo simply because people are too afraid of the consequences of offending another's faith.

The leaked governmental report on *Varsity's* front page has caused a backlash because it seems to blur the distinction between religious agitators and religious practitioners. Different interpretations of the demands of faith can co-exist within a religion, but the fact remains that the threat of terrorism (in any form, religious or otherwise) is linked to belief. In some circumstances there could be a comparison drawn between terrorism and the leap of faith; when conviction overrides sober debate. Religion may be the foundation of our community, or it may account for the instability of our diversifying social structure.

Stands the clock at ten to three...

Digital culture is alive and well and here to stay. Who would wish otherwise? Networking websites, cheap global communications and Hermes Webmail available at every twist and turn means that we type more, talk more and learn more than ever before. You can count your friends thanks to the Facebook, talk to foreign friends thanks to Skype, and make Hot Chip your friends thanks to MySpace. But who are these 'friends'? Things begin to get a little uncertain when we've poked someone on the Facebook without ever actually having shaken their hand.

Time is moving faster than ever before: the Facebook itself has been in common use for little more than a year, yet is now an institution. Much has changed since Rupert Brooke mused in Granchester, yet occasionally we too should stand back, appreciate our beautiful city with friends of flesh and bone, and take time to muse on whether there is honey still for tea.

VARSLITY The Independent Cambridge
Student Newspaper since 1947

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and ARU weekly. *Varsity* is proud to be the holder of numerous student media awards and a vast number of alumni now working in international media. *Varsity* also publishes *BlueSci* magazine, *The Mays*, and an online edition at www.varsity.co.uk.

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ILLUSTRATION: RACHEL HARDING



Luke Pickering

A debt to society

Why I'll never learn to love top-up fees

There really is nothing more annoying than when "politics" cloud a political issue. Important arguments become subjugated to spin; issues are overshadowed by personalities. Let us, instead, sidestep these needless deviations and concentrate on one topic alone: why top-up fees shouldn't be seen as the future for funding higher education.

To begin, top-up fees will have a detrimental effect on people from middle-income families. A student whose residual household income amounts to £37,500 will receive no grants from the University or government. Instead, they are entitled to a loan of meagre proportions - £1,500 less than what the University judges it costs to live in Cambridge. The student would need to cover this deficit with aid from their parents and will be placing themselves in over £7,000 worth of debt each year. Crippling debt is not the only problem of this system. It is naïve for the government to assume all families - especially large ones - with this level of income would be willing to help fund a student's education. Most disturbingly of all, Cambridge proudly boasts that it possesses the best bursary scheme. If the best bursary scheme in the country has so many flaws then we must not be so insular that we ignore problems in other universities - where the issues are only more acute.

Other flaws reside in the current system. Firstly, a student graduating from university and entering the charity sector is charged exactly the same amount as a future investment banker. Thus, if we are to see top-up fees as a tax on higher education then it must be confined to the regressive taxation bin - along with the poll tax.

Secondly, top-up fees have created a marketplace for education. No longer will students choose their university purely on location, the course or teaching. Instead more pragmatic calculations - such as which university are offering the best new deal - will enter into the equation. The dubious honour of 'most garish offer yet' goes to the University of Gloucester who offer a 20% discount if you pay the full cost of fees up-front.

"most disturbingly of all, Cambridge boasts that it possesses the best bursary scheme"

Students may even start to calculate whether they will receive their "money back" from a degree; in other words, whether they'll receive a sufficient increase in earnings to justify the debt they will place themselves in. On the face of it, this sounds sensible. However, the problem is that prospective students won't calculate the undoubted societal benefit of education in aiding social mobility and breaking down inequality.

The effect of top-up fees on applications from underrepresented backgrounds is likely to be damaging. Lacking some of the information avenues that their public school counterparts possess, students will make career decisions ignorant of some of the financial aid - albeit flawed - that is available to

them. These concerns are already evident through my line of work as CUSU Access Officer. The Access Shadowing Scheme application form asks the question: 'is there anything that may stop you from applying to Cambridge?'. The vast numbers of answers which cite financial reasons are testament to these problems. Lower-income families may begin to decide that it doesn't make financial sense to send a son or daughter to university to accrue debt when they could be earning a wage.

Unfortunately, these fundamental problems with top-up fees are already starting to be borne out in the application process. Nationally, numbers applying to university are down and there has been a decrease in 'working class' applicants. However, for once, some sort of solution is available. The National Demonstration Against Top-Up Fees takes place this year on October 29th with tickets being sold in most colleges, and all the information is on the CUSU website. This is a chance to show our dismay to the people with the real power: Members of Parliament. Vice-Chancellors may choose to ignore the existence of top-up fees in speeches or, even worse, promote them. It is also likely that Vice-Chancellors will charge the maximum amount they can under the legislation. But their power to do so can be curtailed by members of the House of the Commons, which is why it is so important that we pressurise them to act.

Despite all this, it seems that Cambridge will retain its image as an elitist university by sending a relatively small group of protestors to the demonstration. The reasons for this are obvious: heavy workloads, second- and third-year apathy for an issue they do not believe affects them,



Matthew Richardson

Selling ourselves short

Establishing the Cambridge brand

In the canon of Cambridge anecdotes one story embodies the university's image problem. A fellow chances upon a bemused tourist in Kings Parade: "How are you enjoying your time here?" he asks. "It's very beautiful but I've been here a week and I haven't found the university".

Cambridge accepts tourists grudgingly, expecting them to keep well out of the way. It makes little effort to explain its work to visitors and lacks even the basic facilities expected at any international tourist attraction. There is no visitor centre to chronicle 800 years of cutting edge science, nor even an official guidebook, guided tour or shop. Cambridge prefers to relinquish the profits of a £334m local tourist industry in favour of a sheltered sense of splendid isolation. It is a university where even the students have a vague sense that "Cambridge research is changing the world" but none of them can quite tell you how. Cambridge is failing to communicate its achievements and values to the 5 million British tourists who visit each year. Instead it has entrusted its publicity to a thousand guide book authors, punt chauffeurs and college porters.

Never has the need to engage with the public been so urgent. The media has reduced Cambridge's role in society to that of a reluctant agent for social justice. Access is the only

issue and Cambridge is on the back foot. Some of the criticism is justified: much of it is not. While Gordon Brown's intervention in the Laura Spence case betrayed a huge misunderstanding of the admissions process, the university must realise that no matter how fair the admissions process they will never be fully vindicated. The government will always want to deflect some criticism of an unequal education system onto admissions tutors who have to evaluate the products.

Increasingly the access debate has shifted from accusations of explicit bias towards the issue of whether it is right for universities to practice positive discrimination towards disadvantaged candidates. Yet still the rhetoric is overwhelmingly negative: universities must decrease admission standards to meet the disadvantaged rather than finding ways to inspire the brightest students to meet their high standards. The talk is of whether universities should 'make allowances' in their offers, or be content to accept A-Levels in 'soft subjects'.

There is another way. Cambridge should not be running at the speed of the slowest man, but raising children's aspirations and inspiring them to make the effort to reach its high standards. It provides the most intensely stimulating and exciting experience for its students and it must provide a similar experience for

the millions of children visiting each year. But Cambridge is presented as some sort of cultural relic, as visitors are immersed in the intricacies of fan vaulting and the 'munificent benefactions' of 15th century celebrities.

The university needs a museum to

"Cambridge is presented as some sort of cultural relic"

demonstrate its staggering contributions to knowledge. It needs a guidebook and better signage so people can find their way around the sites of significant discoveries and so that everyone can understand their impact. It must find better ways to let tourists sample the research and the teaching and all the richness of life here that will inspire them in their own schoolwork. And it must find ways to distribute recent research through popular channels into schools, libraries, magazines and even to its own students, so that the public can see our contribution to society beyond the plethora of ecclesiastic architecture.

Above all Cambridge needs to

develop a brand that the public can support. Top American colleges are aspirational brands paid for by hard work. The 'college sweater' reflects a wider society that values its institutions and is happy for young people to earn their place in a meritocratic elite. Popular culture celebrates the admissions process and school students understand the need to work to unlock a better future. They are rewarded with the best universities in the world. This culture of support for exceptional universities will never develop here as long as the public are kept at arms length in our own city.

Cambridge already invests resources in going into the community and in bringing target schools to see Cambridge for themselves. But it only ever reaches a handful of students while neglecting the millions of children and parents who would happily follow a tourist trail into our colleges, laboratories and lectures if only they were given the opportunity. Expecting applicants of all backgrounds to be inspired by their subject, read widely, and have sufficient initiative and confidence to benefit from the supervision system should not be derided as an elitist admission policy. But Cambridge cannot expect children to want to meet those standards until it exposes its millions of visitors to life beyond the opaque façade of the college courts.

Ethics Girl

My own incontinent truth



I sometimes worry that I'm talking a lot of rubbish. Then I realise that I am talking a lot of rubbish as I discuss the ins and outs of plastic waste or where to find the local bottle bank. Phew; worries averted.

However, there are great people out there talking a lot of balls. I fully admire this and only wish more people had cottoned on to balls. Where is this going? Has Ethics Girl finally gone Essex? Well, I mean Eco balls, the detergent free way to wash clothes. Green, clean and go in the washing ma-sheen. Sweet.

I enjoy talking dirty. To be fair, this is usually a conversation about compost rather than anything kinky you may have in mind after my Green Sex column. (The two are not mutually exclusive but that's beside the point.) Having discussed the aviation industry's incontinence problem last week, it's logical to move on from a ponder about soiling oneself to one about oneself and soil.

Principle soil pollutants include organic chemicals, pesticides, oils and tars from intensive farming, badly disposed toxic effluent and landfill. Rain filtrates through the soil collecting these chemicals and runs into rivers. This contributes to the two main sources of water pollution - industrial waste and domestic sewage - to create a major conglomeration of liquid crap. Literally.

And then? This is treated - more chemicals added - to become tap water. Yum.

The many environmental damages include hazardous impacts on ecosystems, wildlife habitats and human hormone balance. Enough said. This has to stop.

Where to go from here? Enforcing legal restrictions on the amount of toxic effluent released is a good thing but the discrepancy between different nations makes regulation difficult. Likewise, the clean-up act is extremely varied; on average, only 10 per cent of waste-water generated in India's urban areas is treated. Small-scale water projects are being established but this is not enough.

In the immediate future, the individual, particularly in the developed world, needs to be more aware of the waste generated by their actions. As relatively affluent consumers, we have the choice to buy organic carrots, clothes made without toxic dyes and natural cleaning products. As well as harnessing our purchasing power, we should bear in mind the impact our travel, work and lifestyle choices have on our surroundings. And then act to reduce that impact. Use less water is an obvious one...

We must do this for the sake of our hormones and the hormones of the generations to come, if nothing else. After all, it would be awful to think that there would never be any more green sex, self-soiling, or dirty talk just because our generation forgot to get their Eco balls into action.

Tess Riley



Catherine Osborne

Professional foul

Women made to play a different sort of beautiful game

During this summer's World Cup the British press declared that we were a nation gripped by football fever. Homes, shop windows, school classrooms and children's bedrooms draped in the England flag seemed to suggest this. But, how can a nation be gripped by football fever when football is a sport which discriminates against half the population of this country?

In April, the President of Iran, Mahmoud Ahmedinejad, tried to reform a major piece of legislation: he tried to change the law so that women could legally attend football matches. He failed - senior Iranian Islamic clerics insisted that football matches were unsuitable for women.

We are more egalitarian than this in Britain. Legally, women are allowed to go to football matches. They are allowed to apply for jobs as commentators, agents, sports reporters and sports news presenters. But there remains a clear undercurrent of sexism which ensures that football continues to be very male dominated.

No one complains when John McEnroe comments on Maria Sharapova's backhand volley. So why should people object to female commentary and reporting in football? Of course,

nobody does so openly. But why is it that I have never heard a female voice actually commentate on a football match on the TV or radio? Female sports presenters seem condemned to a role facilitating the smug post-match analysis of Alan Hansen, wearing just the right amount of faux-ignorance. Male-only teams

play football. But the amazing thing about sport is that it is inclusive. You don't have to play the sport to understand it or support it. Not many people are synchronised divers, but when we watched the Olympics we could understand and appreciate what they were doing. Yet, in my experience, when watching a football

"We are condemned to a role facilitating the smug post-match analysis of Alan Hansen, wearing just the right amount of faux-ignorance"



ILLUSTRATION: JULES HUNT

should not mean that women are discouraged from watching, supporting or having valid opinions on what seems to be a national obsession.

I accept that most women don't

game in a pub or at the ground women are made to feel that they can't offer any judgment on the game or even show vocal support for the team. Is it because women can't understand foot-

ball? It is not. I can assure you that I understand football just as well as the fat man who sits behind me shouting offside every time the opposition scores.

Women themselves are partly to blame for this dismissive attitude. The WAGs were the ones who shamed themselves at the World Cup. Their Baden Baden partying probably prevented Frank, Stevie and the others from getting a good night's sleep.

Worse than this, however, was that the WAGs showed women off as objects. It is OK that they leech off their husbands' fame and fortune so long as they look good, their hair is dyed and their nails are manicured. The ordinary woman is guilty of similar behaviour - we've all asked what the offside rule means so that we can make the boy we fancy feel clever. But this allows women to be condescended to unnecessarily. We need to make clear that we can have a normal discussion about football if we are interested in it.

If football is really to be an inclusive sport, uniting and capturing the imagination of the nation, we must challenge these unfair assumptions and remove the ugly undercurrent that makes half of the population feel less worthy.



»Notes from New York



Tanya Filer

It is a funny circumstance when one's knowledge of a place and people is based on feature films and transatlantic soap operas. When you are suddenly thrown into the real deal, the whole notion of 'art' (yes, I do include Sex and the City under this banner) representing life becomes warpedly reversed and real life starts to feel rather like a film set.

This is exactly the situation I find myself in, wandering around the city eavesdropping on phone conversations that I believed confined to screen media. None of this hi-how-are-you-what-time-shall-we-meet-credit-gonna-run-out malarkey. Rather, noisy relationship analysis, quasi-deep philosophizing and internal reflection take place on the street corner outside the centre for Supreme Self-Help and Meditation.

On campus the filmic sensation is still more heightened, largely due to the over-caffinated cinema students lurking around with camcorders at the ready. Tight-jeaned boys and bed-head girls: you can spot them a mile off. What is harder to spot is whether they are filming Real Life or shooting a fictitious story in a real setting.

Now this confusion would be fine, enjoyable even, but for one small problem; it makes me want to laugh. Imagine if every time you saw a fellow student your mind jumped to that boy in that run-of-the-mill college rom-com fated from its conception to flounder in the C-list of cinematic history. You too would want to laugh. You don't have to be an Einstein to realize that, at a university, that's an aching amount of laughter to contain, and, should you fail to do so, an awful lot of potential friends to lose ('What you laughin' at?' 'You.' - it goes down like a lead balloon, I'm telling you). Yet it is not a malicious laughter, rather a bemused one, that a famous-for-fifteen-minutes director could get a character study quite so right and that characters that previously seemed unrealistic to me have become quite credible in the context of this city.

The reason why there are so many visual odes to New York is because, besides the easy film licensing laws in the city, the place is like a pick 'n' mix of cinematographic sounds, scenes, people and storylines, ready to be sold to commercial North America. The real work of the filmmaker is deciding what to select from the cinematic candy store. In a city where 'small selection' means less than twenty types of coffee on the menu, deciding what your protagonist might sip on in that morning after the night before scene is not such an easy decision after all. You thought Woody Allen's angsty expression was down to the big questions? Wrong - he's just choosing coffee.

»Letter of the week

"There is no convincing scientific evidence that marijuana causes psychological damage"

Dear Sir

I am appalled by the irresponsible and hysterical propaganda you print. The responses to Jessie's letter to Cambridge Crisis demonstrated a woeful lack of knowledge about the effects of cannabis. THC is a powerful antioxidant and a British medical journal concluded after 30 years of research that "the smoking of cannabis, even long term, is not harmful to health."

Unfounded accusations merely serve to undermine points about responsible drug use and harm minimisation by spreading misinformation that has entirely discredited. Researchers

have no evidence for amotivational syndrome and there is no convincing scientific evidence that marijuana causes psychological damage or mental illness.

Cannabis use can trigger latent psychiatric disorders, but Mary seems to be confusing coincidence with causation as scientific studies have failed to demonstrate any clear causal link. One does not necessarily imply the other and those predisposed to mental illness are just as likely to have problems triggered by myriad other causes. A report published by the Science and Technology Committee this year concluded that cannabis is in no way as harmful as alcohol or

tobacco and that its risks are vastly overstated.

Perhaps Jessie would be better off realising that genuine friends will respect your decisions and not put you under any pressure. Daniel Wakelin might also wish to refrain from sporting black bow ties with black shirts before giving fashion tips.

Yours sincerely
Jonathan Hobbs
Downing College

Tell Varsity what's on your mind - each week, the best letter will win a specially selected bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



»And the rest...



Dear Sir

With regard to the picture, published last week, of shamed former Academic Affairs officer Dave Ewings looking

sad and remorseful after his drink-drive scandal (Varsity, 13.10.06. p.3). I'm just curious as to whether his contrition lose any of its force given that he is wearing a polo shirt emblazoned with a Cumbrian brewery's logo? (www.jenningsbrewery.co.uk)

Yours sincerely,
Stuart Basten
Selwyn

Dear Sir,

I was very pleased to read your articles concerning the resignation of Dave Ewings from CUSU. The coverage in your newspaper was sensitive, responsible and impartial. This contrasted strongly with other reporting on the matter. Although Dave's actions are clearly inexcusable, I feel that it would be wrong to be overly judgemental on the subject. We are all human, and therefore prone to mak-

ing occasional errors.

Given the activities evinced in page two's picture story, (*Wyvern's Initiation: Course no.4*) as well as those of Kate Morland (*Fresher rides Jesus Horse*), it would appear that Dave is not the only one who needs help.

Yours gratefully,
John Ellis
Department of Plant Sciences

Dear Sir,

I have just read your article about the riding of the Jesus horse and would just like to point out that although Kate was indeed very drunk, I was completely sober.

Regards,
Anon
i_ride_the_jesus_horse@hotmail.com

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read your investigation into book theft last week. During my library career, I would estimate that I have made no less than £7,500 from occasionally passing rare titles onto interested book collectors. Thankfully, such habits aren't revealed by freedom of information requests.

Yours Sincerely,
A. Librarian

Dear Sir,

How I enjoy your listings. Last weeks preview of 'Shut Up & Dance!': "no dressing up like a nob". Hilarious. We clearly went to very different nights...

