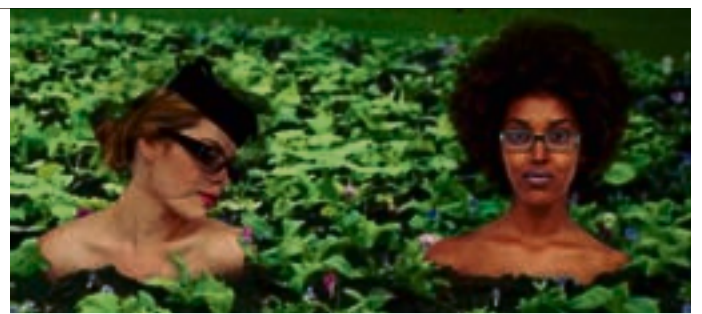


The rollercoaster of life, love and personal tragedy continues

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Issue No 661  
Friday October 12 2007  
varsity.co.uk

# VARSITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

## Dons respond to prostitution report

- » CUSU President calls national press coverage 'ridiculous'
- » Former prostitute: advert in local newspaper got me started

KATY LEE  
News Editor

Varsity's investigation last week into how far Cambridge students will go to make money has provoked a concerned response from the University and a storm of interest from the international press.

The investigation found that almost one in twenty Cambridge students write for Oxbridge essays, 350 are members of a website through which students offer dates for cash, and a very small group go much further, working as exotic dancers and prostitutes.

The story has received coverage from the BBC and national newspapers such as the Sun, the Telegraph and the Guardian, as well as newspapers from Italy, India and Mexico. A photograph of a scantily clad "vice girl", with nothing but the Cambridge crest to preserve her modesty appeared alongside a sensationalised account on the Sun's website.

The Cambridge Evening News has published extensive coverage over the past two days. One of the students profiled in the investigation told Varsity that it was after responding to an escort agency advert in the back of the CEN that she first got involved in prostitution. Despite Varsity's repeated attempts to discover whether this claim could be true, the newspaper has refused to comment.

CUSU president Mark Fletcher is worried that the press have misunderstood the services offered by students working for Take Me To Dinner, formerly known as Oxbridge Escorts. "This has led to the ridiculous suggestion that hundreds of Cambridge students could be working as prostitutes. This is so far from the truth it is obscene."

"We have no way of knowing whether various aspects of the article in Varsity are indeed true," said Dr Rob Wallach, Secretary



### Exerpts from the media furore

of the Senior Tutors' Committee. "The claim that 'hundreds' of students are involved is highly unlikely and the result of pure speculation."

In a statement released on Wednesday, Dr Wallach described the University as being "most concerned by the report". He maintained that the generous financial help offered by the University means students should not find themselves in a position where they are forced to cash in on their brains or bodies. "There is no reason why students should find themselves in such severe financial difficulty that they would have to resort to prostitution," he said.

Mark Phippen, head of Cambridge

University's counselling service, is worried that the ban on term time jobs and the unusual ways in which students are dealing with debt could have an adverse effect on students' mental health. "Certainly the areas of work that students are getting into - exotic dancing, Oxbridge Essays and so on, are better paid from a financial point of view, but I wonder if they leave students feeling good about themselves. Things like one's confidence and respect for oneself are difficult to put a monetary value on."

The University has also voiced concern in response to our claim that 500 Cambridge students sell bespoke essays to companies such as Oxbridge Essays. Dr Wallach

stated that colleges "strongly discourage" students from working for such companies, and questioned Oxbridge Essays' assertion that the buyers of essays do not submit them as their own work.

Oxbridge Essays' John Foster responded to the criticism yesterday. "Our website makes explicit that the intended purpose of our research is to serve as a model answer from which the client is inspired to improve his own work. All clients are required, before receiving work, to sign a legal agreement acknowledging that they understand this to be the purpose of the written materials we supply."

» Editorial p8

### UNIVERSITY STATEMENT

ROB WALLACH, SECRETARY OF THE SENIOR TUTORS' COMMITTEE

"There is no reason why students should find themselves in such severe financial difficulty that they would have to resort to prostitution. However the University and Colleges are aware that students can find themselves in financial difficulty and give support where they can. There is a range of support mechanisms, including hardship fund allowances and, as in all UK universities, a bursary scheme for students from lower income families which has just been extended substantially by the University.

"We have no way of knowing whether various aspects of the article in Varsity are in fact true. The claim that 'hundreds' of students are involved is highly unlikely and the result of pure speculation. We are most concerned by the report and College Senior Tutors would do everything they could to give support to students well before any found themselves in such a situation.

"Oxbridge Essays claim that students pay hundreds of pounds for model answers which they then do not submit as their own work. We think that claim, along with similar claims made by other essay websites, is very surprising and would question its accuracy.

"Plagiarism devalues the efforts of students who work hard to achieve their degrees. It also damages students who commit plagiarism, as they will not benefit from the teaching and learning experience which universities offer.

"The University and Colleges strongly discourage students from writing essays for companies such as Oxbridge Essays."

**Adrian Pascu-Tulbure**  
Style before substance



p10

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## In Brief

## Girton crisis averted

Girton JCR have denied rumours that a number of committee members are planning to resign in protest over the "unprofessional" conduct of their president, Karoline Klose.

Since Varsity started investigating the issue, the JCR committee have all put their names to a statement declaring their support for Klose and denying any plans to resign.

Klose says the matter has been "fully resolved". The ex-JCR president, Simon Burdus added that it is "complete nonsense... She is doing a great job."

Camilla Temple

## Naked chef to serve up pukka pasta in Market Square

Cambridge will be one of the first cities in the country to host Jamie Oliver's new high street restaurant chain "Jamie's Italian".

The "neighbourhood" restaurant opens in 2009 and will be situated in the Guildhall in the centre of Cambridge. Despite its prestigious patronage and location, the restaurant will serve affordable food, with dishes starting at just £5.00.

A spokesperson for Oliver said, "Jamie wanted this to be something affordable and accessible. Students are quite a key thing; if you look at the first three restaurants he's opening they are all in University towns. Hopefully there will be a few Cambridge students eating there and maybe even working there."

Pete MacIntyre

## Robinson accused of discrimination over freshers' ent

Robinson JCR have found themselves in hot water over their choice of freshers' week entertainment, provoking conflict between students, the Senior Tutor and the headline act, Circus of Horrors.

Michael Albert Brown, CUSU Ents Officer, was responsible for booking the "alternative rock'n'roll circus" and realised, in the weeks running up to the show, that an act featuring a dwarf might be considered insensitive. Brown contacted Circus of Horrors founder and Undead Ringmaster "Dr" Haze to try and cancel Captain Dan and bring a contortionist instead. Incidentally, Dan, the performer in question, attracted himself passing fame this summer by gluing his penis to a Hoover at the Edinburgh Fringe. Dan accused the college of trying to discriminate against him by denying him a job due to his size.

Enzo Mefsut

## All in the brain?

## » Baron-Cohen: men genetically predisposed to success in science

EMMA INKESTER  
Senior Reporter

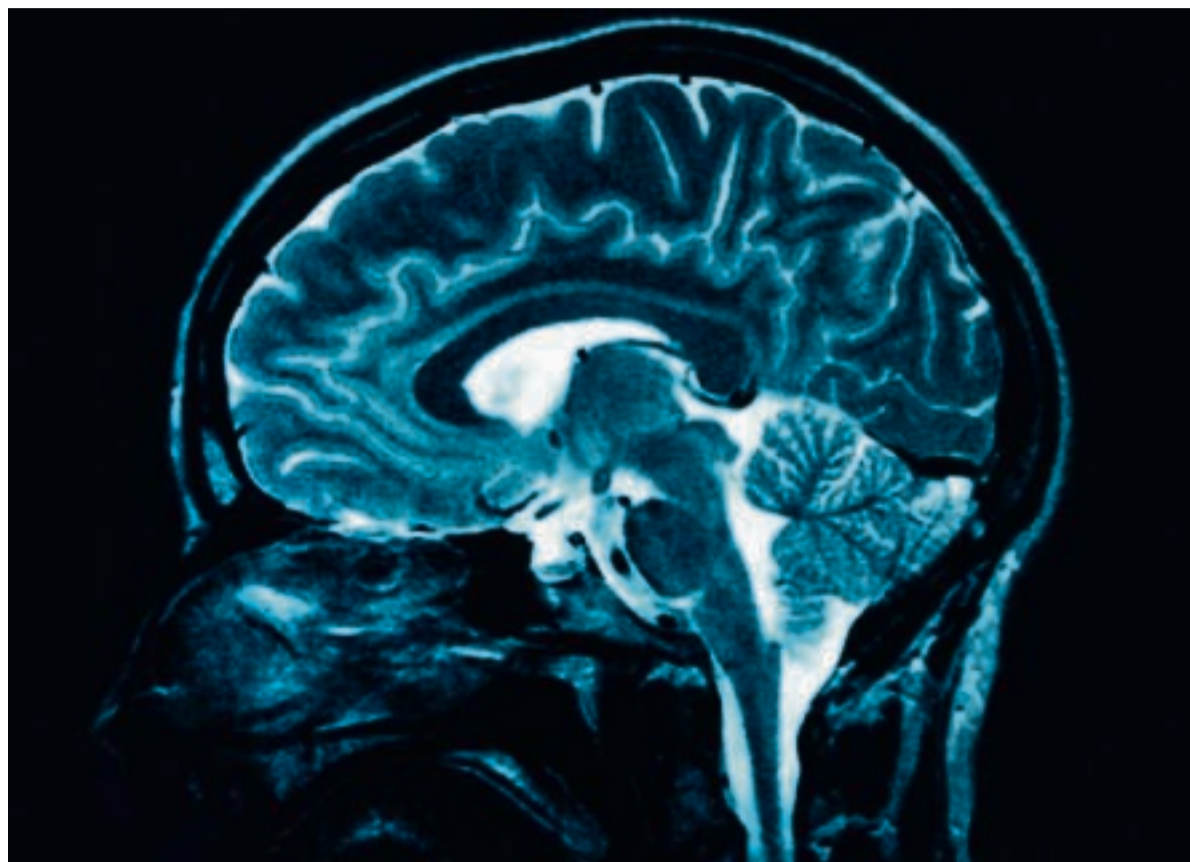
Cambridge autism expert Simon Baron-Cohen has courted controversy by claiming that female brains are more poorly adapted to scientific study than male brains.

Speaking on Monday at the Women and Science conference in Washington DC, Professor Baron-Cohen argued that there is an intrinsic difference between the male and female brain.

While the female brain is adapted for empathy, he said, the male brain is better suited to understanding and building systems. This would mean men generally perform better at science, map reading and building flat pack furniture. They are also more likely to be involved in physical fights due to their poorer ability to communicate their feelings, and have a greater chance of developing passions for train spotting and stamp collecting, pursuits that are both indicative of a systematic mind.

Baron-Cohen went on to argue that the greater suitability of male brains to science may be one of the root causes for the under representation of women in science, especially at the highest levels.

The Professor's claims have angered many of Cambridge's prominent female scientists. Debbie



Simon Baron-Cohen claims there are intrinsic differences between male and female brains

Waller, a postdoctoral researcher in physics, argues that scientific talent is unrelated to gender. "The lack of female representation at the higher levels is more an issue of child care provision and glass ceilings that are common to all high time and stress businesses, not just science," she said.

"And there's also social pressure. Peers and even teachers

tend to respond negatively to girls considering studying physical sciences at A-level. I know a number of female colleagues who were told by their school physics teachers that they shouldn't study the subject."

Professor Athene Donald, director of the university's Women in Science, Engineering and Technology initiative, told Varsity that "many

other factors come into play including social conditioning from school onwards and unconscious bias".

Baron-Cohen's cousin Sacha shocked audiences in his 2006 film *Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan*. As Ali G, he once asked a British feminist: "Do you think all girls should try feminism at least once?"

## Nobel prize for Christ's alumnus

BRADLEY NORMAN

A Christ's alumnus has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine.

Sir Martin Evans, who has been credited with the discovery of embryonic stem cells and the production of the first "knockout mouse", was yesterday announced the joint winner of this year's prize with Professors Mario Capecchi of the University of Utah and Oliver Smithies of the University of North Carolina.

The three scientists' work on knockout mice and gene targeting has had a significant influence on our understanding of disease.

The "knockout mouse" is a genetically engineered mouse that has had one or more of its genes made inoperable. By inactivating the gene and studying any differences that follow, scientists can infer the likely function of the gene. The method has already generated over five hundred mouse models of human disorders, including arthritis, diabetes and Parkinson's disease.

Sir Martin Rees, professor of cosmology and astrophysics and Master of Trinity College, described the announcement as "a fitting recognition of Sir Martin's groundbreaking research on embryonic stem cells."

"He is a world leader in mammalian genetics and his research has undoubtedly increased our understanding of human diseases. Stem

cell research has immense potential. It is a field in which UK scientists such as Martin have made pioneering contributions and maintain a powerful presence."

Professor Jim Smith, Chairman of the Gurdon Institute where Sir Martin Evans worked in the 1990s, said, "Martin Evans's work paved the way for the creation of 'knock-out' mice. His work has been, and will be, hugely important for our understanding of development and disease, and this award is richly deserved."

Dr Bill Colledge, who worked in Sir Martin Evans' lab from 1988 to 1995, said, "this award is an acknowledgment of the outstanding contribution that Martin Evans played in developing the technology that allows us to study the function of genes in a whole animal."

Evans graduated from Christ's in 1963 and completed a PhD at UCL. He returned to Cambridge in 1978 and was appointed Professor of Mammalian Genetics at the Department of Genetics.

It was at this point that he began to develop genetically mutated mice, and discovered the potential of embryonic stem cells for tissue regeneration after injury or disease.

He became an Honorary Fellow of St Edmund's College in 2002. He is currently Professor of Molecular Genetics at Cardiff University.

## Higher funding a 'matter of urgency'

## » Richard calls for more money for British graduate students

MARK TEEMESIN

University Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard has called for an urgent increase in funding for British postgraduates.

In her annual address to Regent House on October 2, Richard claimed that the decrease in numbers of British applicants to Cambridge doctoral degrees in comparison to foreign nationals has led to "dramatic shrinkage" in some fields.

"These students are not being kept out by international students: they are not applying, or not applying here," she told the governing body.

She speculated that British students and staff could one day be a "small minority" in a completely international university.

The Cambridge community is still predominately British, with British citizens accounting for 85 per cent of undergraduates. But only 50 per cent of postgraduate students are British, and Richard has warned that this figure is steadily dropping.

The number of home applicants to research degree courses has decreased from 1,231 to 864 in the last 10 years, whilst the number of EU and overseas applicants has increased steadily.

"We must improve funding for UK postgraduate students as a matter of urgency," she said.

She went on to suggest that an improvement to their rewards and career prospects would provide further incentives to British applicants. Such a change would be "important for the long term economic health of this country", as well as for Cambridge University.

Richard also warned that "we must be alert to the danger of unintended consequences driving our UK undergraduate numbers down", suggesting that tuition fees and inadequate government support could be discouraging British applicants to Cambridge at undergraduate level.

She emphasized that Cambridge should be a "magnet" for the best UK students, as well as attracting the most talented young people from overseas.

Simon Ford, secretary of the Graduate Union, agreed that Cambridge has a responsibility as a British university to provide for British students.

He told Varsity that "increases in the pay scale of those taking up professional research positions" could provide an incentive to potential postgraduate students.

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# UK universities 'failing to integrate foreign students'

» Report comes as Vice-Chancellor heads recruitment drive for international undergraduates

CAMILLA TEMPLE  
News Editor

The University has been forced to examine its attitude towards international students as a result of recent research highlighting the failure of British universities to help international students integrate with those from the UK.

Over 30,000 international students in Britain were questioned in the survey and their experiences were compared with those of 8,500 international students studying in Australia, the Netherlands, South Africa and the United States. Integration between international and home students was found to occur much more easily in these countries than in the UK.

UK universities fail to promote "mutual understanding and social interaction between UK and international students" according to Keith Herrmann, deputy chief executive for the Council for Industry

**"There is not really any help adjusting to the new environment. We are left alone to handle the situation."**

and Higher Education, which commissioned the research.

Gillian Wallace, Cambridge University's international officer, justifies the lack of specific welfare specifically for international students – who make up over a quarter of all students in the university – by claiming that "their welfare is not always separate from other forms of student welfare. The colleges and in particular the tutorial system are the main ways in which international students are supported."

Wei Shen Aikh, a Natural Science student at Queen's, complained that international students "are left alone to handle the situation" and there was "not really" any help with adjusting to a new environment. He knows many who simply "didn't integrate" and relied on cultural societies to make friends of the same nationality.

The university's report made over 25 different recommendations for improving the experience of international students. Problems highlighted in the report include students having to pay £1500 in order to take an essential English language course. Despite the recommendations, this fee still stands, and many students experience serious difficulties financing this on top of the existing fees.

Amiya Bhatia, an Indian SPS student, feels that international students have "a hard time initially... but the college system provides a lot of indirect support because of the way in which it mixes up students of all backgrounds within a close knit



International night at Soul Tree

RICHARD GARDNER

community."

Yashita Tripathi, an Indian business student at Anglia Ruskin, mainly spends time with other international students because she has found it difficult to make links with UK students.

According to Gillian Wallace, Cambridge's international officer, "progress has been made in various areas. The International Office now organizes a Lent orientation programme as well as a Michaelmas one and also produces an annual A-Z guide for international students."

Johanna Mitterhofer, International Officer for the Newnham JCR, is a strong advocate of an extra freshers' week for international students. "For some of them it is the first time they have come to Britain," says Mitterhofer. "Many things that are obvious and familiar to UK students can seem very strange. It does take some time to settle into a completely new environment and to get used to a different culture as well as a different language."

For the international student, social difficulties coexist with financial ones. Recent research carried out for the Higher Education Policy Institute found that more than a quarter of overseas students from

outside the EU said that their degrees were poor or very poor value for money.

Under the current system EU students are classed as home students, but non-EU students pay £9,000 to study arts subjects, £12,000 for sciences and £22,000 for clinical subjects every year. This does not include the additional £4000 college fee in Cambridge.

Alison Richard, the vice-chancellor, issued a statement saying that she wishes Cambridge "to attract the attention of bright, inquiring students whatever their background and wherever they may be."

Carl Gobel, the CUSU international representative, responded: "I don't think high fees and limited bursaries are the right way to achieve this. Undergraduate students find it very hard to cover significant amounts of their tuition fees; often only small college grants of a few hundred pounds are available."

International students often turn to companies and businesses for funding, but these come with an unavoidable catch. Voon Kiat, a Malaysian overseas student, is studying engineering and has a scholarship from a company in his home country. This means that he must return to

£30k

estimated annual cost of studying and living in Cambridge for foreign students

3,198

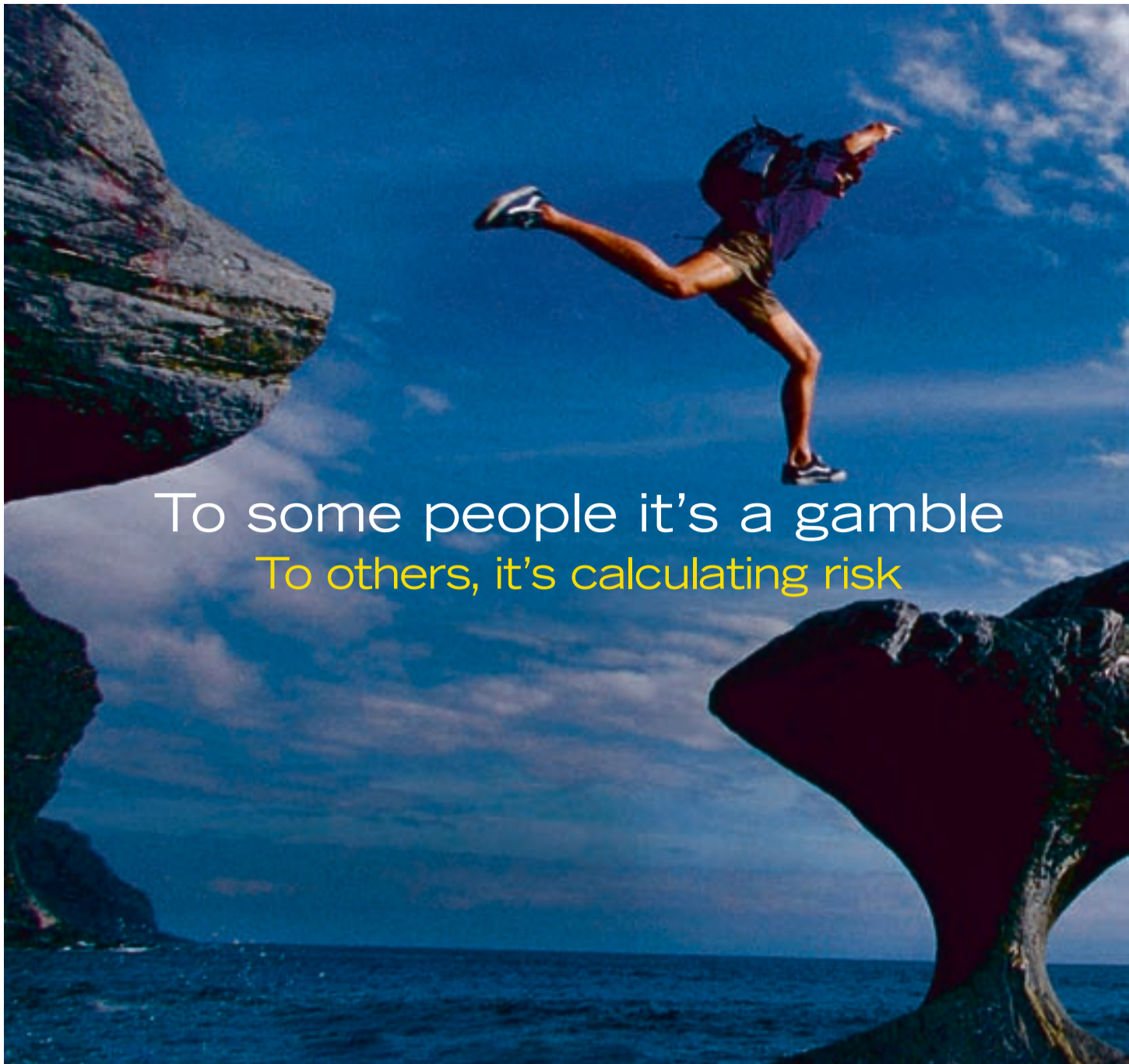
overseas students in Cambridge

work in Malaysia after his degree, something he says he is starting to feel "unsure" about having committed to.

In response to allegations that the university relies on international students to gain extra funding, a Cambridge University working party report into international student recruitment, selection and support was launched. The study, headed by educational pro vice-chancellor Professor Merveena McKendrick, claimed that in fact "international students place major demands on resources".

The report defended the university, claiming: "Cambridge's interest is not in increasing numbers for financial gain, but in recruiting for student quality. The pursuit of quality is costly and further reduces the financial benefit of admitting overseas students."

Whilst Alison Richard says she is keen to "take Cambridge to the world", there is currently no one responsible for international recruitment in the University. According to Wallace, the International Officer, this is because the university is in the "fortunate position of being able to select, rather than needing to recruit."



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The Cambridge Union



# Don Air takes off

» New airship will take passengers from Oxford to Cambridge in under an hour

ANGELA FANSHAWE

Plans were unveiled this week for an airship to transport passengers between Oxford and Cambridge.

It is hoped that the SkyCat hybrid air vehicle will be able to transport up to two coach loads of people between the cities in under one hour and at a cost of approximately £10 for a one way journey.

Gordon Taylor, of Hybrid Air Vehicles, feels the airship could fill a gap in the market by providing the first direct route between the cities since the "varsity line" trains closed over thirty years ago.

According to the company's website, the craft combines "lighter-than-air airship technology and air cushioned hovercraft technology".

This means that the SkyCat can land on a range of terrains, including snow and water. It is also an environmentally friendly means of transport, as it consumes just a small amount of diesel or biodiesel fuel.

Oxbridge students have expressed mixed opinions about the service. One student from St. Hugh's College, Oxford, told Varsity, "I don't understand why you wouldn't just use the train like everybody else. I guess I would think about using it. I think that the potential price is very good but it does sound a bit dangerous."

But Mr Taylor is confident of the airship's safety record. "Our teams have been working for more than 35 years flying traditional airships and nobody even sprained an ankle. It's a very safe form of transportation," he said.

Although the proposed model is still under development, a number of prototypes have already been flown successfully.

At the moment, funding remains the pressing issue. With an estimated cost of tens of millions of pounds, Hybrid Air Vehicles needs investment for the project to be successful.

They are currently looking to obtain funding from the government, private institutions, and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

But a Cambridge spokesman said, "The University has not been approached by this company. We would need to see a detailed proposal with analysis of likely passenger take-up before we could comment further."



