As Valentine’s approaches, Varsity has found conclusive evidence that Cambridge is sexier than ever. With Ann Summers opening a store in the city last week, sex toys appearing in pub vending machines and pole dancing lessons set to arrive in Cocos, Cambridge is losing its stuffy image. More and more students, it seems, are looking to add some titillation to their Tripos.

Patiently working to meet the increasing demand, the regional health authorities have agreed to train an additional 50 doctors specifically to address the growing sexual health requirements of the community. The move has, however, caused controversy among those who fear pole-dancing may be too raunchy for Cambridge. Ex-CUSU President turned Cocos impresario Paul Lewis made clear he would veto any moves to make pole-dancing a feature of his Licked night “for all sorts of reasons”. Yet, Nadia Messaoud (see picture), a keen pole-dancer, denied that she was sliding down the slippery pole to sleaziness. In her eyes pole dancing was an “art - just the same as ballet, tap or any other kind of dance”. She was, however, unable to contest the fact that pole-dancing is very sexy: “Cambridge is definitely getting sexier and pole-dancing is just a part of this... People are definitely more up for it now”.

Last week, a new Ann Summers store opened in Lion’s Yard. There are now more lingerie shops than stationery shops in Cambridge. Company spokesperson... continued on page 3

Bryan Coll

Cambridge’s racy side: getting hot under the gown
Cambridge dons to strike in pay row

Lectures, supervisions and essays all to be affected by nationwide industrial action by AUT

Archie Bland

Cambridge faces a strike by teaching staff in the near future after the university lecturers' union voted to take industrial action yesterday. Nick Savage, the Cambridge branch secretary of the Association of University Teachers, told Varsity that the decision was a reaction to ‘the biggest change to staff’s pay and conditions in a generation’.

Reacting to the news yesterday, Savage called the decision a sign of “how angry our members are with the employers offer and how determined they are to get a better deal.”

However, he could not be sure how many university academics would strike. The AUT, which represents academics and support staff in universities across the UK, has 47,000 members.

If the strike gets approval from the AUT’s executive today, which is said to be a formality given their advocacy of the move, Cambridge members of the union who abide by the decision will be expected to strike for two days in a fortnight’s time. They will refuse to give lectures or supervisions. Also, for a longer period of up to a week, all ‘assessment activity’, including the marking of essays, will come to a halt.

The National Union of Students has supported the strike, and urged its members to boycott lectures and take further ‘disruptive action’; however, CUSU president Ben Brinded remained non-committal, telling Varsity that the decision to boycott lectures was ‘a choice that students should make for themselves, and which we won’t force upon them.’ But he also commended AUT for not ‘accepting the carrot of a small rise to endorse top up fees when such fees couldn’t provide the necessary long-term funding’.

Undergraduates were similarly ambivalent. One second year English student told Varsity that ‘though it’s fair enough for academics to strike, I don’t think I know enough about the issues to get involved myself’; a first year land economist acknowledged that the lecturers had a right to take industrial action, but said he ‘didn’t feel it was an issue worth being personally involved in’.

When contacted, the university press office refused to comment, saying it has no position on the matter.

The university does not acknowledge the AUT, which is the principal union for higher education staff at ‘old’ universities, as a legitimate union. This inevitably raises questions of how striking dons will be treated if they fail to teach. Cambridge does not use national pay scales, and the university has said that only redundancies and relatively low salaries have allowed Cambridge to maintain quality so far.

The long-running pay dispute, which has been fiercely argued for upwards of two years, and covers a range of complex issues, finally came to a head in December 2003, when the AUT declared themselves in dispute — a necessary precursor to strike action — and were asked to leave negotiations by the University and Colleges Employers Association (UCEA).

54% of their membership voted in the ballot, which favoured strike action by two thirds to one. But UCEA claimed that 95% of staff in higher education were opposed to a strike, and pointed out that other unions were still in negotiation. They urged those striking to ‘rethink and look for a constructive solution’ — one that does not aim to disrupt students’ education.

Deadline looming for supervisions

The future of the supervision system at Cambridge is in doubt after rumours of radical change

Sarah Marsh

According to CUSU Academic Affairs officer Jessica Childs, the university is currently at “a major crossroads” regarding teaching methods. This comes as the Senior Tutor’s Committee prepares to make decisions that will determine the academic direction of Cambridge over the next twenty years.

Rumours of radical changes are rife after the success of the Higher Education Bill. These include the possibility that the tutorial system may be abandoned in favour of more financially viable teaching and that Oxbridge increase the proportion of graduates and research students. Cambridge and Oxford have long faced criticism over their archaic institutions and rising debt.