Yours,
Lottie Oppenheim
Queens'

Way Back When: Varsity Archives

»October 1949: The dawn of technology



No Franckenstein
On the top floor of the Mathematics Library on the Cavendish site stands Edsac, one of the most highly-developed calculating machines in the world. So great are its powers that many have not hesitated to compare it with the human brain. Sensational stories about its capabilities have dis-

turbed scientists working on it, and they dislike the popular description of it as a "mechanical brain". The word "memory" which was at one time used to describe certain sections of its machinery has been replaced by the word "store", which does not evoke unfortunate comparisons.

Looking for the root of a matter

Overshadowing our civilisation today is the threat of war. Are we at the peak of a civilisation doomed to destruction by its own hand? Is our life to be engulfed in a welter of bacteriological and atomic warfare?

It is easy to talk of the United Nations, of international conferences, of the potential strength of the Soviet Union, of preventive war, and of all the temporary expedients to which we are resorting to avoid war. It is less easy to talk of the ultimate moral questions, which lie behind. Sooner or

later it is possible that men will be called upon to fight to defend what they believe in.

Is this right? Can there be a just war, or is war the worst evil that can befall man?

On pages two and three of this issue of 'Supplement' are two articles by undergraduates on this question. They are broadly representative of two points of view, and are the result of considerable thought. We urge our readers to give them careful consideration. They are about fundamental matters, which concern us all, and on which undergraduates have special right to express an opinion. After all, if there is another war the dirty work will largely be done by undergraduates and their contemporaries.

As its name implies "Supplement" aims to supplement the newspaper "Varsity" in its work of reflecting Cambridge undergraduates' life and thought. We hope during the year to cover and comment on every sphere of undergraduate activity. In particular, we intend

to review dramatic productions by College and University clubs. Although the Cambridge theatre has rarely been in a more flourishing state than today it works in comparative obscurity. We hope by criticising productions we will not only draw attention to them, but also help the producers and actors to judge audience reaction. In addition printed review may well have the effect of stimulating the work of some of the clubs.

The picture on the left is Morice Redmayne's conception of a mechanical "brain". We look at it a little idly and express suitable admiration when told it can play chess, and noughts and crosses. However since the "brain" presumably cannot make mistakes, it may one day in the future waddle out of its Downing Street lab, and take over its share of University teaching and administration. Never would there have been known so clear a lecturer, so helpful a supervisor, or just a proctor. We look forward with interest and some trepidation to the installation of the first mechanical Vice Chancellor.

Features & Arts

Friday October 20 2006 | Issue 643

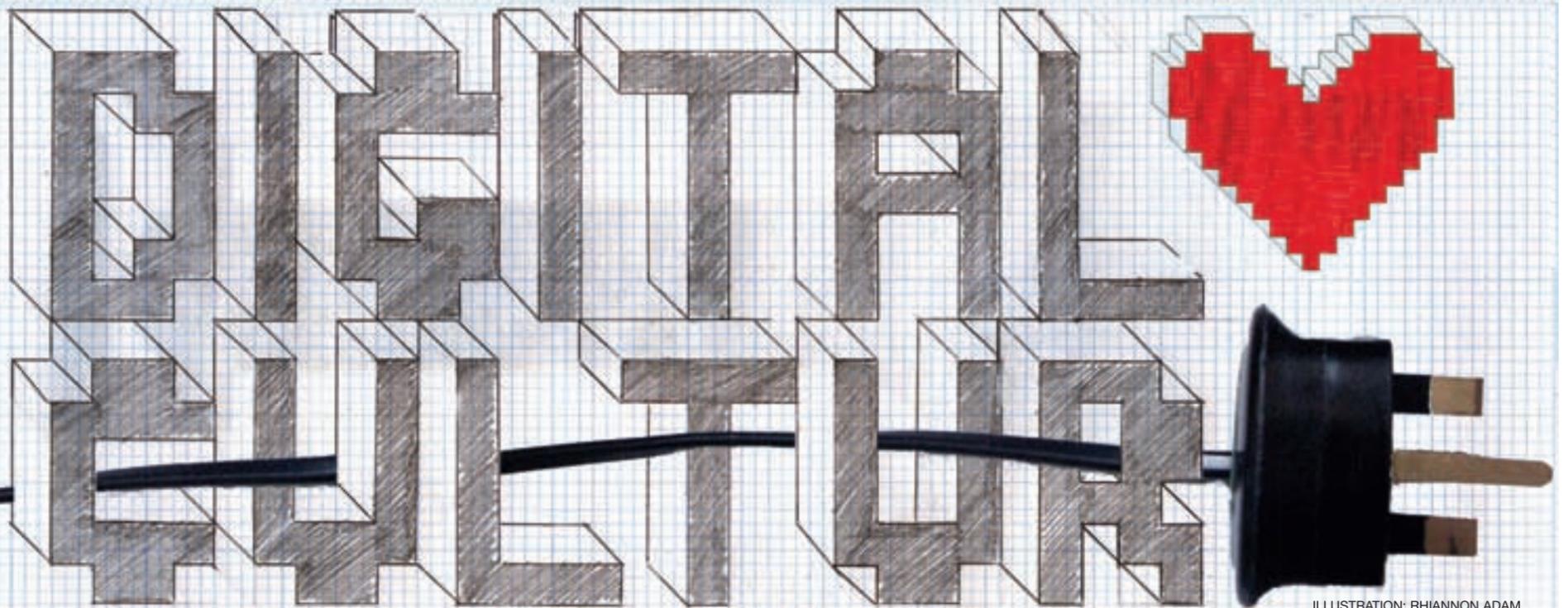


ILLUSTRATION: RHIANNON ADAM

Politics

» Tories looking good. David Cameron sells himself on the net.

P 14

Lifestyle

» Fashion explores the tough look and the dandy trend.

P 14

Screen

» On Demand content and the uncertain future of television.

P 14

Music

» This is a warning: Hot Chip interview and Mixtape.

P 14

Con Cam

Rob Haworth on why user-friendly Dave, now broadcasting to the electorate via his Webcameron domain, is the Conservatives' only hope of office.

David Cameron has a new digital domain – WebCameron. It's fluffy, friendly and a platform for discussion of all things Dave. As may be expected from the snappy name, it hosts video – you can watch Dave's post-PMQs musings and are invited to wash dishes with all the family. You can even take him on your morning commute if you own a video-capable iPod.

In these broadcasts, viewers learn all sorts of interesting facts; that the House of Commons is "very shouty" and that Prime Minister's Questions is a good opportunity to ask the Prime Minister some questions to which you want to know the answer. You will find links to a few policy sites, but it is clear that the aim of WebCameron is not to raise the intellectual bar – Sion Simon's YouTube parody ("you like my kids...? Just take one, that's cool") falls so flat precisely because it believes that this is what WebCameron is trying to do.

Instead, the site's purpose is integration, via super-bloggers Guido Fawkes, Iain Dale et al, into the political blogosphere: that collection of hacks ceaselessly working to create a 24/7 comment section. The latter advertises himself "as essential as marmite" to

Westminster's machinations. The former's chosen moniker is a simple device: gunpowder, treason and plot. These blogs have become a holy grail of digital culture: the opinion-former's opinion, to be read as religiously as the banker's *Financial Times*.

» It reeks of style-over-substance – you keep expecting to see Peter Mandelson conducting a focus group in the back of shot.

But new media, particularly when of a political persuasion, rarely reaches a mass audience and, as it is viewed exclusively by a subsection of society, will meet limited success at the ballot-box. Tory HQ knows this, but they also know that such people do chat-

ter, and if they can be persuaded that he's not really one of those ghastly old-fashioned Tories, and that even Old Etonians have to put the rubbish out, then they might write about it and tell their friends.

The Tories have realised that the business of opposition is a genuinely interesting product, and one that is effectively documentable with an online platform. Any camera can be pointed at a personable politician with attractive ideas, but only a shaky digital is sufficiently guerrilla to contrast with a stage-managed Blair press release. Backdrops, a constituency office for example, are chosen to highlight the demands and opportunities of opposition – people with time to listen, but also unceasing in their preparation for the business of government. To avoid Sir Menzies Campbell-style anonymity, a digital window into Mr Cameron's daily life is ideal, and suitably more progressive than junk mail leaflets on the number of babies kissed and solar panels installed.

For me, this is the first problem: WebCameron is playing a role, giving too much background: it reeks of style-over-substance and I keep expecting to see Peter Mandelson conducting a focus group in the back of shot.

The second problem is more fundamental: David Cameron is the leader of the Conservative Party, which is an institution counting Francis Maude, David Davis and thousands of pensioners amongst its membership. This is not something that WebCameron wants to talk about. Over at the parent site Conservatives.com, a banner for Dave's blog appears centre screen and in full colour, but its little brother refuses to return the compliment, and not even a few pixels are devoted to that nice new tree logo of theirs. WebCameron seems painfully aware that, minus its hero, the Tories would have to be led by one of these characters, and thus would be heading for the political wilderness faster than Gordon Brown. Consequently, its main aim is the promotion of the Cameron brand, such that it becomes a buoy from which the rest of the party can float until it has learned how to swim.

But a counterpoint will have to be considered some point down the line: there is an asymmetry between the status of leader and party. David Cameron has been entrusted to transform the Conservatives from a party of David Davises into a genuine electoral force, and he seems to be doing so by recasting them in his own image. The growth of this asymmetry will be exacerbated by WebCameron and the publicity it receives. But, come the next election, I doubt that the public will entrust an atrophied and anonymous Shadow Cabinet to run the country.



Cameron broadcasts from the Kings Fund

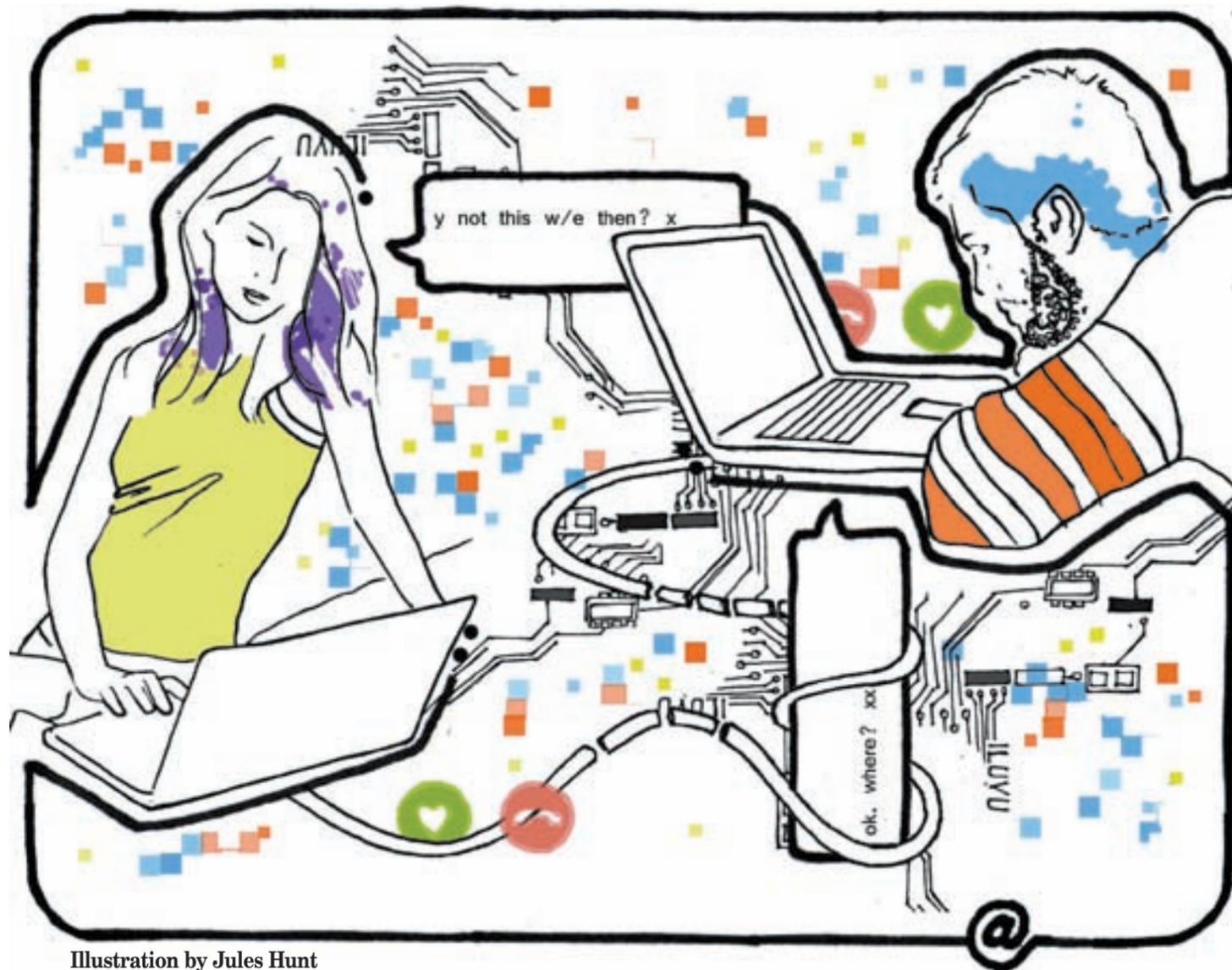


Illustration by Jules Hunt

Skyper Links

Natalie Woolman examines the global, romantic phenomenon of Skype.

It is official; we have stopped looking for knights in shining armour. No longer do we peer from tower windows to watch a duel in defence of our honour, or expect to be swept off our be-slipped feet onto horseback. Instead, we wait, flushed with excitement, for the inaugural use of the winking face icon on MSN, and debate the emotional, moral and political differences between “see you later” and “see you around” (a highly complex and shady issue, the manifold answers of which I do not have time to properly discuss in such a short space).

We have become obsessed with “communication”, another one of those pesky buzzwords from the nineties that should have died a timely death years ago, and yet, somewhere along the line, whilst chained to our keyboards and strapped to our mobile phones, we have stopped speaking to one another properly. A face-to-face chat over an overpriced Starbucks has become nothing short of an event on our digital calendar. Indeed, if we subscribe to the idea of a “global village”, it is very unlike any village I have ever been to, as we find ourselves unable to recognise our next door neighbour from “sexygal235” or “cybertomY2K+6”. And yet, in this wilderness, there may be a ray of light - the invention of Skype.

When asking anyone about Skype, you should only ever expect one answer, a long, exhilarated, breathy coo of “It’s amazing!”. Relying on funny-looking headsets reminiscent of a 1980s disaster movie, and fuzzy webcam videos, Skype now has over 100 million users worldwide who can make free calls to one another from their computers using the decentralised, peer-to-peer network. It

seems that, finally, the facial expressions, hand gestures and, of course, the fluttering of eyelashes have finally made a dashing re-entrance into our lives.

And not a moment too soon. Personally, I’m prone to excessive hand gesturing; in fact so dramatic and crucial is my non-verbal communication I doubt that anyone would be able to understand me if my hands were cut

» In our global village it’s impossible to distinguish our next door neighbour from “sexygal235” or “cybertomY2k+6”.

off in, say, a freak combine harvester accident. Therefore, it is no small relief to me that I might be waving farewell to hours of examining punctuation, and pondering how to play it cool with liberal use of my MSN “away” status. Skype, albeit with the headsets and videos, is possibly the closest we are ever likely to come to having a proper conversation with someone on the other side of the planet. We can see what they are wearing, what their house looks like, and how much better their post-surf tan is than our post-Cindie’s flush. It is putting the “face” back into “interfacing” *shudder*.

Indeed, I know people who are only in relationships purely and utterly because of

Skype. A close friend returned from a break in America with a boyfriend from Ohio. Rather giggly, she admitted they were “dating”, on which point I asked if dating for them was going to include long stretches spent gazing into each others’ pixelated eyes and tenderly tapping out “I xxxx you”. But she retorted that she had made a speedy headset purchase and was now happily whiling away every evening in what felt like the same room as him. And this story is far from unique. Indeed, it may soon become the case that having a boyfriend/girlfriend who you meet and interact with solely in cyberspace is a legitimate romantic preoccupation, not frowned upon by normal, active people, and unassociated with the seedy words “internet chatroom”. It seems best friends, boyfriends, girlfriends, all the relationships that have, in the past, demanded prolific amounts of time in one another’s company almost by definition, can now be conducted cross-continent, cross-ocean, cross-world, with only one £20 headset purchase.

And, for the impatient, touch-typing broadband generation, Skype is revolutionising things pretty quickly. First released in 2003, and accumulated by eBay in 2005, 2006 is probably going to be Skype’s year, as more and more people take up the trend and cash in on budget communication. Once again, the internet empowers the free flow of information, leaving mobile phone companies quaking in anticipation of the profit losses.

But, I now find myself in a quandary. I have just established that the whole world can now be incorporated into my pool of potential suitors, yet find myself severely lacking. Skype name: Varsity Vixen 642.

OVER THE BRIDGE

Stan Hey



Hey at his Cambridge graduation.

Stan Hey graduated from St Catharine’s in 1974, which, he mourns, was “pre mixed colleges, pre lap-tops”. He is now a screenwriter, whose impressive list of credits include *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* and *Dadziel and Pascoe*.

Who/what inspired you to go into writing when at university?

St. Catharine’s was churning out *Varsity* Editors in my time - Jeremy Paxman, Andrew Nickolds, Bill Rogers - and they all strong-armed me into writing something, mostly frivolous pieces. I didn’t bother with Footlights, which seemed to be full of careerist Monty Python impersonators.

Who did you turn to for advice when at university?

The college chaplain, the late David Sparrow, was a good man with a stock of decent wine which he didn’t mind sharing, even with agnostics.

What is your biggest regret about your time at Cambridge?

At the time, chasing unattainable students from Homerton, once with the assistance of an Aramis Bronzing Stick. Now, it would have to be not using the time and the opportunity to read more.

How did you celebrate the end of your degree?

After my graduation ceremony, I took my mum, dad and brother to one of the usual kebab houses. Over the weekend I had a fling with my bedder’s Australian niece.

Did you stay in contact with many friends from university?

Yes, a hard-core of about a dozen have survived over the years.

What piece of advice would you give to a current Cambridge student about to graduate interested in writing?

So much of creative writing is “taught” these days, which worries me a little - I’ve always thought that the best first steps were to imitate those you admire most and let your originality find its way out naturally.