The SkyCat hybrid air vehicle will travel from Oxford to Cambridge in less than an hour

GORDON TAYLOR

The idea does seem popular in local Huntingdonshire, a district of Cambridgeshire which has redundant airbases that are potentially appropriate for the project.

Corinne Garbett, of Huntingdonshire District Council, expressed hope that the plans would have benefits for the local community.

"The manufacture of component parts for the airship industry would complement our current business sectors and provide high-value jobs for the district."

Flying between Oxford and Cambridge is not a new idea. A commercial plane travelling between

the two cities was proposed by the teenage entrepreneur Martin Halstead in 2005.

By 2006, the airline Sky Commuter had taken up the idea. But the service was cancelled due to lack of demand just two months after its 22-minute inaugural flight.

The proposals for the new airship are currently being developed by the company Hybrid Air Vehicles in Bedfordshire, but it may be up to three and a half years before it is ready for public use.

The company has yet to obtain sufficient funding and permission to use the relevant airspace.

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- » Cost: £9 single

### Train

- » Quickest route: Cambridge – London King's Cross (change train) – London Paddington (change train) – Oxford
- » Journey time: 2 hours 40 minutes
- » Cost: £40 single

# John's 80s ent axed after dessert debacle sours celebrations

ALEX GLASNER

St John's freshers' week was cut short after the cancellation of the main event. The night, which had a 1980s theme and was scheduled to take place on October 6, was supposed to mark the end of freshers' week and the start of academic work. The college Dean, Peter Linehan, is alleged to have cancelled it as a result of disorderly behaviour in the college.

It appears that the Dean's attention had been drawn to students drinking from bottles in college corridors and taking part in the notorious "pennying" rituals. The activity is familiar throughout the University but in its Johnian version a penny is dropped on a victim's dessert, which must then be eaten without using their cutlery or hands. One fresher saw this as an unfair requirement and reported the incident to the Dean.

Linehan, a known disciplinarian, is understood to have called a meeting with the JCR at a time when several of their members had scheduled lectures. Angered that none of the committee attended, Linehan is understood to have cancelled the ent immediately. The Dean was not swayed by the JCR's argument that a DJ had

already been booked. It is not clear whether Fellows of St John's College supported his decision. When asked why he had cancelled the ent, Linehan said that he could not "discuss disciplinary matters".

In an email to Johnian undergraduates on the afternoon of the scheduled ent, St John's JCR President

Martin Kent informed students that the ent had been "cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances". Since then, the John's JCR have erected a wall of silence, refusing to talk to our reporters.

Christ's College also had an ent scheduled for the evening of October 6, at the Cambridge Union.

Many Johnians are reported to have joined this party spontaneously and in full 80s costume, action which the JCR did not sanction. Of equal surprise is the fact that the DJ booked for the John's ent, DJ Munchie, turned up to the Union. Most students expressed relief that Christ's had been planning a party on the same evening. "We were just thankful for a place to go," said one Johnian.

Opinion in the college was divided on the issue. One fresher, who asked to remain anonymous, described the move as a "ludicrous decision". Some students have also privately criticized the decision to demand time out of the JCR's academic timetable.

This is the first time in undergraduate memory that St John's have been forced into the cancellation of an ent. Asked whether future ents might suffer the same fate, Linehan stressed that "it has not proved necessary to do so before".



Some hands-free fun at a Johnian formal

LOUISE HAINSWORTH

# Varsityprofile

## » Quentin Skinner

KATY LEE

Quentin Skinner will be stepping down as Regius Professor of Modern History at the end of this academic year, having reached the university's compulsory retirement age of 67.

"I'm leaving because I'm being told to go," he jokes. After relinquishing the Regius chair he will take up a position at Queen Mary, University of London, as a distinguished visiting professor in the humanities.

Skinner graduated from Caius in 1962 with a double-starred first in history, and was immediately elected to a teaching fellowship at Christ's upon finishing his Tripos. He describes this event as "a weird thing that would never, of course, happen nowadays", claiming that the sudden expansion of higher education in Britain in the 1960s made it easy for academics to find work.

Skinner has held this position ever since, and is also now an honorary fellow of Caius. He was appointed to the chair of political science in 1978, and became Regius Professor of Modern History in 1996. He was also one of the university's pro-Vice Chancellors in 1999.

Skinner wrote his first book during a four-year stay at Princeton. The *Foundations of Modern Political Thought* is now available in twelve languages, and was nominated by

the Times Literary Supplement in 1996 as one of the most influential books of the previous 50 years.

Skinner is a central figure in the "Cambridge School" of the history of political thought, which treats political texts as historically-situated acts. His chief area of interest is the intellectual history of early modern Europe, particularly renaissance culture and 17th century political philosophy.

"I'm a historian, and much of my effort goes into trying to understand the circumstances in which particular theories were developed," he explains.

Skinner has also advocated an approach concentrated on trying to identify the motives for writing of authors such as Thomas Hobbes, Thomas More and Machiavelli.

He is married to Professor Susan James, who lectured in Philosophy in Cambridge for many years and is now teaching at Birkbeck, University of London. The couple have two children.

Skinner has just finished a new book describing the "crucial moment in the English Revolution when classical republican ideas of freedom were challenged by Hobbes's completely different understanding". *Hobbes and Republican Liberty* will be published by Cambridge University Press this February.

### » born

LANCASHIRE, 1940

### » 48 years

IN CAMBRIDGE, SINCE SKINNER  
MATRICULATED AT GONVILLE AND  
CAIUS

### » 23 books

PUBLISHED AND EDITED

### » 12 languages

INTO WHICH *THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN POLITICAL THOUGHT*, SKINNER'S FIRST BOOK, HAS BEEN TRANSLATED SINCE HE PUBLISHED IT 30 YEARS AGO



NIGEL LUCKHURST

## Baylis: screen kids for trauma

EMMA INKESTER

A Cambridge academic has argued that children should be screened for traumas that could hold them back for life.

Dr Nick Baylis, co-director of Cambridge University's Well-Being Institute, suggested that children should be tested once a year for "emotional shrapnel" in the same way that regular eye tests are administered.

Speaking to the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' conference in Bournemouth last week, Dr Baylis warned delegates that traumatic incidents in early life could leave a "nasty dent" on children's "emotional repertoire". This could trigger negative emotional response patterns throughout life.

He pointed to bereavement, anger or isolation as possible causes of future suffering, and insisted that special care must be taken to alleviate their effects.

As a solution, the academic suggests that all primary and secondary schools set aside a day each year in which pupils undergo psychological testing for emotional traumas, with the eventual aim that "they spot for themselves when they're trapped in an emotion".

He assured delegates that the day would "pay for itself ten fold in terms of their public achievement and personal wellbeing".

Baylis, who describes himself as a "well-being scientist", told Varsity that his proposal is based on work in both high security prisons and top public schools. "My work isn't based on any particular study, it's based on my experience as a professional in the field, of what might be going on in the lives of young adults and what might be helpful."

He stated that Britain is "very short of ideas" on how to help young people become able adults, untroubled by anxiety or addiction.

Baylis went on to argue that a

"formal study of lifetimes" should be part of the national curriculum. He believes that the study of celebrities who have dealt level-headedly with success would mean that pupils' own lives could be informed by "what's worked well for those who've gone before them", enabling them to experience "joie de vivre" rather than simply "muddling through".

But Baylis' theories have met with scepticism from other Cambridge academics. Michael Lamb, head of social psychology and lecturer on childhood emotional development, has expressed concern about the possible narrowness of Baylis' suggestions. He warned that children vary widely in their capacities to cope with experiences, and stressed the importance of recognizing the necessity of treating "individual vulnerabilities" with specialist care.

"I'm not sure that schools have the resources and expertise to do the kinds of 'checks' that are being suggested here." Instead, schools can and do play an important role as part of the 'team around the child' providing integrated multidisciplinary attention to children's diverse needs."

Professor Lamb cited the death of eight year old Victoria Climbié in 2001 as a catalyst for increased emotional intervention in schools. The young girl died from abuse and neglect whilst living with her aunt, and an inquiry called for much more stringent care to be taken by England's teachers.

Baylis suggests that this care should now be extended using very specific measures and timescales.

"I challenge anyone to give me evidence that a widespread problem with unrecognised and untreated emotional traumas does not exist. The onus should be on schools and colleges to prove that they do not need to run the sorts of ubiquitous educational training days for emotional awareness that I would so dearly like to see trialled."



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# Oxbridge plan nationwide 'access bus' tour

## » OUSU and CUSU join forces to encourage applicants from comprehensive schools

KATY LEE  
News Editor

CUSU and the Oxford University Student Union are to join forces to launch an "access tour bus" aimed at boosting state school applications to Oxbridge. A delegation of students from the two universities will visit comprehensive schools across the country this April.

Oxford and Cambridge already cooperate on access via regional Oxbridge Conferences, but the new project, named the Comprehensive Campaign, will be the first

time CUSU and OUSU have ever worked together on a joint access operation.

"We'll be taking a bus of students from the two universities on tour, and we hope to answer questions about student life, applications, and finance," says Charlotte Richer, CUSU access officer. "The aim is to reach students directly to break down the myths and the stereotypes surrounding Cambridge. CUSU felt that the project would have more impact if it was a joint scheme with Oxford - the problems facing the two universi-

ties are the same."

It is not yet known how much

**"Access isn't a competition. we achieve more by working together"**

the project will cost, but according to Richer OUSU are prepared to pay half of the bill. She hopes

the project will promote greater cooperation between two universities with a long established rivalry. "Access isn't a competition. In many respects we can achieve more by working together," she told Varsity.

"The advantage of having students from both universities is that there will be information about both of them available. It may be that the course they want to do is better at Oxford or at Cambridge. If you want to do a joint honours course, you would go for Oxford. If you want to do a general Natu-

ral Sciences degree, then Oxford might not be suitable for you."

Richer has rejected claims that the initiative is a response to strong criticism of Oxford and Cambridge in the national media, after a report by the Sutton Trust revealed that a third of the universities' students come from just 100 elite schools. "One of the frustrating things about the Sutton Report is that it suggested things that we're already doing. It highlighted the need to focus on access, which is something that CUSU's been doing for quite a few years now."



Queens

### Staircase of horror

After the first momentous Queens' bop of the year, a certain rather inebriated gentleman (Sambuca, probably) felt the need to relieve himself in not one, but two of the Cripps' staircases. And when we say relieve, this was not in the liquid sense. Two fully-fledged brown nuggets were deposited in the college, no doubt much to the chagrin of the oblivious freshers, outside whose rooms the disgraceful deed had taken place.

Clare

### Finalist gets an eyeful

The morning after a somewhat spirited evening spent with her boyfriend, one extremely anxious new female student hurriedly made her way to the college nurse with what one could only describe as an unusual eye complaint. During the course of the evening her rather hapless young man, slightly miss-timing his release, aimed accurately into the ophthalmic area. A shriek of horror and pain ensued as our heroine's vision was unexpectedly obscured. The college nurse was reportedly highly sympathetic. She assured the young lady that, while some redness and discomfort may occur, what had entered her eye was most likely completely harmless - and had the added benefit of being rich in nutrients.

Trinity

### A most unchristian boshing

A young lady of upstanding character and formerly unassailable virtue took an unexpected and most regrettable moral tumble this week when she succumbed to the temptations of alcohol. More than usually uninhibited, our protagonist was lured into further depravation by what can only be described as an opportunistic scoundrel. Not only was her vow of premarital chastity overturned in the passion of the moment, but the entrance of her hitherto unfulfilled boyfriend put paid to any further pleasure. The jilted swain proceeded to beat the guilty rascal to a pretty pulp in recompense for his shocking and dishonourable conduct. Good show.



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# VARSITY

Established in 1947  
Issue No 661

Old Examination Hall, Free School Lane, Cambridge, CB2 3RF  
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## Scandalmongers and Samaritans

There has been international interest in last week's Varsity interview with a Cambridge student who has worked as a prostitute. Broadly speaking, there have been two lines of response. On one level there has been a drive to sensationalise the issue as far as possible, with the whole media circus trying to interview, name and expose the student involved. The second reaction has focussed on student welfare, latching onto the idea that a student would only become involved in an activity such as prostitution when in dire financial straits.

One of the papers carrying the story, the Cambridge Evening News, reported in a manner hardly reflecting the range of advertisements for escorting and massage services regularly included on their pages. Their leader column yesterday bemoaned prostitution as "a very dangerous, slippery slope – one that ruins young people's lives." We do not disagree. But perhaps the newspaper's advertising policy and editorial moralising are not quite in synch. CEN did not contact Varsity before reprinting any of the material and the subsequent interview with our reporters was conducted before Varsity had seen their initial treatment of the story. We believe that our coverage has been misrepresented. It may be that CEN are merely embarrassed at having to wait for the Press Association to tell them about a story which was sitting right under their noses for five days. Or perhaps they were merely out of their depth, not used to having to report on a serious news story instead of their more customary diet of local under-11 football matches and flower arranging conventions.

Varsity produced a piece of investigative reporting into the ways in which students finance their degrees and lifestyles and into the more insalubrious channels open to those who choose to make use of them. It was not intended as a scandal and it was not intended as a call for help.

The extent of prostitution among Cambridge students is still unclear, and to generalise from one isolated case study would be foolish. This was a student who did see her job, at least at times, as a glamorous one, and who was happy to come forward and talk about her experiences in terms which were not overwhelmingly negative. Had she not occasionally viewed herself as something of a Belle du Jour, it is very possible that she would not have agreed to speak out.

There is certainly a more sordid side to prostitution in the city of Cambridge. It is possible that there is a more sordid side to prostitution in the University and it is possible that there are people to whom welfare networks would do well to reach out. But we know that the University is shot through with support systems at all levels, and we have seen no evidence to disprove the old tradition that once you're in, the institution will support you to the end. None of those involved in Varsity's investigation gave any call for welfare officers. They had, by their own admissions, made the decision to accept the payoff between a comfortable life and a less comfortable means of financing it.

Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and to ARU each week.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

letters@varsity.co.uk

### We Must Abolish Private Education

For all its eloquent turns of phrase and broad, literate vocabulary, Ed Cummings' article on admissions (An Unsurprising Elite, 28th September) was intellectually lazy and contradictory. As such, the article's mismatch between form and content serves to undermine its own argument: it proves that you can polish a turd, especially with the help of a private education.

For Cummings fatally conflates the 'best schools' with 'the best students'. The mere fact of going to a very expensive school does not in itself confer merit. With sufficient help and coaching, even a mediocre student can achieve five As at A-level and summon



sufficient brio to blag their way through an interview. Again, this isn't an indicator of their intelligence: merely a function of their class background. Meanwhile, highly able students from rough schools routinely fail to get As because of the obstacles that low-income life and disruptive school environments throw in their way.

Crucially, the defining feature of private schools is not only that they are 'better' than state schools, but also that one has to pay. Although he bleats about "meritocracy", Cummings admits that these schools are there for those "either able to foot the fees or bright enough to secure a scholarship". Because scholarships are necessarily a minority, Cummings finds himself defending a system under which one can pay to cheat

the meritocratic system by buying success. That's unjust. A good education should be a right, not a very expensive privilege. We must abolish private education.  
**Edward Maltby**  
St John's College

### An Incomplete Argument

The visit by Bjorn Lomborg, author of the 'Sceptical Environmentalist' to the Union was interesting, though controversial.

One member of the audience asked why he had not mention the effect of global warming on agriculture and water supplies in his talk. Lomborg replied to this by saying he did not have time to address everything. He added that the growing population of the world would cause a water shortage anyway. Yet surely climate change will only make this worse?

Lomborg seemed pessimistic about ever preventing climate change. He stated that the Kyoto Protocol costs \$180 Billion per year and will only delay the warming by 5 years. I found his use of economic figures confusing. How can you put a price on a human life in the future?

However, as well as his pessimism about preventing climate change, he seemed optimistic that global development and progress will generate enough wealth to solve all the problems caused by climate change. This poses the question; how will this development occur if it is hindered by catastrophic climate change?

After Lomborg's talk it struck me that he had not once mentioned the idea of a climate 'tipping point' and the risk of positive feedback mechanisms caused by warming. I had the opportunity to ask Lomborg after his talk why he had not mentioned this at all. His response was that he did not mention it as the science was not definite on this issue, but he did

admit that it is likely such a 'tipping point' does exist. This struck me as a glaring omission from his argument.

**Helena Wright**  
Secretary, Cambridge People and Planet

### Girton JCR Stands Strong

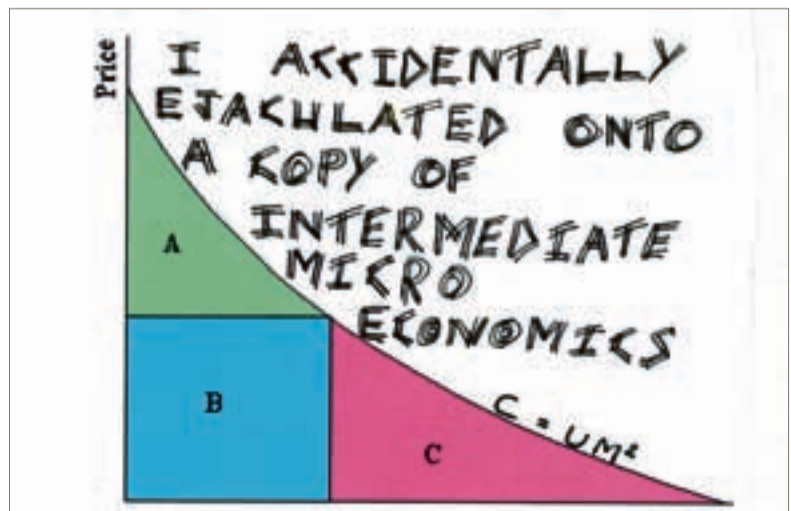
Please find below a list of the JCR Committee members which undersigned the following statement. The entire Committee has signed which clearly shows that the rumours about the JCR Committee threatening to step down are not true.

"I am not in anyway planning to step down from the JCR Committee and I support Karoline Klose as President of the JCR at Girton College."

Gemma Brady- Vice President, Stef Porter- Treasurer, Deborah Margolis, Secretary/External, Jon Webb - Ents Officer, Tom Fitch - Ents, Carrie Raynham, Wolfson Court Bar and Ents Officer, Joanna Harries Welfare and Academic (Women's), Nick Evans - Welfare, Breanne Mc Ivor - Ethnic Minorities Officer, Luke Andrews - LBGT rep, Dave Walsh - Target Schools Officer, Bernard Travers - JCR Webmaster and Computer Representative, Daniel Ryder-Cook - Bike Rep, Mothusi Turner - Representative for International Students, Roz Tandy - Green Officer, Jonny Tassell - Wolfson Court Officer, Jordan - Comms Officer, Rishi Baveja - Comms Officer, Ewan Livingston - Girton JCR Curator, Tom Klaentschi - Girton JCR Bar Rep

**Karoline Klose**  
Girton JCR President

Letter of the week will receive a bottle of wine from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants



## CONFESS TO

the Bishop of Ely



Anything to declare? Sniffed some scandal?

Post your secrets to us or email confess@varsity.co.uk

All submissions remain totally anonymous



# “Of what use to students?”

For years, Spanish art has been marginalised and left out of the textbooks. **Marjorie Trusted** defends a “repulsive” art of agony and ecstasy.

Spain remains on the periphery for most European art-lovers, particularly British connoisseurs. Spanish painting from the Golden Age, with the notable exceptions of El Greco, Murillo and Velázquez, is shunned. Spanish sculpture barely registers at all, and most people would be hard-pressed to name any pre-twentieth-century Spanish sculptor. When the South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert Museum) acquired various impressive baroque sculptures from the Peninsula in the mid-nineteenth century, an article in a contemporary magazine, *The Art-Journal*, shrieked out, “Of what use to [students] can those hideous Spanish terracottas be, that represent the Saviour and various saints in the most repulsive style?”

## “Religious art in Spain was designed to appeal directly to the emotions.”

—Why is Spanish art still today marginalised and frequently ignored? It does not figure at all for example in Ernst Gombrich’s *Story of Art*, a much revered standard text for students of art history. One obvious reason is exactly the criticism voiced by the nineteenth-century writer quoted above: the style is simply too expressive. In addition, the nature of Roman Catholicism in Spain affected and still affects Northern Protestants’ reactions to Iberian art. “I didn’t expect the Spanish Inquisition!” may be an overly familiar Monty Python line now, but the sentiment recalls the shudders people (both Spaniards and foreigners) felt at the autocracy of the religious powers in Spain, especially during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This gave rise to the so-called Black Legend, the belief held by many outside Spain that here was a country subject to the tyranny of the church and of the monarch.

Religious art in Spain was designed to appeal directly to the emotions. Visual art, rather than the words of the Bible, were used to inculcate the faithful with correct dogma. Great processional groups of life-size and life-like figures enacting scenes from the Passion are carried annually through the streets of towns and cities throughout Spain during Holy Week, with music playing and crowds lining up to participate, a tradition which has been in force since medieval times. The

blood and agony of the crucified Christ, and the expressive sorrow of the Virgin are rendered in intensely realistic forms on floats which show narrative scenes of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross and so on. In the churches and cathedrals prayers are offered up to polychromed gilt figures of the Holy Family and saints placed on altarpieces. Often the dead Christ is shown on a bier, the white-green flesh and crimson blood eerily suggesting a real corpse, rather than a work of art. Flickering candles within dark chapels and perhaps the smell of incense add to the sense of a display which is both extraordinarily naturalistic and at the same time overtly theatrical. This sort of show was indeed “repulsive” to those who had been brought up in a post-Reformation culture, where responding to such images was verging on idolatry.

Conversely, Italian art, which is always top of the tree in the study of art history and for tourists (whether today’s trippers, or the Grand Tourists of the eighteenth century), may be Roman Catholic, but its style is usually far more classicising, the sculpture often white marble, rather than naturalistically-coloured wood, embellished with gilding. In one sense both the sculpture and painting are descendants from the art of the ancient Romans, more controlled and more consciously works of art, rather than devotional images. Most art-lovers make a point of visiting Italy, but Spain was always perceived as trickier, and was not part of the Grand Tour. “The mere fact of having travelled at all in Spain has a peculiarity which is denied to the more hackneyed countries of Europe.” So wrote the great writer and traveller in Spain, Richard Ford (1796-1858) in 1846. The practical and indeed political difficulties of visiting Spain could be offputting. It was riven by civil wars during the nineteenth century, and this perceived general lawlessness and disorder made foreign visitors fear at best logistical problems, and at worst violent attacks by bandits. The British under Wellington had fought the Napoleonic troops occupying Spain and Portugal in the Peninsular War earlier on in the century, but in a sense that conflict merely confirmed the general British view that here was a country vulnerable to attack and civil mayhem. More recently the upheavals of the Spanish civil war of the 1930s, and the subsequent Fascist rule under General Franco meant that Spain remained beyond the pale for much of the last century.



The 2006 Velázquez exhibition at the National Gallery in London showed that Spanish art can be extremely popular in this country, and anyone remotely interested in painting finds the Prado one of the greatest treasure-houses in the world. It is almost always packed with visitors. Few however visit churches in Spain, except for Gaudí’s Sagrada Família in Barcelona, or San Lorenzo at El Escorial, where the Habsburgs are buried, and where the magnificent altarpiece by Pompeo Leoni and others looms up within the great sixteenth-century interior. Perhaps now though the very characteristics of Spanish art which nineteenth-century observers found disquieting can be re-discovered and appreciated anew. Many Spanish works of art which will sweep the receptive viewer off his or her feet are in London: Zurbarán’s *St Francis* or Bermejo’s great *St Michael*, both in the National Gallery, with their expressive emotions and dark dramatic intensity; Alonso Cano’s *Vision of St John* in the Wallace Collection, with its startling bright qualities and superb realism, and last but not least the magnificent and gigantic Valencian painted altarpiece dedicated to *St George*, and dating from the fourteenth century in the V&A. In addition many great Spanish sculptures are housed at the V&A, such as an extraordinary painted terracotta figure group by one of the few woman sculptors of the seventeenth century, Luisa

## “Perhaps now the very characteristics of Spanish art which nineteenth-century observers found so disquieting can be re-discovered.”

Roldán. Now perhaps we can respond to emotion, drama and religious intensity without fear of being contaminated by Spanish tyranny or totalitarianism. We can respond to colour and realism without being anxious that this will mean we don’t truly understand the *Venus de Milo* or the *Belvedere Torso*. Enjoy!

*Marjorie Trusted is Senior Curator of Sculpture at the Victoria and Albert Museum.*



I'm confused. The ruling class is trying to tell me something, but I'm not sure what.