The parliamentary decision in 1997 to progressively phase out the extra college fees paid to Oxbridge is partly responsible for foregrounding these issues.

Other leading universities maintain high standards of teaching through a combination of small lectures and small seminars. In certain subjects at Cambridge, such as English and Economics, teaching in small groups is already superseding the traditional supervision. Vice-Chancellor Alison Richard recognises that supervisions are a unique advantage of studying at Cambridge. The university consistently achieves excellent ratings in external quality assurances conducted for the HECFE (Higher Education Funding Council for England). However, even if the student and governing body are in agreement as to the importance of upholding the supervision system, there is little consensus on how this is to be achieved.

The secretary of the Senior Tutor’s Committee, Mr. Jolling, revealed to Varsity that Cambridge should follow the example set by American universities that “rely heavily on outside funding such as private benefactors and corporate sponsorship”. Whether or not such measures are implemented depends almost entirely on individual colleges. Each college receives a proportionate sum from the university, but is left to allocate this autonomously, and priorities vary between colleges.

Although King’s students, for example, may be confronted with rent rises, the college is very generous in providing extra tuition. On the other hand, colleges such as Trinity are simply better endowed. It is arguable whether or not these discrepancies are harmful to equitable education within the university. Jessica Childs maintains that one of CUSU’s main goals is to make supervision standards equal across the university and ensure supervisions are suited to all. She proposes a financial but also “personal and academic” reassessment of Cambridge teaching.

Over the past fifty years, huge changes have taken place with increased admission of women, state school students and ethnic minorities to Cambridge. Childs claims, “although this widened participation is the way to go, it is not enough. The university has to look inwards and adapt to receive this new student body.”

She told Varsity that whilst supervisors may be leading authorities in their subject, they often lack the interpersonal skills necessary to communicate with a diverse group of pupils. They often lack experience of teaching in multi-ethnic environments and are sometimes unaware of cultural differences and social or physical disabilities.

An undisclosed report last year proposed the current enquiries into supervision standards. At their best supervisions were seen to bring students to the university and ensure supervisions are not presently compulsory. They are not presently compulsory and participation is dependant on college commitment. Needless to say, implementation of such schemes varies greatly from college to college.

As Cambridge’s 800th anniversary approaches, the supervision system is still seen as a pillar of one of the world’s leading academic institutions. As with most areas of higher education, however, there is no doubt that it will face considerable changes in forthcoming years. A King’s superviser commented that although the university would not state outright that they are simply going to eliminate the supervision scheme, “it will die a natural death.”

“Subjects where seminars are replacing supervisions; no one says anything, it is just happening. It is a sad day for Cambridge.”

Supervisions will “die a natural death” according to a King’s superviser. “It is a sad day for Cambridge.”

The university is currently at “a major crossroads” regarding teaching methods. This comes as the Senior Tutor’s Committee prepares to make decisions that will determine the academic direction of Cambridge over the next twenty years.
A Cambridge science company has identified a gene which may be important in determining the onset of puberty. Paradigm Therapeutics Ltd, closely affiliated with the University, announced that the discovery could benefit breast cancer patients as well as couples suffering from impotence problems.

Valentines lovers should also take interest in the new findings. Scientists suggested that their breakthrough might even provide relief for those with a lack of sex drive or inadequate penis size.

The newly discovered gene, nicknamed 'Harry Potter', controls the levels of sex hormones in the body. More specifically, the gene also regulates a protein called GPR54 which plays an essential role in the puberty process. If this gene mutates, it can increase libido. When questioned on the subject, Dr. Alan Hendrick laughed and replied "It's a definite possibility".

Asked whether such a drug could increase penis size, the scientists were more cagey. Paradigm's John Dixon, a former student at Magdalene College, believes that such advances are possible, but he is well aware of the risks. "Just to get a bigger old chap, it doesn't mean you want to go through puberty twice", he commented.

The development of a drug usually takes around ten years, and costs more than $500 million, but if Paradigm manages to patent a drug as successful as Viagra, the company is set to become extremely well-endowed.

Nipple clamps and body paint...the store has something for everyone

Vibrator, mad famous by Sex in the City is currently the most popular product, selling, in Toomey's word "by the bucket load". Anne Summers claims two million rampant rabbits have been sold in the UK to date. Toomey explained to Varsity that the company had been seeking to open in the city for several years. Anne Summers parties, where groups of women meet socially to try out the various products offered by the company, have been thriving in Cambridge especially amongst students. Ann Summers believes that they will make a real contribution to changing Cambridge's prudish image and claim they can improve the love lives of its students. "I hope people will now have more sex in Cambridge", said their spokesman hopefully.