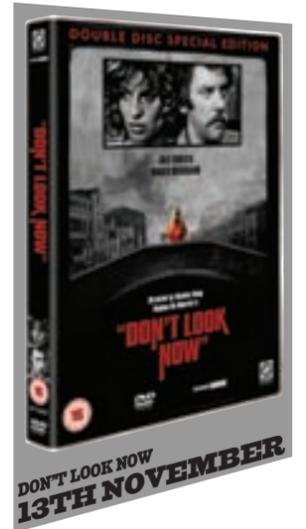
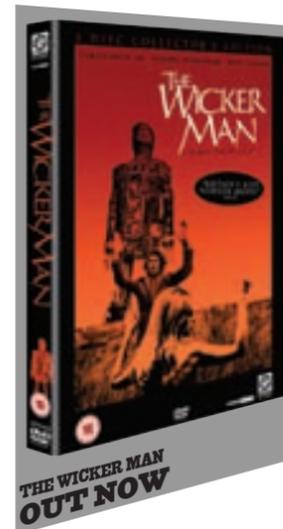
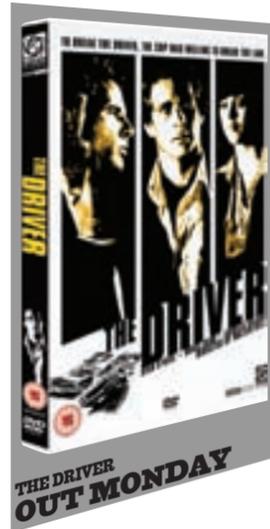
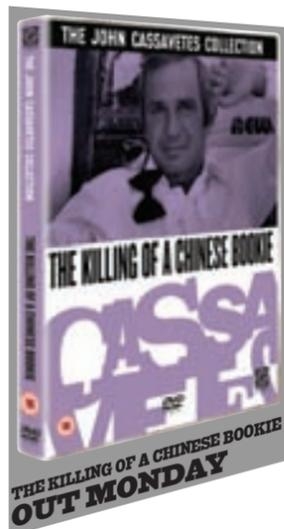
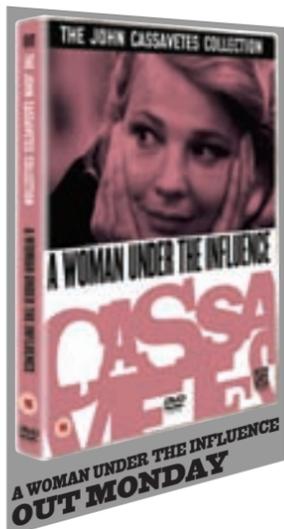
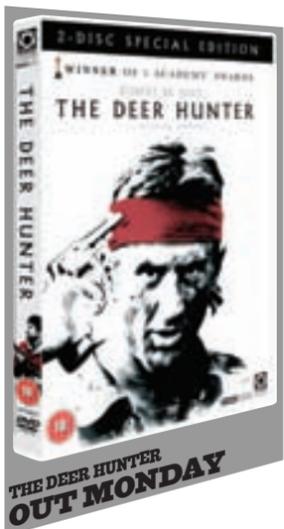
Exclusive Interview



Dawkins makes a public address. His speech at the Cambridge Union Society last Tuesday was delivered to a capacity crowd in the debating chamber.

THE 1970S

CLASSIC MOVIES FROM THE DECADE THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING



STUDIO CANAL

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Richard Dawkins

Following *Varsity's* exclusive podcast of Dawkins' speech at the Union, **Andy Wimbush** meets the revered intellectual in person to discuss animal rights, human vanity and, of course, religion.

Professor Richard Dawkins has been called the poster boy of Neo-Darwinism. At 65, he's still one of the most recognisable flag-bearers for science, having occupied Oxford's Chair of Public Understanding of Science for more than a decade. It's no secret that, aside from evolutionary biology, Dawkins' main hobby is baiting religionists with his passionate advocacy of atheism. His new book, provocatively titled *The God Delusion*, is his first attempt to tackle religion head-on.

Dawkins' frontline vitriol makes actually meeting the man all the more surprising. His demeanour is more mild-mannered vicar than upstart radical. Does he really think that atheists should speak out against reli-

» His demeanour is more "mild-mannered vicar" than an "upstart radical".

gious faith?

"Yes, particularly in America. After six years of Bush, I think an awful lot of people are getting increasingly agitated about the dangers of theocracies."

Dawkins receives his fair share of difficult religious encounters. He often quotes a charming statement from American evangelical, Ann Coulter, who said, "I defy any of my co-religionists to tell me they do not laugh at the idea of Dawkins burning in hell".

But some, such as the religious historian, Karen Armstrong, suggest that the "bad" religion of fundamentalists has only one

anecdote: "good" religion.

"That's an interesting point of view and I guess there's a certain plausibility to it. The other point of view is put by Sam Harris [author of *The End of Faith*] who says that good religion makes the world safe for bad religion by preparing people with the idea that faith – which means believing in something without evidence – is a virtue, that it is justified. You don't have to explain why you believe something, you just have to hide behind a wall and say "that's my faith, you're not allowed to question that because it gives me offence or hurt when you do".

Dawkins certainly caused some offence last week at the Cambridge Union when he held scripture up to ridicule. He claims that many religious people are simply unaware of the "sheer strangeness" of the Bible because they have never read the more "appalling" stories. Presumably then he'd want to keep the Bible in hotel rooms?

He laughs, "I'd like *The God Delusion* to be in there too."

The Bible has, strangely enough, influenced Dawkins' prose in the past. In *The Blind Watchmaker*, DNA is compared to a Hebrew scribe copying out the Law and ants protecting their queen like the Ark of the Covenant. Does he now regret the use of religious metaphors?

"I don't regret it at all," he states categorically. "I do think that the Authorized Version is an undoubted part of our literary heritage. You can't appreciate Shakespeare or many other poets unless you are familiar with the words and cadences of the Bible. You almost cannot write decent English without it. I don't even know what the Ark was. Do you?" "God's caravan?" I offer.

It isn't only religion that Dawkins likes to

challenge. His other target is the irrationality of human vanity, especially when it leads to speciesism. Darwinism makes us realise that we are no more sacred than other organisms. How then does Dawkins react to animal rights campaigners?

"My morality tends away from an absolutist sort of morality towards Utilitarian considerations. So when it comes to animal rights, for me the key question is suffering. I'm not really that interested in the absolutist question "Is this a human being or is it an animal?" Religious people obsess about stem-cell research because human embryos get destroyed in the process. To me that's a total non-issue. The question is "Does it suffer?" and clearly it doesn't because it doesn't have a nervous system."

I mention the grotesque photos that animal rights campaigners use in street protests.

"Those pictures which look as though they are of animals being operated on while they're fully conscious and unanaesthetised – it's very important to get across that it does not happen."

Dawkins' next project is a transatlantic educational organisation: The Richard Dawkins Foundation for Reason and Science at <http://richarddawkins.net>. Cynics might suggest it looks more like a new brand of religion. The Ann Coulter will brand it Satanic. Dawkins hopes that some, especially children in faith schools, will find the foundation a much-needed breath of fresh air.

Exclusive to the *Varsity* website, **Simon Schama** is interviewed by **Ed Blain**.

UNDER THE LABCOAT



Udayan Battacharya on Artificial Intelligence

The words Artificial Intelligence conjure up different images for different people; for some of us it is something we wish we could go and pick up at Sainsbury's before exams, while for others it is probably a group of robots gone horribly wrong, waiting to annihilate the human race and take over the world, I-Robot style. However it probably isn't as far fetched a concept as it once used to be. But thanks to some well written science fiction it is indeed still 'cool' to associate AI with 'intelligent creatures' mimicking human action and capable of human interaction. Therefore, unsurprisingly there are many trying to achieve the exotic goal of creating the intelligent human-machine. The Loebner competition for passing the 'Turing Test' in AI, held this year at UCL, hosted a wide variety of competitors trying to turn this fictional legend into reality.

Alan Turing was the British mathematician, cryptographer and prototypical computer scientist who, some say, did as much as Winston Churchill to save the world from the Nazis. His ideas are the foundation upon which is built computer science and thus our entire digital world. He started the modern discussion about minds, machines and artificial intelligence. The Turing test is the canonical benchmark by which we humans will know that computers have caught up with us. In 1950, barely two years after the construction of the first machine that could reasonably be called a computer, he proposed a simple test to determine whether machines could think. If you were conversing with an entity and you could not tell whether that entity was human or not, then whatever you were conversing with was at least as intelligent as you were. Turing predicted that computers would pass this test by the year 2000. The Turing test emerged from obscurity and became part of popular culture in 1966, when Weizenbaum's simple 200-line Eliza program, which used a few simple tricks to generate bland responses to human-posed questions, fooled people into thinking they were conversing with an intelligent being.

Since 1989 Hugh Loebner has spent more than \$200,000 and a thousand hours of unpaid time to hasten the arrival of intelligent machines. He has set aside a gold medal and \$100,000 in cash for the creator of the first machine that can pass for human. In the meantime he gives out annual prizes for programs that come closest to a holy grail in the artificial intelligence community: passing the Turing test. To win the competition, software programs must mimic human conversation. However, to mainstream researchers, the contest is at best irrelevant and at worst a public disservice that encourages bad science.

But even though the academics are loudly boycotting the competition today, that doesn't mean it wants for entrants. The huge sums of prize money and the inherent attraction of creating the perfect machine ensures some very high quality and high profile competitors each year, ever widening the realms of AI.

BlueSci Headlines:

Major New Project to Boost Mental Health:

Will involve over 300 scientists from Cambridge. Sir David King, the government's Chief Scientific Advisor, unveiled plans for the "Mental Capital and Wellbeing" project at the Neuroscience & Society conference, held at New Hall College on Thursday October 12th.

The complete writings of Charles Darwin are now freely available online:

For the more technologically-fashionable, they can even be downloaded to your iPod.

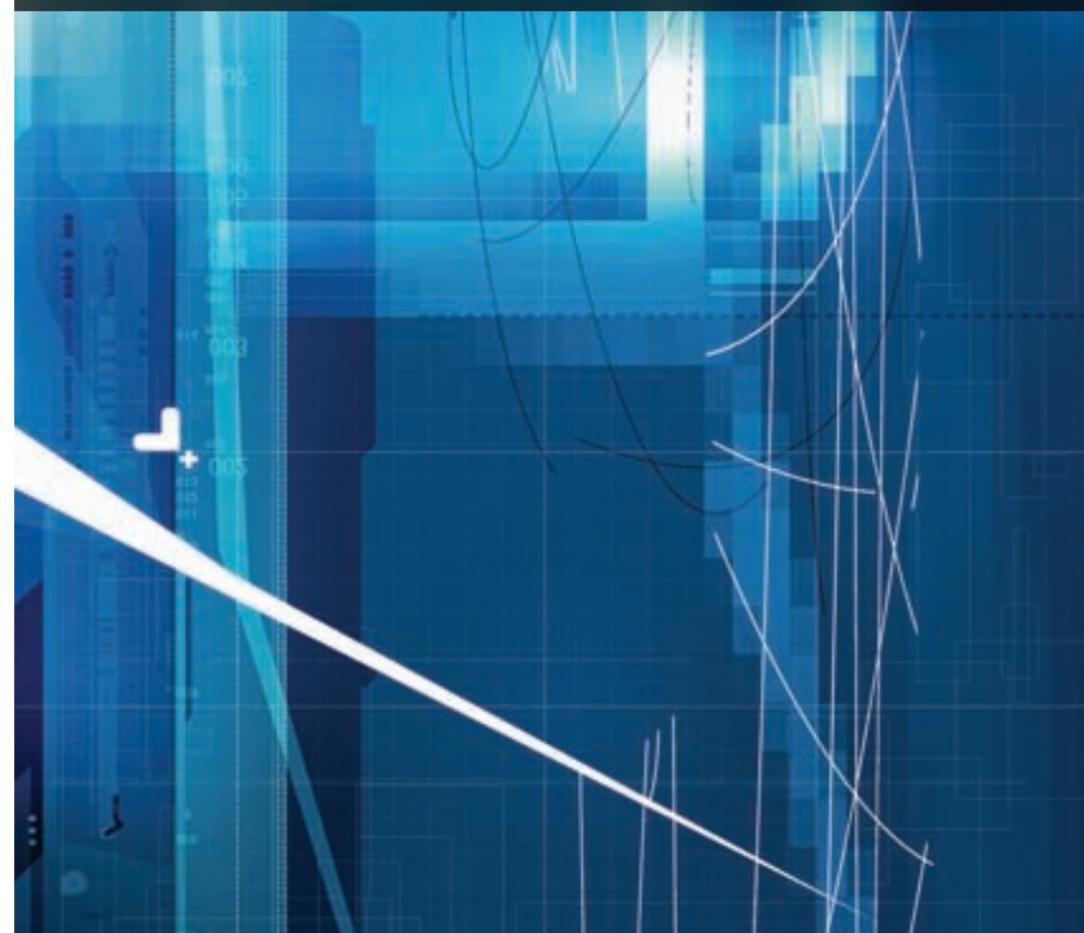
Cambridge University Entrepreneurs business ideas and creation competitions are now underway:

Returning this year is the £1k Business Ideas Competition, awarding ten £1k prizes to the best new business ideas.



>> GRADUATE OPPORTUNITIES IN TECHNOLOGY, BRANDS AND MEDIA LAW

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>> **When:** Wednesday 25 October 2006 >> **Time:** 6.30pm – 8.30pm



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Griff Rhys Jones

Alison Pearce shares a slightly fragmented dialogue with beloved author and comedian **Griff Rhys Jones** as he gears up for a national book-signing tour and a new series of *Restoration*.

Hammers and chainsaws threaten to drown out Griff Rhys Jones as we talk. Luckily, his quick-witted rambling rises above even this. Griff is standing in a renovated house, preparing the next series of *Restoration*: a television show that rescues crumbling architecture from dereliction - a kind of "Buildings In Need". He talks about his current projects like a child explaining the workings of his new toy. Yet, the string of dislocated sentences and clipped bursts of laughter form a unique eloquence which bodes well for his forthcoming autobiography, *Semi-Detached*.

Writing about growing up in Essex and his student years at Cambridge has raised some interesting questions for Griff concerning the battle between fact and fiction. In writing a "memoir" he has become very interested in the potential fallacy of memory: "You have files: some are complete, but some are completely dismembered and remain in fragments."

In one of his most popular sketches with comedy partner, Mel Smith, the two sit face-to-face and pursue abstract conversations about anything and everything. This interview seems to be following a similar pattern. Hearing about Griff's career, it seems to form a weird chain of transitions from body-guard at a club for Arab businessmen (a job he endured with school-friend Douglas Adams, author of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*) to comedian and actor on both stage and screen. Over the years he's compiled an impressive CV including shows such as *Porterhouse Blue* (1987), *Mine All Mine* (2004) and *Riot at the Rite* (2005). Not to mention his latest escapades as TV presenter and even as a lobbyist to save Cambridge University's Architecture department in the 2004 "Save Architecture" campaign.

Large credentials, yet a modest ego. "I'm writing about a perfectly ordinary and not particularly unique experience. I wish my childhood had been exciting but my parents weren't like Norman Lewis'. They weren't born-again Christians, like what's-his-name's; they weren't crazy aristocrats; they were just ordinary people, a doctor and his wife in Essex."

Griff has hit upon a very valid point. "I think in normality there is a universality. A really good writer writes about things which

are kept hidden. They are about themselves, they are about the truth, and then suddenly as you read it, you think, well that is true for all of us, however bizarre, or however banal."

» You haven't asked me about things most journalists ask, like "when did you find out you were funny?" and all that nonsense. What rubbish.

However for someone who, when they were only 26 years old, had a television audience of over 18 million in *Not the Nine O'Clock News* the assertion of "normality" does not sit comfortably. In the 1970s, Griff and his Cambridge friends (including Clive Anderson and John Lloyd) were collectively known as the "snake pit". He recounts how they desperately tried to conceal that they had become part of "a ghastly elite" from their friends at home. Unlike the scarf-wearing, duffle-coat donning generation before them (Clive James, Peter Cook), being at Cambridge "was the worst thing you could possibly mention in 1976." However, as a former vice-president of Cambridge Footlights and the recipient of a History degree from Emmanuel, Griff seems to have done alright for himself.

Semi-Detached struggles to unify Griff's "pre-life" impressions of his "monster" father with his more anecdotal Cambridge days, "where life began" for him. This resulted in a rather detached, or at least dislocated youth and early manhood for Griff, which perhaps explains the title *Semi-Detached*. "*Semi-detached* is what I've been all my life - I've never quite been detached. I've always been attached to somebody. It upset my mother because we never lived in a semi-detached house and it implies that we did."

Although memory will always be open to poetic license and worn away by the corrosive effect of time, Griff has his feet firmly on

the ground: "The key is to be honest when talking about your life. In fact, you haven't asked me about things most journalists ask, like "when did you find out you were funny?" and all that nonsense. What rubbish."

Griff Rhys Jones will be signing copies of his autobiography, *Semi-Detached*, at Heffers Bookshop on Tuesday 24th October from 1-2pm. No ticket required.



Rhys Jones wraps up warm

SHORT BREAKS FOR CHEAPSKATES

Escape via cyber space for £20

As part of our digital culture edition this week cheapskates turns its attention to the net. If you type "£20" into Google, it seems to ignore the pound sign, and the first site that comes up is "The Guardian's top 20 Geek Books". Well it is Cambridge after all, and £20 will buy you seven of the books on the list on www.abebooks.co.uk. (Including "I Robot", "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" and "Brave New World") If you go via the Oxfam website, www.oxfam.org.uk they receive all proceeds. On the ethical shopping theme, £20 will buy you a very good condom kit on www.oxfamunwrapped.com.

Alternatively, if you're looking more for escapism, then £20 will buy you a ticket to a musical (e.g. "Blood Brothers", "Stomp"), www.viewlondon.co.uk and a National Express funfare return ticket to London. www.nationalexpress.com Or you could skip the musical and spend time talking to your adopted

Komodo dragon at London Zoo.

You could even get an "I love my Komodo Dragon" T-shirt with matching key ring on the exciting design-your-own site www.tshirtstudio.com/personalised/youdesign.asp.

Perhaps nights in are more your thing, and you can rent 10 DVDs without postage or return dates on www.dvd.easycinema.com/welcome/home.html. Complimenting that would be a term's supply of pick and mix sweets (again with delivery) www.sweetarcade.co.uk/index.html.

If pay as you go is becoming unviable now the free home phone is not an option and people are more and more fed up of your prank calls and "call me backs", apparently Tesco's internet phone is the answer. £20 will buy a phone and 250 minutes call time. www.tesco.com/telecoms/internet_phone.htm

And finally, how could I write an article on internet shopping without including eBay? Some tantalizing options where the bids are currently at £20 include:

- a.. secrets on how to become invisible
- b.. a carrot that looks like Paris Hilton
- c.. a mustard flavoured set of air fresheners
- d.. a girlfriend
- e.. a wind chime made out of nine dead chicken feet
- f.. an Israeli military slipknot gas mask
- g.. a shadow

www.ebay.co.uk . Happy bidding!

Lucy McMahon



THE RESTAURANT COLUMN



Martha and Mathilda
BigBuddha

★★★★★

Along a narrow street, down a little cobbled alley in the heart of the fens, is a tiny marvel of the east; a veritable shrine to the cuisine of Northern Thailand. Ornatly decorated in more gilt than one could shake the proverbial gilt-laden bejewelled stick at, Mathilda is in love with this restaurant, particularly with its wall-high fountain decoration. (Martha is similarly enamoured, but the fact that we don't have dates has hit her harder than it has Mathilda, and Mathilda has to spend the rest of the meal interviewing men for her who don't fit the bill).