On the one hand, we're all meant to be terribly alone. Thatcher said that there is no such thing as society. Sarkozy says that the answer to your problems has nothing to do with anyone else, but with the individualistic formula "work more to earn more". A tall order for the thousands of public servants he's sacking. Dr Arif Ahmed's article in this august organ (Issue 569, 28 September) parroted the old dogma that all Western progress is the result of atomised individuals beavering away at their own projects in isolation (it's just that this process unconsciously and serendipitously produces an economy based on the exploitation of one class by another). Like Scarface, then, when asked whom they trust,

### "We're all meant to be terribly alone."

the good liberal citizen replies, "I trust me". If you want anything, shut up and work for it. If you've got a problem, it's probably your own fault.

But there is another tendency in official discourse. When applying for a job at a coffee chain, I was told that I would be a "member of a team". The feeling of exclusivity was heightened when I was informed that the terms of my employment contract were secret, and I could not even discuss them with my mother. A club with secret rules! Gosh! Just like William and the Outlaws! Who would have thought that working for a multinational could be so...cuddly? Everywhere, bosses are trying to be our friends. They want workers to make an emotional investment in the success of their firm, to feel that they and their employers are engaged in a common project. Hence all the shops which avow a "passion" for whatever they're selling: they want employees to forget petty spats over things like low pay or job insecurity, and join hands with their boss in the crusade for better coffee, faster burgers, or whatever.

Perhaps, like with dreams, these two contradictory models only make sense when you look at what they *don't* say. The opposite of both the atomised liberal society and the creepy happy-families model of worker-boss relations is worker solidarity, worker organisation, in a word, unions. Both discourses swung into action during the tube strike: on the one hand, why were these workers betraying their covenant with their Metronet bosses who only wanted what was best for them? On the other hand, why were they even clubbing together at all? If they were worried about losing their jobs and pensions, why didn't they just work harder or retrain? The rightwing papers and the bosses were determined that we would not come to the correct conclusion: that all people who work for a living have more in common with each other than with their respective employers; that there is a fundamental conflict of collective interest between those who work for wages, and those who pay them.



Michael Hilton

## Supply-side narcotics

Dealing with the drugs trade has got to start at home

If we as a country wish to stem the use of illegal drugs, the hard work must be done at home, not deep in the Amazon. The conflict in Iraq is not the only war that the United States stands no chance of winning. First place at the American futility awards goes to the war on drugs, not to the war on terror. When compared with the White House's continued inability to stifle coca production in South America, their actions in the Gulf appear positively successful.

Since the year 2000, the United States military have been spraying Colombian coca fields with a chemical so toxic that it is banned at home. It permanently poisons the land, and causes severe sickness in people and animals – think Agent Orange in Vietnam. In Peru and Bolivia, where its use has been prohibited, troops rip up the plants by hand. Funds to regenerate the damaged communities and offer alternative means of survival have failed to materialise. Few crops flourish deep in the jungle and none offers the returns of coca. The spraying succeeds only in casting the United States as the enemy. It is little wonder that its citizens cannot walk the streets of Bogotá without being kidnapped or that many young American travellers now sew Canadian flags onto their backpacks.

Maybe the firm hand could be deemed necessary if it reduced the flow of cocaine to western streets, or taught the drug producers a serious lesson. But while the American "Drug Czar" John P. Walters believes that "cultivation

and trafficking in Colombia are under pressure as you've never seen it before", nobody else does. Aside from seasonal variation, the price, purity and availability of cocaine have changed little since the early 1990s. Supply has not been affected. The Americans are not alone in this – the current war in Afghanistan has seen the Taliban's production of opium soar to previously unknown levels.

Waging chemical warfare on coca farmers simply does not work. The

Add to this the inaccessible nature of the jungle and the vast sums of money available to pay off local officials and it is little wonder that the latest president's efforts have proved as ineffective as every other since the declaration of the war by President Nixon in 1970.

Coca is embedded in South American life. Numerous museums on the tourist circuit underline its cultural and historical importance. The Incas were wise to its potential, building long trails into the

have a life expectancy of 45. They work twelve hour shifts, six days a week, at 4200m above sea level. The rock is so thick with arsenic that it is dangerous to eat. Chewing coca leaves staves off hunger and helps maintain strength. Coca leaves continue to play a crucial practical and ceremonial role as they have for thousands of years. Even Peruvian President Alan Garcia recently contended that coca can be consumed "directly and elegantly in a salad", adding that it often is in his palace.

The affluence and demands of the western world have turned this staple crop into plant enemy number one. The hysteria is such that a single coca leaf or mint-sized sweet in a tourist's bag has them dragged off by authorities. Laying the blame outside our borders is easy. In reality, the rising levels of drug usage can only be tackled at home.

A recent UN survey estimated that nearly 3 per cent of the British population used cocaine in the past year, and that over 7 per cent will do so at some point in their lifetime. The problem is in our own back yard. In Britain, the little drug advice offered in schools focuses solely on the health risks. With a drug like cocaine, where the danger is minimal, this does little to curb usage. There is no awareness of those who continue to lose their lives in its production, and where demand is so strong, any attempt to solve the problem by attacking its source alone is bound to fail. If the war is to have any prospect of success it must be fought on a different front.



planes destroy many hectares of crop and many farmers' livelihoods but production continues to outstrip demand. Local farmers have become experts in "guerrilla farming", planting their crop under banana trees, or close to protected areas of jungle. Some even put protective substances on individual plants.

jungle to ensure its safe passage back to their capital Cusco. In its natural form coca still provides high altitude relief for everyone from Inca Trail porters to the islanders of Lake Titicaca. It is also invaluable to those who work in desperate conditions. In Potosi, the foremost mining city in Bolivia, the miners

Adrian Pascu-Tulbure



## Be gentlemen of leisure

Why drink driving is preferable to dullness

I'm not sure whether it's fashionable to read Forster any more. A shame, because much of his work has a peculiar resonance in this era. Consider, for instance, his damning indictment of Leonard Bast in *Howards End*: he had "given up the glory of the animal for a tail coat and a couple of ideas". What more need be said? The sheer joy of doing whatever the hell you like has been thwarted in favour of being solid, stoic, and stolid. Leonard fails: his efforts to conform are cut short when he gets killed by a falling bookcase – ironically, the very symbol of Edwardian respectability. But what has this to do with us?

We live, readers, in rather a similar age. In the papers we've witnessed the flapping efforts of Brown and Cameron to be dull, middling, and dependable. Style is out and substance, "not flash, just Gordon", is very much in. We've seen it with Boris, too, floundering against the damningly damning damn that he is just not serious enough. These days, great wits of the past – a Wilde, a Disraeli, a Birkenhead – live on in badly put together volumes of "Wit", which people put in the loo and occasionally misquote over dinner. The brilliance, glee and outrageousness of days past have themselves been

condensed into stodge.

You may wonder quite how "the glory of the animal" and the polished sophistication of an epigram snuggle together. When Forster used the phrase, he did not mean that Leonard Bast was unwise for no longer shitting in forests; he meant that any free spirit, any individuality, any of the qualities that stood him out of the ordinary, had been lost in a mire of unremitting dreariness. Implicitly, those who simply conform, declining to probe and question, are not fulfilling themselves. Yet their crime is not failure but tediousness.

I remember having an acquaintance who was perfectly charming and rather decorative in a librarian kind of way. The list of books

**"I soon discovered her fatal flaw: she was moral."**

she had read was exhaustive; she was polite; her essays scored high marks; children trusted her. But I soon discovered her fatal flaw: *she was moral*. My lifestyle of depravity and Conservative-voting

anarchism shocked and worried her into grunts of disapproval. Soon I began spouting phrases such as, "I can't wait to get back home and do some drink-driving", just to see the pained expression on her face. The final straw came when we were talking about our ambitions. Her career path was all set out. I told her that I'd always rather wanted to spend all day in a 24-hour Tesco. We have not talked since.

Of course, I'm not saying we should all be the Noel Cowards of the twenty-first century. That would still be a case of us conforming to type. I'd also foresee some problems creating the next generation. But why be so collectively distrustful of the stylish and the silver-tongued? Because, no matter what grey moralists will tell you, style is infinitely more important than substance. After all, "the French don't care what they do, as long as they pronounce it properly".

The ideal *mode de vie*, to continue the Francophilia, is not and can never be that of the unsung hero. This is because heroism in this instance means work, and song is far more excellent and beautiful than work. It elevates, whereas work merely occupies. A far better way of living would be one embracing the principles of style over substance. Substance is dull; it limits

and deadens, and a quick examination of your friends will reveal that most people are remarkably alike. They eat and sleep similar amounts, respond to incentives, and avoid pain. Mankind is a high 2.ii. Style, on the other hand, gives us "the glory of the animal", the moments of delight and intrigue that make up the only really interesting bits of our lives.

Style does not mean effortless success. Take, for example, the history – with which I am sure you will be intimately acquainted – of the Chartist Peter Bussey. Bussey, a Bradford publican considered "the fattest man in the North" was architect and leader of the 1839 Bradford Rising. On the day, Bussey fell ill, concerned Chartists visited his pub to wish him a speedy recovery, only to find him missing. It fell upon five-year-old Bussey junior to tell them that his father, overcome with nerves, had instead polished off a barrel of ale and was blind drunk in the cellar. The Rising was an ignominious failure. But what style!

I'm not sure what the moral of this is. Read Forster, perhaps. Definitely be stylish. Never trust a Chartist? But then again, it hardly matters: writing with a moral is hardly consistent with style over substance.



I don't know if you've noticed, but Cambridge is swarming with tourists. I had always been dimly conscious of them, but since this morning my awareness has been spiralling alarmingly into neurosis.

Lying in bed, I gradually gained sufficient insomnia to appreciate the respite sudden shade had given to my sun-baked slippery chin and steadily frying right nipple. I cast a grateful glance in the direction of the window, which was met rather unexpectedly by a vast and eminently mustachioed Eurasian gentleman.

Apparently the facial gymnastics required to effect a speedy transformation from smiling beneficence to an expression befitting the unheralded bedside appearance of Borat's obese uncle eludes my repertoire. I contented myself with gazing vacantly at his commendably crinite upper lip. Only when his stern appraisal of my room had concluded and instinct had clamped a protective hand over my chest did I regain the presence of mind to close my hanging jowl.

Regardless of whether the perpetrator had been an over-inquisitive tourist or a slightly deprived bedder escaped from quarantine, his encroachment on my Lebensraum riled me sufficiently to take a walk through college. I suddenly found myself hypersensitive to the regular smatterings of eager, camera-laden sight-seers, pointing and shooting with all the diligence of a party of over-excitable pre-pubescents unleashed upon 'Laser Quest'.

Struck with the mentality of the observed, I feverishly imagined myself as the protagonist in the detailed re-analysis of an incriminating snippet of CCTV footage, so frequently did my deference in the face of threatening camera-brandishing require me to stop dead, back-track, skulk, and start walking again.

One such routine brought me to a standstill for long enough to catch a punt guide's confident assertions of how many goblins it took to build Queen's and how the Trinity fellows consume enough Earl Grey tea per annum to fully submerge the Hebridean Isle of Jura. Seconds later I observed a frantic legion of Japanese snappers, who had located the chapel, and appeared divided amongst themselves between trying to ascertain whether the building was susceptible to epilepsy and competing over who could end the exercise with the stumpest fingers.

I wondered if tourists had always been so pervasive. Had Wordsworth been forced to plunge swearingly through a scrum of static wags on the Bridge of Sighs to get to lectures every morning? More importantly, had Wilberforce and Pitt amused themselves by patiently holding obscene, sodomy-based poses behind university landmarks in the hope that portrait artists would draw them in without noticing? Did John Cleese derive his inspiration for the 'ministry of silly walks' sketch from what happened when he screamed "get off the grass!" to errant tourists from the lofty window of a Downing set?

I'm not sure really. I do wish they would bugger off though.

Hugo Gye



## A free education

The privatisation of Cambridge should be welcomed

Our liberty is under attack. Every student and fellow of Cambridge is directly beholden for his or her position, and financial future, to the British Government. Around one third of Cambridge's revenue comes from government funding for teaching and research: if the government were to cut this financial link the short-term consequences would be disastrous. The University must cut this link and regain its freedom and independence. Cambridge must go private.

By "go private" I do not, of course, mean

that system: its commitment to equality of opportunity in admissions. Each of the "Big Three" - Harvard, Princeton and Yale - have made an absolute commitment to remove financial considerations from university choice: as Yale declares, "Yale College admits students on the basis of academic and personal promise and without regard to their ability to pay... no applicant will ever be denied admission to Yale because of his or her family's financial situation." This is a bold statement, but one that if adopted by Cambridge should surely deal with the main objection to privatisation: that it would bar access to Cambridge to those from less well-off families.

The fees currently charged by top American universities (around £17,000 per year) are on a par with the best British day schools, and significantly less than those demanded by top boarding schools. Many Cantabrigian families could afford this outlay without too much difficulty; the rest would qualify for financial support. To take the example of Harvard, support there is available for those with a family income of up to £100,000, with full scholarships for those whose families earn less than £30,000. Two-thirds of undergraduates at Harvard receive some financial help. Some people would think twice about applying to Cambridge following the introduction of fees. Yet a good education is an investment which will surely prove to have been good value for money.

It is all very well to declare that financial independence is possible; yet given the sacrifices entailed, we must prove that it is in fact desirable. There is a gigantic gulf between the basic aims of the state and those of Cambridge. The state is essentially an engineer of social equality, making sure that every citizen is fed and housed, and that none receives abuse at the hands of his fellows. Cambridge (and Oxford), on the other hand, are almost the most elitist institutions in the country, with that elite having rightly changed from aristocratic to meritocratic over the last century. The Government aims to get half of young people into higher education. Cambridge, by contrast, is fixed on quality rather than quantity, raising an

academic elite who will direct the intellectual life of the country in the next generation. Both aims are equally valid, but flourish best when separate. This is why nearly all of the country's best schools (including 28 of the 30 most prolific Oxbridge feeders) are entirely private: freed from restrictions designed to bolster those at risk of educational failure, intelligent and engaged children are able to explore an intellectual world well beyond the bounds of the National Curriculum.

Cambridge and Oxford are the only European universities with large enough endowments (around £4 billion each - one third of the size of Harvard's, and sixty per cent of Yale's and Princeton's) to implement such an ambitious plan in the short-to-medium term; the next-largest endowment in Europe is that of Budapest's Central European University, with £250 million. Despite this comparative wealth, however, the University recognises the importance of increasing extra-governmental revenue to bring Cambridge closer in line with the American Big Three: the Vice-Chancellor (recruited from Yale) launched a campaign in 2005 to raise £1 billion by 2012, and businessman Nick Cavalla became the University's first Chief Investment Officer in April. These new initiatives seem like serious steps towards eventual financial independence.

I might end here with a personal note: I agreed to write this article as devil's advocate, arguing a point of view which I appreciated but did not share; and yet, as the arguments have taken shape, I find myself convinced that Cambridge (and Oxford, although that is none of our concern) must take immediate steps towards privatisation - please ignore the Thatcherite connotations of that word - and full financial independence, which could come within ten years. I have cited the American system because it appears the best in the short term; its openness and freedom seem superior to any other country's. But however the new order might manifest itself, there is no reason, other than an unwillingness to pay for privileged education, to remain under the control of a state which should be governing rather than educating.

**"It is assumed in Britain that the state should subsidise higher education for all"**

become a profit-seeking company, but merely that it should rely on non-governmental sources for its funding, on a model similar to that used by most American universities, and by British private schools. This is not a proposition I would extend to all British universities for now: it is only Cambridge and Oxford that have the resources and mindset to make such an experiment work.

It is assumed in Britain that the state should subsidise higher education for all; even the highly limited system of tuition fees recently introduced has caused enormous controversy. Yet this need not be so: we who receive the untold benefits of an Oxbridge education should be prepared to pay for it, through a system of student loans, grants for those less able to pay, and significant upfront fees. The current situation, whereby the Government pays two thirds (including the tuition fee loan) of the costs of undergraduate study, leaving the University with a significant loss on every EU undergraduate it admits, will surely not be viable for much longer.

Privatisation along the American lines could only work if we adopted the best feature of



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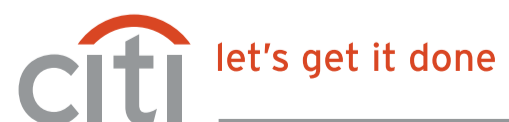
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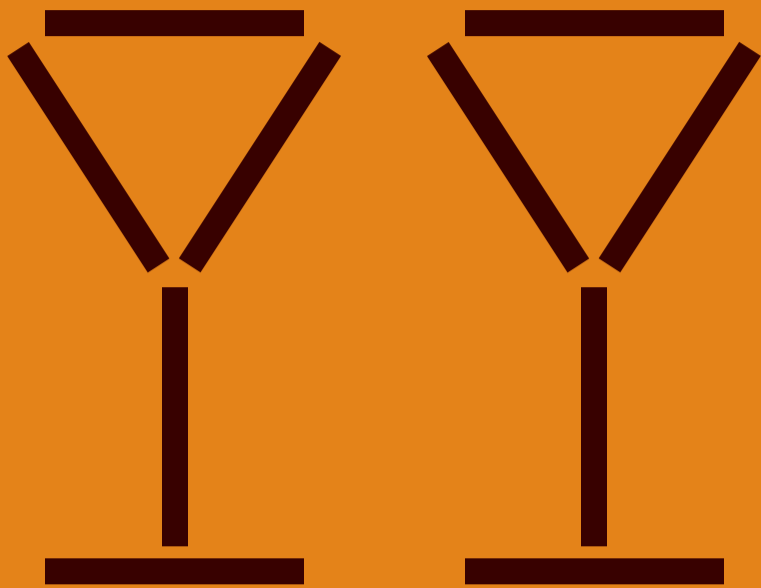
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# VIEW



**B-SIDES  
SPECIAL**

The 10 greatest songs that were never meant to be p24-25

FEATURES ARTS THEATRE FOOD MUSIC VISUAL ARTS FASHION LIFESTYLE LISTINGS



**One Question**



Why is Cambridge so decadent?

GUY STAGG  
Debutante

The word decadent seemingly garnishes every Facebook event invitation, promising birthday parties or club nights of epic excess. At Cambridge the caricatures are hard to resist: lavish Brideshead types in punts, sashaying down the Cam on a tide of champagne; or drinking societies drowning formals in a cocktail of cheap wine and mis-matched ties; and of course scrums of Blues on the Cindy's dancefloor clubbing in a style not seen since the sins of Gomorrah (or Sodom for that matter).

But the sober reality is a somewhat more disappointing form of decadence, and anti-climatic in a New Zealand's Rugby World Cup kind of style. For debauchery we have mobs of scientists snoring through 9.00am lectures, and for depravity this hedonist has encountered up to four different flavours of dip at a single drinks party. Whilst other universities apparently promise Freshers' Weeks on a par with the riotous corruptions of Nero's Rome, the only riot Cambridge promises during its Freshers' weekend is the societies' squash. Ask any other student in the country - after boasting of their own rockstar sins in some grubby corner of the campus, they will express surprise that Cambridge promises anything more stimulating to the spirit of excess than a highly competitive speed Su Doku contest.

But this caricature is equally misguided. Cambridge offers decadence of a rather more subtle and varied form: the lavishness of our surroundings and the indulgence of our traditions. If that fails then one can always attempt champagne supported alcoholism throughout May Week - students here may take their exams far more seriously than most others, but they celebrate their ending in far more style. However, this is no excuse for the proliferation of the phrase to include subject-based tea parties or late night library sessions (unless the stories of late night shenanigans in the distant corridors of the UL are true).

# Environmentally Sound

**Bjorn Lomborg**, the controversial author of "The Sceptical Environmentalist" who has denied the severity of global warming, talks to **Hannah Price** about Al Gore, global warming and charges of scientific dishonesty.

With both the climate and our politicians getting hotter under the collar, Bjorn Lomborg is telling us all firmly to "Cool It!" - as his new book is suggestively titled. Public focus on our precarious environment

is fiercer than ever, but Lomborg warns that "a democracy where everybody is screaming means only the loudest people get heard, it does not mean the best arguments get heard." It would be too easy to brand

Lomborg as a "global warming sceptic", one of those so vilified by Al Gore in his award-winning documentary "An Inconvenient Truth", but speaking to the Dane shows that this is emphatically not the case. Whilst

he firmly upholds that climate change is "real and man-made", he articulately emphasises with heavily referenced statistics that "it's often not the catastrophe it is made out to be".

**Continues on next page**

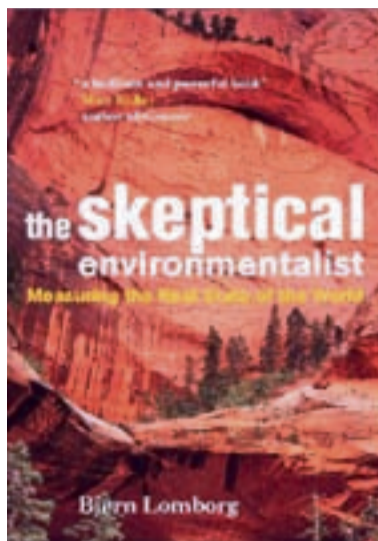
**Environmentally sound... Continued from p17**

At a talk last week organised by the Union and SciSoc, he even applauded Gore for bringing the matter to the attention of policy-makers. He does assert, however, that “we need to find much smarter ways to deal with climate change”. Problems arise because cutting carbon emissions makes “us all feel good, warm and fuzzy inside”, but in reality the strategy is “fairly costly and does very little real good”.

It is a controversial stance, but then again Lomborg is no stranger to the heated arena of environmental policy. After an academic career as a social scientist, rather than a natural environmentalist, he found fame and controversy following the publication of his book “The Skeptical Environmentalist”, in which he claimed that the popular panic about global warming was massively exaggerated. In the wake of the book’s 2004 publication and wide media coverage he was both unsuccessfully investigated for scientific dishonesty and also named as one of the “100 people who shape our lives” by *Time* magazine. As well as jetting around the world (and Cambridge) to promote his new book, he runs the Copenhagen Consensus; a group of top economists who meet to pragmatically analyse solutions to global problems. Rather surprisingly, their last deliberations showed we would get greater value for money by tackling HIV Aids and malnutrition than climate change, a conclusion still strongly supported by Lomborg today.

Reform of global warming policy is necessary because, as Lomborg vividly paints it, we are stuck between two distinct political scenarios. In one, “the George Bush scenario”, we “focus on being rich” and don’t “care very much about the environment”. In the other, “the Al Gore strategy”, we are going “to be much more caring

about the environment” but also consequently much less rich, having spent \$180 billion cutting carbon emissions. He argues that there is virtually no difference in their actual effect on our environment. In



the former, we can hope that renewable energy use will go “up to 14% instead of 13%” of our total energy use by 2030, while in the latter it “would go all the way up to ... 16%”.

For this reason, Lomborg is trying to provide “smart strategies” to deal with global warming, such as promoting very long-term investment in the “research and development in non-carbon emitting technologies”. The economic focus of his arguments is what has made him so prominent, especially since government policy in Europe and the US has begun to shift towards long term, financially prosperous means of climate preservation.

Lomborg strongly states that “quite frankly we have got to realise that most things we can’t do very much about” and that “not everyone should be looking into (climate change)”. It is news that will be unwelcome to those increasing numbers eagerly planting trees and recycling their household waste, but Lomborg reiterates that

tackling global warming effectively relies on policy-makers rather than the public, and “we should make our society such that people do what is smart but they don’t actually have to consider it”.

For instance, he says “I don’t have a car, I have never owned a car, but I live in a country where you have a 180% tax on cars.” It is a clear price incentive to get off the road. He admits “I am actually vegetarian, which means I emit much less CO<sub>2</sub>, but this is because of moral reasons - because I don’t want to kill animals.”

When confronted with people proud of being carbon neutral, he likes to retort “well, I have saved 1000 people from malaria”, insisting, perhaps a bit smugly, that “somehow I would actually argue that is a lot better”. His message to all of us is similarly pragmatic: you can “change your light bulbs, it’s not going to save the world”.

His message has also often been obscured by invective and by past claims of scientific dishonesty. “It annoys me immensely that people call me names,” he says “I think if we had a polite conversation about this and if we all recognised that we were trying to make a good argument, people would behave very differently.” As it is, he coolly accepts that global warming is such “an emotionally charged argument” that personal attacks are part of the package. In his response to claims of scientific dishonesty, he acknowledges that there is “no such thing as a true number” and that “of course it would be very unlikely that I would be all right and they would be all wrong. But it does strike me that I am much more right.”

To discover whether or not this strong statement is true, one would have to trawl through the many references listed in his books, an unlikely task for the majority of the concerned public. But one thing looks clear: Lomborg’s logical arguments ought to infuse the climate change debate “with more rationality”. He sees himself “as a good purveyor of information for a better debate on these issues” and “whether, at the end of the day, I am an economist, a statistician, or a guy who tries to read natural science, I am not sure, but I hope at least it could be argued that I’m a guy who tries to bring a smarter sense of our conversation to the table.”