Pubs and clubs have also been joining in the naughtiness. The Rat and Parrot, a favourite pre-Cindies spot for many students, has been particularly aware of this raunchiness. Due to a new policy and demand from customers, the company has installed sex toy vending machines in most of their branches. One employee told Varsity that students "are the best customers" and have been buying considerable amounts of merchandise. He added that the Cambridge Rat and Parrot currently holds the record for selling more sex toys than any other outlet in the country.

On a less raunchy but more romantic note, Cambridge University's on-line dating service has launched a series of new measures to attract lonely hearts over the Valentine's weekend. Romance scam.org has developed a unique system for Valentine's messages. Admirers send a coded e-mail to their objects of affection who are then provided with a link to the website. Their Valentine's message is then de-coded and, if the sender agrees, the identity of their admirer is slowly revealed. The service, run by student Richard Neill, currently has over 10,000 registered members. Testimonials posted by those who have found love or a casual fling thanks to the site make for interesting reading. They suggest that Cambridge students are anything but shy. "I got laid within five hours of joining!" proclaims one satisfied customer. One female member recounts her experiences of "dew-laden caverns with imposing stalagmites". The mind boggles.

Karen Draycott, Welfare Officer with APU Student Union, told Varsity, "I think Cambridge is losing its old image of being prudish and conservative...but Cambridge has always been sexy anyway."
Race feud at JCR

Ethnic Minorities Officer defends controversial poster

Amol Rajan

Last week saw the election of a new KCSU Ethnic Minorities Officer, Joseph Smith, whose poster campaign has met with accusations of racial insensitivity. Of the two posters advertising his candidacy, one (pictured) has led to controversy both within King’s and beyond the college. It clearly depicts Smith superimposed onto the face of the Virgin Mary, who stands with her arms open above five young black girls.

CUSU Anti-Racism Officers Sachin Shah and Chioma Benjamin, who are members of King’s, received complaints from members of the college and the university who had seen the poster in King’s Bar. They raised the issue at hustings, but their reservations met with laughter and a significant number of those present supported the poster. Smith’s candidacy was unopposed and his victory was conclusive, with 136 votes in favour and only 11 for the ever-present RON.

“I don’t believe my posters were insensitive, nor do I apologise for the images I used.”

Smith has rejected suggestions of racial insensitivity, claiming that the poster was in accordance with King’s tradition of tolerance. He claims that the posters were simply “humorous”. He told Varsity: “I thought my posters were right for Kings. I don’t believe my posters were insensitive, nor do I apologise for the images I used”. The accusations, he said, came from “a very small minority, whose arguments don’t appeal to the rest of us”. Smith also claimed “the most vehement condemnation has come from outside King’s”.

Smith’s election raises questions about wider issues within Cambridge. Some students have expressed doubts as to whether, in light of the recent controversy, Smith will be able to fulfil his new role successfully. Others have raised the more general question of whether only ethnic minority candidates should be allowed to stand for the position of Ethnic Minority Officer on a college JCR committee.

“Personally shocked by how bigoted people can be”

Smith told Varsity that he was “personally shocked by how bigoted and anachronistic people’s attitudes were to a white candidate standing for a post that is traditionally occupied by someone visibly ethnic”. The banner of anti-racism, he said, is “hyped by people who can be ‘hypocritical’ and ‘petty’”. It remains to be seen, however, whether Smith’s election will encourage other non-ethnic students to stand for similar positions.

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You wouldn’t go to an exam without revising...

so why do the same with your future?

trying to get an employer to take you seriously is getting harder: they’ve more candidates than they need. it makes sense to be prepared for what they’ll put you through - this week’s learn some more of the secrets of the interview process.

The Assessment Centre - Mercer Consulting

Tuesday 17th February

More and more firms are using assessment centres to test graduates abilities, consulting is no exception. They are long, time consuming and demanding, but force the applicant to show their true colours. Knowing how they can work helps. Mercer’s HR Consulting Practice, leaders in their field, will be talking about how to tackle these effectively, what to do and more importantly what not to do.

What do Lawyers do??? - Clifford Chance

Thursday 19th February

Clifford Chance is the world’s first fully integrated law firm, providing a comprehensive range of global legal services for the world of modern business and finance. Discover what a corporate lawyer does and what a client expects from its lawyer? Students will be given a practical overview of the skills and techniques employed by corporate lawyers and will, by reference to a case (much akin to one in an interview) have the opportunity to try them out for themselves.