The food here is delicious and the range is vast, with curries, meat and vegetable dishes, several varieties of rice, and the addition of E-san cuisine (North-Eastern in origin) which has a bevy of chilli dishes (including deep-fried and curried frog).

To start we had some very succulent chicken satay, with a chunky peanut sauce that was mildly spiced, and a vegetable noodle soup which was fragrant and suffused with Thai basil leaves (£4.95).

The food here is delicious, and the range is vast, including E-san cuisine which has a bevy of chilli dishes including deep-fried and curried frog.

Martha then had the Green Curry with steamed rice. The curries we have sampled at Big Buddha have always been of a rich and creamy consistency, but not overpowering, and the fresh herbs and vegetables are distinct and flavoursome. You can also have most curries mild if you ask nicely. Mathilda had a Pad Thai stir-fried rice noodle dish which was excellent, full of more succulent chicken, and quite sweet due to the liberal amount of peanuts involved, along with lots of crunchy bean sprouts.

Overall it was not an inexpensive meal, with main courses setting you back £7-£16 depending on your choice of meats. Rice and other sides are extras, while the Noodle dishes are approximately £9. However, there is a 10% student discount, and the mains are generously proportioned, so there is no need for starters. We sampled a creamy rich Merlot and the house white which was crisp and fruity, offsetting our chicken dishes perfectly. Both come in half-bottles for sharing.

It is often, although undeservedly, quite quiet in Big Buddha, largely because it is a bit of an undiscovered secret, but it has a lovely ambience and the service is extremely efficient and friendly. The head waiter even wears a sparkly blue jacket as well as a smile.

We must also mention some of the special events: Classical Thai Dancing, Songkran Celebration (Thai New Year - April) and Loy Kratong (November). Marvellous.

VARSAITY WINE VIRGINS

One of each...

This week our lovely friends at the Cambridge Wine Merchant gave us two of their most frequently sold bottles and ones they think are really pretty good... a little red and a little white.

Italian Job
Angelo, from Puglia, 2005,
Negoarnaro-Sangiovese, £5.99

The experts informed us this is a wine of excellent quality thanks to the variety of grape with a great depth of flavour. It's a food orientated wine with the taste of bitter chocolate and currents combined with more subtle cherry and tomato flavours.

The virgins thought this a very savoury, versatile wine which definitely transported one over to the Italian hills...or Clowns

French Connection
Chablis, 2005, White Burgundy, £8.99

We were reliably informed this was an excellent vintage from Petit Chablis, one of the best grape varieties in the world. With a high mineral quality and fresh, vibrant citrus flavours it was lively on the palette.

The virgins though it was an excellent bottle - arresting in taste but also light and easily drinkable. It shocked us to find that a type of Chardonnay could taste so very good... and so classy.

Pub of the Week

The Green Dragon

Where is it? Some where beyond the Fens. A ten minute bike ride along the Cam (if you can trust yourself to wobble back) or a less than unpleasant walk. You'll see it across the first footbridge on your left.

What is it? Like somewhere Frodo Baggins might buy his tankard of mead. Glinting in the cold Cambridge air in true Walter de la Mare-esque style, fire in the hearth, lanterns in the window, warmth in the heart (and in the beer). Perfect if you don't wish to be bothered, though not to be advised if you don't want to bump into your maths supervisor. Order a white wine spritzer and watch them snort with derision (quite right too).

Why? Miles away from Wetherspoons. Miles away from anywhere (though not really that far)

Why not? If you're snowed in it's the end for you. A long cold winter living only off pork scratchings and pale ale with only the dart-board to keep insanity at bay.

How much is it? Pint of Guest Cask Ale (£2.40), Pint of Carling (£2.35), Pint of IPA (£2.20), Pint of Strongbow (£2.55), Small glass of wine (£2)

Student Army

Urban wear, the perennial student uniform, takes on a sophisticated edge this season, glammed up with touches of glitz for the girls and dandy for the boys. Layer up street staples with structured separates for a modern, tough look.

FINE AND DANDY

This summer, *Big Brother* provided guilty amusements in Pete's ticks and Nikki's tantrums, and if unsatisfied by this, relief was to be found in undiluted doses of Russell Brand. Some were drawn to his *Big Mouth* and even bigger ego, but it was his style that tailored his reputation and confirmed his appeal: he became the black-booted, bedraggled beacon for the renaissance of the dandy.

The new age dandy adopts well-cut macs and pea or trench coats that build upon the masculine frame.

Beau Brummell, the father of modern fashion, pioneered the movement by re-defining the techniques of formal tailoring – a disciplined use of fabric to emphasise the natural form. This resulted in the trousers, collar and white and black tie that ornament every May Week's frivolities. Following Brummell's syphilitic descent into disease and insanity, the principles became peacocked out of all proportion. Examples include Disraeli strutting into parliament in purple pantaloons, the Count D'Orsay bankrupting himself in the pursuit of snuff boxes and Wilde hosting parties to celebrate the acquisition of new coats. It is true that stockings with calf-implants and wigs that cost more than carriages have little to do with modern society, and even less relevance to Cambridge students. Our

wardrobes are struggling against a three-sided assault: student loans, kebab stains and erratic weather conditions. In homage, the new age dandy adopts well-cut macs and pea or trench coats that build upon the masculine frame, and reject those superwide t-shirts and trousers into which 50 Cent and half his posse can hustle.

The look has real character and the rules are simple: outer-garments need solid colour and strong outlines (think shoulders collars, and lapels) with oversize proportions: roll up your coat sleeves and look for velvet jackets. Beneath this, run riot with patterns and stripes, and add dashes of colour with scarves, but retain a tailored shape through shirts and waistcoats. As you can see in the photo shoot, we are layering up this winter. Adapt the look to the big freeze: waistcoats over light jumpers or hoodies can smarten the sporting uniform, whilst braces or a mess of belts worn over jeans break the mould. Whilst Russell Brand-ing yourself to Victorian pimp extremes must be approached with care, imagine the excitement on your girlfriend's face when she sees you have acquired a habit of donning silk scarves which she can promptly steal. True, she may presume that you have minced onto the other side of the sexual persuasion, and find a Rugby First XV scarf to thief instead. But is it not worth the gamble? Throw in some antique or traditional touches such as pocket watches and handkerchiefs; even some audacious leather boots in which you can practice your cavalier swagger. Who could say no to such a tastefully rakish cad?

Monty Stagg



Orlando wears overcoat, £192 by G-Star at Dogfish. Jacket, £100 by Adidas Originals. Waistcoat, Stylist's own. Silk Scarf, £25 at Moss Bros. Jeans, £40 by Cheap Monday at Cult. Shoes, £20 at Gap. Maria wears dress, £235 by Cacharel at Bowns. Parka, £120 at French Connection. Rose wears jacket, £45 by Inès at T.K. Maxx. Jeans, £40 at Topshop. Belt, £2 at Oxfam.

Photographed at Robinson College by Debbie Scanlan.

Styled by Olivia Johnson, Rosanna Falconer, Monty Stagg and Ben Margereson.



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Digital Culture: Arts Front

Junk-y Music

Digital music may favour beeps, bleeps and squeaks, however an analog backlash has produced artists like **Thomas Truax** who only uses homemade instruments. **Michael Chilcott** meets the analog music monarch.

James Sedwards, guitarist in Oxford-based noise band Nought, once said in an interview that "Pigeon-holes are for pigeons, not for music". This rings especially true when confronted with such a one-off as NYC-based musician Thomas Truax, whose music constantly defies any glib attempts at being forced into iTunes-compatible genre-boxes. Backed by an army of self-built sound sculptures including the Hornicator (a Victorian junk-shop contraption built from a gramophone horn) and Sister Spinster (a bicycle-wheel "anti-digital" drum machine), Truax sings of technology, the complexities of deciding what to wear, and the residents of a fictional place called Wowtown.

"I basically just let my imagination go," says the affable and eloquent Truax. "All kinds of different stuff gets thrown into the stew as far as what I like and what I've listened to; but none of what I'm doing is really imitating that. It's basically me putting audio together in a way that I can tell stories with."

The sense of imagination running wild is ever-present in Truax's music, and his mad-but-beautiful conjury is something which is perhaps best witnessed in a live setting. His performances are becoming increasingly the stuff of legend, with audiences left equally bemused and rapt as they watch Truax leap around the venue, coaxing unheard sounds from his mechanical bandmates. "I do like to put on a good show and I want people to see something and have interaction with those people. I'm always pleasantly surprised by how many peo-

ple come back to see me over and over again. I'm just having fun and maybe it's contagious." As Truax points out, it seems that there is "a growing dissatisfaction in the digital age of people not being able to understand it [electronic music] on a primal, basic level of 'I hear that sound, and it sounds great'". The human connection with electronic music is a much more difficult one to make simply because these technologies are somewhat alien to our

» One is reminded of the back cover of *Songs about Fucking* by Big Black which reads "The future belongs to the analog loyalists. fuck digital".

nature. As for capturing the sound itself in the studio, it is undeniable that analogue kicks the ass of digital in terms of warmth, clarity and depth. One is reminded of the back cover of *Songs about Fucking* by Big Black (the 80s punk band fronted by legendary producer Steve Albini), which reads "the future belongs to the analog loyalists. fuck digital".



Thomas Truax uses his bow on the Hornicator

Yet Thomas Truax, despite his DIY aesthetic, is no Luddite – he's keen to praise the advances which the digital age has brought. "The new record will have been recorded some in New York, some in London, some in Edinburgh, some in Germany and some in Glastonbury. I do a thing where I'll come up with some of the basic bones of a song and carry a hard drive around - it's part of the charm of the modern age that we're in that you can actually take your basic recording around and load them into somebody else's home studio set-up and have guest players that you don't actually have to fly in."

At the same time, Truax is wary of the importance placed on the internet and the Myspace revolution. "It's a very very important piece of the puzzle but I think that a lot of new bands make the mistake of thinking it's all about the internet. I find that actually having people see you live and having a way to reach them and letting them know directly when you're next playing or when your album is coming out - that's a fantastic thing."

Just before he left, Truax thanked me "for being interested." It seems, however, impossible not to be interested. You'd be a fool to deny yourself a glimpse into the beautiful and colourful imagination of an eccentric genius.

Thomas Truax plays in Cambridge at The Loft on November 3rd. His albums Full Moon Over Wowtown and Audio Addiction are out now.

Resonance FM

Jacqui Tedd on everyone's favourite arts station.

Since being introduced to the aural delights of Resonance 104.4 FM, I have spent many hours, tuned to the station, enjoying everything from "coffee and cake" with a group of Scandinavian pop-loving, monarchophile Swedes; heard a representative of the Pakistan Trade Union Campaign discuss opposition to the Musharraf regime; and been informed, in between a range of "golden oldies", on the rights and benefits to which our elderly population are entitled during a

» 90 minutes of necrophilia, satanism and extreme metal.

show called *Calling All Pensioners*.

Resonance is an arts station, brought to us by the London Musicians' Collective, which has been broadcasting since 2002. It boasts contributions from "nearly two hundred musicians, artists, thinkers, critics, activists and instigators", and has steadily been building up a following which, thanks to its website, has reached the farthest corners of the globe. Despite that, and despite its 100,000 listeners in the capital alone, the station remains a largely undiscovered gem. This might have something to do with the fact that, to many, a radio station which is advertised as "a work of art in itself" sounds more suited to the great minds of the nation than those with a more average intellect. It's the sort of thing you might imagine Martin Amis tuning into whilst preparing his latest "ground-breaking" insight into the Muslim faith.

Yet Resonance is actually a down-to-earth

affair. Its presenters by and large take an understated approach and step back to allow the material to speak for itself. It is much more fun, and often more bizarre, than your typical "arts" station. Regular highlights include "Speakers' Corner", in which members of the public are given a chance to speak their minds, "One Tribe", an occult talk show "showcasing extraordinary people with extraordinary ideas", and "Counter Culture Radio", a look at the week's more interesting new releases brought to us by the lovely people at Rough Trade. The station also manages to incorporate coverage of music, culture and politics from other countries and well-established migrant communities in the UK in a way that avoids being tokenistic – there are regular slots dedicated to the arts scenes in Sweden, Poland, Mexico, the Middle East, Japan and the Americas.

All too often mainstream radio comes across as little more than an exercise in narcissicism for the personalities involved, from Chris Moyles to John Humphries and most of those in between. Resonance not only offers a break from this but from inane "banter", traffic updates, and double-glazing adverts; from interviews with politicians that are more about the egos involved than any of the issues, from pseudo-controversies about the contextual usage of the word "gay" or exactly which way Rupert Everett did Madonna, from Dad Rock and the new James Blunt single. And if that isn't enough to tempt you, today at 9.30pm is *Black Friday*: 90 minutes of necrophilia, satanism and extreme metal.

www.resonancefm.com



Cutting tracks at the Resonance studios.

THE ARTS COLUMN



Giovanni Mengalle
On the Joy of Cassettes

One really crap Sunday afternoon this summer, my mother called me down the stairs in her usual "Admit it, we both have nothing to do so let's just bond in the oedipal disgrace that is our mother-son relationship" and solemnly handed me a dusty wooden box full of old tapes. Rainy afternoons have generally been known in my house for my mother making yet another case for her self-declared legitimacy as a punk parent. This time, however, she had underestimated my enthusiasm, and was reduced to a mere spectator as I childishly listened my way through the entire container.

Grace Jones and Captain Beefheart made way for a much more peculiar discovery in the rancid depths of the musty old box. The faded scribbling on a lonesome mix-tape, strewn shoddily amongst old pen-lids and oxidised pennies, simply read *Carmody*. I put it on and exchanged an indulgent nod with my mother. Recorded live at a festival in Rome in 1980, the tape contained six unnamed songs by the equally unknown Italian new-wave band.

» The faded scribbling on a lonesome mix-tape, strewn shoddily amongst old pen-lids and oxidised pennies, simply read *Carmody*.

The wailing lyrics barely waded their way out of the glutinous distorted tape. A pained "Moodeeeeernity..." rang across the bizarre circus-like jingle of tiny electronic keyboards and drums. Though it didn't help that at the same time it had started hailing outside and that my mother was still engaged in self-congratulatory nodding, I was still quite impressed by my find.

The recent audio cassette bandwagon is annoying, but understandable. Unlike the obnoxious working/broken dichotomy of a scratched CD, or worse, the arrogance of digital recording, the tape's vulnerability, as much as its hardness, have made it the cult object of contemporary music fetishists. Vinyl sales this year have increased for the first time since their original decline, but the tape comes untainted by the obsessive-compulsive creepiness of the bearded Vinyl collector.

One really crap Cambridge afternoon, however, my tape player began mumbbling, slowly turning into a sort of gurgling, and before I knew it, it had chewed its greedy way through 5 metres of *Carmody*, and that was it, gone. The beleaguered tape was lying there, in a macabre pile of steaming cellulose. I was sad.

The sacrificial mincing of my favourite air-loom was to be expected. It was old, and was probably already looking for an excuse to die, which is just as well, because, unfortunately, the audio-tape has already been degraded to the status of faddy social currency, and, no doubt, will soon sink its stiff way into the 6-foot-under of the post-bandwagon graveyard.

Digital Culture

The Future of Television?

Tom Smith profiles the worldwide success of YouTube.

Have you heard of *geriatric1927*? Have you seen the *chin2* dancers? Do you know why *lonelygirl15* is, well, lonely? More pertinently: have you heard of Chad Hurley and Steve Chen? Perhaps not, but in certain corners of the digital world their names are better-known than Britney's. Hurley and Chen are the founders of the video-sharing site YouTube, and they have just become enormously wealthy. On 9th October, less than two years after the pair started the company in their garage, YouTube was sold to Google for £1.65 billion dollars. That's an obscene amount of money. It's more than twice the GDP of Burundi. The amount seems especially huge when you consider what YouTube actually is: an enormous collection of grainy video clips; homemade, stolen, awful.

On the other hand, YouTube is also an "exciting and powerful media platform". People who know about these sorts of things think it's the future of television. The site gets tens of millions of visits a day, and serves up hundreds of millions of videos. That's what Google said when they bought it. What they meant was this: YouTube is used regularly by millions of young people with lots of disposable income – a perfect market for Google's precision-targeted advertising. They're going to make a fortune.

This is a depressing thought. Conventional television channels haven't made money for years (Sky, with its football monopoly, being the exception); and no money means terrible

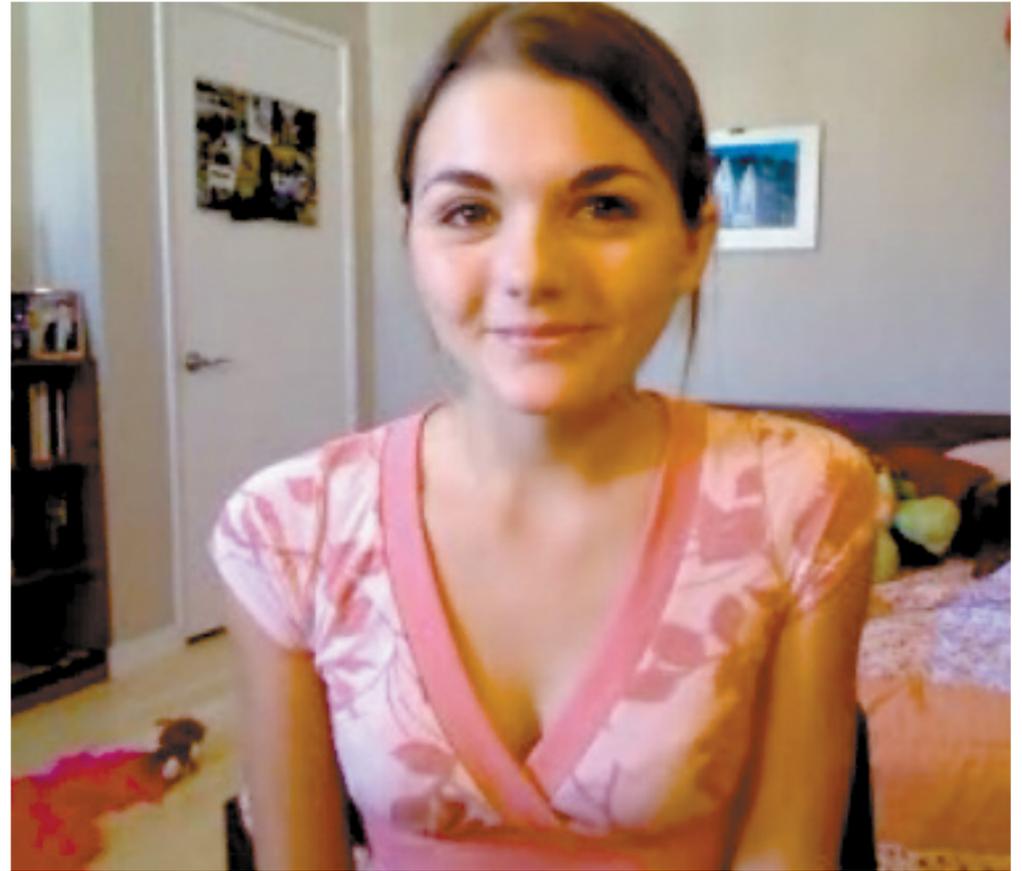
programming. ITV, for instance, has spent the past decade in commercial and creative freefall (name five decent things they've made since *Morse*). But the market is happy to pour billions into distributing, say, Koreans hugging strangers, or *Star Wars* tributes or, most worryingly for Google, pirated music videos and film clips.