At the moment, Lomborg argues our climate policy is not only “pushing people to do something that is costly and has fairly little effect very far down the road” but has been promising much more than it can deliver. His suggestions will fare much better, he claims, but in order to explore them fully, we first “need democracies dependent on conversation, not screaming”.

And regardless of who is “right”, it is difficult to argue that Lomborg’s meticulous, statistically-founded take on environmental issues can do harm to the quality of the debate. As he rather sensibly concludes, “if this is really a century long problem, it is unlikely we are going to make good judgements with panic”. Perhaps it really is time to “cool it”.

**Statistic of the week**  
**The Fresher Lubricant Ice-Rink**

I suspect not, but I rather hope that Cambridge is unique in its method of welcoming new students with complimentary party bags of condoms and lubricant. I’m not sure there’s anything more likely to make one want to run off and shag, unprotected, everything breathing than being handed a bag of condoms packaged in patronising guff about ‘responsibility’ and ‘disease’. Particularly if it is handed out by some ropey-looking do-gooding no-hoper who is quite blatantly in need of an unprotected shag or two herself (don’t tut, it’s *always* a girl!).

But whatever your views on sexual health, you have to concede that lube is a bit of an *odd* product. It seems to have been designed purely to encourage deviancy – everything about it screams ‘Your body doesn’t naturally facilitate what you have in mind? This’ll help.’ And I’m convinced nobody uses the free sachets – surely anybody who wants lubricant has realised it by now? (“Gee, Suzie, it’s just what we’ve been looking for”)

That said, on the encourage-

ment of the late Mrs Dangerhands I myself stretched (and rarely has the word been more apt) the relationship between my body and the Sky+ remote to celebrate my own matriculation dinner. But my point is that I wouldn’t do it again, and neither would she, even if she hadn’t met her maker in a tragic ten-pin bowling accident in Potter’s Bar last summer.

All of which brings me to my point, which is that the lubricant given out to freshers could be put to a much better use, namely the construction of the world’s first skate-free ice rink. Let’s say there’s 6000 freshers, each given 15ml of the stuff. That would give us a mighty 90 litres of glorious lubricant. Saying that you need about 2mm of lube all over the floor, you get a wonderful 45 square metre ice rink, with no need for ice (hence environmentally friendly), no need for skates (hence safer) and no need for any other methods of fresher integration.

You heard it here first.

**Adrian Dangerhands**

**Profile of the Week**  
**You’ve put it online, we’ve taken it off****Charles Marshall**

2nd Year Historian, St. John’s College

Embarrassing wall post:

Did you bring me back a little black baby? (Duncan McCombe)

Friend count:

873

Embarrassing photo:

Lamefactor:

10

Interests:

Anything, Nothing, Brooding, Fetishes, Make Believe, Shipping Forecast

Harry Potter House:

Gryffindor

Religious Views:

Devout Roman Catholic



**Al Gore has been an outspoken critic of Lomborg’s theories**



## This is You Competitive Drinker



## Going Up Going Down

### Men

Ali G was right about us all along. And now his cousin has provided absolutely indefatigably undeniably true evidence that men are better than women at activities like furniture flat-pack construction, science and thinking.

### Poverty

Being a student’s not so bad after all. Rolling crap fags, drinking cheap cider. Like being a gypsy, only legitimised and subsidised by the government.

### Radiohead

New album from the world’s best band, pay as much as you want! Er, that’ll be nothing, then.



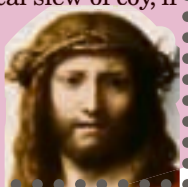
Thom: Rich

### Cycling

Just stop it. It’s so annoying. All over the pavement, all over the roads, all over my face. Have some dignity, guys. You are no better than me. I am walking. I am not better than you, but I am quieter, and more talented.

### Monotheism

So CICCU have begun their annual assault on our patience with their typical slew of coy, irritating propaganda. “What can Jesus do for you?” He can naff right off.



Jesus he’s annoying

### 800 glorious years

The Sun: “Former Cambridge Students include Prince Charles, Mummy movie star Rachel Weisz, Blue Peter host Konnie Huq and Countdown’s Carol Vorderman”. I reckon Isaac Newton and Sammy Taylor-Coleridge must have just missed out.

## UndergraduaTelly

We watch TV, so you don’t have to.

I don’t say this lightly – indeed I rarely say anything lightly, the future Mrs Reicher doesn’t like it (she claims that constant frippery “puts her off her stride”, whatever this “stride” is - I’ve never seen it, although we haven’t shared a bed in over a month anyway thanks to an operation she had on a nasty hernia) but the time has come to tackle the game show.

It was always there, lurking at the back of my mind, as I expect it was yours too, nagging away like the last pitta that nobody will eat, or my aunt Patricia who has never been married (though you’d have thought four children might testify otherwise). Britain has been responsible for some pretty curious cultural decisions over the years – Australia springs to mind, together with Hull, the Natwest Tower, Queen, The Queen, JMW Turner, William Hague, Kelly Osbourne, Genghis Khan (not strictly British) and Sir Trevor MacDonald. A pretty stonking list of naffness, I think we can agree, even if you’re one of those people who will watch the “Mirror Pride of Britain Awards” (with Jude Law) and cry for any reason other than shame at being born within the last twenty-five years.

But nothing on that list, remarkable though it is, comes close in its comedy understatement of human achievement to the audacious, jaw-slackening world of televised trivia. It is a murky world, in which no contestant is too stupid, no prize too demeaning, and no host too speedy to invite suspicions of deviancy. A world unto its own, you might well say, in which for half an hour the values of human civilisation are distilled diminished and inverted into an easily digestible slot (a bit like a walk to the Grafton centre, in that regard).

Although to be fair, even within the broad palette of the genre, some colours are duller than others, with Mastermind squatting proudly atop the pile, weeing casually down into the open mouths of the likes of ITV Play (with Brian Dowling), a programme which was so dangerously moronic, even for the morons, that it actually had to be withdrawn from service, just on the offchance that somebody watching learnt something and promptly died, in scenes eerily

reminiscent of the 19<sup>th</sup> century sugar crisis.

“Ok, Ricky from Wolverhampton, here’s the question – does a diet of Skol Super, Mayfair and old betting slips make you a) clever and sexy, b) ugly but wealthy, or c) a bit dead?”

Pause.  
“Oh no, Ricky, I’m afraid that’s the wrong answer, call again!”

And the worst thing is that you know they will. And these are the games of *skill*, bear in mind – we haven’t even approached the epic, art-house heights of the games of chance. The Price is Right, anyone? Wheel of Fortune? Programmes presented by a syndicate of plasticine paedophiles, with wax in their hair and their dignity a long, long way behind them. I mean come on - the last civilisa-



Brian: Idiot

tion to use a gigantic rotating wheel to decide anything where the Sumerians, BC, and even they could probably get at least Stephen Fry to do the spinning.

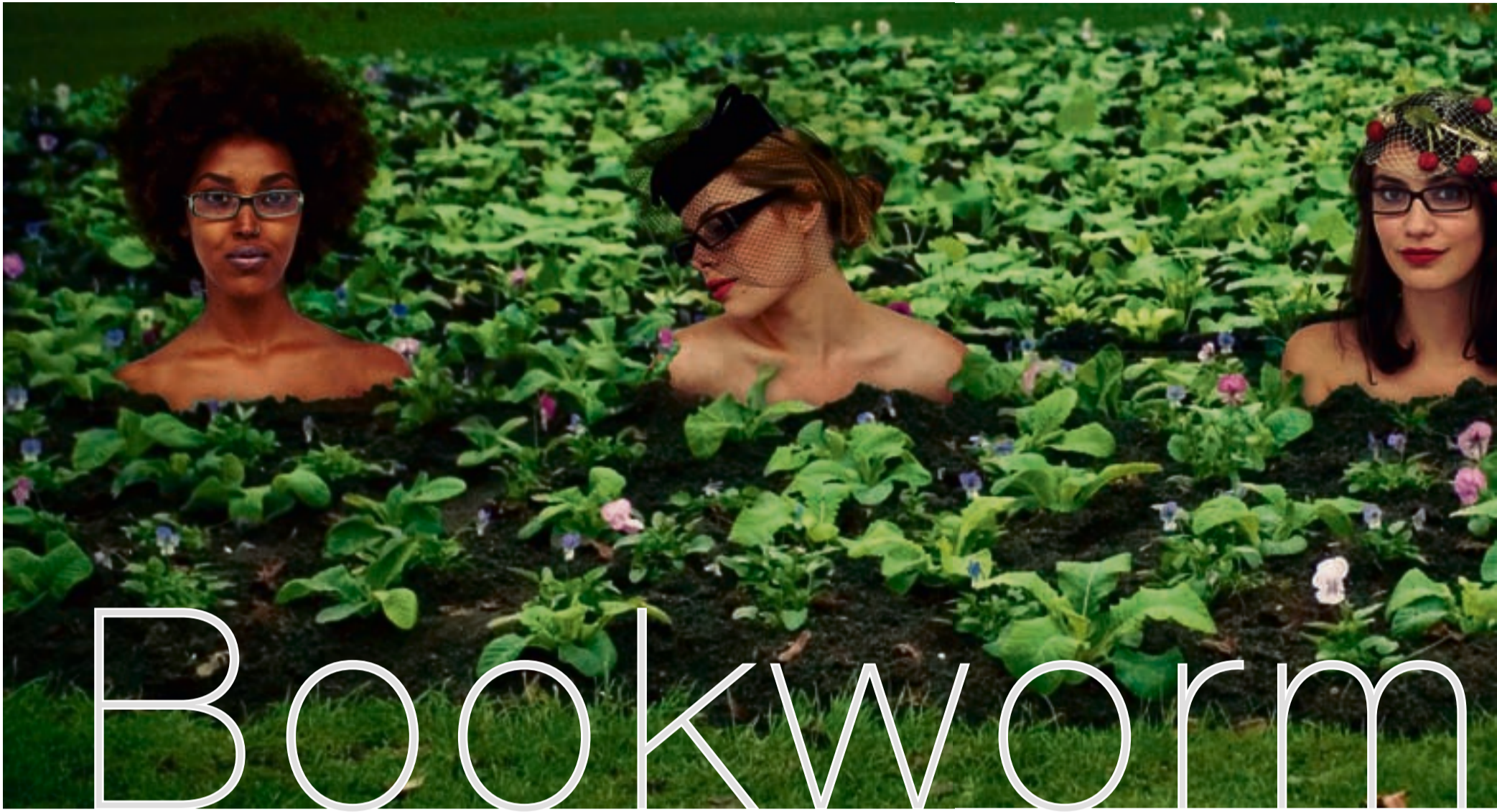
Perhaps there’s a case for some government intervention. I mean on the one hand I’m always delighted to watch people having a wrestle in the sludge at the bottom of the gene pool, but on the other hand the task of being your erstwhile television correspondent is made immeasurably harder when you perpetually have to run the risk of your brain turning to jelly and running out of your ears, forcing you to degrade and take up Theology (Part II), which would be an outcome that nobody wants (least of all the future Mrs Reicher, who has threatened not to come on a mini-break to Bruges with me unless I get at least 66)

Game shows are hard to describe because they work against your brain on such a plethora of levels simultaneously. Go, watch, and then jump off a house.

John Reicher



Davidson: Talent



# Bookworm

Farewell to the uncool geek.



Glasses all from Optical Express: Bulgari £140, Prada £170, Gucci £150, Guess £120 (from left). Black hat stylists own, 1940s cherry hat £75 Boudoir Femme. Shoes all from TopShop: Silver lace-ups £40, Chocolate flats £45, Leopard print buckle shoe £55, Gold trainers £65. Gloves from Boudoir Femme.



Photographed by Jack Patterson  
Styled by Grace Chatto



Modelled by Idil Mohamed, Lucy Mckean, Izzy Finkel, Elle Carter

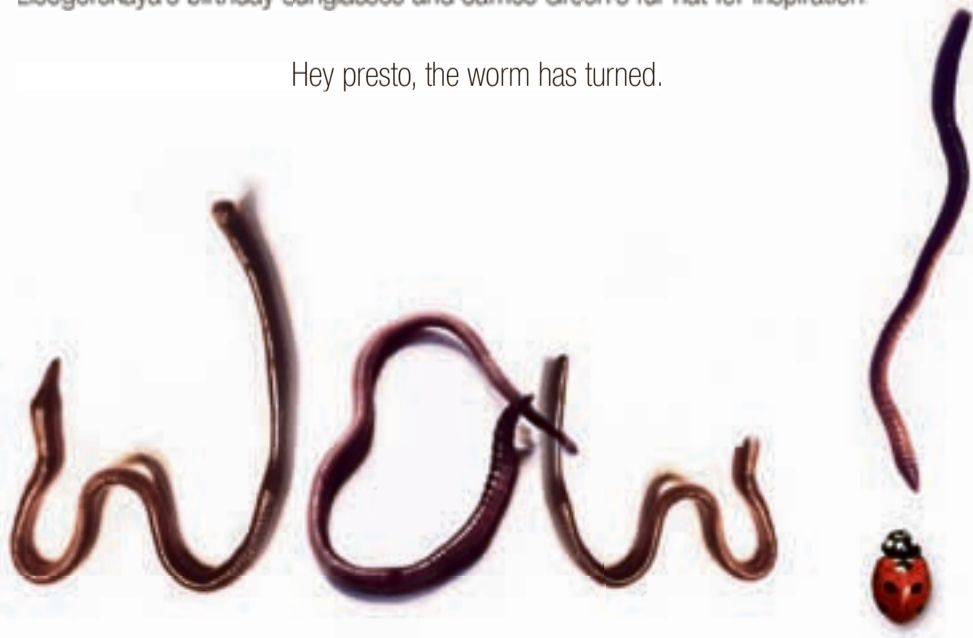
# Say hello to geek chic.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the good student looked . . . well, studious. You know the kind of thing: pale face, nerdy specs, shapeless coat, and who knows what went on under the coat? These lowly worms who rarely crawled up into the light to view the landscape were thrown into sharp relief by those glamorous creatures whose shine and sparkle took them everywhere except the library.

But wait a minute. Something's happening to the shapeless coat and the geeky look. Suddenly it's de rigueur, the height of cool, the new take on couture, the sickest, the naggiest, the heaviest look on the thoroughfares of The Ridge in October 2007. So it's move over designer babes –time to visit the UL and take a leaf out of your nerdy sisters' books.

Marc Jacobs's winter collection is all about classic prim, very lady-like, dark hats with a splash of colour (the kind of thing you see in the window of Sally Anne) which transform what would otherwise be quite boring dark suits, while Dior's hats are crazy, often playful nineteen forties style numbers, worn with long, loud evening gloves. These can do wonders for a drab scruffy coat, and if you want to go really wild, check out Lisogorskaya's birthday sunglasses and James Green's fur hat for inspiration.

Hey presto, the worm has turned.



## Rip what you sew

BENJ OHAD SEIDLER



Remarking that one should dress for one's age, shape or situation in life is a hackneyed adage that rings shrill from the mouths of such 'style-oracles' as Trinny and Susannah. Forget about conventional sartorial rules and shroud yourself in the fabric of your character. If the night adorns itself with its stars then so can you, with this week's fashion horoscope.

### Aries

Your style is brisk and uncompromising. In a season inked in black, you strong-mindedly decide to use colourful accents to subdue austerity. Giambattista Valli's red statement skirt and black cashmere jumper are your guiding lights.

### Taurus

Hard-headed and intuitive, Taureans are better off using their under-estimated reasoning skills. Be sensitive to your environment and think of the bigger picture. Cut the bull and instead of drawing attention to one part of your outfit, make sure it all works as a coherent whole. Go for a Jil Sander-like severity with a techno-fabric dress/jacket on a deep dark base.

### Gemini

Vitality, inquisitiveness and good communication skills mean you are one of the few signs that can brace the season's defter trends. But beware of crassness; when having fun with leather and velvet you risk alienating your companions. Try a Christopher Kane inspired-piece for an accessible take on your penchant for aggressive trends.

### Cancer

Being the nurturing style, you will want to be out supporting your friends this term; whether this means holding their hair back for them in Cindy's loos or having tea-breaks in the UL. Tailoring can constrain you in this, and a fluid, trailing sweater or cardigan on the barely-appropriate side of shear will let you float through this term.

### Leo

Ruled by the sun, you are ablaze with colour this winter. You yearn to turn find that organized, cheerful character that's had a bit of a disconcerting summer. Dior's merry Parisian romp should give you guidance on how to embellish primly and look like the lady or gentleman you know you are.

### Virgo

The smock-and-leggings disaster this summer was perfect for you. Earthy, quick and straight-forward, it was hard to go wrong (and you have a very low-tolerance threshold for mistakes). In a season defined by smart

separates you feel at a loss when it comes to planning every outfit in a vaguely interesting way. Buy everything either a size too big or a size too small.

### Libra

People see you as elegant and most definitely a thinker, so you're more attractive for your ideas than their execution. You like to use your mind to tackle problems, and you're one of the few signs ready to tackle volume and tailoring this season. Try shopping in places like Debenhams to find an edge of maturity.

### Scorpio

You may be magnetic, elusive, sexy and determined; but this season everyone's going for subtlety. This means you're left out in the cold. However, good grooming and classic leather brogues will last you well into your 30s, when your style will blossom into the black orchid everyone knows you're clutching shut.

### Sagittarius

This is not your season, but if you favour a good gamble then try blindly aiming your hands at whatever seems most guaranteed to get you noticed. People don't tend to think about you in terms of dress-sense, preferring to focus on your unreliability.

### Capricorn

Caution is the name of the game for you. A sweetheart neckline is about as daring as you'll get and midi lengths are shunned for long skirts and leggings with jackets and shirts (it's less shocking than you'd imagine). Your time is coming, much to the dismay of others, and this coming summer is a Romantic epic that is well-worth anticipating.

### Aquarius

Tailoring seems staid to you. You are on a high with technofabrics, and find your kicks at Marni, where smock dresses have a plastic sheen that will filter down to the high street with a more sporty tone. You'll favour stripped-down accessories and layer cheap t-shirts for forms that betray intricate, innovation-hungry characters.

### Pisces

In a season where everyone is sharp and subdued, you feel a responsibility to stay more earthy and have the strongest link to the past. Edwardian hues give strength to over-worked blacks and you have freedom to play with more girly accessories without seeming saccharine due to your true emotional links with certain pieces.

The Dining Room,  
with **Tom Evans**  
**Le Fleur**

★★★★★

Gastropubs, like mezzanines, white pointy shoes and the sort of photographer that takes black and white pictures of office workers doing poos in dustbins, always threaten to be a bit Hoxton 2001. For those of you whose hair reeks of the damp potato air of the provinces: Hoxton is a place in London where people wear the Hoxton Fin on their head. The Urban Dictionary has a useful entry on the Hoxton Fin: Firmly styled longitudinal hair appendage favoured among the Shoreditch Set around 2000-2002. Suggested usage: He thinks he's all that with his Hoxton Fin and Pumas, but at 35 he ought to know better. After 2001 Hoxton got so trendy that it started to cost too much even for trendy people to live there, and people who look like that man on the Monopoly board moved in. Because it would be funny to do something silly they closed all the food shops and normal shops and opened money shops where you could buy money, but this was just very ironic and silly so they sniggered jingling sniggers behind their (gold) hands.

The laminate table at which we were seated was exposed and pudgy and, incidentally, high enough to be a mezzanine. Looking at our table, I recall that there was a mezzanine in the sixth form common room at my secondary school (far from the exposed brickwork of Hoxton). The braver among us would play a game called Stuntman, which involved jumping from the mezzanine onto a sofa that someone had found in a skip outside. The greatest threat was the vibrant cultural scene on the sofa; all sorts of epizooms feasted in its folds. But nobody ever died playing Stuntman\*. If you were to attempt a jump from our table at the Fleur you would die as you hit the floor thirty seconds later.

The Fleur is not exactly the gastropub of Hoxton 2001. It is a self-proclaimed bistro and the food is dainty: some way from the bangers and mash approach. It's also the sort of place where food comes in a broad white bowl with a roguish scribble of sauce. Nonetheless, the bar and restaurant commingle and unpretentious 'creamy mash' was served with our lamb. I have ejaculated about the merits of perfectly cooked prawns before in this column, but the Gambas al ajilo starter deserves a mention. In the other starter the grapefruit and pistachio were singed brilliantly and sat well with the chicken salad. It was good to see well-cooked cabbage - too often used as mere garnish - as the only vegetable with the sea bass main. A couple next to us who had been whinging about the wait for their food munched contentedly once it arrived, chewing with that slightly sideways jaw motion that only old people and camels can do.

\* Three people died playing Stuntman, actually.

# I really love my college, but...

We all know about the Tompkins table, but which is the college that Cambridge actually thinks is the best? Our team of intrepid reporters set out to ask students one simple question - which is the college, other than your own, that you would most like to be at, and why? The results make for intriguing and sometimes surprising reading. Words by **Ed Cumming**, almost all of the work by **Nicola Hale**. This is the inaugural **Cumming Count**

There's been an awful lot of coverage of the Tompkins table this year. There always is, but it's never really very interesting, because it has never been clear what it actually tells us about any of the colleges, other than a certain number got firsts.

It gives a certain reputation, certainly - most people now know that Emmanuel is sound academically. But despite its fall from grace this year, most would also still argue that Caius is strong in that area. Despite coming a long way down the overall list, Clare is still regarded as one of the toughest for English.

Whilst it receives a lot of column inches, not least in this very organ, the Tompkins table is a remarkably unhelpful piece of statistical research. But at the moment it's all we've got. When bright-eyed schoolchildren come up for open days and ask, all serious faces and dreams of medieval stonework, which college they should apply to, it's very hard to say anything that's neither screamingly bland or a blatant truism - "Magdalene's nice, it's on the river" (although that one's only half true).

But most of us cop out, defend our own colleges and then explain that it's all about "personal preference". This

simply cannot be true, can it? The students here are a wonderfully diverse bunch, but with that variety comes the obvious fact that some are better than others. I cannot do Maths. My mathmo friend Adrian cannot read Latin.

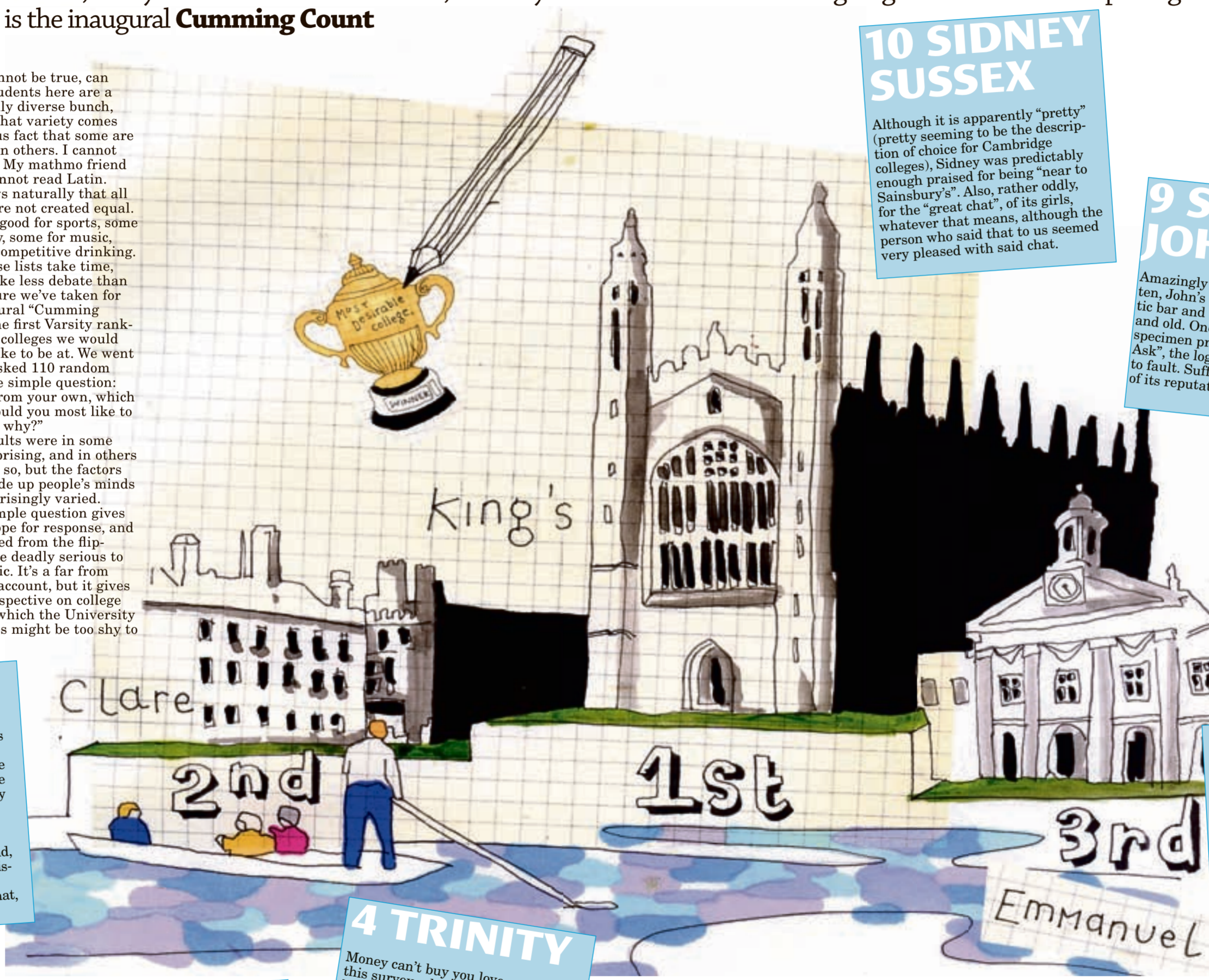
It follows naturally that all colleges are not created equal. Some are good for sports, some for history, some for music, some for competitive drinking.