All events are free to members, usu. start at 6.30pm at Sidney and include wine and dinner. To book your place online or sign up for our weekly e-mail visit www.cambridgefutures.com

president@cambridgefutures.com
Senator Kerry Very Very Merry
Can the Republican war president win against the Democrat war hero?

The battle in the Democrat primary elections will reach its climax on Tuesday in Wisconsin, where initial outsider John Kerry is expected to secure the Democrat nomination for president. Such is his support that some polls suggest if an election were held tomorrow he would be ahead of Bush. But the question remains: can anyone, no matter how popular, unseat the ‘shrub’ in 2004?

At first glance the answer appears to be yes. Bush feels under threat, starting his campaign two months early with an hour long televised special this week. And with memories of Vietnam still looming large in the minds of the immensely powerful ‘grey vote’, the ever-increasing death toll from Iraq may yet damage this war president. Johnson suffered the wrath of the public in 1968 but can John Kerry or for that matter any contemporary Democrat be seen as a Richard Nixon?

Certainly Kerry does not lack the ambition or charisma of the Republican icon. But with his trade-mark cowboy boots, librarian wife and southern ‘je ne sais quoi’, Bush appears to have cornered the image market. The President and his wife may not be a JFK and Jackie O but they appear to be living the American dream – and the people love it. The battle of the smiles is of critical importance in the notoriously fickle war for the American vote. With 79% of the population declaring no fixed party affiliation in 2000, a good joke there and a family portrait here can make all the difference.

Another potential problem for any prospective president is that it is designed to protect children and ensure reparation, while advocates of the new law insist that it is a political problem.

The French parliament this week approved legislation outlawing the wearing of Islamic headscarves in schools. Significantly, the vote in favour of such a law was passed by a massive majority – 494 against 36.

President Chirac’s deputy, Jeanne Riverre, argued the law was necessary to retain France’s identity as a secular nation, claiming, “We have to give a political answer to what is a political problem”.

This ban on an item of clothing has been condemned by some as a step backwards into hardline repression, while advocates of the new law insist that it is designed to protect children and ensure that school remains a non-political, non-religious place where education will be undamaged by dogma. Two hundred Muslim girls protested outside the National Assembly, but Islam is not the only faith that will be affected. It is probable that large Christian crosses, Jewish skull caps and Sikh turbans will also be banned.

Hats off kids

All the fuss over CICCU putting ‘unsolicited gospels into students’ pigeonholes was given a touch of perspective last Friday when an American Airlines pilot took evangelism to a higher plane.

The unnamed pilot used the tannoy system to demand that all Christians onboard the flight from L.A. to New York raise their hands. He then denounced non-Christians as ‘crazy’ and told them to make their journey ‘worthwhile’ by discussing faith with the believers present. He concluded his mission to convert by assuring the terrified passengers that he would be available at the end of the flight for further theological discussion.

In the current climate of fear the pilot’s remarks caused panic aboard the aircraft. His missionary zeal led to passengers desperately trying to call relatives from their mobile phones, conscious that the last incidence of airborne religious fervour culminated in the most significant terrorist atrocity of recent years. American Airlines have apologised, and announced an investigation into the incident. Reports that the pilot was a pawn working as part of the CICCU Promise Week mission have proved unfounded and probably libellous.

Contributors: Kate Ward, Esther Britnell, Ollie Rickman, Daniel Milte
Rachel Willcock's top tips on romantic rhymes

At this time of year our thoughts inevitably turn to the language of love – poetry. Sitting with a blank card in one hand, pen poised on the other, we may end up with our thoughts of devotion expressed eloquently, succinctly and in a way that will not fail to woo our object of affection.

But no matter how clever you are, the art of writing good poetry is an elusive one that almost all of us will fail to master. Why then, even try? Should we give up before we start and opt for the classic fall back 'Happy Valentine's Day, do you fancy me?' I don't think so - and here's my advice.

The first point to consider is rhyme. Generally speaking if your poem is a bit cringeworthy, rhyming will make it worse. It can be a good approach for someone who might be a bit scared by an intense post-modern rant.

A word of warning before you jump in: do not try and make a rhyme with somebody's name - it will never work. I was hared into this trap by having a boyfriend called James Roffey - his name, oh so tempting, rhymed with lines like "you are as sweet as toffee", "the love we had turned bitter like coffee" or even "you be cream I'll be your banoffee"! No!

Poetry is a powerful tool for attracting attention. Girls will always be flattered by this kind of male attention even if they have a boyfriend, just so they can wave it in their face and say 'Why don't you write me a poem like this?'