The piracy problem is a big one for Google. Browsing the site you constantly come across fragments of Hollywood movies; pop videos are regularly leaked onto the site well before their planned release. One or two of the big entertainment companies have made formal agreements with YouTube concerning use of their material; others, though, are threatening legal action. Within days of the Google sale, Time Warner released a statement warning that they would pursue copyright complaints made against the site.

But this might not be their biggest problem: the site may become too popular for its own good. Labour MPs have started to use it – Sion Simon released a hideously unfunny David Cameron "parody", a stunt so unsuccessful that he's since deleted the clip.

A month ago the site's biggest celebrity, *lonelygirl15*, apparently a young girl living with strict religious parents, was unmasked: she's actually an actress from New Zealand.

Whether the hip young things who made the site so valuable in the first place will stick around as it grows larger and more mainstream still remains to be seen.



Lonelygirl15 broadcast, supposedly, homemade videos to millions of avid viewers.



NOT

the way we treat our clients

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How far does TV define our Britishness? And how insular could we become in the the age of on demand content? **Rhiannon Adam** predicts a national crisis of identity when the BBC goes online.

When British physicist, Michael Faraday, discovered electromagnetic induction in 1831, he could not have foreseen the extent to which his discovery would transform our daily lives. This groundbreaking process could rightly be called the beginning of the digital age and allowed the advent of television.

According to BARB – the Broadcasters Audience Research Board – UK residents watch a phenomenal 24 hours and 24 minutes (on average) of television each week. That statistic works out as almost 53 full days spent in front of the box every year. Television has been proven to be the most time consuming activity after working and sleeping. If these figures are to be believed, we are left with a mere 6.3 hours each day to eat, drink, travel, relieve ourselves and spend time with family and friends.

Eastenders alone regularly attracts more than nine million viewers, and last Monday night more than 11 million viewers tuned in to catch Fred Elliott's departure from ITV1's *Coronation Street*. That means that more than twice the amount of people watch a daily soap opera than read a daily newspaper.

Currently, ratings figures for terrestrial channels still far outweigh those of their digital counterparts, but this all looks set to change with astonishing haste. Until now, it has been at least partly comforting to think that the publicly owned, publicly funded, and government regulated BBC has taken its role in society seriously.

"The Beeb" has long held a special space in Britain's heart, and has provided us with many years of quality programming. Upsettingly, the phrase "quality programming" looks set to become obsolete. The bastion of Britishness that is the BBC has cast off its shroud of tradition and has decided to embrace the digital age. With this change, schedulers are set to be cast out on their heels to look for new jobs.

You see, the digital age is really the age of the individual. Forget society, forget "common culture", forget the buzzwords from days of yore. The digital revolution is upon us and we no longer need to care about having anything in common with our fellow Brits.

The BBC's Information Architecture department is working feverishly on creating a new way of consuming television, where the individual retrieves the programmes that they want to watch, when they want to watch them, from their source. Therefore, instead of sitting down to watch *Neighbours* at 5:35pm, we can watch the whole week in one sitting, as and when we choose.

So far, this does not sound like anything unfamiliar. After all, the luckier ones amongst us already have Sky+ boxes. Yet, the BBC's proposition differs in one funda-

mental respect: they envisage that this system will ultimately become the only way of watching their programmes.

We will no longer have to experience the torture of waiting for what we want to watch, it will all be there at the touch of a

» In the iPod age, where the UK has become a nation of plugged-in separatists, the BBC has provided some form of common national identity.

button.

And herein lies the rub. Thanks to the television channel and scheduled programming, I have keenly watched many a program that I would not have otherwise considered. If it

were always up to me, my "channel" would contain only arts programming, *Little Britain*, American sitcoms, and the odd Channel 4 type documentary like *Body Shock*, causing me to miss out on fascinating documentaries about prime numbers and beavers.

So, in the future, where will Auntie Beeb be to educate me and put irritating programs on in prime time, when all I really want to watch is some trashy sitcom? If it is true that I watch one day of television per week, then when am I going to have time to explore the scientific interest in beavers I never knew I had?

You see, handing viewing control over to the public is a dangerous undertaking. We need someone to say "that's enough now" and to pat us on the head and tell us that "it is time to go to bed unless you want to watch GCSE Bitesize" in the early hours.

In the iPod age, where the UK has become a nation of plugged-in separatists, the BBC has provided some form of common national identity. Go into any hairdressers and start talking about *Eastenders* last night, and you won't struggle to find conversation.

Each day we hear cries of woe from community leaders complaining that society's bedrock is cracking underneath them. The days of terrorism have provoked even more heated debates centring around questions of national identity. What it means to be British is becoming less and less clear cut.

It appears that the BBC is following the same lead. It no longer wants to have an identity of its own, its "Britishness" is being eroded by the force of the individual will. Because of this, children growing up in the forthcoming on demand age won't be able to reminisce about their days watching a *Super Ted* equivalent and thus will struggle to engage in inane, socially normalising small talk with their peers.

As our interests become increasingly personalised, we consequently become blinkered to the world outside of our own. On demand seems the natural, progressive movement towards a society where the individual has a greater choice, yet this choice comes at the cost of a shared, cultural outlook. Even if conversation does revolve around *Eastenders*, TV that we all watch gives us something to talk about.

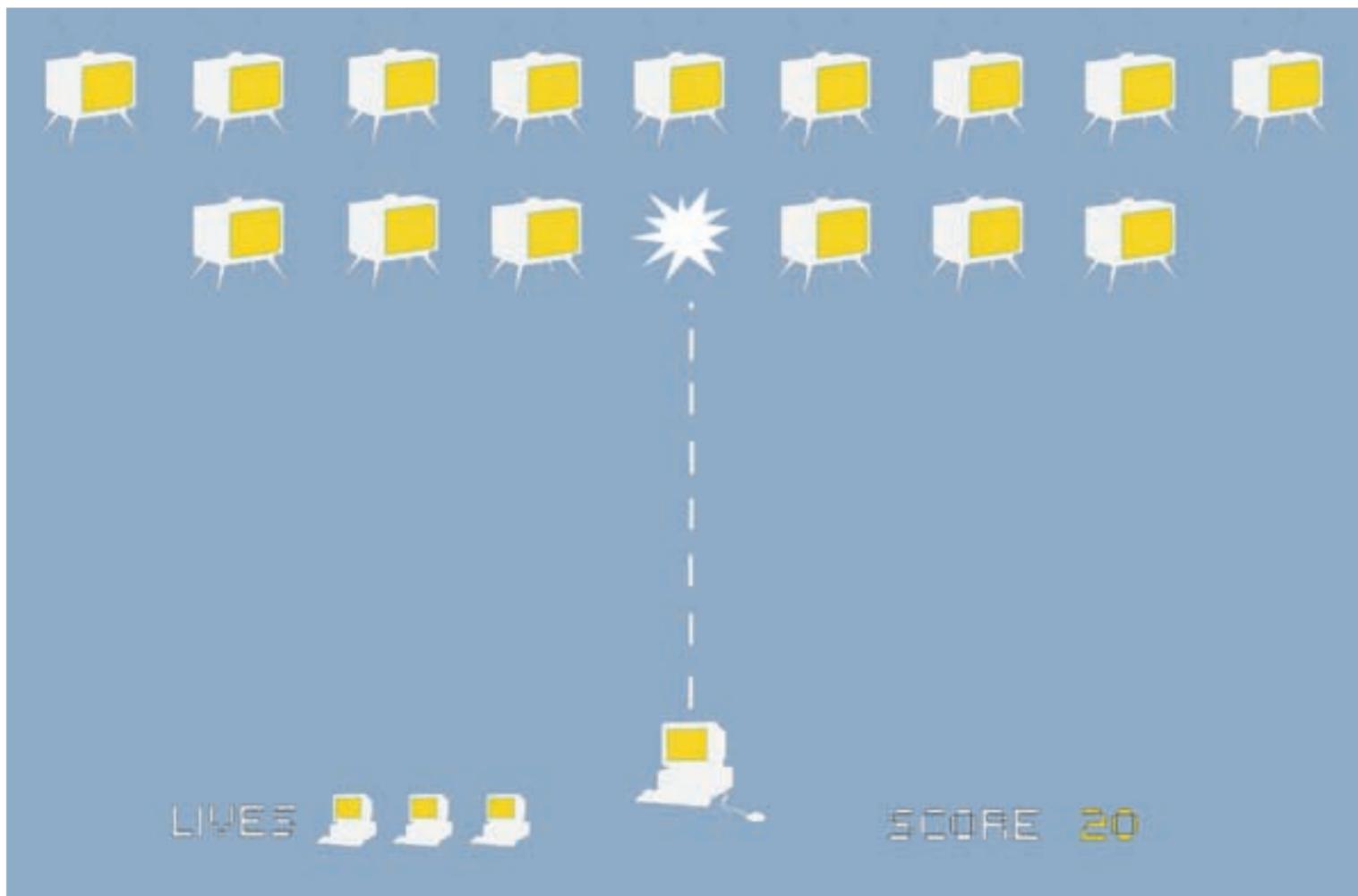


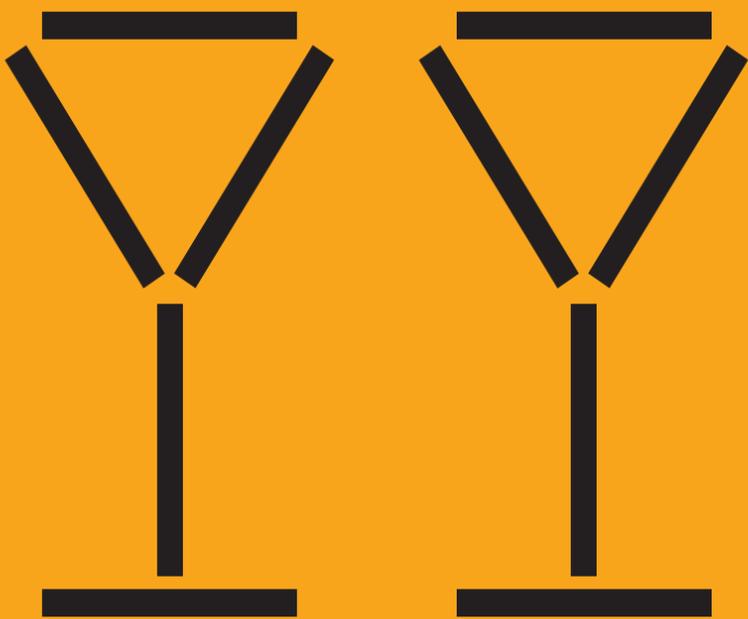
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Digital Culture: Arts Interview



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Unconventional



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Hot Chip

Freya Johnson Ross talks to the Mercury Music Prize nominees about the success of *The Warning*, their musical influences and the true merits of a Cambridge University education.

After an adolescence spent reading about the decadence of musicians on tour, I'm expecting the dressing room of a Mercury Prize-nominated band to be something a bit special. As it is, Hot Chip's quarters leave me musing, like *Through the Keyhole's* Lloyd Grossman, about what sort of popstars might inhabit such a place. Far from decadent, it's more like a staff room and the only substances on offer appear to be fruit, water, and, er, hummus.

My first sight of Alexis Taylor and Al Doyle as they amble in to meet me only adds to the confusion. Taylor seems every inch the flamboyant popstar in particular, meticulously dressed and accessorized with acid green glasses and matching stripey socks. Only when he starts speaking do I realise my mistake - he's quiet and extremely earnest, especially when it comes to talking about his music.

And of course it's the music we're here to talk about - specifically about the fact that Hot Chip make fantastic pop. Quite comfortable with the term despite its often maligned status, Doyle says it "fits best for us because it's less constraining". Taylor explains, "to me pop music is quite a broad term and I don't find it unhelpful". But neither are keen on the endless discussion of their sound, "We are aware of our influences, but I don't think we want to sound like them. We just start off making music having listened to quite a lot." Peeking at their iTunes it's clear this is an understatement, with Public Enemy sharing the screen with the likes of Richard Thompson.

The band realise, too, that they still have their work cut out persuading the discerning public that "pop" and "credibility" aren't mutually exclusive terms. The problem with pop, Doyle notes, is that "it's inherently conservative, because if it's gonna be popular it's got to be marketable, and so it can't be too different to what's gone before." Their challenge, then, is "working within the form but moving it forward", but luckily it's one they're determined to meet.

When they first started out, the band only consisted of Taylor and childhood friend Joe Goddard. Taylor describes how, "All the way through uni, and a good few years before, Joe and I had been working away dedicatedly as if we wanted to release

things." But it wasn't until after they'd left university that the pair enlisted friends Al Doyle, Owen Clarke and the moustachioed Felix Martin to complete Hot Chip as we know them. Their first album, *Coming on Strong*, established them a fanbase, but it wasn't until this year's *The Warning*, their first album to be released on a major label, that the record sales really soared. But, in spite of the increased popularity, the band have retained their integrity. Indeed,

» Cambridge University prepares you remarkably badly for the wider world.

when I question the pair on how the two albums compare, although Doyle jokes about the posh new packaging of *The Warning*, Taylor makes a confession. He admits frankly of *The Warning*, "I just feel like it isn't really a complete representation of how I wanted those songs to sound on record. There's a slight sheen which I don't appreciate." He retains a soft spot for the first album, then, painstakingly recorded by himself and Goddard in a bedroom, "for all its naivety and mistakes it at least feels like something I made with Joe."

Over-polished though the most recent recordings might be, the band seem buoyant at the prospect of developing live the music they've been making as a five. "It's gonna be nice for us to play these new songs on the road and allow them to evolve before we record them next year", enthuses Doyle. This process is possible because the band play their songs without the pre-programmed computers that render so many electro performances formulaic. Taylor believes the distinction between a record and a live show is important, "Lots of other bands just seem to recreate their album [onstage] - what's the point of going to see them live?" Watching them play, the element of live percussion is particularly compelling, and even the earnest Taylor succumbs to moments of abandon with his

maracas.

Inevitably, of course, our conversation comes round to Cambridge. The whole band, excepting Goddard, are alumni, but this has been so little reported that I wondered if it was something that they'd rather forget. Despite my trepidation in asking, both Taylor and Doyle are happy to chat about their experiences of life in the bubble. Taylor, who played his first gig for local promoters Bad Timing, shows genuine affection for his time spent at the Portland Arms and trawling the record shops that have now sadly closed. Doyle on the other hand is more indifferent towards the university. "It prepares you remarkably badly for the world," he notes, echoing the feelings of many a newly-emerged Cantab. But neither he nor his bandmate have any criticism to make of Cambridge's charity-shops. For Taylor, rummaging for a bargain is even more than just a hobby as he helps collect stock for his wife's London homewares stall. When I dare to suggest this could become a career post-Hot Chip I am met with mock horror and jokes about injury-induced retirement. "You never know," Taylor quips, "you might get a blister on your little finger." Watching them on stage later, dodging errant glow-sticks and grinning like small children makes me convinced that Hot Chip are in it for the long haul: broken legs wouldn't keep them from their keyboards.



Hop Chip in full effect



MIXTAPE

- Hot Chip Mix Tape Date 20/10/06
- | No. | Track Title | Time |
|-----|--|------|
| 1. | Cyclob - (out on 12")
'Cut The Midrange, Drop The Bass' - In Cyclob's experienced hands singing through a vocoder doesn't sound so silly anymore. This track can be accompanied by wild dancing. | |
| 2. | Prince - 'Kiss' (from Parade). Deep down everyone loves Prince, even if they may not yet have realised it. He's had so many hits there's something to satisfy every taste. | |
| 3. | AFX - '1993 841' (from Analogue Bubble Bath 3) Undisputed master of electronica, Richard D James, under his many aliases, never fails to leave you in a state of hypnosis with his mangled sine waves. | |
| 4. | Yo La Tengo - 'Season Of The Shark' (from Prisoners Of Love). Yo La Tengo make music that's mellow and mature but certainly doesn't show their age. Recently they've branched out further, scoring the film 'Junebug'. | |
| 5. | The Anti Pop Consortium - 'Ping Pong' (12"). Half intelligent hip-hop, half IDM. Listen hard and you can even hear the ping pong ball. | |
| 6. | Public Enemy - 'Don't Believe The Hype' (from Apocalypse 91 - The Enemy Strikes Back). Music "as abrasive, hard-core and eloquent as a Winston Churchill speech" if you believe the hype that is. | |
| 7. | Madlib - 'Slim's Return' (from Shades of Blue). Jazz purists might shudder in horror, but this remix of Gene Harris' "The Look of Slim" by hip-hop producer Madlib makes for pleasant, if unchallenging, listening. | |
| 8. | Mahe Shalal Mash Baz - 'Stone In The River' (from You Don't Need Darkness To Do What You Think is Right). This band manage to make shambolic but charming tunes, capturing a gleeful spirit of improvisation. | |

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Reviews

Marie Antoinette ★★★★★

Reunited with her Virgin Suicides leading lady and cunningly repositioning the infamous Queen of France as a punk rock princess, there is every reason to hope that Marie Antoinette could be feted as director Sofia Coppola's strongest work yet. It's certainly not without merit: the energetic visual style of the film fits the presentation of the heroine perfectly, and it's hard not to crack a smile every time 'I Want Candy' comes pounding across the soundtrack. And yet, despite a deft balance between comedy and drama, the film never quite realises its full potential.

Kirsten Dunst deserves no small amount of praise for making the film extremely enjoyable to watch. Despite her ubiquity as an actress, this is one of the first times that Dunst has been quite clearly the star of the show, but, thankfully, she handles the responsibility with aplomb. From wide-eyed teenager at the beginning of the film, through to world-weary mother, Dunst is entirely believable. Some of the film's best moments are when the focus is entirely on her, revelling in her enjoyment of the trappings of royalty or wallowing in despair as her illusions are gradually shattered. It makes a convincing pitch for Dunst's claim to be Hollywood's freshest first lady.