But these lists take time, and provoke less debate than the measure we've taken for the inaugural "Cumming Count", the first Varsity ranking of the colleges we would all most like to be at. We went out and asked 110 random people one simple question:

"Aside from your own, which college would you most like to be at, and why?"

The results were in some cases surprising, and in others much less so, but the factors which made up people's minds were surprisingly varied.

Such a simple question gives a wide scope for response, and they ranged from the flip-pant to the deadly serious to the historic. It's a far from scientific account, but it gives a new perspective on college life - one which the University authorities might be too shy to confront.



**1 KING'S**  
One of the best-known sights in the country, it seems that even students cannot but fall for its aesthetic charms. The Chapel is a delight, the lawns immaculate and the cows are ruminating, but its beauty was only one of the reasons people gave for liking King's, along with the 70/30 state/private ratio, its coffee shop, its "cathedral-like" dining room and, according to one, "The weight of history, time and man's achievement all around you". So that's about that, then.

**2 CLARE**  
Clare seems to have acquired a positive reputation as much as by not having any negative connotations as by its accentuated positives. Still, it seems that "prettiness" (a shallow bunch, these undergraduates), and proximity to the river were both factors for a good number of those surveyed.

**3 EMMA**  
Just goes to show that Emma's academic reputation still counts for something, although the excellent prices at its bar also won it admirers, and together, apparently, they create an ethos of 'work hard, play hard'. Bonus prizes for seeing anyone from Emma actually 'playing hard', but it does sound nice.

**4 TRINITY**  
Money can't buy you love, except in this survey, where it appears money has bought rather a lot - the reasons people cited for wanting the live in Mammon's accountancy department included "having your books paid for", tickets to the May Ball, and good accommodation.

**5 TRINITY HALL**  
Aside from being "the most like Clare", according to one Clareite, people favoured Tit Hall for being small, central, good for Economics, and for having a very good policy of integration between different year groups. Of the non-obvious choices, here and Clare seem to be the front runners.

**6 JESUS**  
Jesus won points for its "cheap accommodation", its "good people" and its stonking May Ball, which received quite a few plaudits. People were also attracted to the "really nice" gardens, including the "odd, breast-like hedge-rows", and the opportunity to ride the notorious horse.

**7 PEMBROKE**  
A surprisingly high entry, perhaps, for one of the less prominent colleges, but those we spoke to rather liked the fact that it was "unimposing" and also, rather quaintly, that it had a duck pond, as well as being central, small, and pretty. Not very scary, then, but maybe that's what you need for doing maths.

**8 ST CATZ**  
Apparently the "friendly" college, which seems to be the default praise for colleges with no other defining characteristics, St. Catz is also blessed with "really nice people". Insert your own bland platitude here, if you like. Twinned with Pembroke in the "inoffensive" stakes.

**9 ST JOHN'S**  
Amazingly falling just inside the top ten, John's won points for its fantastic bar and for being large, central and old. One particularly well-built specimen praised it for being "close to Ask", the logic of which is pretty hard to fault. Suffered slightly as a result of its reputation for loudness.

**10 SIDNEY SUSSEX**  
Although it is apparently "pretty" (pretty seeming to be the description of choice for Cambridge colleges), Sidney was predictably enough praised for being "near to Sainsbury's". Also, rather oddly, for the "great chat", of its girls, whatever that means, although the person who said that to us seemed very pleased with said chat.

And then, the bin. Colleges which didn't get a single vote. Take a bow...

Christ's  
Newnham  
Hall  
Churchill  
Homerton  
Caius



in which the survey becomes increasingly less indicative of anything other than the people we happened (at random) to survey around the university.

But the reasons given for the choices people made are refreshingly pragmatic. You might think that being old, or rich would sway people to a college, but on the whole it seems not to have been the case. But respondents were particularly concerned with the location of colleges and their aesthetic appeal, but most important of all seems to be the general ambience, or sense of community, that the college provides.

For all of their talk of access and academic achievement, perhaps colleges would do better to foster a community where everyone gets along. In the middle of town, with fantastic architecture. And a sound, if not awesome, academic reputation.

A tricky ask, then, for a picky group of students. But when you are as spoilt for choice as we are here, why not?

# Eco wars

Allegedly the environment is in trouble. But regardless of whether you are for or against global warming, is there anything that we, as hapless and largely incompetent students, can actually do about it?

**Hattie Middleditch** tried to spend a day as eco-friendly as possible...



Oak tree: ecologically sound

I woke to my solar powered alarm clock early, because that's when eco-warriors wake, before casually throwing on a 'seasalt' organic cotton v-neck and skirt. These "bright and breezy"(whatever that means) basics, as advertised on the "seasalt website", are 100% organic cotton. Who knew fashion could be both stylish and ethical?

I was also very lucky that Cambridge is so well-suited to walking. A pedestrianised centre means that cycling or walking to lectures is virtually obligatory. I grabbed a fair-trade frappe for breakfast and sauntered on smugly to the Sidgwick site, clutching my pad of recycled paper and pencil (available from the Green stationary company) in hand. Mobiles were banned, of course, but then who needs human contact when you're saving the world?

A pre lunch browse of the market provided a plethora of fresh and organic produce at prices which quite frankly put supermarkets to shame, and combined with vegan-organic-fairtrade-gluten-free miso bread from the health food store (100% recyclable

packaging comes as standard) they made for a healthy and satisfying meal, although oddly devoid of taste. I had looked rather longingly at some soya nuts, but on a larger scale those things could have serious consequences for the planet; they carry a carbon footprint comparable with a trip to Gstaad on the private jet.

I washed up using only a moist cloth and some hand-made soap (recipe available at soapmakingtoday.com). Sometimes a little hygiene must be sacrificed for the cause, although by the end of the day I could physically feel myself wafting around the place.

The best way to have spent my afternoon would probably have been to dress up as a tree and cycle round Market Square with a wind-up radio in a (recyclable) plastic bag, blaring out Madonna's "Material Girl", but I don't have a wind-up radio, though I do still have some sense of shame.

In the end I passed the day pottering harmlessly, not buying anything and occasionally lounging, all in a pleasing, green manner. But the night was an absolute minefield,

particularly supper. Formal swaps are of course out of the question.

Not only do they involve copious amounts of alcohol, the production and transportation of which releases vast quantities of harmful gases, but it is inevitable that participants in such social events will end up in some carbon-emitting sweat pit.

But even before you've gotten there, you've had to endure the meal itself. It's fairly safe to assume that any foodstuff produced within the college kitchens, quite apart from being a nutritional disaster, is completely devoid of any ethical merit. But if you don't go to your own hall, and pay a fixed kitchen fee, then the wasted food constitutes an equally appalling environmental crime.

For me it was a bridge too far – it is no way to spend a day, let alone a life, continually worrying about whether or not your shoes are made out of hemp or your donuts are carbon neutral. But similarly, if you care at all you ought to want to set an example.

As I lay awake, unable to sleep from the pangs of soya-induced hunger stabbing at my belly, I thought about the greenest thing you could do in Cambridge, and concluded that a protest at Stansted was probably the way to go. It's only an ambitious cycle-ride away, and by chaining yourself to the runway (how do people do that, exactly?) just think of the hordes of eager holiday-makers you could delay. And a stint in incarceration, as well as being in itself very green – you don't consume much, I'm told – would also help to harass Stelios from his plans to turn the world orange..

So there it is; a brief insight into what a green day in Cambridge is like for the average student. While I'm all for the cause, I have to confess my green day was really pretty boring. It's a shame – it oughtn't be the case, but constantly thinking about the environment takes the edge off more things than you'd imagine. I'm not the only one – there must be hundreds out there eager to do their bit, but only when it becomes a tad more convenient.

**Hattie Middleditch**

...while **Ted Decomines** attempted exactly the opposite.

Ever-mindful of the task in hand I actually began the previous night. Before I slept I did a round of the flat, turning on all radiators, hobs, microwaves, toasters and lights, while leaving the taps running (hot and cold), the fridge and windows wide open.

All of this served to get me off to a flying start even before I woke up, by which time the kitchen was an odd mixture of hot, cold and radiation. Still, I was wrecking the environment, and that was what mattered.

It was only really gesture politics, but I also smoked more or less perpetually from dawn until dusk, which was even more unpleasant than you'd imagine it to be (you have no idea how demoralising

**"I booked a taxi, and then another one, to take my books. They both stood waiting outside, engines running, for quite a while before I emerged, wearing head-to-toe Nike"**

it is to smoke whilst brushing your teeth).

After a breakfast of Japanese import-muesli, and some tea which I made (boiling a full kettle to do so), allowed to cool and then warmed again in the microwave, it was time for lectures.

My rooms in King's really aren't that far from the Sigwick Site, but if you're destroying the world, you want

to do it in style. So I booked a taxi, and then another one, to take my books. They both stood waiting outside, engines running, for quite a while before I emerged, wearing head-to-toe Nike as the most eco-offensive brand I could find in my cupboard.

The gear was fairly unpleasant, so I had taken the opportunity to spray Lynx Africa all over me and over every surface in my room, twice, which took up two cans. But it was worth it – you could almost smell the hole in the ozone-layer growing.

It's difficult to be that eco-unfriendly in lectures, and having the taxis wait outside for me was a bridge too far for my limited banter-budget, which had already been stretched by the advance purchase of 160 fags, the Lynx and the initial taxis. Rather conveniently, however, as I chomped on some grapes helpfully labelled as having come from Peru, I remembered that I had the Varsity Ski trip to book, and what better day to notch up a gratuitous return flight for a luxury holiday? If it counts, that moment was probably worse than the rest of my day.

Out in town there were fewer amusing things to be done to abuse the environment, although I took a fair amount of glee from picking up an entirely full box of recyclable glass and putting it into a conventional bin, just because I could.

The day started pretty entertainingly, but after a while you realise that you were born with a conscience, and that one's gut instinct these days is to turn the light off, and not waste stuff unnecessarily. Hell, I even felt bad about some of it afterwards. The brainwashing has worked, then.

**Ted Decomines**



Bulldozer: less so



# Jim and Vigour

**Jossie Clayton** talks to legendary British actor **Jim Broadbent** about portraying terminal illness on the big screen, the Harry Potter “constitution” and how he plans to grow old profitably

**B**efore I met with Jim Broadbent, I asked a few people what came to mind when they considered him as an actor. The responses were associated with a tellingly varied set of films. Some friends were delighted at the prospect of discovering insiders’ secrets about *Bridget Jones* and *Moulin Rouge!*, while others cited *Iris* as one of the most poignant films ever made and many mentioned *The Borrowers* as their favourite childhood film. I could go on to mention *Gangs of New York*, a short role in *Only Fools and Horses* (he turned down the part of Del Boy) and *Lord Langford* but I think the point is clear: Broadbent is an actor who has based the success of his entire career on his diversity and his ability to bring something new to each script.

“I like the unpredictability [of acting]”, he tells me, and it turns out that it’s a job that suits his “very low boredom threshold” perfectly. I wondered whether he can even call it work and the answer was “no, because it’s a game, really, not a job.” The original “perilous profession”, so called because of its inevitably short contracts, drama offers the type of lifestyle where “your whole world can change” according to what project is round the corner. Such a nomadic and unstable interpretation of Broadbent’s “hobby” is very different from the impression I got of the man himself. He is quieter and more measured than I had thought such an influential actor on screen could be in real life, proving that perhaps art can only mimic life to a certain extent. Across our coffee table

(he insisted on buying the tea), I realised that it is precisely this reservation, humour and modesty that have earned him the longevity which many in such a fickle industry can only dream of.

Broadbent’s involvement with any production, whether it be on the TV, stage, radio, big screen or in his own writing, rests almost entirely on the extent to which he is drawn in by a script. His latest film, *And When Did You Last See Your Father?*, offers what

“Once you’ve had a couple of awards you sort of take it with a pinch of salt”

Broadbent describes as “clearly a very honest piece of work”.

“I knew that it was a very objective and clear reporting of something real and for that reason it is very moving.” *And When Did You Last See Your Father?*, starring Colin Firth, is the film adaptation of Blake Morrison’s memoirs of his father and the process of watching his defeat at the hands of a terminal illness. Broadbent plays Arthur Morrison, Blake’s father, and uses the experience of watching his own father die as a reference for the role. As the poster tells us, “between every father and son there is a story to be told,” and Broadbent’s performance as part of this story has already provoked early rumblings that the

death-bed scene might bring another Oscar to Broadbent’s already drooping shelf. It is a wonder that the prospect of awards, glamour and all of the glittering hype that surround such performances has yet to go to his head. “Once you’ve had a couple [of awards] you sort of take it with a pinch of salt and you know that it’s not the be-all and end-all. On the whole it’s not a particularly healthy state of affairs but it is a way of getting involved and getting the films to be seen.” The many awards that *Iris* received did exactly this, and it is now used to help carers get a clearer idea of what coping with Alzheimer’s is like.

Though the fame game therefore plays no major part in Broadbent’s determination to play new and more challenging roles, his new appointment as Horace Slughorn and an upcoming involvement in the latest *Indiana Jones* film prove his compatibility with multi-million pound projects. He is thrilled to be joining the (very commercial) machine that is *Harry Potter* (“the constitution”, he calls it) and points out that his name is only one of many amongst a star-studded line up. To manipulate one of Horace’s own terms, I ask whether it worries him that young actors such as Daniel Radcliffe seem to have had their taste of Felix Felicis (lucky potion) at what is an incredibly early stage in their lives and careers. “I think it’s perilous to happen to anyone. For the young actors in their twenties who are just huge, that must be really hard because it’s very unreal really and it can disappear in a drop

of smoke.”

When I ask him if he has any advice for young actors that he wished he had been given himself, he stresses the need for a type of passion for this profession that amounts to tunnel vision. “I think that if you’ve got any doubt about it, there’s no point in trying to do it if you’ve got any choice in the matter, really. It’s not 9-5 and I’ve been very lucky but most actors spend a lot of the time not working. So if you’ve got any options, take them!”

It has in many ways been a blessing that the “wise people at drama school” were right about the fact that Broadbent would only come into a lot of regular work in his thirties. He joined the ‘ugly modelling’ agency for a while (though ponders the possibility that perhaps he wasn’t ugly enough) and gave himself “either ten years or until I was thirty” to give this “game” a serious go. Fortunately for his countless directors, he stuck

with the long haul and has found himself at the peak of his career at an age where he is afforded a private life that so many younger stars are denied. Something that Broadbent has now had to do countless times for a role is what he refers to as “ageing up,” where he has to slip into the shoes and make-up of an older man for a particular part. Unlike a lot of women in the industry, for whom he admits it is a lot tougher, this should garner more and more work as he gets older and it is with a dry wit that he considers “every falling hair as another casting opportunity.”

So aside from some fortune-bringing balding, what next for this icon of British cinema? I am once again greeted with patient humility: “I think I’ll wait and see what other people come up with really. What other people come up with is generally more interesting than I do.” For once, it is impossible to believe him.

## Jim Broadbent: Filmography

1997: *The Borrowers*  
1998: *Little Voice*  
1999: *Topsy-Turvy*  
2001: *Bridget Jones’ Diary*  
*Moulin Rouge!*  
*Iris*  
2002: *Gangs of New York*  
*Nicholas Nickleby*  
2003: *Bright Young Things*  
2004: *Vanity Fair*  
*Around the World in 80 Days*  
*Vera Drake*  
*Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason*

2005: *Robots* (voice)  
*The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*  
2006: *Longford*  
*Art School Confidential*  
2007: *Hot Fuzz*  
*And When Did You Last See Your Father?*  
2008: *Dirty Tricks*  
*Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*  
*Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*

# Oh, we do like to be

**Josh Farrington** and **Verity Simpson** debate the pros and cons of the

**O**kay. Time to 'fess up. The first single I ever bought was Natalie Imbruglia's Torn. To my mind, it still stands as a great song (a recent singles collection from the Australian soapstar-turned-popstar supports my faith in her greatness), and when I bought it, I remember my joy at possessing such a shiny, shiny object. And you know what? When I take it out of its cardboard case now (ten long taste-adjusting years later) and slip it into the tray, listening to those three precision-aimed tracks of pop wonderment still brings back the same giddy thrills it did then. Vinyl collectors are always accused of geekishly fetishizing their collections, buffing their sleeves, and greasing their

grooves (or whatever), and it seems that CD owners will soon go the same way. I try to stay away from eroticizing compact discs, but my innate selfishness and agnostic attachment to earthly possessions leads me to value my CD collection more than just about anything else I own. An mp3 file on a computer just isn't the same – I can't search for it in a shop (where it will be, invariably, hidden away behind a discount ska compilation), then take it triumphantly to the till, rushing home with it to place it on the stereo like a sacrifice upon an altar, and sitting back to worship. People rave about the download revolution because it means we can cut out duff tracks, and burn ourselves

only the sharpest, best songs. But this is a *bad* thing. You don't cut your favourite chapters from a book, or the best scenes from a film. Albums are written and recorded as a single entity, a unified work of art, meant to be taken and appreciated as a whole, and singles are the same. B-sides aren't just useless cast-offs tagged on merely to encourage people to buy a song they already own, they're fragments of surplus creativity that reward dedicated fans and document musical experiments that don't work in an album context. And sometimes, just sometimes, they're better than the singles themselves. **JF**



**Track:** The Model  
**Lost on:** Neon Lights, Computer Love  
**Artist:** Kraftwerk

Yes. Not once, but twice did German man-machines Kraftwerk give away one of their most distinctive songs as a B-side to a far inferior A-side. Showing a distinctive pop-nous that informed all of their greatest tracks, The Model's chiming synth-lines cut to the core of a society in thrall to superficiality, anticipating the rise of the yuppies in the decade to come. Also beloved by New Romantics, and they were right about everything.



**Track:** Unchained Melody  
**Lost on:** Hung On You  
**Artist:** The Righteous Brothers

Yes I know, I hate this soulless dirge too, but it's impossible to deny its commercial success. Number one in the British charts by four different artists (Jimmy Young, The Righteous Brothers, Robson & Jerome, and Gareth Gates), and reputedly Simon Cowell's favourite song, it was considered so boring during the Righteous Brothers' recording that one of them (Bill Medley) isn't even singing on it. Yet somehow, radio DJs saw through the lack of verse, chorus, or pleasant tune, and recognised an unlikely pop behemoth beneath – playing it over its now forgotten A-side, Hung on You.



**Track:** Bigger Boys And Stolen Sweethearts  
**Lost on:** I Bet That You Look Good On The Dancefloor  
**Artist:** Arctic Monkeys

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a girl will always choose a man who is bigger and richer than you. It's this philosophical mantra that inspires this bittersweet ode from the stinging pen of Alex Turner, back in the days before waves of unremitting scenester backlash drowned their every offering. What we shouldn't forget is how good these early singles (Fake Tales of San Francisco et al) were, and how strong the B-sides they backed them up with were as well. All that hype happened for a reason, and this was why.



**Track:** Acquiesce  
**Lost on:** Some Might Say  
**Artist:** Oasis

It was quite a shock to realise that the proto-human Mancunians Noel and Liam Gallagher knew a word as long as acquiesce. In fact, they didn't know what it meant, as they later admitted. Despite this, the song was an absolute cracker. Found as a bonus on the 12-inch release of Some Might Say (not even the conventional single for crissakes), this song proved their God-given (or perhaps chemically-induced) confidence, chucking away songs with casual abandon, only to be found years later in pride of place on B-Sides compilation The Masterplan and contract fulfilling Best Of, Stop the Clocks.

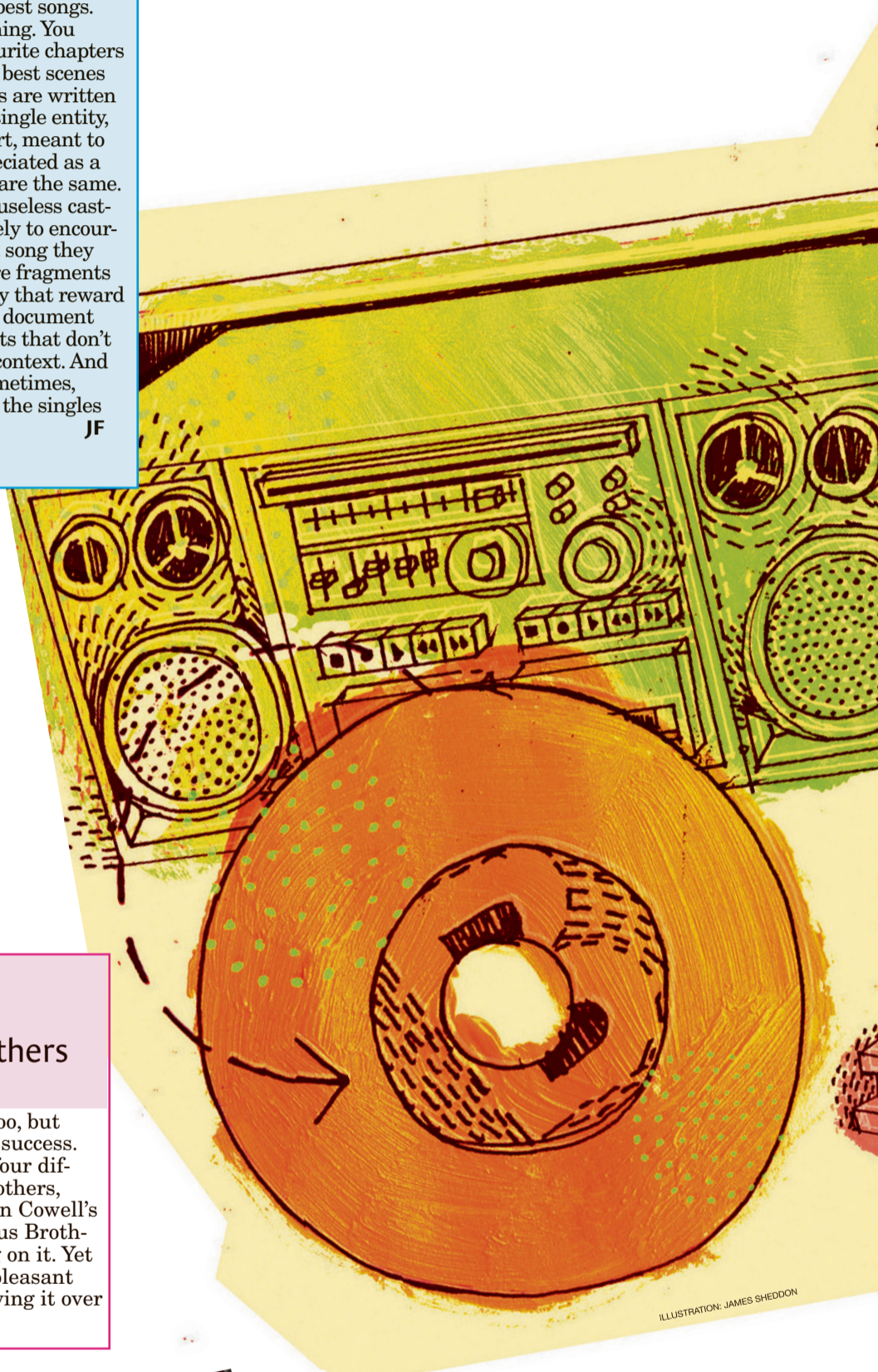


ILLUSTRATION: JAMES SHEDDON

# B-Side the A-Side

B-side, while Varsity picks the best of the bunch



I'm not ashamed of my first single. It was the Manic Street Preachers, If You Tolerate This, Then Your Children Will Be Next. Okay, not their best, but I can honestly say that I have no recollection of its B-side. I didn't listen to them then, and I certainly don't listen to them now. The CD B-side is dead, and its ashes have been scattered over iTunes, where a phoenix has risen from them to take on the form of a sort of 'pick and mix' attitude to the purchase of music. You hear a single somewhere, and if you like it enough you buy it on iTunes (or you download it from your music savvy friend) and that's

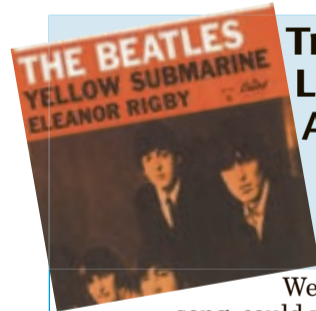
that. The reason most bands had a B-side was due to the demands of their record labels, but let's face it - the majority of them just weren't very good. Or, more irritatingly, there were just three remixes of the same song. Or worse, an instrumental version. Crap. However, this isn't meant to be an essay condemning the B-side, or at least the concept of a B-side. I have nothing against an added bonus for your money, as long as it's actually a decent track. But let's bear in mind that we need to move forward. Why put out a CD single with a good B-side when, in the current download frenzy, hardly anyone will buy

it? That's why so many B-sides that were actually worth listening to passed under the radar, and were, at first, wasted. And why should mp3s and downloads be condemned and blamed for the death of the B-side? If it's such a good song, release it as an mp3 and watch the sales fly in. If people can listen to 30 seconds of an excellent track, which may not have had exposure on a single CD, they're more likely to buy it. Well, thank god these ten B-sides were saved from the reject pile. In many cases, they proved themselves superior to their A-sides and became classics. And you can buy them on iTunes too. **VS**



**Track:** Queen Bitch  
**Lost on:** Rebel Rebel  
**Artist:** David Bowie

Even if you claim to dislike David Bowie, on account of being a little bit scared of his weirdness (it's alright, everyone else feels this too), you can't claim not to like this track. If you do, you'll be flying in the face of, well, pretty much every respected music opinion, ever. Written for Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, it has been covered no fewer than ten times, by artists varying from Seu Jorge to the Arcade Fire. If nothing else, the title should appeal.