Boys will also be pleased, normally because it is an indication that there is a possibility of getting laid. A poem shows time and effort but don't go too far. Anything over one side of a paper is a very, very fragile thing.

Writing a love poem is a daunting and miserable business, made worse by the fact that as Cambridge students we are extremely cynical. Nevertheless, I believe that no matter how appallingly awful our poetry is, the sentiment of composing words of love for somebody is more enduring aspects of relationships;

the worst investigation has to be the 'whiff test'. This involves adding some alkali to the vaginal fluid sample. If the patient has bacterial vaginosis, this mixture liberates a rather heavy, fusty odour.

At least bacterial vaginosis is easily detect- ed and treated, chlamydia is not. The govern- ment is worried that chlamydia, the major cause of pelvic inflammatory disease and infertility, is reaching epidemic proportions. If the recent survey on sexual practices on the holiday island of Ibiza is to be believed, then 50% of holidaymakers sleep with at least one partner that they met there and one in eight men claim to bed more than six. This means that either there's a lot of sex, or the boys are exaggerating or some women are coming into contact with more lags than the average napkin. As Dorothy Parker once said, "you can take a horticulture but you can't

Ladies!

• DON'T be late. It is embarrassing sitting there looking like you've been stood up.
• DO make it clear if you're interested. Men don't do the mind-reading thing. Not well, anyway.
• DON'T just talk about yourself/ shopping/make-up/clothes.
• DO offer to go Dutch. If he's feeling generous he'll refuse.
• DON'T talk about how great your last boyfriend was at anything. In fact, don't even mention him. Male pride is a very, very fragile thing.
• DO be clear where you stand. Avoid leading him on.
• DON'T spend more time in the loo than at the table.

Boys will also be pleased... it is an indication that they may get laid

Lads!

• DON'T call her too soon. Three days is a good period to wait.
• DO be straightforward about your inter- est. Real men aren't afraid of rejection.
• DON'T compliment her too much. She'll wonder what a pretty/smart/funny girl like her is doing with someone so desperate.
• DO offer to pay for her on the first date. Most modern women understand that you won't be doing it every time you go out.
• DON'T spend a lot of money on her. She'll wonder what you expect in return.
• DO ask her lots of questions, with follow- ups to show that you're actually listening.
• DON'T try and impress her. Women like men who believe they don't have to try.
• DO pay attention to her body language. If she maintains eye contact, you're in.

Why I'm living the life of Riley - on my own

As Valentine's Day approaches, singletons across Cambridge brace themselves for a full-on lancet of romantic schlock that accompanies each February 14th. But there is no reason for the holidays to reign in your freedom to fantasize about movie stars and dream of freedom from personal hygiene, the freedom to dress down, to assert your independence, and opt for the classic fall back 'Happy Valentine's Day, do you fancy me?'

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Dear Deidre,

Valentine’s Day is a lovely tradition. I’ve been married for 33 years, but my husband still makes me something every year; to keep our love alive. I do appreciate how much harder Valentine’s Day is however for all those in less established relationships. Here are some tips for making things easier:

Change into the sexiest clothes you dare. Splash out on a bunch of flowers – they don’t have to be pricey red roses, more seasonal flowers can be even nicer.

Phone your love, or send a note to tell them you love them and in as much detail as you dare just how much you’ll be looking forward to this evening.

Get the room ready. Arrange scented candles, incense to burn, mood tapes, a bottle of wine, fresh sheets if you’ll be in the bedroom, log fire in the living room. All those very silly things you’ve seen in films actually do add atmosphere.

Organise the right sort of food and drink. If you’re eating out, oriental food can be sensuous without being too heavy. Remember the last thing you need is to be laden down with French fries – or too much booze.

Try to start the evening with a shared bath or shower. Water is relaxing and makes us responsive to touch, and gets you both focussed in the right direction.

Go slow. When we’re hoping tonight will be special, the temptation is to rush to climax. Pretend everything is happening in slow motion to start with.

If you’ve ever had a fantasy you haven’t dared share make tonight the night you tell your partner “I’d love it if...” and ask them what’s their favourite fantasy that they’d like to try.

If you usually make love in the dark, keep at least a low light on. If you usually make love in silence, tell each other how it feels. Try at least one variation from your usual routine.

Have something special extra lined up for afterwards - Mars bars or champagne - whatever is your idea of a treat.

And the following morning, promise yourselves that you won’t wait another whole year before treating each other to another night to remember.

Deidre Saunders writes for The Sun

Valentine’s Day: the Agony Aunt way...