The film comes equipped with a very able supporting cast- including particularly hilarious turns from Rip Torn and Jason Schwartzmann, a funky punk rock soundtrack and typically gorgeous cinematography. Ironically, the very thing that Coppola was lauded for on *Lost in Translation*- her screenplay- is the undoing of *Marie Antoinette*. Light on actual events, the arc of the plot dwells too much on the mundanity of Marie's day-to-day life, and yet still somehow manages to offer startlingly little insight into the woman herself. Where *Virgin Suicides* and *Lost in Translation* focused on relatively short timeframes, *Marie Antoinette* suffers from too broad an approach that ultimately feels strangely empty. Neither an apologia for her occasionally risqué behaviour nor a condemnation, the film veers between intimacy and detachment in entirely the wrong balance. The little details are painted as finely as possible, but many of the bigger events are glossed over as the overly slow first hour frustratingly picks up speed just as the more juicy stuff starts to play out. Far from a terrible film, but just not up to the standard of Coppola's fictional work.

Stuart Smith



The Guardian ★★★★★



"Strong swimmer required, no previous acting experience necessary" was perhaps the advert placed for Ashton Kutcher's latest role in *The Guardian*. The film is about the remarkable US Coast Guard Rescue Swimmers, who undergo intense training so that they can jump out of helicopters during storms, free-fall into raging waves, and save the lives of those that can't be reached by boat. Kevin Costner plays Ben Randall, the most successful rescue swimmer on record, who reluctantly moves into teaching after suffering a traumatic experience whilst on a mission, only to come face to face with Jake (Kutcher), a young, would-be rescue swimmer determined to beat every record set by his mentor. After an initial clash they find that they have more in common than they expect (surprise, surprise) and their dislike of each other turns eventually to mutual respect.

The Guardian is essentially a watered-down version of army-based classics such as *Top Gun* and *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Costner's performance as Ben is perfectly competent and though I was sceptical about

seeing Kutcher take on a more serious role than usual, the occasional acting he fits in between training scenes isn't as bad as I had expected. However, the lack of depth in both characters doesn't leave much room for much acting. While we are given enough background to Ben and Jake's lives to enable us understand their motivations, it is all too trite for us to care. The romantic side-stories (one each, with Jake, of course, learning from his mentor that he shouldn't devote himself to his career at the expense of his love-life) could easily have been left out.

The film does have occasional light-hearted moments, the special effects are impressive and the rescue scenes are especially engaging, but two hours and twenty minutes is far too long. Although it would perhaps have been nice to see a less clichéd tribute to what is unquestionably a praiseworthy profession, *The Guardian* is sufficiently distracting - just keep your expectations low and you won't be too disappointed.

Elaine Craig

The Last Kiss ★★★★★

Zach Braff is a Romantic. And, to hear him tell it, *The Last Kiss* is a Romance. One for a generation of Myspace addicts and commitment-averse bartenders; a celluloid world in which you don't recognize love when it stares at you through the eyes of your preternaturally gorgeous (not to mention three-month pregnant) girlfriend but somehow seem able to realize its life-defining impact by sleeping with that 'provocative' brunette who hits on you at a wedding. This is the dilemma that shapes *The Last Kiss* in a most 'un-American' kind of way. 'Happily ever after' has become an almost terror-inducing phrase precisely because it evokes an absolute (period) finality (period). With it comes the loss of romantic adolescence, butterflies in the stomach and sweaty palms, awkward conversations and, of course, first kisses that may be your last.

These arguably self-indulgent confusions preoccupy four childhood friends as they find themselves upon the threshold of thirty. Chris (Casey Affleck) is married with a one-year old, but communicates with his wife solely through hysterical accusations and exasperated sighs. Izzy (Michael Weston) has just been left by his high-school girlfriend, a beautiful blonde he professes to "love forever" despite being "totally over that chick." Kenny (Eric Christian Olsen), terrified of such entanglements, is a Midwestern lothario just looking for a good fuck. Finally there is Michael (Braff), who has a great job, beautiful girlfriend, Jenna (Jacinda Barrett), and, to top it all off, a close-knit posse of "guy guys" with whom he can bask in his fortune. His life is so good it has become, as the therapists would sympathize, an issue. His luck comes at a price: no more surprises. When the beautiful Kim (Rachel Bilson), sidles up beside him at a wedding he glimpses escape: a chance to mess it all up. Michael loosens his tie, looks his seductress in the eye, and starts the emotional roller coaster, which preoccupies the rest of the movie.

As *The Last Kiss* barrels along, one tear-ridden scene after another, tensions between childhood expectations and the complexity of experience increase. Jenna's parents, played by the brilliant Blythe Danner and Tom Wilkinson, provide a foil to the self-help arrogance of a younger generation. Attempting to reconcile her parents, Jenna flippantly assures her mother that it is 'easy to keep a man happy.' Her assurance is met with disdain: 'you have no idea what a thirty-year marriage is,' her mother coldly hisses. Similarly, Kim exudes the sexuality of someone who has studiously read every *Cosmo* issue since the age of 13, at once painful and endearing. She burns Michael 'memory' laden CDs and whispers to him that all that matters is tonight.

By being such clichés, both women appear to be nothing more than the two-dimensional reflections we have seen all too often on screen. It is only through being hurt that they acquire substance, the glassy sheen of stereotypes becoming flesh before our eyes. This open-armed, un-Hollywood acceptance of imperfection, recalls the film's Italian original, *L'Ultimo Bacio*. However, the original's infamous epilogue is cut, allowing space for a truly 'happy ending' (somewhere beyond the final credits). At the press conference, Zach Braff endorsed this alteration because, as said before, he is a romantic and why leave a 'stain' at the very end? Like his character Michael- an architect who tries to build without walls- Braff apparently believes that perfection is possible even in a narrative that unwinds the very impossibility of such an ideal. You can have a love without 'stains' and you can live inside walls without being trapped. Braff attempts to show that those stains and those walls simply don't matter if they can't be seen. Thus the story of this romance would seem to be that we should all live in rooms of glass. And this would appear to be very American indeed.

Jennifer Burris

Reviews

Blasted: ADC ★★★★★



Osh Jones' production of *Blasted* is a show to be proud of. Sarah Kane's first play is notoriously difficult to stage, with a brutal gay rape scene, the eating of a dead baby, and a man's eyeballs being sucked out and eaten.

Kane's play does indeed "push the boundaries of theatre." Audiences have come a long way since *Blasted*'s debut in 1995, and Kane has been generally accepted as one of the quintessential tragic writers of the last century.

Set in a plush hotel room, with an unnamed civil war raging in the streets outside, *Blasted* explores ideas of desperation and examines what it means to be human. It is not shocking for shocking's sake.

The play aims to provoke reaction, and it succeeds in being unflinchingly brutal. The atrocities of war are extricated through the degradation of genuine feeling and the erosion of narrative.

Max Bennett is utterly convincing as Ian, a middle aged alcoholic journalist who vacillates between being threatening and pathetic. Kate (Alex Clatworthy), a young

woman with a stammer who suffers from regular fits, is the focus of Ian's manipulative neediness. Ian's most commonly uttered phrase is "I love you" - a phrase that loses its meaning as the play's horror grows, and the utter hopelessness of the pair's doomed lives become apparent.

Half way through the play comes the entrance of an unnamed soldier, played by John Reicher. His entrance signals a turn for the worst, an intrusion from the world outside that foreshadows the blast that blows the play-world apart. Amusingly, the blast is followed by interval tunes by 'Massive Attack'.

Max Bennett is flawless, he does not flinch in the gay rape scene, and he does not shy away from nudity on stage, he is utterly professional in every respect and his skill deserves genuine credit. Alex Clatworthy is both childlike and all knowing - her performance alludes to wisdom far beyond what is expressed verbally.

However, it is John Reicher's powerful presence that steals the show. His portrayal is cold and realistic, yet holds shadows of more tender past.

By the play's end, the soldier is dead, the set is blown the smithereens, Kate has clearly been forced to trade her body for food, and Ian is reduced to a desperate shitting, wanking, crying heap. Humanity is reduced to its base primal instincts. This timely production tackles issues that need to be faced and ought not to be missed.

Rhiannon Adam

Untimely Figs: Corpus Playroom ★★★★★

"Attention, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have breaking news: latest reports confirm that the world will end at exactly 7:00pm tonight..." This seems to be the stimulus for the plot of *Untimely Figs* at the Corpus Playroom this week. Taking its name from a passage in Revelations, you have some sense of the tenor of this production: apocalyptic, anticipatory, and chaotic (to a certain degree).

It is a new piece of writing from Ollie Evans, an undergraduate at Clare, and, while there are certain traits which betray its author - wordiness and a dash of Cantabridgian pretentiousness - it is masterful writing, and steadily punctuated by wit and, occasionally, raucous humour. Not, as it happens, quite as raucous as the audience members next to me whose constant guffaws of laughter seemed to put off the two onstage. The quality of the writing might have been set off better by less nervous actors, who remained in a state of intense breathlessness throughout most of the play. True, they are awaiting some kind of intangible apocalypse (as the seconds ticking away on a computer screen suspended above the stage space remind them) but there are moments that seem excessively panic-stricken. The two characters, Christopher and Jonathan take it in turns to throw themselves on the floor in despair, floundering and lamenting missed opportunities. At other times, they hold bizarre poetic battles in which their speech becomes irritatingly emphatic and seems to be taken from the Lawrence Olivier school

of declamatory acting. But these scenes are also very funny. With the bathos that arises from the shift between grand seriousness and base humour, there is always comic relief. It may teeter on the precipice, but the play never quite takes itself too seriously.

It is however difficult to escape the feeling that we are not taken anywhere with

While there are certain traits which betray its author - wordiness and a dash of Cantabridgian pretentiousness - it is masterful writing, and steadily punctuated by wit and, occasionally, raucous humour

the play. We are never really sure why the world of these two characters is about to end. We are never sure whether the rest of the world is ending along with them. But as this is undoubtedly an entertaining hour of fresh, witty dialogue - it is better just to enjoy it rather than to ask.

Charlotte Newman

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The Long Blondes: The Junction, Oct 18th ★★★★★

Sheffield seems intent these days on providing a disproportionate quota of the nation's promising new indie-pop acts, presumably as some kind of attempt to compensate for David Blunkett. The Arctic Monkeys might have a Mercury under their belt now, but the real stars of the 'Northern renaissance' are surely the Long Blondes, a band whose tunes are almost as catchy as the fashion trends sported by their glamorous front-woman Kate Jackson. Tonight they return to Cambridge to headline the Junction, after receiving a rapturous reception at the venue

Jackson is every indie boy's wet dream with her sultry vocals and frenetic Karen O-style dancing

on the NME New Bands Tour earlier this year. Jackson is every indie boy's wet dream with her sultry vocals and frenetic Karen O-style dancing. She might have made it onto this year's NME "cool list", which, as far as dubious lists to be on goes is probably not that far behind the sex offenders register, but don't hold that against her. She might be a fashion icon in the making but there's no pretension about her, nor about the music either – the band have been

known to cite Stock, Aitken and Waterman, the 80s songwriting team behind Kylie and Jason, as one of their influences, and their commitment to delivering good old-fashioned pop songs to get people dancing is certainly evident tonight. Favourites like 'Giddy Stratospheres' and 'Weekend Without Make-up' are flawlessly delivered to an enthusiastic crowd who were more than happy to take them up on the invitation to whip out their best moves. New single 'Once and Never again' proved the highlight of the evening, as every girl in the house belted out the refrain "Nineteen, you're only nineteen for god's sake/You don't need a boyfriend", at least before it occurred to some of us that we are in fact twenty. Finale 'Separated by Motorways' was a punchy pop number that owed a definite debt to Le Tigre, and left the crowd wanting more as we were sadly disappointed by the lack of an encore. Unfortunately their post-gig DJ-set at the Soul Tree didn't go down quite as well, with the band venturing once too often into the realms of the slightly obscure rather than adhering to their usually spot-on pop sensibilities. Or maybe the crowd just weren't in the mood for dancing anymore after getting charged £6 for a gin and tonic. Despite that, the Long Blondes did enough tonight to convince us that they truly are Sheffield's finest export since, erm, steel, and to leave us in eager anticipation of debut album *Someone To Drive You Home*, which hits the shops on November 6th.

Liz Bradshaw



BEN JONES

Public Enemy: The Junction, Oct 9th ★★★★★

I've always been led to believe that the hierarchy of hip-hop is determined by the size of one's 'piece'. On tonight's evidence Flavor Flav definitely rules the roost with one of the most functional medallions the genre has ever seen. If clock size is a measure of ego, the timepiece around his neck is a clear demonstration that his is off the scale.

And in a lot of ways, tonight is all about time. It is almost twenty years since Public Enemy released its debut album and it seems Flavor Flav's opinion of himself has doubled every year since. The group also seems unduly concerned about the 'curfew' imposed by the Junction which will cut their set short (and these guys boast they would normally play for four or five hours). No matter the size of a band's back catalogue, two hours is more than enough time to entertain an audience.

It is clear that Public Enemy is here to entertain, and that's what they do. Chuck D seems content to let Flavor Flav work the crowd. The venue is packed, and after a slow start and some PE style lessons in student politics ("Fuck George Bush") the gig really starts to get moving. The audience tonight is clearly old enough to appreciate that Public Enemy gave the world *Rage Against the Machine* and it is the rockier side to the band's music that pleases most.

A lecture about the superiority of groups over individuals in hip-hop follows, so it seems bizarre that Flavor Flav gives us a sample of his new solo songs. Public Enemy's philosophy is spot on: with a live drummer, guitarist, bassist, DJ and renowned frontman Chuck D, Public Enemy is a far more formidable and exciting prospect as a group than as a collective of solo artists.

Regardless of this, DJ Lord's jaw-dropping solo effort on the decks that is a real

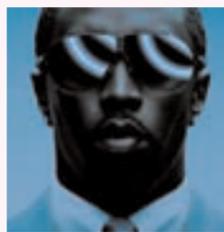
highlight. Seeming almost reluctant to take centre-stage, the DJ proves that as much skill is required on the decks as any 'real instrument' and for five minutes he mixes and scratches impeccably with unbelievable dexterity.

Following Flavor Flav's solo jaunt, Public Enemy reassert themselves as the 'seminal' hip-hop act they really are. We are treated to a few of the band's bigger hits and by the time Flavor Flav has preached his final word on love, harmony and world peace, most of us are on the way to Argos to buy a bigger watch.

Michael Ansbro



Press Play: P Diddy ★★★★★



With a record label, fashion line, and now TV show to his name, P Diddy is so much of an institution it's difficult to remember that he actually makes music. Indeed it's been so long since his last album the suspicion was that he'd given up to pursue his more lucrative business ventures.

Not so, however. Diddy's back, and in case you were in any danger of not noticing that fact, he's signed up an impressive bunch of music A-listers (Christina Aguilera, Mary J. Blige and Nas to name

just three) to hammer the message home. But so heavy on guest stars is this album that it's tempting to speculate that Diddy isn't just collaborating with these musicians – he's hiding behind them. Such speculation, however, is unfair. Diddy's rapping is more proficient than ever, and if he fails to pull off slower numbers, it's not an error that overshadows the album.

Despite the usual derivative gloss of mainstream rap, *Press Play* provides enough punchy beats and solid tunes to keep everyone happy. And if it's creator will never be up there with the hip-hop giants he endorsed at the start of his career – well, he's still got a pretty impressive day job.

Valerie Bell

The Beatific Versions: The Brakes ★★★★★



'The Beatific Visions', Brakes follow up to last summer's 'Give Blood', is quite a little gem of an album, despite its crap title. Its predecessor was loved by everyone that heard it, but sadly never quite got the recognition it deserved in the music press and national radio. This offering however looks set to blast off into the indiepop skies like a bottle-rocket fuelled with brighton rock.

I shouldn't need to tell you that 'Brakes' consists of members from 'British Sea Power', 'The Electric Soft Parade' and 'The Tenderfoot', but look I just did. People who

have enjoyed records by those bands or Brakes last album are going to love this one.

They have lost none of the zip and mania that characterised the high points of the last album, but have developed an optimistic melancholy that soothes you through the half hour of this album. Eamon's voice has never sounded so good, and complements the instrumentation perfectly, whether the indierock of 'hold me in the river', the sweet country of 'if I should die tonight' (would you tell her that I loved her), or the manic staccato of 'porcupine or pineapple'. For me the highlight of the album is the quite wonderful 'cease and desist', a card game between god and Satan set to arrogant guitar riffage.

James Tallant

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Date: Tuesday 24th October
Time: 6.45 for 7pm
Location: Wolfson Hall, Churchill College

If you want to attend, please register by emailing Mark Devey
Apply by forwarding your complete CV and cover letter to Mark Devey by Friday 17th November. Graduate positions and summer internships available

For more information on the recruitment process, contact Mark Devey
(devey_mark@bah.com)

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Listings

PICK OF THE WEEK

FILM

If...
Christ's College Films
Thu 26 Oct, 22.00

Starring Malcolm MacDowell (the puddin' faced nutbag from *A Clockwork Orange*), Lindsay Anderson's nightmarish portrait of public school sees a group of schoolboys go all Nietzschean and organise a rebellion in an increasingly surreal second half. One of the most vital British films of the 1960s. Come discover why so many young chaps at Cambridge are such masochistic young gentlemen.

All films showing at Arts Picturehouse unless stated otherwise

THEATRE



"The American Dream"
21.30 ADC, Tue 24-28 Oct
Comedy based on the rotten apple that is American bourgeoisie. Critique, yeah?

MUSIC

Tunng
Junction
Mon 23 Oct, 19.00, £9

Folktronica - a genre for indie kids who want to pretend they've embraced techno progress. *Tunng* however, genuinely have. Seven men make a sound like a camp satyr doing a mash up of folk, electronica and pop. Purportedly influenced by the *Wicker Man*, so don't be surprised if they chain you up inside a hollow wooden statue and set fire to you at the end of the gig.

tunng.co.uk

EXHIBITIONS

Simon Schama
Mon 23 Oct, 19.30
Cambridge Union

Professor of history at Columbia, and a very nice bearded man. Wrote a load of books about history and stuff? This is heavy stuff guys. Discusses his new book *Power of Art*. Cheeky.



GOING OUT



Obstacle 1
Fez, 21.00-02.30, £4
New and impressively ambitious clubnight at the Fez with live music - including slutty electro heroes Coco Elektrik, Dead Stereo, and DJs Daughters of the Kaos playing indie/electro. But can you get urine coloured cider in the Fez? YOU DECIDE

TUE 20

Clerks (Caius) 20.30
Brick 23.15
Our Man in Havana 17.10
The History Boys 18.00, 20.30
Brothers of the Head 21.00

Untimely Figs 19.00
Corpus Playroom
Blasted 19.45 ADC
Catch this one before it goes 'Art' 23.00 ADC

Dan Sartain + Guests
Portland Arms, 20.00, £6

The Butterfly + Light Colour
Sounds + The Resistance
The Loft, 20.00, £5

Christian Wolff and
Apartment House
Kettle's Yard 19.30 £8
Beautiful avant-garde music - distils single notes to form a thing called pretentiousness.