**Track:** Eleanor Rigby  
**Lost on:** Yellow Submarine  
**Artist:** The Beatles

Well, we couldn't not include at least one Beatles song, could we? Of course, any band who produces work as consistently good as The Beatles couldn't avoid having a clutch of nigh-on-perfect B-sides, but this is the pick of the bunch (some might say Rain, but this is better). Later included on Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, it's instantly recognisable, and infinitely brilliant. Bigger than Jesus, and definitely better with a piano and a handful of chords.



**Track:** Maggie May  
**Lost on:** Reason to Believe  
**Artist:** Rod Stewart

It didn't take long for radio DJs and fans to realise the great gruff Rod's mistake and get the ludicrous listings of this single reversed. But despite this oversight, the ballad of the hooker with the heart of gold had already snuck into the British charts. Now it's a staple of karaoke, school discos, and even inspired a fantastic filthy short story by legendary music writer Lester Bangs - not bad for a B-side then.



**Track:** How Soon is Now?  
**Lost on:** William, It Was Really Nothing  
**Artist:** The Smiths

One of the more surprising entries to the B-sides list, this one. After all, how could How Soon Is Now?, The Smiths' signature song, be used only as a B-side, to William It Was Really Nothing of all things? Thankfully, Morrissey and co soon realised the error of their ways, and Johnny Marr's experimental guitar workout (and firm fan favourite) became an A-side in its own right a year later. How smart was that? Oh, it was really nothing. I'll stop now.



**Track:** Talk Show Host  
**Lost on:** Street Spirit (Fade Out)  
**Artist:** Radiohead

A classic by anyone's standard, the fact that this repetitive, atmospheric haunter was used up as the second B-side to Radiohead's equally brilliant hymn to existential despair, Street Spirit (Fade Out), shows that the mighty Radiohead have talent and tunes to spare. Nagging away on the soundtrack of Baz Lurhman's Romeo+Juliet, you might not know what it is, but you will know it instinctively as the background music to pain and disaster.



## ANALYSIS



You can buy Radiohead's new album at whatever price you think it's worth, whether it's a tenner, 2p or nothing at all. **Ed Cumming** explains why they may still be set to make a killing.

The news that Radiohead are planning to release new album *In Rainbows* on the internet, charging people as much as they are willing to pay, has been seen as an act of career suicide.

But a quick look at the facts shows that all is not entirely as it appears. Although it seems like they might not make any money from the release, once you look at the numbers it becomes apparent that they might well stand to do better from this potentially "free" release than if they put the album out on a conventional CD.

A survey by the NME last week suggested that fans were, on average, prepared to spend about £5 on the new Radiohead CD. This doesn't sound unreasonable. It is less than the price of an album on iTunes, and it's roughly half to a third of what people would spend on a physical release CD in a shop. When people are asked to name a perceived "fair" cost for an already-priced album, a third is often the chosen value.

People's willingness to pay might make more sense, were it not for the confusion in our heads about the costs of making a CD versus those of releasing an album online. According to the Almighty Institute of Music Retail, a research group, a conventional CD costs approximately £3.60 to manufacture, distribute and put in a shop. These expenses explain why it's cheaper to buy music from an internet site like iTunes.

Radiohead, however, have gone even further in cutting the costs involved. As one of the world's biggest acts, they scarcely need to pay for advertising, and indeed any such expenses they might have incurred have been entirely eliminated by the media at-

tention surrounding the new pricing (all publicity is good publicity after all). By releasing through their own website they also avoid incurring costs from iTunes (or whoever), and after separating from former label Parlophone, there are no pesky record-label overheads either.

Though people might be paying less than they would have done otherwise, every penny will go to the band. You could argue that this is just how it should be, but that would do a disservice to the labels and promoters, who incur great expenses nurturing new artists, the majority of which never makes it to Radiohead's level, or even to iTunes. A handful of bands at the very top subsidise this industry – it might not be fair on them, but then again Radiohead would never have reached where they are now had someone not been prepared to take a financial risk on them earlier.

Whilst it's admirable to allow punters to pay what they think the music is worth, there's a case to be made that Radiohead's approach is on slightly questionable grounds. This in itself would matter less had Radiohead not made it so clear that they are an ethically minded, responsible group with their previous commitment to charitable causes. Revolutions, no matter how well intentioned, always risk causing upset in areas that were never considered by the original plotters. In this case, what might appear as a blast of egalitarian self-sacrifice may eventually provide a deadly blow for some of the grass-roots bands who will never survive without the benefit of the label system, and who could never self-promote in the way Radiohead could. It might perhaps be better to charge a fair price, one which reflects the fact that not all bands enjoy their superstar status.

# National



RAVI AMARATUNGA

**Sachithanandam Sathananthan** and **Sabiha Sumar** are two Cambridge graduates who headlined the Toronto Film Festival with the groundbreaking film *Dinner with the President: A Nation's Journey*, recently shown on BBC4. **Ravi Amaratunga** met them to talk about Pakistani politics, the ups and downs of film-making and the benefits of a Cambridge education.

The Royal Ontario Museum stands tall in leafy downtown Toronto, positioned neatly between Bloor Street and Queens Park, slap bang in the middle of the University of Toronto campus. Its futuristic design seemed like the perfect venue for the Democracy Talks showcase, a series of documentaries which forms part of the Toronto International Film Festival. It was in a pokey little cafe across the street from the prominent ROM that I met two Cambridge graduates who were headlining the bill with their film about the controversial President Musharraf of Pakistan, *Dinner with the President: A Nation's Journey*.

Sachithanandam Sathananthan (or Satha for short) and Sabiha Sumar are the husband and wife team which co-directed and produced the film, and I began by asking Sabiha how she would describe the piece. "The background to the film is General Pervez Musharraf's coup in 1999. Musharraf has since claimed to democratize society. Satha and I were allowed to sit down and talk to Musharraf over dinner and discuss ideas about democracy, women's rights and

fundamentalism in a country caught right in the middle of the West's 'war on terror'. We compare what Musharraf himself has to say with my own journey travelling and meeting the various voices of Pakistan."

"We discovered another irony: this army general has set out to empower the disenfranchised, particularly women"

Sabiha is also keen to point out the central theme of the film, the concept of an army general bringing democracy to the masses in a positive way. "I would say that this idea really spurs the film. Satha and I were really intrigued by the idea of a President in army uniform delivering democracy to the masses...indeed during our

discussion about his vision, his intentions, his political as well as personal past we discovered another irony: this army general has set out to empower the disenfranchised, particularly women."

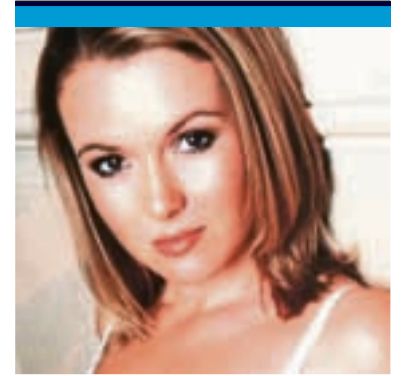
I asked them both about the most revealing aspects of the film-making process. "For me personally I guess what really struck me was how I am viewed as a patriotic yet independent female Pakistani." Indeed, during the film Sabiha encounters a meeting of the MMA – an alliance of religious parties in a tribal parliament. During a moment of heightened tension the meeting is dismissed as many of the tribal leaders cannot stand the idea of being addressed by a woman in such a manner. Despite Sabiha's pleas of a common outlook for Pakistan, the bitter taste of a polarised society lingers on. Satha explains that for him the film necessitated the re-examination of the nature of Pakistan.

"For me it was an odd experience. *A Nation's Journey* was only tagged onto the end of the film in post-production and we found that the original questions which we scripted – both

# Treasures



Satha (right) and Sabiha take a break from the Toronto film festival



## Ten questions

### Amanda Holden

**What luxury can you not live without?**

Being able to afford to fly posh class on long haul flights!

**What advice would you give to young actors now that you wish you have been given yourself?**

Be careful from the start what you say in public... It will come back to haunt you!

**Given the power, how would you change the acting profession?**

I would bring back proper student grants again so that talented students could actually train without fear of debt. That goes for all students actually.

**If you had to spend the rest of your career being type-cast, what type of character would you most like to play?**

I would love to play more bitches like Mia in Cutting It.

**What is your favourite thing about your job?**

Just being able to do the job I dreamed of and be paid for it is unbelievable.

**How do you spend a day off?**

My perfect day would be with my daughter, fiance and two dogs walking along Thames, lunch out, read the papers, early bath (all three of us - not the dogs!) then bottle of wine and bed. Very boring but fab for me!

**Is there a particular achievement in your life or career that you can single out as that which you are most proud of?**

Being nominated for an Olivier Award for Thoroughly Modern Millie.

**If you had to go back to study for a year, what subject would you choose?**

Journalism or advertising.

**One item for which you would return if your house was burning down?**

The huge photo album and family tree my Grandad worked on for years for us.

**Which three songs would you insist on including in a soundtrack to your life so far?**

Dancing queen, My Heart Belongs to Daddy and YMCA.

to the President and to the various strands of society we met – changed dramatically. The complexities of Pakistan really surfaced during our journey, and the need to re-define our concept of democracy seemed all the greater at each encounter.”

The film’s reception has been positive, and further success seems to be forthcoming. “We’ve showcased it at Rotterdam, Hanover, and it’s going to be screened at Sundance. I think the reception here in Toronto has been pretty representative so far – members from the Pakistani (or South Asian, more generally) diaspora living in western countries, and other people who had no idea of who Musharraf was have both told us how informative and touching the story has been.” Satha adds that they have “also just signed a deal with ITVS and ZDF in Germany to turn the piece into a documentary, so we’re pretty excited.”

Dinner With the President: A Nation’s Journey is by no means the duo’s first production. “We usually make fiction-orientated feature films bringing up many of the issues the documentary addresses. For example in Silent Waters, we see a woman’s struggle in the newly declared Muslim state of Pakistan in 1979.” Sabiha chuckles and explains the circumstances of the film’s initial reception. “Actually there is a pretty funny story with that film. It was my second film, which Satha produced, and I didn’t find out it had won the Pardo d’oro at the Locarno

Film Festival until the very last minute, because our so called agent at the time had actually forgotten about the whole thing! Well you have to laugh don’t you? Film-making is a pretty tough business, and though all of our films have got warm receptions at all the festivals we’ve shown them, getting them distributed is really hard and eking out a living is a tough business.” Satha explains further: “Yes, the lows are pretty low, but the highs are great, and there’s no denying it’s an addictive process.”

I then asked them about the circumstances of their meeting, which surprisingly didn’t actually happen at Cambridge at all. “I did my MPhil in political thought just as Satha was leaving, and our paths didn’t cross till a good few years later,” Sabia explains. “My time at Cambridge was pretty study-orientated and I went to Karachi afterwards to take a position in marketing and to do some journalism on the side. My articles were pretty well-received, and by chance one guy from a film production company in Germany suggested I embark on a film.” “And you needed a producer so married me.” “I think we both know it was a little more involved than that!” Sabia retorts.

Satha is grateful for the skills he gained at Cambridge, and explains how they have helped him with his film-making. “Well I did my PhD in Land Economy, and I still write papers in journals in South Asia quite regularly, so in that sense my time at Cambridge

was invaluable. For this project I co-directed for the first time, and I structured the film as I would one of my papers. Intense research beforehand, and then drawing all the different strands together in the blind hope that it will turn out OK, and it always does.”

I finish by asking them if they have any advice for budding Cambridge film-makers.

“As Sabia said, it’s a really tough industry, and you put your heart and soul into a project only to see it at the mercy of distributors, and it’s disheartening. But I’d say don’t wait for funding to come to you. Get out there and make

## “The need to re-define our concept of democracy seemed all the greater at each encounter”

your first film and see what happens. It’s uncertain, testing and at times unbearable, but at the same time incredibly exciting. If you have the passion and enthusiasm that only youth can bring then you really have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Sabia is equally encouraging. “Getting your films out there is definitely important I would say – and once the ball is rolling, it’s



RAVI AMARATUNGA

rolling.”

Dinner with the President was recently shown on BBC4, but there are currently no plans to release it in UK cinemas, which is a great shame. It is a beautiful film that incorporates the surreal landscapes of Pakistan’s deserts with the truly pressing political and ethical issues of a constantly changing country. Sabia and Satha have already started production on their next feature, Rafina, for ZDF and ARTE, due to be released in late 2008.

view  
from the gods

Oscar Wilde said "a cigarette is the perfect of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied." The pretentiousness of quoting Wilde can only be assuaged by the fact that he was wrong.

They are desired by a large number of people for up to an hour, and when they finally arrive we applaud. They facilitate some of the most enjoyable activities: smoking, drinking, conversation. And always leave us wanting more.

Medea, like ADC lateshows, cleverly denied us the pleasure of an interval. And we actually had to sit through the whole thing rather than sloping off to finish a bad essay about Elizabethan sonnets. Luckily the play was very good so there was no need for a stampe to the ice-cream-sellers.

The problem is that we are under the impression that student theatre is capable of entertain-

**I recommend you go to see this because it gave me an erection**

ing others. In fact, friends and dedicated family members simply sit through most plays in order to be able to make disingenuous remarks afterwards. Trevor Nunn felt that there was no reason that Cymbeline shouldn't be enjoyable to watch. And it was. And students failed to turn up.

Kenneth Tynan famously said "the Western critic still finds it very hard to go into print and say: 'I recommend you to go and see this because it gave me an erection.'" A comparable difficulty for the Cambridge reviewer is to go to print and say "I would not recommend you go to see this because it was very bad indeed". One risks torturous invasions of our personal space the worst of which being, of course, impromptu Facebook pokes by disgruntled actresses.

The real reason that plays are given one or two or three stars is that the potential theatre-goer deserves to know if a play is terribly, terribly boring. Regardless of whether the play is well acted, well directed and with the best artistic intentions, theatre is capable of unbelievable tedium.

In fact, when a reviewer talks of "a moving and masterful portrayal", what she should be saying is "I was so bored I ate my ticket then my programme before the interval". It seems ridiculous to take issue with a three-star review rather than be thankful for the fact that reviewers seem to abide by the diktat "if you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all".

It is the duty of actors and directors in Cambridge to start to encourage everyone else that student theatre is not a labour of love. It is an art form intended to entertain.

Medea  
Cambridge Arts TheatreTheatre  
★★★★★

According to the programme notes for Medea, theatrical "directness and vitality" were the proposed governing principles of the fledgling Cambridge Greek Play at its inception in 1882, and Annie Castledine's production of Euripides' tragedy, performed in the original language of a 2,500 year-old text, possessed those qualities in abundance. By choosing to incorporate additional onstage seating, while also making use of a thrust stage which intruded into the comfortable sanctity of the audience, Castledine's production achieved an immediacy of staging which provided an appropriate platform for the representation of the raw, uncompromising emotions which we associate with Greek tragedy.

By setting her production in 1912 England and by casting the chorus as a group of suffragettes, Castledine had clearly opted to highlight the play's concern with ideas of female liberation. Regularly hitching up her dress and continuing to enjoy a lingering frisson with Jason, Marta Zlatic's Medea was a sexual force of nature and a purveyor of a rebellious sexuality, which the prudish suffragettes could only mar-

vel at and occasionally avert their collective gaze from. In contrast to the "civilization" of the Greeks, Medea is a "barbarian" and, as an outsider in a foreign land, her situation was a metaphor for the alienation of women in a patriarchal society. In Castledine's hands, she became a kind of feminist Prometheus, desperate to be unbound, and achieving liberation only through the most savage of means, by killing her children to revenge her husband's infidelity. Misha Verkerk as Jason single-handedly captured the arrogant masculinity of Greek society (quick to dismiss women as mere sex-fiends) while it is the unfaithfulness of men, rather than women, which is asserted by Medea. In this sense, Castledine's production was fascinated with the exploration of feminine liberation, whilst also testing its parameters.

Stylistic representation was always going to be of particular importance, and the cast, under the guidance of Castledine and collaborator Clive Mendus, achieved an impressively bold stylized physicality. The chorus, always exhibiting great physical poise, moved in a shoal-like group whilst speaking many of

their lines in an exaggeratedly singsong tone, and throughout the production achieved an impressive solemnity of rhythm. This, in turn, was complemented by the actual music provided by an onstage trio of musicians. The language barrier was easily hurdled by the talented cast. Robert Lloyd-Parry's Aegeus even achieved a comic warmth of characterisation, appearing as an old English duffer, in spite of the Greek. Virginia Corless, as the Messenger, gave the story of the princess' death by poisoning an exhilarating breathless vitality. Most importantly perhaps, Marta Zlatic and Misha Verkerk as Medea

and Jason showed an effortless command of the language, and their final showdown after Medea had killed her children was as powerful and heart-wrenching as anything I have seen performed in English.

This was an innovative, assured and poetic production, not to mention an impressive feat, for which all involved deserve enormous credit. It could perhaps have had more of an impact if the protagonists' operatic emotions had been turned up a notch or two but, all things considered, it was a rare treat for a Cambridge audience.

Ed Rice

Committee  
Smoker  
ADCComedy  
★★★★★Alcock Improv  
ADCComedy  
★★★★★

Alcock Improv and the year's first Smoker stood side by side this week as the latest episode of Cambridge Comedy kicked off with a bang. Or at least a loud whirring sound. Whilst Smokers are of course normally an infamous bastion of democracy in lending any budding comedian (or at least a select few) a forum in which to perform, this week's Committee Smoker was exceptionally undertaken only by the Footlights Committee And Friends. This is a Committee bereft of several of its previously most established members, but which stepped into the breach with panache and conviction.

It started off well but the show was something of a mixed bag: at times genuinely funny and surprisingly political, elsewhere the hints of a smug complacency detracted from the edginess that has arguably been a forte of previous Smokers. Indeed, one might whisper, at the risk of sounding a spoilsport, that the several gags at the expense of the disabled/stupid/inferior were cheap shots; and surely "Comedy" could be better used to deflate, not swell, the Cambridge ego?

It did not help, perhaps, that much of the material had been done before, and done better:

it might be time to move on to prevent what was originally experimental from becoming stale and over-rehearsed. Yet at the same time, it was in delivery that many sketches suffered, trailing off towards the end, undermining material that had the potential to be provocative, imaginative and very funny but which often fell slightly short of the mark.

When it worked though, it worked well: notably a parody of a Coldplay song, In your face, by a snubbed musician with acceptance issues; a dry comment on champagne socialism; a sketch involving a pair of jeans so skinny one wondered if their real purpose was to act as a muscle support; and a piece satirising the stereotype of a bookish don by suggesting the literary worth and light-reading possibilities of a dictionary, that included a humorous, if bizarre, demonstration of quite how resistant a dust jacket can be. Whilst this piece was weakened by being distastefully and unnecessarily executed mimicking the voice of someone suffering from cerebral palsy, it drew much mirth for its originality, wit and lack of inhibition.

Alcock Improv the next day did not lack in originality. A bold group of five actors ready to re-

spond to anything the audience might throw at them, their show was reminiscent of a drama lesson. It started off with a detective game, working through songs, general improvisation and culminating in a surreal scene whose central humour derived from the fact one cast member had his or her head in a bucket of water at all times, from which the others had to find "realistic" excuses ("I hear drowning") to leave the stage and extricate them. Desperate flailing arms as they danced with death and pushed the boundaries of health and safety protocols prompted raucous laughter.

Tom Hensby held the show together with considerable flair, conspicuous for his indefatigable energy, huge range of personas (crackpot tea lady a highlight), and a quite remarkable ability to think on his feet to hilarious effect, producing such gems as rhyming "Paris Hilton" to "stilton" (needs to eat some), having been prompted with "cheese" two seconds earlier and whilst playing blues on the guitar. Along with Mark Gardinier, these two patently most experienced of the group kept the show on the road when some of the games dragged slightly or if the impromptu sketches failed to take off. Generally, though, the performance was always exciting and often hilarious, perhaps most appealing for its fresh and unpretentious style and the fact they were all, clearly, loving it. The Footlights should watch their back.

Alexandra Reza



## Control

Dir: Anton Corbijn

Film  
★★★★★

You may be familiar with the Curtis story, written into the rock history books following the lead singer's tragic suicide in 1980 on the eve of the band's American tour, at the age of only 23. Even if you're not so intimate with the band or their music, *Control* offers not only a magnificent insight into this young troubled soul, but a painful portrait of a bleak late 1970s Macclesfield, and, more importantly, an unfolding of the human condition. Director Anton Corbijn shot the film in stunning high contrast black and white – perfect for the harsh, bleak backdrop of North England during the dawn of the Thatcher years. Curtis' descent unfolds naturally, first with epileptic attacks, then with the breakdown of his marriage, Curtis became entrapped by his own nihilistic emotions, which eventually consumed him – to the point where he simply could no longer exist.

Corbijn takes rock history and turns it into filmic poetry, interlacing beautifully orchestrated shots of the industrial Macclesfield skyline with Curtis' own lyrics and Joy Division's music, each intricately placed and timed within an intense and well-worked screenplay (written by Matt Greenhalgh, based on the book 'Touching from a Distance', written by Curtis' wife, Deborah.) Corbijn revives the British Cinematic style of the period with an air of effortless-ness. The feel of Ken Loach's early work such as *Looks and Smiles* or, going even further back, *Kes* is all too familiar. Sam Riley is superb as Curtis, pushing forward an innocence lost in the depths of despair. Samantha Morton plays a compassionate but inevitably helpless wife quite convincingly, but the film is really Corbijn's triumph. The attention to detail really does pay off, from the painstaking re-creation of

the 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' video to the Sex Pistols gig in 1976 at the Manchester Free Trade Hall where the band were said to have first met. Typically British humor intersperses Curtis' downfall: "I don't like the name Buzzcocks," reflects bass player Peter Hook (played ever-so-coolly by Joe Anderson), "It's got the word cock in it – I just wouldn't stand for it, that's all." *Control*, for both the avid Joy Division disciple, Post-Punk newcomer and casual filmgoer is simply a visual treat, with dark and brooding moments to rival Von Trier. The atmosphere of the film fits perfectly with the roomy and lonely sound that Joy Division themselves created. The film re-sounds with the emotive agony in Curtis' own menacing lyrics and haunting voice: impending gloom, innocent love and unavoidable hopelessness all rolled into one.