Denise Robertson
This Morning

Valentine’s Day means an awful lot to me. I certainly send Valentine’s Day cards. Everyone can find the money for a card, and if not, a homemade card is even more touching. Using your own hands to make something is a sign of true devotion. When something’s good, nothing can spoil it – nothing in the whole world. If you think that a relationship will never happen, then use Valentine’s Day to make it happen. I do remember getting funny looks when buying Valentine’s cards

Virginia Ironside
The Independent

Valentine’s Day is over-hyped and irritating. All it means to me is not being able to get a table anywhere. It is far better in America, where they see it as more of a friendship thing and less predatory. Valentine’s Day has swelled like an engorged, puffy heart over the past few decades. It didn’t mean anything to me when I was young and doesn’t now. Most particularly, I hate the idea of it being a special day; why can’t a man send roses to me now, why can’t he take me out to dinner tonight? Valentine’s is self-consciously irritating – a bit of a strain – why is it so intense, with all these “I love you” eyes and “devotion” stares? It causes more angst than happiness, creating the eye and “devotion” stares? It causes more angst than happiness, creating

Margaret Cook
Marie Claire

I am in an established relationship, so Valentine’s Day doesn’t loom large for us. But it does for some people, terrifyingly so. I can remember being so horrified ten years ago by the abundance of fake gazes in a restaurant that we vowed never to eat out again on February 14th. Have you heard about the ‘quirky alone’ movement? Some lonely person has written a book about being alone and making a virtue of this necessity. That’s ridiculous to me, because we’re an essentially monogamous race who should be making a virtue of self-control, not repression. That’s what Valentine’s day is for! Did you know that the average man spends £13.40 on Valentine’s Day whilst women only spend 45p? My mind boggles. My only Valentine’s message is ‘Love together in harmony!’ We should only use Valentine’s Day to say ‘I love you’, and nothing more, and this should be said through body language just as much as through something trivial like a card. I would like to undermine the commercial aspect of Valentine’s Day, and always focus on the negative aspects of any kind of naff gesture. The first Valentine’s card I ever got was from a boy who I saw as a bit of a creep, who I barely knew – and for him to have the cheek to say ‘With every fibre of my being I love you’ was just too much!

Anne Atkins
The Daily Telegraph

My eldest brother worked for a time in Clare College gardens. One day, at about this time of year, he came home from work with the comment that undergraduates behaved much like the birds in the garden. ‘As soon as the weather gets warmer,’ he said, ‘they all pair off, in just this same way...’

When I was an undergraduate, at the Other Place, I was a member of the Christian Union. It’s hard to convey, a generation later, quite how awesome an organisation this was: the biggest student society by far, the President elect about as frighteningly celibate as the pope. I barely knew him, but one day he called to see me and left a note on my desk. A week later he proclaimed his wild passion and I was so flabbergasted I broke the heel of my boot and said ‘lub’.

I thought that would be the end of it, but a few red roses followed. Five children later, it’s probably about time I demanded another.
Paloma Picasso, designer, world famous for her perfumes, jewellery and fashion accessories

Fashion is...
to create your own style out of the fashion that surrounds you or against it if need be.

An indulgence is...
A wood fire burning in the chimney while it is snowing outside, fresh flowers in the house and reading a book next to the person I love after having finished this interview.

My favourite smell is...
Still the fragrance that bears my name.

The last thing you had to have?
Some plates from L’Eclaireur, Paris, which are made from Terres melées, which is a technique where the clay is coloured, in this instance red and green and then mixed together in swirls before firing. Nowadays I get more excited by things for the home than things to wear.

I couldn’t live without...
A black sweater, a pair of black tapered trousers and some sophisticated Manolo Blahniks.

My all-time fashion icon is...
Diana Vreeland because she was always extreme in the most natural way. It is thanks to her that I did my first fashion photographs, in the sixties when I was 15 with Richard Avedon for American Vogue.

What was it like being Yves Saint Laurent’s muse during the 1970s?
Actually it was in the very early seventies, I made an impression on him by coming to dinner dressed in an outlandish 1940’s black dress, I had bought in London with a pink turban with feathers and very red lips. Following that evening we carried on a fashion dialogue, where I tried to anticipate his next moves.

The fashion police should ban...
I am afraid I have to answer not another pair of ripped blue jeans or even worse embellished ripped blue jeans.

What are your inspirations?
My latest way of working is trying to find the answers to my husband Eric’s wish list otherwise my influences tend to be rather abstract, you could say emotional. I like playing with contrasts, with positive-negative, looking at the empty shape versus the contour.

What’s exciting you in the fashion world at the moment?
What’s exciting is that everything is possible, there are no more rules to break and soon we will have to invent some.
Dil-do’s and don’ts

Your guide to the sexiest products around this Valentine’s Day!