Shut up and Dance Union, £3
21.00-01.00. Great electro/indie and beats, cheap drinks
Amnesty Comedy + DJ Inja
Kings' Bar and Cellar; 21.00-01.00, £2. Do it for the kids.

SAT 21

Brick 23.15
Our Man in Havana 17.10
The Departed 19.00, 21.40
The History Boys 18.00, 20.30

Untimely Figs 19.00
Corpus Playroom
Blasted 19.45 ADC
'Art' 23.00 ADC

James Dean Bradfield + Vega 4,
The Junction, 19.00, £8
Songs in the Dark, Clowns
Cafe, 20.00, poetry, song, candles. Yoga for the mind.

Mixed Autumn Exhibition
Byard Art St. Mary's Passage
Works by Martha Winter & Steve Strode, 09.30 -17.30
New works for a new season. (Autumn)

Instinct
Soul Tree, 22.00-03.00, £6
High powered beats, blood on the dancefloor etc etc
Drop it Like It's Hot, Queens,
21.00-12.45 NO NO NO

SUN 22

The Godfather (St. John's)
19.00, 23.00
Good Night and Good Luck
20.30, 22.30 (Christ's)
The History Boys 18.00, 20.30

Amy's View
Cam Arts Theatre, 19.45, £10
A blistering look at culture, power, love and loss.

Alpha Road, Light Colour
Sound, The Lights Faulty & The Hotbang
Man on the Moon, Norfolk St, 20.00, £5. Loud men with guitars out for revenge. Bad haircuts.

Sculptures by Stanley Dove
Cambridge Contemporary Art, Trinity Street, free
Weird stuff, Giacometti-lite bunnies on ketamine.

Sunday Service, Club 22, 22.00-01.00. Heaven & Hell Theme. But mainly hell.
Oxjam, Soul Tree, 20.30-12.00 £5 - excellent sounding live music night for Oxfam

MON 23

The Departed 21.20
The History Boys 21.00
Red Road (with Director Q&A) 18.30
Andrea Arnold Short Films 17.30

Amy's View
Cam Arts Theatre, 19.45, £10
A blistering look at culture, power, love and loss.

Alpha Road, Light Colour
Sound, The Lights Faulty & The Hotbang
Man on the Moon, Norfolk St, 20.00, £5. Loud men with guitars out for revenge. Bad haircuts.

Rodin: All About Eve
Kettle's Yard
Read about the two pieces on display, wax lyrical about the beauty and psychological intensity of Auguste Rodin's sculptures. Get laid.

Versus, Kamar, 22.00-02.30, £3
Grimy electro night for charity, well worth a try.
Fat Poppadaddys
Fez, 21.00 - 02.00. Pleasingly generic. Alright?

TUE 24

In My Father's Den (Caius)
20:30
Filipino Stories 18.30
The Departed 21.30
The History Boys 21.00
Etre et Avoir 13.30

"American Dream" 19.30
Corpus Playroom
The Living Room 12am Corpus
The Alchemist 19.45 ADC
Grow Up 23.00 ADC

Torben Rees
Elm Tree, Orchard St, 21.00, free
Crooning, think freeform narcolepsy and endless tundras of Ikea.

Retro Clothes Sale
Fisher Hall, near The Guildhall
Stock up on vintage clothes here. You'll get sneered at by academics who wear the real thing. You plebs

Precious* LBGT Night
Club 22, 22.00-02.00
Pigeon-hole your sexuality.
Ebonics,
Fez, 22.00-02.00
DJ Kayper and MC Inja mush

WED 25

An Inconvenient Truth 17.00
The Departed 21.45
The History Boys 21.00
Talk To Her 19.30 (17 Mill Lane)

"American Dream" 19.30
Corpus Playroom
The Living Room 12am Corpus
The Alchemist 19.45 ADC
Grow Up 23.00 ADC

Sara Mitra
Elm Tree, Orchard St, 21.00, free
Jazz fused with Jazz. I christen it...jazz.

Figures on Fabric
Fitzwilliam Museum
An exhibition of beautifully done English 17th Century needlework. Take that real world.

Mi Casa Tu Casa
Fez, 21.00-02.00
International Night. Allo Allo
Rumboogie
Ballare, 21.00-02.00
Pretty much indefensible.

THU 26

A Scanner Darkly 21.00 (John's)
If... 22.00 (Christ's)
Russian Ark 21.00
The White Rose 10.30

"American Dream" 19.30
Corpus Playroom
The Living Room 12am Corpus
The Alchemist 19.45 ADC
Grow Up 23.00 ADC

The Living Room
CB2, Norfolk St, 9-till late
Intimate open mic night, held in the cosy basement of CB2. You can buy booze to get pissed on booze. But no heckling.

UN Debate, Union, 20.00, £5
Is the UN dead? Some major figures such as Lib Dem MP Simon Hughes and Lord Hannay opposing. Get your internationalism on. As it were.

Urbanite
is killing Cambridge
Soultree, 21.00-02.00
Obstacle 1
Fez, 21.00-02.30
Real boys hate this

BOOK NOW



Grow Up
Wed 25 Oct - Sat 28 Oct
ADC, £5

Ah the Footlights. Jokers all. They actually are though! Jokers that is. I mean look at this one, show - all funny and jokey. One4review.com called it "Utter crap", but if they looked into their heart of hearts they'd realise how rude they are being. Instead of bringing lumps of faeces to the ADC, four of the Cambridge's Footlights - Tom Kingsley, Anna O' Grady, Tom Williams and Tom Sharpe are actually bringing an hour of perfectly tuned sketches to

the stage after a critically acclaimed run at the Edinburgh Fringe. Trimmed and toned like a Blue's perineal muscles, two years worth of revues, stand-ups, music and films have created this many-headed monster of exuberant comedy. Even better, now you don't have to go to weird, messed up Scotland to see it - you can see it all in the ADC, the local theatre club. You might still get your eye taken out by a chiffon scarf though, so bring a gun and rations.

www.pleaseGROWup.com

BOOK NOW
Yo La Tengo
The Junction, 19.00, £15
Thu 9 Nov

Giants of US alt. rock, touring in support of their latest album, the incredibly named *I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will Beat Your Ass*. Don't need no quips for that. (Bums)



Cambridge Crisis: answers to your problems

»“I am terrified of hurting someone I love”

Dear Varsity,

For the last four years I have been in a relationship with someone I love very much, and who does not go to Cambridge. Yet in the last month, I have had strong feelings for someone (I will call him Tim) I launched into a quick and intense friendship with.

At first I believed it was because he was someone I found

interesting, funny and similar to me, but I am increasingly realising that the feelings I have for him are more than just friendship. I believe he feels similarly, despite having a girlfriend from home, as we spend all our time together and have a very tactile and intimate relationship. We have never discussed our feelings or done anything that ‘friends’ wouldn’t do, but even my boyfriend commented that he didn’t like Tim as

he felt he was overly flirtatious and possessive of me.

I feel completely at a loss; I love my boyfriend, but am beginning to realise that the extent of my feelings for Tim must suggest something in my current relationship is amiss. When I am at home visiting my boyfriend all I want is to be back in college so I can see Tim.

I am terrified of hurting some-

one I love and throwing away an otherwise solid and loving relationship for someone who may not feel the same. I feel so lost and guilty, yet the idea of cutting off my friendship with Tim makes me feel empty – since I have known him I have enjoyed Cambridge so much more.

Yours,

Charlotte

Dear Charlotte,

I think you’ve answered your own question here - it seems clear that your feelings for ‘Tim’ are (at least now) stronger. Most problems are exacerbated by a lack of communication, and you should begin by talking to Tim seriously to find out how he feels. After you have done that, you need to make up your own mind: whom would you rather be with in 2 years’ time: your current boyfriend, Tim, or neither.

Then, talk to your boyfriend and first, ask him how he feels things are going/will go for you two. Then, if you’re sure you really want to change, you have to break up with him: it’s not easy, but it would otherwise be unfair to all three of you. (You absolutely *must* do this in person, however difficult it is for you: you have no alternative but to hurt him, however, you can make it hurt less.) Fortunately, it is possible to salvage a lasting friendship out of your relationship. This is worth it in the end, but will require a lot of effort and kindness on your part - and you’ll have to fight for it.

Alternatively, you must back-off from Tim, and talk with your boyfriend about what you both can do. Long-distance relationships are really hard to maintain, and commitment alone isn’t enough. Are you seeing enough of him in person? Does he

visit you in Cambridge? Do you have other friends and activities in common?

Lastly, please be assured that in affairs of the heart, there are never any “right” answers - and you mustn’t feel guilty about choosing a least-wrong one.

I hope that helps

Cupid
from <http://romance.ucam.org>

Dear Charlotte,

This looks like the classic love-vs-loyalty dilemma. Effi Briest, Madame Bovary and a few other nineteenth-century novels come to mind, where similar circumstances lead to the death of the heroine. You did well to contact Cambridge Crisis and probably won’t have to go down that road.

According to an old German proverb, a woman should stand by her man, give him two arms to cling to and something warm to come home to. But the romantic advice of Germans is not given much weight in the developed world anymore.

Personally, I believe fidelity is overrated. Go with tactile Tim and do the things friends wouldn’t do. And if you want to be bourgeois about it: think of the six-digit salary he’ll be raking in a few years from now with

his Cambridge degree and alpha-male attitude; then try to visualize your ex, nearly thirty, riding the city bus in Yorkshire, still unable to decide whether to comb his hair backwards or forwards. It’s a no-brainer, really.

Dr Martin Ruehl
Director of Studies in History
Sidney Sussex College

Charlotte,

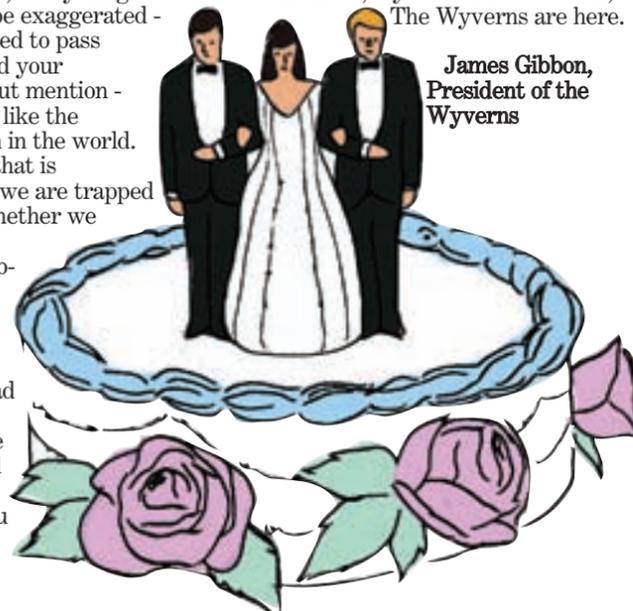
Relationships in Cambridge are difficult. Just like everything else in this funny little town, everything about them seems to be exaggerated - the stuff that used to pass between you and your boyfriend without mention - suddenly seems like the biggest problem in the world. Unfortunately, that is Cambridge and we are trapped in the bubble whether we like it or not.

Tim is in the bubble with you, so he understands what you’re going through and this may lead you to listen to your Cambridge head as opposed to your heart. You say that you love your boyfriend but

also say that whenever you are at home with him you wish you could be back with Tim again. It seems to me that you need to give serious thought as to what effect being in Cambridge is having on your relationship perspective and what your boyfriend means to you. Tim might be a Cambridge fantasy that will fade, so be careful. Never forget that you fell in love with your boyfriend in the real world and the two of you might just have something that Cambridge won’t be able to take away in the long term.

Remember, if you ever need to talk, The Wyverns are here.

James Gibbon,
President of the
Wyverns



Corrections and clarifications

» Dr Manmohan Singh and not Mahmoud Singh was the distinguished visitor to Senate House last week. He was incorrectly credited on the front page and in the editorial. Varsity would like to apologise for any offence caused.

» The Hawks’ Club may be branching out, but not to the Soul Tree. While this Sunday’s *Oxjam* is supported by the Hawks’, it is actually organised by Daniel Chandler.

» In response to requests received for solutions to the puzzles and crosswords printed so far this term, they can be viewed at varsity.co.uk

It is Varsity’s policy to amend all significant errors as soon as possible in the digital edition on varsity.co.uk and in the archives. Please email any errors to corrections@varsity.co.uk noting the issue and page number(s). Or telephone the business manager on 01223 337575 between 9:30am and 5pm Monday to Friday.

» “David Cameron’s a fan of The Smiths, Gordon Brown knows who the Arctic Monkeys are. Politicians are not supposed to be hip and groovy, sitting on the couch with Richard and Judy.”

Billy Bragg speaks to varsity.co.uk

Games



Concise Crossword

Across Set by NENWES

- Mad icon confused, wandering all over the place (7)
- German referring to nothing Spanish somewhere in the Caribbean (7)
- Some of “Leviathan” covered with ale to make it easier (9)
- Author is taking absinthe initially, followed by a wine from this region? (5,7)
- Mourinho, with acidity plus half muddled derision, founded Spectator (6,7)
- Beige is misery to Florentine or Benedict? (8)
- The French, pursuing grand and large bra-sizes, interfere (6)
- What’s spoken in Watership Down— little awkward initially, and long (6)
- Spay’s cut violently— what’s new? (8)
- Somehow all cities go on, it’s to do with

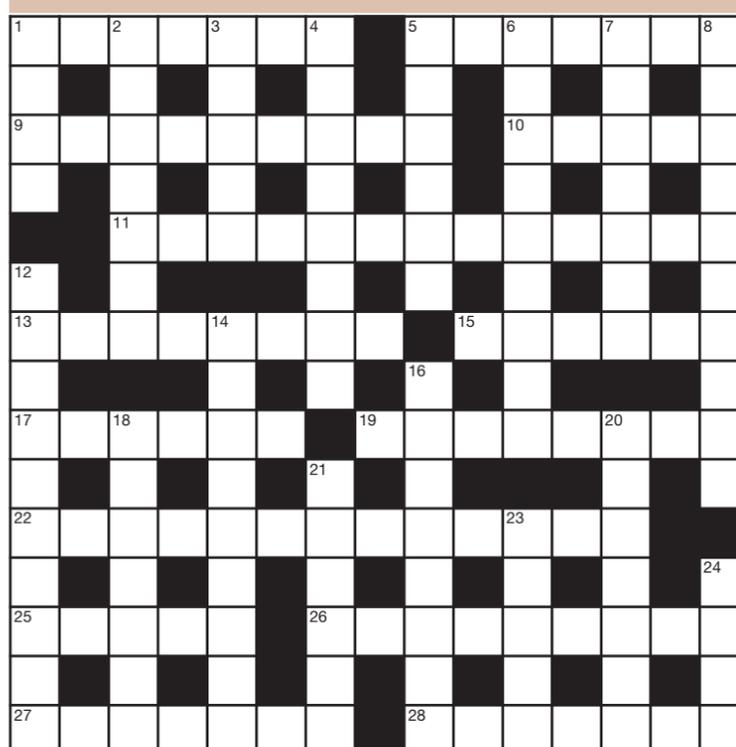
new words (13)

- Article within an article for a servant of the king (5)
- Some of late return to malign German is reader of the Mishnah and the Gemara (9)
- Composer is otherwise in dodgy inn (7)
- Bodybuilder missing article on a minor planet (7)

Down

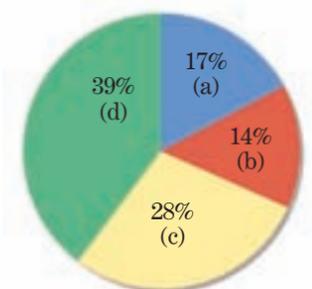
- Mr Sowerberry’s apprentice was flooded with pottery staff? (4,8)
- Drink from it, the barley vase (4,3)
- Symbols of peace found in desperado vessel (5)
- See 1 down
- Wage for example all reversed for a trinket (6)
- All those in hell lived sore confused (9)
- Gained from Hamas sedition (7)
- Man’s rodent breaks decorations (10)
- Duke might get sucked off in a bog? (10)
- Blix is around English port for presentations (9)
- Let us sup horrible suppurations (8)
- Being in favour of pronouncing 25 lazily is obscene (7)
- See 10 across
- Boy detective is returning parasite twice (6)
- Sort of oil is unanalysed (5)
- Virile man, a sort of poker (4)

Varsity crossword no. 455



Varsity.co.uk: Poll Results

We asked: So how much of a library urchin are you anyway?
a) I’ve hired the bedder as a part-time librarian.
b) The law shelf’s not so well stocked as it was.
c) There is that copy I borrowed in Freshers’ Week...
d) What! Libraries are sacrosanct.



Go to varsity.co.uk for games solution and to vote in our poll



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Careers Service events



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Careers in Economics

Wednesday 25 October 2006 – 1.00pm to 3.00pm

Marshall Library of Economics, Sidgwick Site

For undergraduates and postgraduates - Careers and Internships in economics.
Come and talk to:

Bank of England
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Deloitte
Frontier Economics
Global Energy Decisions
Grant Thornton UK LLP
Institute for Fiscal Studies

LECG
NERA Economic Consulting
Ofgem
Oxera
PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP
RBB Economics LLP

Careers for Mathematicians

Thursday 26 October 2006 - 4.30pm to 7.00pm

Centre for Mathematical Sciences, Clarkson Road

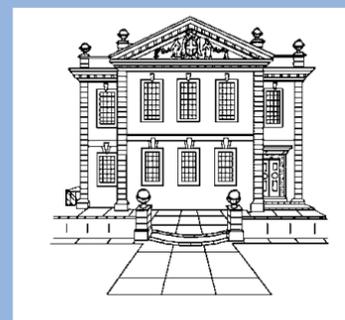
This event is not just for those currently reading maths, but is open to all Cambridge undergraduates and staff with a good mathematical background.

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EVENT: Cambridge Milkround Presentation

DATE: Monday 23rd October 2006

TIME: 7.00pm in Michaelhouse Café,
Trinity Street

REGISTER: am@teachfirst.org.uk

I taught first

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Teach First
LEARNING TO LEAD





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Networking Drinks

Date & Time: 24 October 2006, 7.00pm

Venue: Ta Bouche, 10–15 Market Passage, Sidney Street, Cambridge, CB2 3PF

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THIRSTQUENCH: AN AUDIT BUSINESS GAME

Deloitte.

Tuesday October 31st 2006

6:30pm - 8:30pm

Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College

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So, if you want to become an auditor for the evening, come and join us!