Ravi Amaratunga



## Time Out The Dave Brubeck Quartet

One day, around 1959, jazz pianist and arranger Dave Brubeck woke up with a quirky idea. Let's make a jazz album, he thought, where none of the songs use jazz rhythms. While that might have seemed absolutely senseless to his band, The Dave Brubeck Quartet, Brubeck himself was a man of pure vision, and what he produced is probably one of the most ambitious and superbly played examples of experimental jazz ever recorded. From the 9/8 shuffles of *Blue Rondo a la Turk*, which takes the hot-headed fever of a Turkish zeybek and forces the cool beat of a jazz alto into the midst, to the tense piano hammering of *Everybody's Jumpin'*, the album is awash with a sense that you are in the hands of genius. It is from this album that the famous *Take Five*, possibly the most well known tune in jazz, originates. Written by alto saxophonist extraordinaire Paul Desmond, this seminal track with its cheeky piano refrain and a songbird saxophone takes a step back from the slurs and scale sliding of Charlie Parker and Coltrane, and lets you hear just how mischievous, beautiful, sonorous and versatile an instrument the saxophone can be. Formed out of Desmond's frustration of not being able to write anything in the stupid key signature of 5/4, it took an arranger with the imagination of Brubeck to force the pieces of Desmond's effort into a song that I can happily (and often do, to the annoyance of many) put on repeat and listen to all day. Sceptical? So was the Quartet. Desmond apparently joked that he would be able to buy a new electric shaver from the royalties he got from *Take Five*, and Columbia Records sure as hell has no clue what to do with an album that had no famous samples to fall back on. It didn't even have a sexy lady on the front cover, just an abstract art piece by obscure American artist Neil Fujita. But that's what *Time Out* was all about - an experimental piece of abandoned bread that resulted in jazz-penicillin (if you can imagine such a thing). So even if you hate jazz, even if you fear jazz and its lack of rules, take some time out to embrace the foolhardy, implausible, ridiculous effort of four jazz men who laboured themselves with restrictions and impossibilities, and still came out on top.

Owain Mckimm

## The Decemberists The Junction

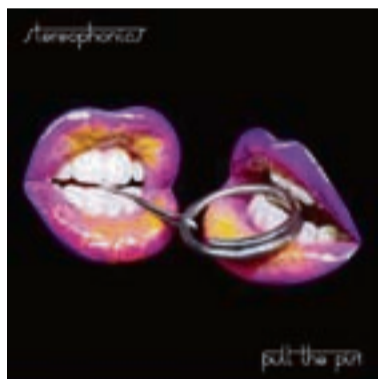
Live Review  
★★★★★

Where were you going? Where the Hell were you going? This is the question I ask to the hundreds of middle-aged tossers who spent the first half-an-hour of The Decemberists' magnificent show moving, pointlessly, back and forth across the Junction. You weren't going to the bar (you didn't buy any drinks). You weren't going to the toilet (there are toilets on both sides of the venue). You certainly weren't going to the lonely Van of Life outpost (because no one ever does). So, I ask you again, where the fuck were you going?

Once the restless adults had finally settled down, we were at last able to bask in the glory of the show. The Junction's weird, wide space perfectly suited the broad, multi-instrumental attack of a band like Portland's Decemberists, who, in their shirts and braces, looked like a wittier version of the Arcade Fire. Their ripping prog-folk-rock-baroque-pop yarns of urchins, vagabonds, consumptive wretches and the siege of Stalingrad could feel unutterably twee, if it weren't for Colin Meloy's keen, haunting voice (note perfect, as were the whole band), that somehow remained tongue-in-cheek as well as perfectly sincere. Fifteen-minute epic *The Crane Wife* set a panoramic scene for the whole set, that climaxed with theatrical sea-shanty *The Mariner's Revenge Song* ("impressive screaming", the bespectacled singer commented on the audience participation, "I see you've all been swallowed by whales before").

Yes, The Decemberists are a special, singular band, taking us on a very unique journey. Any middle-aged idiots pushing past me, however, will get instantly keel-hauled.

JF



The title is surely some indication that a musical grenade is about to explode, blow us away with harmonic shrapnel, leave our ears ringing awe struck at the guitar-shattering reverb. Now that Kelly Jones has stopped playing at being a noir Frank Sinatra, crooning (in a socially conscious way) on his solo project, this is what I hoped for. But the Stereophonics have unfortunately retreated into repeating themselves. There is little on this album that hasn't been heard before, and many of the

songs seem like either add-ons or cast offs from their last two albums. This is not all as bad as it seems though, the opening number, *Soldiers Make Good Targets*, is a solid tune full of grungy distortion and unintelligible yet wonderfully Kelly Jones vocals, but it would have been far more at home on their last album among the other, grungy, distorted, wonderfully shouted tracks that gave *Language*, *Sex Violence*, *Other?* its angry sense of scope and purpose. The best songs on this album are those that you fail to place among their previous repertoire. *Bank Holiday Monday* (with the best "take me serious" lyric ever, when the drink is in, the wit is most definitely out) and the honest, stripped down, sweetest-little-ditty-in-toyland acoustic number *Bright Red Star* are tracks that dip their toes in the pool of albums past. These tracks also look maturely to the future and keep this latest effort fresh - but only just.

Owain Mckimm

## Stereophonics Pull the Pin

Album  
★★★★★

## Ed Harcourt Until Tomorrow Then

Album  
★★★★★



Yes, it's a best of album, but not necessarily as we know it. Ed Harcourt's offering isn't one of those hastily compiled jobs which seem to be all too common in the current atmosphere of the music mogul. No, this album comprises the dedicated work of seven years and five albums, and so each and every one of its 16 tracks is, quite frankly, phenomenal. For those of you who haven't heard of Ed Harcourt, there's an element of Brendan Benson/Neil Finn song writing, but better. His melodies are more beautiful than most, his voice more exhilarating. The opening number, *Born In*

The '70s, showcases his ability to produce feel-good, spirited tracks alongside more sombre, but no less exquisite masterpieces, such as *This One's For You*, the highlight of this album. By the eponymous *Until Tomorrow Then*, you'll have grown to admire this artist's incredible talent, as his voice swoops over lyrics such as *with the waves rising high / we'd be the first most likely to die* as if on the brink of breakdown, whilst the backing has a quality to it that makes you think it could have been recorded in a 1940's jazz studio. And in this jazz vein, *Whistle Of A Distant Train* has the strain of a trumpet accompanying its mellifluous piano part, a simple yet effective arrangement. If this creative genius has eluded you thus far, now is the time to hear a compilation of some of the most hauntingly exquisite songs possibly ever made. Every track on this album could be a favourite, and this is really what a best of should be. You won't regret owning this collection of works of art.

VS

film

theatre

music


other

going out

pick  
of  
the  
week

**L'Amore Molesto**  
Thurs 18 Oct, Arts Picturehouse, 17.00  
Once again, the Arts Picturehouse comes up trumps with a foray into foreign film. This time it's an Italian drama, adapted from Elena Ferrante's novel and directed by Mario Martone, whose film depicts Bologna illustrator Delia returning to her native Naples after her mother's death. What she comes home to, however, churns up memories of her past which have been thus far been dormant in her subconscious. *L'Amore Molesto* was the only Italian film to be entered into the Cannes Film Festival, so it's certainly worth going to see why.

**The Changeling**  
Tues 16 Oct - Sat 20 Oct, Cambridge Arts Theatre, 19.45 (Thu and Sat 14.30 matinee), £10-£27  
Everyone loves a good bit of Jacobean revenge tragedy, especially first year english students keen to dismiss Shakespeare as "over-rated", and find a contemporary rival's name to chuck around (hint: you won't find one. Shakespeare is the best, Marlowe, Webster, Middleton *et al* are no way near as good, so just go back to reading King Lear, alright?). Having said that, the much respected English Touring Theatre's production of Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling* should be very good indeed.

**The Maccabees**  
Mon 15, The Junction, 19.00  
  
I like the Maccabees. I don't care what that scenester baiting choon LDN is a Victim said. Unlike many of the other illustrious and sometimes disaterous bands named in that dithyramb to capital trash, the Maccabees first album *Colour It In* was as good a collection of songs as has appeared in several years. Let's hope that they channel this talent equally well live.

**Talk by Stephen Unwin**  
Thurs 18, Trinity College, Old Combination Room, 22.00, Free  
Stephen Unwin, one of the country's leading theatre directors, and founder of the English Touring Theatre, comes to Cambridge to speak to the Trinity College Literary Society about his upcoming production of *The Changeling*. Prior to his founding of the ETT, Stephen worked as a freelance theatre and opera director, with productions at the National Theatre, the Royal Court, Garsington Opera, English National Opera and the Royal Opera House. His talk is certain to be enriched by his lively dramatic career.

**Mystery Jets**  
Sun 14, Fez, 22.00 - 03.00  
Remember the Mystery Jets? Yeah, well, only just. That's right. The singer's Dad played guitar. It's always nice to have a gimmick isn't it? That, and all their Eel Pie island new-prog schtick. Did anyone ever fall for that? Well, their DJ set might be better.



friday  
12

**The Heartbreak Kid**  
Vue, 14.50, 17.40, 20.30, 23.10  
**Stop Making Sense**  
Arts Picturehouse, 23.10  
**The Counterfeiters**  
Arts Picturehouse, 12.00, 14.10, 19.00, 21.10

**The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe**  
ADC Theatre, 19.45  
**Alcock Improv**  
ADC Theatre, 23.00

**Ed Harcourt/The Veils**  
The Graduate, 19.30, £12.50  
**Chris Laurence Quartet**  
Kettle's Yard, 19.00, £12-15  
Not such a good name for a band.

**Friday Lunchtime Concert**  
Kettle's Yard, 13.10 - 13.50  
The university's best musical talent shows of its stuff.

**The Get Down**  
The Soul Tree £4 before 11  
**Generator**  
Kambar, 22.00-03.30, £3  
**Friday Fez**  
Fez, 22.00-03.30, £5 before 11

saturday  
13

**My Life as a Dog (Mitt Liv Som Hund)**  
Newnham, Old Labs, 20.00, free.  
**This Filthy World**  
Arts Picturehouse, 23.20

**The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe**  
ADC Theatre, 14.30, 19.45  
**Alcock Improv**  
ADC Theatre, 23.00

**Jeffrey Lewis**  
Portland Arms, 20.00  
Because anti-folk is the best thing ever invented ever.

**Antarctic Volcanoes**  
Scott Polar Research Centre, 22.00  
Lecture by Dr John Smellie. Also a potentially brilliant name for a band.

**Instinct**  
The Soul Tree, £6 before 11  
**The Indie Thing**  
Kambar, 20.00 - 03.30 £3 student/£5

sunday  
14

**Zodiac**  
St. John's, 19.00, 22.00, £2.50  
**The Edukators**  
Arts Picturehouse, 12.00

Why don't you just read a play instead? Apparently Shakespeare is very good.

**Songs In The Dark**  
Clown's Cafe, 20.00, Free  
Acoustic open-mic night, and Cambridge institution. Lovely.

**Cambridge Philharmonic Society**  
West Road Concert Hall, 19.30  
Shostakovich, Zimmerman, Vaughan Williams, Mika. One of them is not true.

**Mystery Jets DJ Set**  
Fez, 22.00 - 03.00

monday  
15

**And When Did You Last See Your Father?**  
Arts Picturehouse, 12.45, 15.00, 19.00  
**Control**  
Vue, 15.20

Other people have recommended Beckett. I shall leave this one up to you.

**The Maccabees**  
The Junction, 19.00  
Genuinely quite good.  
**Oceansize**  
The Graduate, 19.30, £8.50

**Carol Bernstein**  
Paintings and Prints, 09.00 - 17.00, Clare Hall

**Renacimiento**  
The Soul Tree, 22.00 - 03.00 £4  
International student night. Does anyone go?  
**Fat Poppadaddy's**  
Fez, 22.00 - 03.30, £4  
Same old, same old.

tuesday  
16

**The Heartbreak Kid**  
Vue, 14.50, 17.40  
**Control**  
Arts Picturehouse, 18.30, 21.00

**Motortown**  
ADC Theatre, 19.45  
**The Tale of Lancelot**  
**Sebastian von Ludendorff**  
ADC Theatre, 23.00  
**The Changeling**  
Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45

**Soho Dolls**  
The Graduate, 19.30, £5  
Good name. Very good name.

**Art Speak, Drop-in Session**  
Fitzwilliam Museum, 13.15 - 13.45  
Turn up, tune in, look at art, talk about art, leave again. It'll be good for you.

**Ebonics**  
Fez, 22.00 - 03.00, £4  
**Wake Up Screaming**  
Kambar, 21.00 - 02.00, £3.50  
Why not fall asleep screaming too? Just visit the toilets to work out why.

wednesday  
17

**Invasion**  
Vue, 15.00, 17.50, 20.15  
**The Singer**  
Arts Picturehouse, 17.00

**Motortown**  
ADC Theatre, 19.45  
**The Memory of Water**  
ADC Theatre, 23.00  
**The Changeling**  
Cambridge Arts Theatre 19.45

**Jose Gonzalez**  
The Junction, 19.30  
Drawmaster! Release the balls!  
**Gravenhurst**  
The Graduate, 19.30, £7

**The Gentle Art: Friends and Strangers in Whistler's Prints**  
Fitzwilliam Museum, 10.00 - 17.00  
More than just the crux of a Mr Bean film.

**Melamondo**  
Fez, 22.00 - 03.00, Students free before 11

thursday  
18

**Black Book**  
St. John's, 21.00, £2.50  
**L'Amore Molesto**  
Arts Picturehouse, 17.00

**Motortown**  
ADC Theatre, 19.45  
**The Memory of Water**  
ADC Theatre, 23.00  
**The Changeling**  
Cambridge Arts Theatre, 14.30, 19.45

**The Groanbox Boys/Josh Weller/Eddie's Brother**  
CB2, 20.30, £4  
Give it a shot.

**Talk by Stephen Unwin**  
Trinity College, Old Combination Room, 22.00

**Secret Discotheque**  
The Soul Tree

More Film...

**My Life as a Dog**  
Saturday 13th October, Newnham, Old Labs, 20.00, free.

It's that time of year again; a week or so into term, the college film societies actually stop putting up last year's films on their websites and get down to deciding their picks for the new term. And thank god. If you've never been to a college film night, now is the time to go. Not only is it ridiculously cheap (Or free, as in this case), but the films are far superior to most of those blockbusters which play

for bloody weeks at those rather terrifying cineplexes. This week's best offering is *My Life as a Dog*, based on Reidar Jonsson's novel. It tells the story of 12-year-old Swedish Ingemar, whose terminally ill mother is unable to cope with him. He is sent to live with relatives, where he finds an array of weird and wonderful characters. This isn't exactly a feel-good film (after all, it has its fair share of death), but it is worth seeing, mainly for its eccentricity. It was nominated for two Academy Awards and won a Golden Globe, so if it's good enough for them, it's certainly good enough for us.

More Music...

**Gravenhurst**  
Wed 17 Oct, The Graduate, 19.30, £7

New album *The Western Lands* has already been hailed as a classic in some quarters, so get yourself down to the Graduate to claim all the "Yeah, I was there in the beginning" kudos all for yourself. It's an atmospheric mix of noisy shoe-gaze and spooky folk stylings, but don't let this put you off. It's got "timeless" printed all over it, like low-quality ink on a second-rate student newspaper.

Something a little bit different

Sat Oct 13th  
Queens' College Fitzpatrick Hall  
21:00 - 00:45  
£5 on the door

Fed up of the standard tripe? Head down to Queens' for a slice of variety this weekend. Cheap drinks and smashing mash-ups from highly acclaimed DJ Pojmasta, described by the Observer as "complete cool" and by XFM as "the next Aphex Twin". Dress as randomly as possible (prostitute, astronaut,

dinosaur?) and arrive early, as this one sells out pretty sharpish. Expect absolute carnage.



AUNTY AMY

Solves your problems



Dear Aunty Amy,

**HELP ME!!! I really fancy my neighbour's boyfriend. He's everything a guy should be, as well as slightly more. Tall, dark, and fine-looking: he's so special, plus he looks really cool when he smokes (rollies). My friend says they're completely in love. But I'm in love with him too! Whenever I see them together or hear them have sex through the walls my heart aches and I want to die a bit. Please help and don't judge.**

**I really trust you Amy,  
From  
Laura**

Oh Laura,

I think I see your problem: you fancy your neighbour's boyfriend. Now, you must know that this is totally morally wrong. Luckily (for me) I've never experienced this myself (not a reflection on your fellas, all those in V staircase) but I can imagine it would be ghastly and I did once write a song about something similar.

People less sensitive than me would probably say something like: "Grow up Laura you selfish monster and stop perving because your thoughts are frightening".

But they're not who you've written to, are they?

The heart is not so rational as we would like and your feelings are normal. Unfortunately they must be completely obliterated ASAP. You remind me of a school friend I used to have called Nicky "Nick" Squeezeford (not his real name) whose "rude feelings" were also a bit of a nuisance. All I had to tell him was to enjoy a long cold shower and think more sensible thoughts and the case was closed. However, I'm hesitating about recommending you the same treatment as I know what these student halls are like and I don't want you bumping into him in those grubby shared bathrooms. Your poor eyes would most likely bulge out of your

wretched head at the sight of him in his tiny little towel (or worse), and then the whole plan would go to pot! Also, these desires of yours aren't quite the grotesque social taboos that Nicko's were, so I'm not sure how far the cases can be compared.

Distraction Techniques may help. Get yourself a day planner and a box, or, alternatively, a mental day planner and an imaginary box. Next fill the planner with as many activities as you can think of and the box (tins also work) with all your romantic thoughts about this chap. Include in your new plans no more than a couple of minutes each day when you allow yourself to open the box and think about him. Then close it and get on with everything else.

I find this works best when used in conjunction with a really lovely exercise that comes recommended called 'CHARACTER ASSASSINATION'. Think of everything you don't like about your friend's boyfriend and dwell on them for a. The wonderful thing about Assassination is that once you've got the hang of it, you can practise it on anyone.

Soon enough you'll be feeling far less fond of him and stronger and more confident in yourself. If your thoughts wonder back to his lovely eyes, playful hands and soft, shiny hair (or his legs), I'd recommend trying Grounding Techniques. Pick up a cross-word or mindless card game and completely immerse yourself, bringing your thoughts back down to the immediate here and now.

And lastly my love, don't forget to include indulgent treats in your new schedule as you musn't forget how much you deserve them. I like tea and baths and anything cinnamonony, but choose whatever you want: if it makes you feel good, it can't be that wrong can it?

On that note,  
Much love from,  
Your Aunty Amy

ALEX ENGLANDER TALKS TO

MADAME LE CLAIRE



**Dear Madame Le Claire, I recently found myself at the ADC sat behind an enormous gentlemen with a fat, balding head and an incessant raucous laugh. What should I do if I find myself thus inconvenienced in future or, indeed, placed behind any such disruptive individual?  
HG, St John's**

A foolproof solution is to lean forwards and lick them behind the ear. Not with little jabs of the tongue but, as I have privately taught Monsieur Le Claire, with the remorseless slurping motions of one who finds himself alone and spoonless with a tub of Ben & Jerry's. This always worked for me at the Opéra National de Paris, until one night I found between my teeth the greasy tufts of one Monsieur Chirac. This explains Madame Le Claire's current residency in South Kensington.

**Dear Madame Le Claire, I am a red meat-loving lad from Yorkshire, but my new Southern girlfriend is a bit Notting Hill set, and disapproving of my brutish insensibility. She's a vegetarian, and now forcing me not only to eat yogurt and all things soya-based, but even to care for the expanding progeny of her pet rabbits in my room. This can't go on.  
CL, Corpus Christi**

As one who's always believed that vegetarians should be flame-grilled so that they know what they're missing, I would take a creative approach. So remember that 1) taxidermy can be your friend and 2) that a splash of Chablis and some fresh thyme can really lift a humble rabbit terrine. For her birthday, impress her with your new culinary savoir faire, before presenting her with her rabbits which are now as fluffy as ever, though just a little less animate. If she reacts badly, I'm afraid that it's time to move on.

**Dear Madame Le Claire, My boyfriend has recently taken up rowing. I barely see him because he now goes to sleep at about 8pm so as to get up at whatever ungodly**

**hour in the morning. Worse, when I do see him he expects me to discuss the damn sport with him. What can I do to win him back?  
NM, Newnham**

Dump him. Why have you not already? Rowing is not a sport; it's a detour for the microbes that won't go on the first flush; it's a day out for the creatures that the Head and Shoulders doesn't quite reach. It's a cancer, and the boaty chat to which your ex-boyfriend subjected you was simply it metastasising into your brain. Would you stick with someone suddenly diagnosed with a slow-moving but terminal illness (well you sound like a sweet thing darling, and so probably would, but Madame Le Claire has less time on her hands...) or move on and have a real life? Again: change your mobile number, your college room, and never see him again. Please write back if you require any clarification.

**Dear Madame Le Claire, The walls in my college are woefully thin, and each night I am forced to witness the boisterous lovemaking of my next-door neighbour and her boyfriend. Not only does this keep me awake, but it unfortunately resembles the sound of a cat being repeatedly run over by my dying Ford Fiesta during its last desperate days of active service. Have you any advice about how I might delicately broach the subject?  
RS, Girton**

Blasting out Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor (the Richter recording is superb) should stifle any libido that's left pumping through their systems. As will Phil Collins. Though you ought to address the obvious problem in your own life before you worry about those of others. You're clearly not getting about much at the moment. There must be some handy men around who can give you a jump start and get you on your way. Monsieur Le Claire is terribly good with his fingers; on our recent holiday in Normandy he had a thorough poke about on a country lane and we were breaking the speed limit in no time.

**CAMsaw Street Episode 2**

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

BUT JEN HAS OTHER THINGS ON HER MIND...



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**Presentation:** Friday 12th October 2007, 7pm  
Saltmarsh room, Kings College, Cambridge

**Workshop:** Friday 19th October 2007, 7pm  
Ramsden Room, St Catherine's College, Cambridge

*(Spaces limited for workshop, please send short CV to  
cambridgeworkshop@parthenon.co.uk)*

## Oxford Recruitment Events

**Presentation:** Friday 2nd November 2007, 7pm  
Headley Lecture Theatre, Ashmolean museum, Oxford

**Workshop:** October 26th, Friday 19:00 Oakshott room,  
Lincoln College, Oxford

*(Spaces limited for workshop, please send short CV to  
oxfordworkshop@parthenon.co.uk)*

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 Sat/Sun 10.20 11.20 13.00 Daily  
 14.00 16.00 17.00 19.00 20.00  
 Fri/Sat Late 22.40

**RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (15) (2h) (NFT)**  
 Daily 14.10 16.30 18.50 21.20  
 Fri/Sat 23.40

**THE INVASION (15) (2h) (NFT)**  
 Sat/Sun Only 12.40 Daily 15.00  
 17.50 20.15 Fri/Sat Late 22.50

**STARDUST (PG) (2h30) (NFT)**  
 Wed/Thurs Only 15.00 18.00

**THE KINGDOM (15) (NFT) (2h10) Daily**  
 12.50 (Sat/Sun Only) 15.30 (Fri/Sat/Sun  
 Only) 18.10 20.45

**THE HEARTBREAK KID (15) (2h20) (NFT)**  
 Daily 12.00\* (Sat Only) 14.50\* 17.40\*  
 20.30\* (Not Tues) Fri/Sat Late 23.10\*

**RUN FAT BOY RUN (12a) (2h) Daily 13.20**

(Sat/Sun Only) 18.30 21.00 Fri/Sat Late  
 23.20

**I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU, CHUCK  
 AND LARRY (12a) (2h15) Sat/Sun Only**  
 10.00 12.30 Daily 15.10 (Not Wed/Thurs)

**CONTROL (15) (2h25) (NFT) Mon-Thurs**  
 15.20 Fri/Sat Late 23.30

**ATONEMENT (15) (2h25) Daily 18.20 (Not  
 Wed/Thurs) 21.10**

**MICHAEL CLAYTON (15) (2h20) Daily**  
 15.45 (Not Tues)

**SUPERBAD (15) (2h15) Daily 21.40**

**THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG) (1h50) Sat/  
 Sun Only 10.30**

**HARRY POTTER AND THE ORDER OF  
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# THE ANORAK

Cambridge's comprehensive fixtures, tables and results service with Noel Cochrane

## Results

### Rugby.

U21s v Birmingham, won 15-6  
U21As v Norfolk, won 10-5

### College First League:

St. John's 6-0 Jesus  
Downing 6-6 Magdalene  
Girton 73-5 Homerton

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
GIRTON	1	1	0	0	73	5	3
ST JOHN'S	1	1	0	0	6	0	3
DOWNING	1	0	1	0	6	6	2
MAGDALENE	1	0	1	0	6	6	2
JESUS	1	0	0	1	0	6	1
HOMERTON	1	0	0	1	5	73	1

### Golf.

Men's Blues 4-11 Little Aston  
Men's Blues 1.5-8.5 The Wigorns GS,

### Hockey.

Men's Blues 0-7 Exeter University  
Men's Blues 0-1 Robinsons  
Women's Blues 0-2 Canterbury II  
Wanderers 2-2 Saffron Waldron,  
Nomads 2-3 Stevenage  
Squanderers 5-3 Rutland  
Bedouins 4-1 Wisbech II

## Upcoming Fixtures

### Rugby.

13/10, U21s v University of East Anglia, Grange Road, Cambridge.

15/10, Blues Rugby Union v Saracens, 7.15, University Football Ground, Grange Road, Cambridge.