Win Ann Summers goodies

To celebrate the rather timely opening of a Cambridge-based Ann Summers shop (3 Lionis Yard), the naughty knicker specialists are exclusively offering Varsity readers the chance to win a selection of Valentine themed prizes, including underwear and novelty chocolates. To make this Valentine’s day one to remember, simply answer the following question. Milos Forman’s 1996 film, The People vs Larry Flynt, tells the story of which top shelf magazine?

a) Playboy
b) Hustler
c) Babes with Jugs

Your chance to date Cambridge’s most eligible singletons!

Date of the Week

Amy

Our date of the week is Amy Harrison, a 1st year SPS-er from Kings.

From: East London.
Favourite Song: “I just wanna dance with somebody…”
Favourite Book: The Old Man and the Sea by Ernest Hemingway.
Describe yourself in three words: East London Lovel.
What I’m best at: Conspiring
What I’m worst at: Making decisions
To pull me: Love yourself!

To date Amy email date@varsity.co.uk with ‘Amy’ in the title by Sunday. Send answers to the same questions, your contact details and a photo if possible.

Last Week’s Date

Last week’s date, Sholto, chose Caroline Bordas, a law student from Clare, to share a jacuzzi with at The Glassworks. “Sholto was very entertaining,” said Caroline “and the jacuzzi was lovely”. Of the date Sholto concluded “Caroline is a lovely girl - Live the dream.”

Guest passes to Glassworks include full use of the jacuzzi, sauna, steam room, showers, gym and exercise classes. The price of a pass ranges from £10 to £15 depending on when you go. Glassworks is situated on Thompsons Lane, just off Bridge Street, ring 01223 305060 or access www.theglassworksgym.co.uk for more details.
PAGE PHWOAR-TEEN!

STUDENTS SORDID STEAMY SEX SCANDAL (Sort Of)

Varsity bosses were left reeling last night after it was found that Dave “four birds” Fawbert and Al “alibis, honest” Rushmer each had a 12 in bed sex romp, Page Fourteen can exclusively reveal. The pair, both aged 21, managed to have their marathon orgy despite the lack of the 11 other people usually required in steamy sex scandals that tabloids thronge on, Page Fourteen can also reveal.

“Essentially what we have done is take a potentially slanderous story, a lie you might say, and hoped that people won’t read past the first line, after which we completely contradict ourselves” a spokesman for the paper said yesterday.

The two journalists of the year (2004-05, Page Fourteen Journalism Awards) are thought to be the first ever celebs to be caught in an orgy-less orgy. Varsity editors Reggie Vettasseri and Laura-Jane Foley, both familiar with sex, drugs and rock ‘n’ roll scandals them- selves, broke the news late last night to a shocked and packed press conference and described the situation as ‘serious’ but the two love gods themselves declined to comment.

The two at the centre of the story commented through their agent to our roving reporter (desperate for a story): “well, I went to bed about midnight and woke up around 9ish, I had a really weird dream about bacon”. So in fact they did comment despite what is written at the end of the previous paragraph (the truth is immaterial to us tabloids).

Friends of the saucy pair tried to defend them, simply saying “bollocks”. The statement speaks for itself.

Who’d have thought it?! Two upstanding Cambridge students at the centre of the biggest sex scandal since Bill Clinton mentioned that Monica was partial to a puff on a pink cigar. We, at Page Fourteen say “if you can’t have some good honest fun when you’re young then when can you?” The lack of any accuracies in the story doesn’t matter, scandal sells itself, broke the news late last night to a shocked and packed press conference and described the situation as ‘serious’ but the two love gods themselves declined to comment.

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1. Rowing – we already get up about 5 hours earli- er than any other students, so why get up even ear- lier to freeze on the Cam in lycaenight right enough to make even Linford Christlie blush?

2. 9 O’clock lectures – who’s together by 9? The kebab is still stuck to the side of your face and your mouth feels like a well used nomads flip flop. In the words of many a student up and down the country “lack it off”.

3. Too much work – how are we supposed to grow as social beings and catch Neighbours twice a day in order to catch the subtleties in the acting? Alan Fletcher (a.k.a. Karl Kennedy) was at RADA, don’t you know (maybe).

4. Ridiculous names for things – Tripss, bops, P’lodge, matriculation, ents etc. Why, oh why must we embarrass ourselves consistently relating univer- sity life to non-cambridge friends?

5. Abbreviations – everywhere, even short words get the CamAbb.Treatment (Trin?), CUSU, CIICCUC etc. and by far the best, CUMS. On a similar note, why do we not have a Cambridge University Netball Team?