MERGER ROLE PLAY

PRICEWATERHOUSECOOPERS

Thursday October 26th 2006

6:30pm - 8:30pm

Mong Building, Sidney Sussex College

Could you advise a traditional UK publishing company on a proposed merger with an American on-line publisher of financial news?

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23 October 2006
6.30pm
Kettle's Yard,
Castle Street,
Cambridge

1 November 2006
3.30pm - 6pm
Communications Event
The Howard Building,
Downing College,
Cambridge

Deadline for entry: 17 November 2006

visit our website and apply online at www.wpp.com



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12pm* - 7pm

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Group A

Friday 1 December 2006
Monday 15 January 2007
Friday 16 March 2007
Monday 23 April 2007

Group B

Thursday 11 January 2007
Friday 12 January 2007
Saturday 13 January 2007
Thursday 15 March 2007 (afternoon only)



Contact: Hannah Kvan, Personnel Division, The Old Schools, Trinity Lane, CB2 1TT Tel: (7)64091
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TENT'S

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>**MODELS REQUIRED:** For life drawing, £11 per hour (inexperienced models welcome). Contact: Mr Kourbaj, Visual Art Centre, Christ's College. Email: i@issamkourbaj.co.uk

>**HAPPY BIRTHDAY JOE:** All at Varsity would like to wish Mr Gosden a very happy 21st birthday for Wednesday 25th October. Cindy's beckons - but its back to the office in the morning...

Red Ribbon Ball 2006

We are currently looking for acts to play at the Red Ribbon Ball on the 1st December 2006.

Auditions will take place on Saturday 28th October between 1pm and 5pm in Jesus College.

For more details please email ents@redribbonball.org.uk.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

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Men's college round-up

Christ's lost 49-6 to Homerton in a Division 2 rugby match, but got their own back with an 8-2 win when the colleges met in football Division 2. Churchill didn't do so well in rugby this week, losing 10-0 to Sidney (Division 3, Pool A). The football third team also fared badly in Division 5, losing 7-1 to Darwin's second team. But there was little to cheer about for Darwin's first team, who lost 7-0 to Catz in football Division 3. Churchill's firsts, though, won 1-0 over John's in a potentially title-deciding match in football Division 1. Clare won 5-3 against Emmanuel in rugby Division 3, Pool B. There was a mixed bag elsewhere for Emma, whose highly-fancied hockey team beat Homerton 5-0 in cuppers but lost 6-1 to Jesus in a key clash in the top league. But in rugby the Jesuits suffered a 24-5 drubbing by St John's. Corpus's football team went down 2-1 against Fitzwilliam this week in Division 3. The hockey team won 3-1 against Queen's in Division 2. Downing had a torrid week, losing 4-3 to ARU in football and going down 27-3 at the hands of Girton in Division 1. The hockey team had better luck, against Fitzwilliam, winning 2-1 in Division 2. But this was a mixed week for Fitz, as the football first team won 3-1 against Caius in Division 1, while the second team also won their Division 3 game 2-1 against Corpus. In the rugby, Fitz beat Peterhouse 31-14 in Division 2. At Girton the rugby team defeated Downing 27-3 in their Division 1 match, but the first team lost 3-1 to Jesus in the football Division 1, and the second team lost 4-3 to Pembroke's seconds 4-3, in Division 5. Caius' rugby lads got their season off to a fine start, beating Robinson 60-5 in Division 3 Pool B. King's first footballers faced the ignominy of losing, suffering a sorrowful 5-2 to a second team - this time from Jesus. Magdalene rugby has started the season strongly with a 26-8 win over Pembroke. Also in rugby, Trinity beat Queen's and Tit Hall drew with Catz.

Cambridge pair riding high

»Cutts and McGoldrick selected as riders in British student team



Cutts won the gold medal for her performance in the individual showjumping at the Student Riding Nations Cup

VARISITY SPORTS REPORTER

It is an achievement for any university to have a student in a British team - let alone have 2 members out of a team of 3. But this is what Cambridge has just achieved after a sensational set of performances from two of its students, as part of the British team, at the Student Riding Nations Cup (SRNC) in Bonn, Germany.

Sam Cutts (Emmanuel) and Natalie McGoldrick (Churchill) ensured Great Britain was the only

team from 15 nations to see two of its riders win through to the showjumping semi final, with Cutts taking show jumping Individual Gold. McGoldrick was 5th in the showjumping and also 8th in the combined competition.

The competitions are designed to test the ability of riders to get the best out of a strange horse, as each person is given just five minutes with a horse before the assessed session starts. Competition is fierce, as student riding is taken very seriously on the continent.

McGoldrick and Cutts are both

members of the Cambridge riding team, which has seen success at BUSA competitions in recent years, with Cutts winning the individual event in 2006, and Cambridge winning as a team back in 2004.

Cutts, the team captain, says "The level of Student Riding is getting higher and higher - Cambridge should be able to field a very strong team this year and we definitely have the BUSA title in our sights. Having won Varsity by large margins for the last 3 years, we have a reputation to keep up against the Dark Side too."

Cutts is hoping to take her mare Piccola Star to Badminton next Spring, whilst McGoldrick is currently working with a very promising six year-old horse, whilst combining her work with studying to be a vet. "Obviously it is hard work fitting everything in, but definitely worth it," she says.

Riding is expensive, and even the British student team is currently self-funding. However, in Cambridge, IBM Sporting bursaries have helped the team. And the money seems well spent, with Cambridge able to boast two of the best riders in the country

Hockey boys flying high as Magpies downed

Cambridge	4
Magpies	2

ILAN FEDER

This weekend saw the Blues triumph in a top of the table clash with fierce rivals Harleston Magpies. Before the game, Harleston were a fraction ahead of the Blues in the league standings, edging the lead on goal difference, with both teams on 100% records. The Magpies must have felt that they were favourites as they had won convincingly in a pre-season 'friendly'. But on Saturday they were facing a very different Blues side; one that is determined, aggressive and expects to win, especially at fortress Wilby.

After a lively opening, it was the Magpies who scored the first goal, although Cambridge must have felt a sense of injustice as it came completely against the run of play. The opening came from a drag flick that went hard and low into the bottom left hand corner, past a despairing dive from keeper Simon Harger and his outstretched stick.

That turned out to be Harleston's only clear cut chance of the half as, unperturbed, Cambridge pushed forward aggressively, constantly forcing the Magpies to smash the ball off the pitch to relieve some pressure. The Blues' first short corner came quickly and was met with unreserved celebration; the Blues' confidence justified by the quick-fire equaliser that followed. Mark Greatholder got a little bit too much stick on the intended

deflection and it sent the ball wide of the left post straight to Alun Rees, who made no mistake and put the ball in the roof of the net.

With the scores level, the game settled into a more even state of play. The Blues managed to maintain some of their earlier momentum, and a further period of sustained pressure followed. However, the stalemate could not be broken before half time, and as the whistle was blown the teams trudged off with the score at one a piece.

After the break Cambridge started brightly, scoring their second goal fairly soon after the restart from another short corner. The ball was slipped right from the top to captain Mike Palmer, who stroked the ball hard and fast to Rees who was poised at the back post to put

away his second.

Harleston responded well to going a goal down and managed a rare penetration into the Blues' final 25-yard area. Some scrappy goalmouth action ended in a Harleston shot being stopped on the line by Ben Crooks's right breast, and the umpires awarded a penalty stroke, which was duly put away to level the scores again.

It seemed at this stage that Harleston would happily take the point, but Cambridge were happy to disappoint them. A textbook-free hit from Tom Littlewood found Irishman, who finished off a training-ground move to score on his debut.

Not content with three, the Blues pressed on, and their last goal was the best, involving all three Catz boys. After a skilful run from Nick McLaren in which he beat at least two players

he passed to his college-mate Mark Greatholder who slipped the ball beautifully under his arm without even looking to Dave Jones. Jones then dummied right, went left, rounded the keeper and pushed into the goal on his reverse stick to make it 4-2.

Much of the credit for Cambridge's dominance belongs to man-of-the-match Dave Saunders, whose distribution, reading of the game and tackling was first rate. New to the Blues this year, Saunders has performed well at the higher level.

As soon as the final whistle blew, the Cambridge players celebrated a wholly deserved victory. Going top of the table, and having beaten their closest rivals, it seems well within the Blues' grasp to return to the National League at the first time of asking.

Talking double Dutch

»One korfbal player explains why he loves the Dutch national sport



Korfbal has become increasingly popular with players of both sexes across Europe

GEORGE MARSHALL

Call it what you like – k-ball, gay-ball, stupid-ball, Dutch mixed netball – korfbal can truly be said to be taking the sporting world of Cambridge by storm.

So what is korfbal? Well, it can be loosely described as a mixture of netball, basketball and sexual equality legislation, being as it is the only mixed sport officially recognised by the Blues committee in Cambridge. Apparently it was popular in London during the Second World War: I was most surprised when my Gran nodded in recognition at my latest choice of leisure pursuit last Christmas.

There are four men and four women on each korfbal team, split into two “divisions” of two men and two women, each of which is confined to one end of the court at any one time to either attack or defend. Players

shoot into high, wicker baskets which are set in from the ends of the court to allow shooting from and movement around all sides of the basket. You

‘You absolutely must not take the ball off a member of the opposite sex’

must not run with or bounce the ball, or take it off a member of the opposite sex without asking very politely. As you might expect from a sport developed in a country with more bike lanes than England has bikes, it

works very, very well.

But you get the idea: korfbal’s definitely a real sport, it’s here to stay, and is a sport given its peculiar charm by its combination of men and women – that’s not to say that it’s purely a forum for Natscis and New Hall girls to practice their social skills, but that it allows sports enthusiasts to play a skillful and satisfying sport without being overwhelmed by the testosterone of the rugby pitch or the oestrogen of the netball court.

Virtually nobody has heard of korfbal before coming to Cambridge, so it is a particularly accessible sport. It is easy – and easily forgivable – to come here and think that if you dare to try something new you’ll just get laughed off the court because everybody else has at least represented their county in the sport you’ve turned up to for the first time. Not so with korfbal. I’m certain that if you come along to one of our training sessions you’ll blend in

seamlessly, and after a couple of weeks you’ll feel like you’ve been playing since you were a toddler.

CUKC is comprised of two teams, who both play regular matches in a (confusingly) vibrant local league. Training takes place once a week for two hours during Michaelmas, with an extra weekly session after Christmas as the team warms up for the two focal points of the year, the Varsity match and the BUSA National Tournament.

‘Korfbal’s definitely a real sport and, like it or not, it’s here to stay’

The Varsity match happens in mid-February, and will be taking place in Cambridge this year as we look to reclaim the trophy on home turf. There will also be some more light-hearted enjoyment this term, as we send a team to the fancy-dress freshers’ tournament in Nottingham in a couple of weeks’ time, and to the BUSA Southern competition in November, which acts as a warm up for the later national tournament.

Korfbal is a great way to get all the benefits of a university sport – the opportunity to meet people from other unis, the chance to line up against Oxford and receive a half-blue for your efforts – without having to give up too much of your precious time. It’s accessible, fun, sociable and – one for the sceptics – most definitely a real sport.

Did you know?

- **Korfbal was invented in 1902, by Dutch schoolteacher Nico Broekhuysen**
- **“Korf” is the Dutch word for “Basket”**
- **Wicker has been documented as far back as ancient Egypt**
- **Local rivals UAE have held the BUSA korfbal crown for the last two years.**

Spirited Rugby Blues lose out

Nottingham	20
Cambridge	13

While not the victory it could and should have been, Cambridge put in an encouraging performance far better than at Bedford last week. A brace of well-worked tries and a solid game from the front five were not enough to keep out a strong Nottingham side.

The Blues went ahead in the first ten minutes as Andy Davidson converted a penalty opportunity. This brief lead was quickly stolen as Nottingham’s US international scrum half scored an outstanding individual effort from the back of the scrum. Nottingham failed to convert and the Blues took back the lead with a nicely worked try around the fringes, finished off by Jono Murray, playing well in the 14 shirt. Unfortunately, the conversion was missed and the lead was again short lived. First time tackles were missed on a number of occasions, putting the Blues on the back foot for the remainder of the half; Nottingham duly took this opportunity to run in two further tries, leaving the score at half time 8-15 in Nottingham’s favour.

Cambridge came out in the second half keen to avenge the mistakes of the first forty minutes. Their forwards controlled proceedings, Dave O’Brien in particular playing well on the flank, but were unable to make anything out of a number of promising five metre scrums and driving mauls. But this dominance was rewarded in time as the commanding Ross Blake was able to sneak over the line.

Sustained pressure won a penalty on the fifteen metre line, giving the Blues the opportunity to take the lead going into the last twenty minutes, but the kick went wide. A tense final ten minutes followed, in which both sides fought fiercely for the final points. But with two minutes to go Nottingham took advantage of a tiring Cambridge pack to score a try from the back of a driving maul, and take the game out of reach.

Life as an Osprey: Varsity speaks to President Dilly Nock

SOPHIE JAMAL & JOAN IYIOLA

The Ospreys’, Cambridge’s prestigious society for female athletes, is at the heart of female sporting and social activities within the University. Somehow these women manage to balance up to five training sessions a week and regular competitions – at the highest of levels – whilst working towards a degree. All this is done, of course, with almost no allowances or extra help from supervisors.

But women’s sport has traditionally taken a back seat to men’s competitions in Cambridge. There is no female event on the scale of the Boat Race or the Rugby Varsity match. The Ospreys’ have often been forced

to live in the shadow of their counterparts at the Hawks’ club.

Dilly Nock is the woman in charge of the club, and, as President, it is her job to help promote women’s sport in Cambridge. She is also charged with improving both the image and the activities of the Ospreys’. Like all other Ospreys, Miss Nock was forced to meet the strict regulations before she was allowed to become a member.

‘Any sportswoman who is awarded a Blue, Half-Blue or university colours in their sport is eligible for Osprey’s membership’, she explains. As might be imagined, Osprey members come from ‘quite a cross-section of the student population’.

Even with the burden of training, matches and a degree to contend with, it is clear that Cambridge’s

sportswomen are also renowned for their ability to socialise. As members, the Ospreys benefit from queue jump at both Rumboggie on a Wednesday and Super Sundays at Soul Tree, both of which they help to support. Doing so helps the Ospreys’ to fulfil another important function, as they can help fund sports team-swith a cut of the money taken from the door each week.

They also have an Annual Dinner in London the night before the men’s Rugby Varsity Match for old and new Ospreys’, a May Week event and various other social activities – last year they organised cocktails and speed dating, in addition to their Christmas club night, ‘Sexy Santas’.

In an attempt to widen the reach of the club, this year the Ospreys’ have opened their very own

Clubhouse on Jesus Lane – open on Thursdays and Saturdays – for Ospreys and their guests, and made possible by the Sponsors of the Ospreys (IBM, Citigroup, McKinsey, Meryll Lynch, RBS and CSFB), whose money goes towards the maintenance of the Clubhouse. Boasting a room with a bar, sofas and a TV, Miss Nock wants to encourage members to take advantage of it. She claims that it provides a good opportunity for the sports to become more integrated, which is important in raising the profile of women’s sport, and providing support for those involved.

While top female athletes might still not receive as much recognition as their male counterparts, the Ospreys’ are helping to raise the profile of women’s sport in Cambridge.





CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Men's Tennis



TIM MURRAY

How did you become captain?

I'd like to say it's because I'm the best player but I think the other guys in the team might have something to say about that... I've been in the team longest so have the best idea about what's involved, and also I was very keen to do it.

What's the standard like in Cambridge?

The standard is as high as it has been for a few years- several of the Blues have played internationally in one form or another. In terms of comparisons with other universities it's hard to tell as we tend to play clubs like Wimbledon and Queens, but we drew with Bath, who were BUSA runners-up last year, so we are more than competitive.

Is tennis seen as elitist?

I know this is sadly true in some places, but certainly in Cambridge this is not the case as we have a vibrant social section open to anyone enthusiastic enough to come along, as well as three men's and women's teams. The problem in general is that tennis is expensive to play, which does put people off, though I'm not really sure what can be done about that.

How often do people mention that you share a surname with the British number one?

Surprisingly it does tend to come up every once in a while! Although most people go one step further and pick out the 'Tim' from Henman as well. If only I had the game to match the name!

Ed Cumming

Lacrosse girls suffer the Blues

»Varsity match fears after Oxford beat Cambridge in BUSA



Cambridge's Seleznev fights for the ball but Cambridge's bright start was not enough to stave off defeat

LIZ MORRIS

Cambridge	10
Oxford	12

The women's lacrosse Blues' BUSA fixture against Oxford, their first competitive match of the season, ended in a worrying defeat as Cambridge proved too weak for a resurgent Oxford side. Following victory in the Varsity match last season, the Cambridge team had the upper hand going into Wednesday's BUSA match, but they found themselves unable to

turn their advantage into a win.

But there were numerous bright points for Cambridge, and the strength and depth which the new freshers provided seems a real bonus for the squad. The end of last year marked the graduation of so many Blues players, but even so Captain Claire Nance has claimed that she remains confident about the team's abilities. This year's Varsity match, to be played on Parker's Piece on Saturday 3rd March, will provide a stern test for the Blues in what is always a close fixture, and Wednesday's result will have done little to ease the tension.

Oxford started by immediately

gaining possession and they quickly scored a surprisingly easy goal. Welsh international Lloyd immediately fought back, scoring a stormer to embarrass Oxford's experienced defence. Jesus college's stars Glanville-Wallis and Morland followed Lloyd's example and scored the next two goals in quick succession.

Down 3-1 in ten minutes, a panicked Oxford called a time-out to re-group, but Lloyd soon added two more goals to Cambridge's tally, completing her hat-trick. The next twenty minutes were littered with great goals from both sides, notably two from Tess Khoo (Churchill) and one more from Morland. Goalkeeper Alex Carneggie-

Brown made a string of fantastic saves to keep Cambridge in the game, rightfully being named Man of the Match, and at half time Cambridge were leading 8-5.

But after such a positive first half hour, Cambridge struggled to keep up their momentum in the second half, and quickly lost their advantage, the sides becoming locked at 9-9.

Cambridge were looking ever weaker and, despite a second goal from Morland, the Blues were powerless in the face of Oxford's attack, falling two goals behind. There was no response for the Blues, and in an ominous sign for next year's Varsity, Oxford solidly held on for victory.

The Week In Weather

FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	THUR

Hitori

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

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

Sudoku

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

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

Kakuro

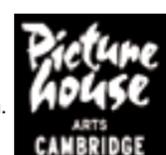
Fill the grid so that each run of squares adds up to the total in the box above or to the left. Use only numbers 1-9, and never use a number more than once per run (a number may reoccur in the same row in a separate run).

				9	9		
			5				
			20			15	
		17					13
8				8			
				6			
6					12		
					3		
		19					
			4				



COMPETITION

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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