### Tues 16 Division 1:

Magdalene v Homerton  
Girton v St John's  
Jesus v Downing

### Tues 16 Division 3 Pool A:

Emmanuel v Queens' Church  
Churchill v Christ's

### Thurs 18 Division 2:

Trinity Hall v Trinity  
Caius v St Catharine's  
Pembroke v Peterhouse/Selwyn

### Thurs 18 Division 3 Pool B:

Fitzwilliam v Robinson  
Clare/King's v Sidney Sussex

### Golf.

14/10, Blues v Huntercombe  
Thursday 18, Blues v Academics GS (Worlington)

### Hockey.

13/10, Womens Blues v Wisbech

Town  
13/10, Vauxhall v Wanderers  
13/10, Yarmouth v Nomads  
13/10, Squanderers v Cambridge Nomads III  
13/10, Bedouins v March II  
14/10, Mens Blues v Whitechurch

### Women's College division 1, week 2:

Catz v Caius (A)  
St Johns v Churchill (A)  
Jesus v Downing (A)  
New Hall v Magdalene (H)

### Women's College division 2, week 2:

Emma v Caius (H)  
Corpus v Selwyn (H)  
Sidney v Robinson (H)  
Pembroke v Trinity Hall (H)

### Women's College division 3, week 2:

Homerton v Queens (H)  
Fitzwilliam v Catz II (H)  
Christ's v Jesus II (H)  
Newnham v Claire (H)  
Mens College Hockey, league 4:

14/10, Magdalene v Catz II, 4pm at Catz pitches  
15/10, Johns II v Homerton, 1pm at Catz pitches.  
15/10, Peterhouse v Pembroke, 2.30pm at Catz

### Football.

17/10, Mens Blues v Loughborough University III (H)

Sunday 14th, Womens Blues v Hethersett Athletic (A)

### College First League:

17/10, APU v Caius (A)  
17/10, Darwin v Jesus (H)  
17/10, Catz v Churchill (A)  
17/10, Johns v Christs (A)  
17/10, Trinity v Fitzwilliam (A)  
17/10, Blues v Loughborough III, Home.

### Lacrosse.

13/10, Men's Blues v University of Hertfordshire, Home  
17/10, Women's Blues v Bristol, Home, 1:00, Queens College Sports Ground  
17/10, Women's II v Nottingham II, 2:30, Queens College Sports Ground.

### Netball.

17/10, Blues v Birmingham III, Home, 4:00, Bordesley Girls School.  
Women's College First league, week 2:  
St Catharine's v Trinity  
Downing v Jesus  
Trinity Hall v Churchill  
Emmanuel v St Johns  
Homerton v Girton

### Women's College Second League, week 2:

Queens v Peterhouse  
Caius v Emma II  
New Hall v Downing II  
Pembroke v Sidney Sussex

Homerton II v Newnham

### Women's College Third league, week 2:

Fitzwilliam v St Catarines II  
ARU v Magdalene  
Johns II v Medics  
Christs v Selwyn

### Mixed Netball College league 1, week 2:

Downing v Churchill  
Emma v Jesus  
Magdalene v Downing II  
Trinity v St Johns

### Mixed netball College league 2:

Homerton v Caius  
Robinson v Medics  
Pembroke v St Catharine's

### Swimming.

18/10, Men's Water Polo v City of Cambridge, Away

### Real Tennis.

13/10, Seniors v Jesters (H)

### Orienteering.

14/10, HAVOC District Event, Epping

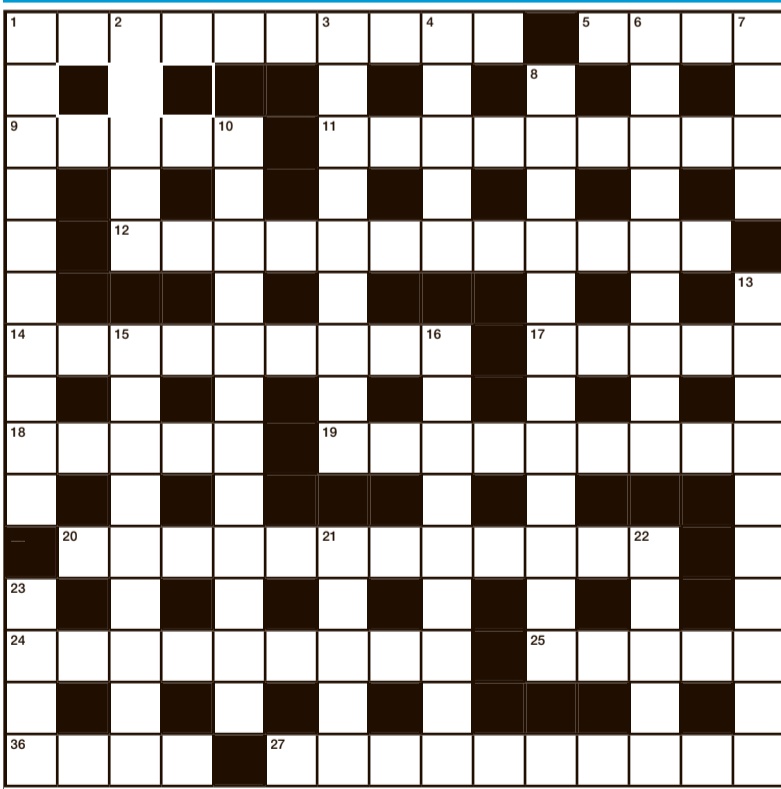
### Volleyball.

14/10, Women's Blues v ARU and Peterborough, Leys School

# Games & puzzles



## Varsity crossword no. 471



### Across

1 Class on board; allowance for part of automobile (10)  
5 Goddess is repeated (4)  
9 Plant informant (5)  
11 Lay down the law: section is overdue (9)  
12 Thither heartless adept after devils manifest (12)

14 Lik a elephant, perhaps? (9)

17 Seamstress carries unpleasant material (5)  
18 Constituent part of pivot errant (5)  
19 Escape hurriedly after a trip to the barber's? (3,3,3)  
20 Winningly in hat: try plum duff! (12)

24 Limited infant, as is the dreamer (9)  
25 Take out guns, leaving initial talk (5)  
26 Look askance back at dance (4)  
27 Important parts: the switched around unfinished art 50 ++ (10)

### Down

1 Indicative, audibly of course! (10)  
2 Reportedly remained dull (5)  
3 Bad tempered, ill-mannered Celt pines (9)  
4 Should be hard, leaving the first part until last (5)  
6 Following will, debtor is less deep (9)  
7 Stalk setter up street beforehand (4)  
8 Detain confused idiots above: Franz Ferdinand, for example (12)  
10 Curs! Claire, I'm about halfway round (12)  
13 Stated star's morals (10)  
15 Statement is absolute article of church (9)  
16 One who criticises sound of farm machinery (9)  
21 Group of cats preceding an American autumn (5)  
22 Long amount of time heading North (5)  
23 A note: Queen at a distance (4)

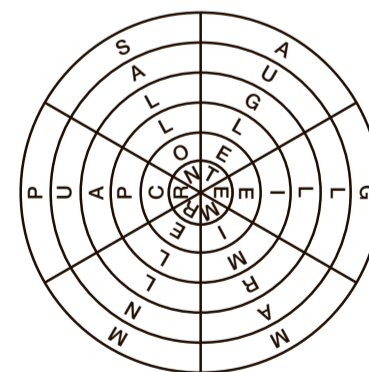
Set by Fafnir

ACROSS 1. PHILANDER, 5. LAP UP, 8. ANGELICALLY, 9. ENRAGED, 11. GURNING, 12. PLUTOCRAT, 14. DETER, 15. LIONS, 17. MESSIANIC, 19. INSULIN, 20. IMPRESS, 22. DISPARAGING, 23. ESSAY, 24. ELEPHANTS  
DOWN 1. PLANE, 2. ALLEGRO, 3. DICED, 4. RELEGATES, 5. LAYERED, 6. PERSISTENCE, 7. PANEGYRIC, 10. RAUCOUSNESS, 12. POLLINATE, 13. REMINISCE, 16. SOLIDLY, 18. IMPEACH, 20. IRATE, 21. SAGES

## rotations COMPETITION

Win a pair of tickets to the Arts Picturehouse  
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

### FISH



## 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.

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

## 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).

		26	17	17	22				
24									
30							29	15	
17				19					
9				19			17		
							11		
				27					
				13					

## Hitori

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

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

## Last week's solutions

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

## Gamblers Unanimous

ED PEACE &  
NIALL RAFFERTY



Another week, another glorious performance from the long shot. Pipedreamer stormed up the Newmarket hill in impressive style to win the Cambridgeshire at 5-1, and despite disappointing performances from Fulham and Authorized on Sunday, the term's profits are already closing in on the £30 mark. This week we'll be looking to the latest round of football internationals to keep the momentum going.

Keep focused. Clean Sheet. Three points. No excuses. That's been England Head Coach Steve McLaren's message all this week, in the hope that his players can provide similar performances to those that saw England comfortably beat Israel and Russia last month. One of McLaren's toughest selection decisions is whether to play the out-of-sorts goalkeeper Paul Robinson. His recent displays will have left many readers wondering whether he could even catch the most recent bout of fresher's flu. However, even with 'butter-fingers' in goal, England have managed ten clean sheets in their last 11 competitive games, and it is hard to see an Estonian team, who have only beaten Andorra and Luxembourg in their last matches, from getting on the score-sheet. A few quid on an England clean sheet should guarantee a small profit.

We'll be hoping England are more successful at the other end for this week's long shot. While England have players returning, Estonia have problems. Their 'star' striker Andres Oper is injured and Indrek Zelinski has recently retired. Although England relied on Beckham last-time out, Owen is on fire now, so the Three Lions should have no problem banging them home on Saturday and they look good to equal the 3-0 they managed in Tallinn.

Even the most hardened football fan will have noticed the dramatic goings on at the Rugby World Cup. England's victory against Australia was probably as much of a shock to the Red Rose as it was to their opponents. But if there is one thing we can take from England's performances at this world cup, it is to expect the unexpected. With that in mind, we'll be turning our attention to South Africa Vs Argentina, which should prove a far more reliable contest for anyone wanting a flutter. South Africa were far from convincing against Fiji in the quarter finals, and the Pumas' powerful forwards will be relishing the prospect of tearing into the Springboks. South Africa's class should be enough to see them through to the final, but it's hard to see it being by more than a 10 point margin.

**THE BANKER** 1/2  
ENGLAND TO KEEP A  
CLEAN SHEET £4

**PREDICTION** Evens  
S. AFRICA TO BEAT  
ARGENTINA BY <10 PTS £3

**THE LONG SHOT** 5/1  
ENGLAND TO WIN 3-0 £3

# The classic all rounder

»Varsity Sport chats to the former England international



When not following the England cricket team abroad on tour, Pringle lives in Cambridge

SIMON ALLEN  
Chief Sports Editor

Derek Pringle is a large man in stature and in achievement. By far the most talented university cricketer of his generation, Derek went on to play first class cricket for Essex for over 15 years, and for England for over a decade. In the course of his playing career he notched up countless domestic titles for Essex, not to mention competing in the international side that went all the way to the Cricket World Cup Final in 1992. He has subsequently hung up his spikes and instead comments on the game from the boundaries: first for the Independent on Sunday and more recently for the Daily Telegraph. Quite the cricketing credentials.

When I met up with him this

## Career

»Derek Pringle

**1st Class Cricket:**  
Played for Essex 1978-1993  
5 Championship Trophies  
3 Sunday League Titles  
1 Natwest Trophy  
**International Cricket:**  
Played for England 1982-1993 in:  
30 Tests and 44 ODIs  
**England best:**  
Batting 63, Bowling 7/120

week, it was hard not to be a little overwhelmed by him: he is, after all, 6'5" tall, and not a slight figure by any stretch of the imagination. Derek seemed absurdly cramped, hunched over a small table in Fitzbillies, his frame far better designed for wide open spaces than for tea

drinking. By the time he left school he was already under contract for Essex and played for them every university vacation; in his words "it was a nice little extra pocket money during term time."

Cricket was, quite understandably, Derek's priority during his Cambridge career: he changed from Geography to Land Economy for his part II Tripos solely to avoid a vacation dissertation. He admitted to me that his cricketing commitments were something of a relief as he had an excuse to never spend any time in the library. Perhaps not his DoS's favourite student, Pringle was certainly a shining star in Cambridge sport: a century in his debut Varsity match at Lords showed his talent, and later, under his 4th year captaincy, the Blues beat Lancashire's 1st XI, much to the dismay

of their captain, a certain David 'Bumble' Lloyd.

Pringle was still an undergraduate when he got his international call up, which meant that he didn't actually get to play in his last Varsity match, although I don't think he was that bothered about it: "I'd literally just finished my finals that same day, when the Chairman of Selectors rang me up. I thought it was my mate prank calling me so I told him to piss off!" Luckily for Pringle, the Chairman rang back and his England career reached great heights over the next decade until he retired completely in 1993. In his time, Derek Pringle

**"The chairman of selectors rang me up... I told him to piss off!"**

mixed with some of the greats of the game, not least Graham Gooch, with whom he played for Essex and his country. Pringle also took part in some epic encounters. The English win over the West Indies in 1991 at Headingley marked the highlight of Derek's career.

Pringle managed an almost fluid transition into sports journalism. Having already started writing while still a player he moved quickly on the Independent on Sunday full time. When asked whether he found the transition from playing to commenting on others difficult, Derek shrugs, "It's quite similar really, going out to cover a tour is just like playing but without the exercise: the same old crowd to hang out with, but in the box not on the pitch."

Commenting on cricket means lots of travel for Pringle, something which he says he's beginning to enjoy less: "Queues and security are taking some of the fun out of it." Though it doesn't look as though he'll be stopping any time soon, after all, he's good at what he does and obviously still loves it.

## Rugby Blues

On Monday October 8, the Rugby Blues travelled to Loughborough in a bid to improve their domestic season. Defeats over the summer against Japanese sides and a fairly disappointing loss against a strong Trinity College Dublin team last week meant that the Blues were looking to raise their game.

The team certainly didn't disappoint, an impressive display of rugby from all positions on the pitch meant that the team went home victorious with a score of 27-20.

Such a win was particularly impressive given that the team was missing some of their more experienced players such as Dawson and last year's captain Blaikey. As a result a relatively young side was fielded and they more than stood up to the task. Hamish Murray performed particularly well as replacement kicker, converting all 5 of his attempts and Greenwood scored 2 tries. With such obvious depth and talent in the squad, the prospects look good for Cambridge Rugby.



## The resurgence of Cambridge Rugby

The Blues team showed a significant improvement in their victory against a very capable Loughborough

# A champion wobble

»Jesus show that John's are vulnerable



John's completed a 'triple double' against Trinity but Jesus are expected to run them close this year

HENRY STANNARD  
Sports Editor

In any other competition, in any other year, this preview would write itself. St. John's, undefeated since Michaelmas 2005, and having swept to three successive league and cuppers doubles, must surely be favourites for this year's title. The other teams in the first division seem to think so – with several captains stating that second place behind John's in the final standings was realistically the highest position they could hope for. But Will Mayne, the surprisingly self-effacing captain of St John's is more cautious in his predictions for the upcoming season. They have

Indeed, it says something about the overall quality of the league when every single captain interviewed point-blank refused, or was very reluctant, to pick out any star players in their squads. It says even more about the value of team-spirit to college rugby that the Hughes Hall coppers side, supercharged with Blues, is regularly vanquished by a more settled college side.

John's certainly are vulnerable this year. Traditionally a pack-based team, the Red Boys will not benefit from rules intended to speed up the game and take some of the importance away from the set piece, although Mayne recognises that the professionalism of college

served by an experienced, quick and imaginative back line. Whilst Jesus may dream of establishing a "big two", after last year's bun-fest behind John's meant that only two points separated them from the relegated St. Catherine's side, they will have to watch over their shoulders as this season is expected by all the captains to be the most competitive in undergraduate memory.

Downing, league stalwarts for the past 20 years, ended last season strongly, despite having lost 5 of their first 6 matches. They have, according to captain Jamie Saunders, been training daily in order to give themselves more continuity between the backs and forwards. Compare this to John's jaw-dropping once-a-week non-contact regime and their target of at least 7 wins this season does not seem too unrealistic.

Yesterday's 6-6 draw against newly promoted Magdalene, however, would not have gone to plan. Having besieged their opponents in the first half, they were unable to take their chances in a scrappy encounter and could well have lost at the end. Magdalene, on the other hand, will have been proud to have shown themselves as being worthy of a place in the top flight, having had a reputation for being a yo-yo team in recent years. Captain and fly-half Matt Tighe, speaking before the game, said, ominously, that the team "enjoy beating anyone who thinks they are bigger than us".

Conversely Homerton, the other promoted side, are set for a tricky season. A club that is only six years old enjoying rapid promotion to the upper environs of college rugby is certainly a laudable achievement, but they have lost several key players. If yesterday's 73-6 mauling at the hands of a rampant Girton pack is anything to go by, they're in for trouble. Girton will only take heart from such a crushing victory.

rugby means that "the days of the rumbling John's pack of old are over anyway." Indeed, he is keen to dispel the traditional image of the John's team full of professionally coached supermen – "we train once a week, non-contact" – and prefers to pin the team's success on the "strong club ethos" where "hatred moulds you together".

John's loss could be Jesus' gain, however. The back-heavy team, reduced to playing non-contested scrums last season, still have problems filling out an admittedly better front five. Yet they are still well

Team	Colours	Captain	Last Season	Key Match	Most like	Varsity Prediction
DOWNING	Black/White	Jamie Saunders	3rd	Girton	France	3rd
GIRTON	Green/White	Andy Russell	4th	Downing	England	5th
HOMERTON	Black/White	Jon Cripps	1st (div 2)	Magdalene	Argentina	6th
JESUS	Black/Red	Ed Wright	2nd	St. John's	Australia	1st
ST. JOHN'S	Red/White	Andy Mayne	1st	Jesus	South Africa	2nd
MAGDALENE	Navy/Purple	Matt Tighe	2nd (div 2)	St. John's	Wales	4th

lost eight of last year's first-choice XV, alongside totemic centre Scott McLennan to the Blues, which, combined with two injuries in the pack, means that they begin this season almost with a new team.

"That said, we get good players," Mayne said, and there can certainly be a case made for success simply breeding success, with keen rugby players looking to study somewhere they can play regularly at a high level, the beauty of the college league is that success can only ever be transient, as the very top players are siphoned off by the university.

## News from the River



This past week provided the new members of the squad with their first insight to how busy the rest of their year will be. Despite any prevailing misconceptions, academia comes before practice, and managing the independent timetables of twenty-plus athletes is no easy task. Training is usually squeezed into the darker corners of the day to accommodate lectures and supervisions; thus, in the midst of winter, the sun is still a long way from rising when we wake up at quarter to six to head to Goldie, and has long since set when we return to Cambridge from an afternoon row in Ely.

Now the preceding sentence might cause some confusion to anyone at this University who has no idea what or who Goldie is. Goldie is our boathouse in Cambridge. It is the heart of the club, in both the physical and historical sense. We conduct all our land training sessions here, whether it is private tutorials with a coach in the indoor rowing tanks, or early morning weights sessions as a team. Anyone who has rowed for his or her college, however, is all too familiar with how crowded the river Cam can become. As home to just under forty unique boat clubs, the last thing Cambridge needs is two more boats training on its river every day. We do our part to alleviate the congestion by conducting all of our actual on-water training in Ely, where we keep a second boathouse and all our boats.

Long story short, it was a busy week. Lineups had to be reworked to account for decreased numbers,

as mandatory matriculation events, DOS meetings, and the typical myriad Cambridge obligations wreaked havoc on our squad.

Yet some solid work was done, and steps made towards getting a group of rowers from all over the world to row in the classic Cambridge style. We were joined Wednesday afternoon by a representative from Precision Sport, a company that fits our boat with a complex telemetry system. The system – consisting of a series of accelerometers and sensors on each oar – reconstructs the boat virtually on a computer, enabling the coach to watch an entire practice over again, from any angle he chooses, with pause and searching features similar to a video.

And yes, I suppose our routine is that boring, when I find myself enthusiastically reporting on some sensors as the highlight of my week.

On Sunday we finished our training cycle with the weekly pairs racing for which our schedule is notorious. The squad is split up into two-man boats – "pairs" – which are far different in size and feel from the eight man boats in which we will race against Oxford. It provides for fun inter-squad competition though, not to mention the obvious physical benefit of two full pressure pieces over a 5 km course.

And the only thing better than getting all sweaty during practice is getting all sweaty at Life (TwentyTwo for those new to Cambridge), a Sunday night institution that fits perfectly into a Monday morning off from training.

Spencer Griffin-Hunsberger

## Captain's Corner

»Alex Carnegie-Brown



Alex is a 2nd year economist at Jesus

### Experience

I started playing lacrosse eight years ago when I was at school, but the highlight of my career was playing over the summer in the U19 world championship over in Canada. We eventually came third, having gone in ranked fourth, beating the host nation in the third-fourth play-off match. The US went on to win the tournament, which wasn't a surprise as they're by far the best worldwide.

### Training

We have two two-hour game-based

training sessions a week and one group fitness session. It's pretty tough what with there not being a university sports centre; it's difficult finding places to train so we've had to resort to practicing on Jesus Green and playing our matches at Queen's pitches. There's little support for sports such as ours and we suffer as a consequence.

### Inside track on Oxford

We lost the Varsity Match last year by only 10-9. We know that Oxford have lost a lot of their good players and this year will be a fresh side. We're in a similar situation, but the new people coming through are looking really strong; they lack Varsity experience, but as two of them played in the world-cup over the summer, they definitely know what they're doing and we should destroy Oxford this year.

### Problems

Along with the lack of training facilities the team is also lacking funding. So far this year we haven't secured any sponsorship and are currently relying on parental donations to keep us going. It seems a shame that there isn't a universal sponsorship of all University sport, as surely that would be an attractive proposition for big companies.

# SPORT



**Interview**  
Derek Pringle,  
former Blue  
and England  
international  
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## Lax Blues lack lustre

»Dominant Loughborough side overwhelm the Blues' best efforts

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Varsity Sports Reporter

According to popular myth, good things come in small packages. In the case of the Cambridge Women's Lacrosse side, the next three year's worth of good things may have just arrived in a Berkhamsted and England livery clad special delivery.

**Women's Lacrosse v Loughborough University**

**Cambridge Squad:**  
Baum, Belcher, Carnegie-Brown, Eccles, Ellse, Frances Drabble, Garvey, Hurt, Jefferys, Knight, Leopard, Mandell-Dallal, Michaels, Moffat, Newman, Pack, Rose, Walshe, Yonge, Darke, Hayward, Vullingsh, East, Gotla

**Goal Scorers:** Garvey, Vullingsh, Walshe, Drabble

the match and finish by conceding a 12-4 defeat. In a promising start, the side went 3-1 up by the end of the first quarter but substitutions, according to captain Alex Carnegie-Brown designed to enable some of the substantial fresher intake a chance to show their prowess, saw Loughborough creep ahead and by the end of the second quarter the side had gone 5-4 down. This slipped further in the third quarter and despite repeated efforts by the Younge-Knight combination, as well as bringing Hurt back on in the last quarter, no further goals slipped past the tight Loughborough defence. Indeed, with the exception of some rare attacking plays, for much of the second half, the sight of eleven light blue shirts locked in a desperate defensive battle around their own goal was a common one.

Carnegie-Brown described herself as being "very much satisfied" with the performance and told Varsity that the match had been a chance for the entire squad to gain

**Hurt could not prevent the heavy defeat in their pre-season warm up**

"valuable match experience" ahead of the start of the BUSA league next week. The first team will face Bristol, who finished one place ahead of Cambridge in third in the Premier Women's South League last year, on Saturday 17 and are hoping that this will be the start of a campaign that will lead them back to the trophy. Last year Cambridge thrashed the Bristol side in a tense away match in October, before having to concede defeat to them at home a month later. This year the Blues will be hoping to reverse last year's return result on their road to next year's Varsity Match, where they hope to overturn their defeat this March.

Making her debut for the Blue's side, Downing Fresher and former England Under-19 Captain Georgie Hurt dominated play in last Saturday's friendly against Loughborough, spending more time in possession of the ball than any other player on the pitch. Despite a sterling performance from the young player, Hurt could not prevent the heavy defeat in their pre-season warm up match. Observers have tipped her for big things on the University and International scene with her team mates describing her effect on the Blues side as being "truly exceptional", but still she could not do enough to stem the tide of the Loughborough attack.

The Blues side made a somewhat uncertain start to their 2007-8 campaign under a steely Midland sky. Despite moments of individual brilliance, notably from Charlotte Younge and Emily Knight who made a series of impressive runs down the wing, repeated failures to work coherently as a team saw the Blues struggle in the second half of



Lacrosse ladies feel the strain against an impressive and very well drilled Loughborough side

JOE GOSDEN

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