It’s week 5 and you’re fed up. The arctic conditions rolling in from the fens have managed to brace your monkeys, half of the college have disappeared into the academic black-hole (they will not be seen until grad- uation, by which point they will have lost half their body weight and grown a beard down to their knees) and you have enough paper on your desk to keep Murdoch in business for the next 5 years. So why fight it?

Get depressed, and revel in the fact that it is still 4 weeks until you can go home, have a hot bath and sleep on a mattress that has not been used by 26 other people.

6. All architecture from 1960s onwards – Cripps Buildings for example. Stop trying to make a cre- ative point and just design something that looks half-decent (see picture)

7. Girton and Homerton – not the colleges or their residents but the fact that you poor people have no far to travel. You ought to get a free sports degree for doing so much cycling. Rumour has it that Girton will be applying for EU membership in the next 2 years so good luck with that!

8. Aggressive Beggars – I’d be more inclined to donate if you weren’t wearing better clothes than me and didn’t hurl abuse when I claim, accurately, that I haven’t got any change.

9. Tourists – Charming at first. Not when you realise there’s been 3 Japanese tourists staking through your window for the past 10 minutes. And you’re on the 3rd floor.

10. Cambridge Nightclubs – where else in the world would people not begrudge paying £6 to dance to terrible music, get attacked by townies, drunken hoover Henry’s and pay £6.00 for a Prince Consort vodka and cola cola mixer?

Loser requests p14 love tips

Dear Page 14,

I’m a bit of a catch. But I never get any action because I’m always busy. It’s doing my head in, and I’m worried the girl of my dreams will slip through my fingers. Help me please.

Desperate of Tit Hall

Dear Desperate,

Are you sure you’re a bit of a catch? If no-one else will get close enough to confirm or deny your self-assessment, some time spent reassessing your per- sonal hygiene may not go amiss. Be realistic. For instance, are you sure you’re unphotogenic, or is it that just an accurate representation of your unpleasant little face?

The point, old son, is this: aim low. Girls, similar to these, may have been involved in the orgy of lust.

Chort’s ‘Typewriter’ Cripps Building. This is a truly rubbish building. I could make one better than this. Just look at it. It’s shit. Complete bollocks.

 varsity.co.uk

Feb 13, 2004

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Feb 13, 2004
Extraordinary opportunities for extraordinary people...

Summer 2004 internship

Application deadline for penultimate year students
Friday 20th February

Interview day
Friday 5th March

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A Marsh & McLennan Company
SUPERVISIONS

It is a truth universally acknowledged that supervisions are a Good Thing. They are the point, really, of coming to Cambridge. Without them, universities like this are no longer universities like this: they are universities like everywhere else, and no number of Dreaming Spires can hope to make up for the loss.

It is certainly true that the supervision is not what it was. Then again, neither is Cambridge: students may have been supervised more often in smaller groups in the past, but there were also fewer undergraduates, and so the comparison is facile. It is inevitable that as the university grows, and the funding gap increases, teaching methods will have to change somewhat.

Still, at heart, the principle of the supervision remains the same: that is, that teaching is in small enough groups that a genuine intellectual dialogue emerges and, no-one is able to avoid contributing. Its value is, curiously, and counter-intuitively, perhaps greatest to those of us not blessed with the necessary brainpower to carry on these discussions as parts of our future careers. For professors in waiting, supervisions must seem much of a muchness, little different form daily life; for the rest of us, it’s like playing football against Arsenal. You can’t, then, hope to compete, and so it is all right to make mistakes, as you want so long as they are interesting ones. At its worst, of course, it can be a tool of intimidation, humiliation and authoritarianism – but if an education system has been devised which cannot be thus perverted, it is not an especially well known one.

The supervision is the family silver. Redevelop Kings’ chapel as a office this week. Each section has embraced the spirit of Valentine’s day, just in time, to spread the love that has descended on the rest of us, it’s like playing football against Arsenal. You can’t, then, hope to compete, and so it is all right to make mistakes, as you want so long as they are interesting ones. At its worst, of course, it can be a tool of intimidation, humiliation and authoritarianism – but if an education system has been devised which cannot be thus perverted, it is not an especially well known one.

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Welcome to Varsity’s Listings pull-out. With our expert’s top recommendations below, Listings is your essential weekly guide to what’s on in Cambridge over the next seven days.

**F I L M**

- *A Map of The World* is a scintillating comedy about the West and its problematic relationship to the Third World.

**L I T**

- ‘Gods and Goddesses’ welcomes London’s most exciting exponents of “rap-poetry” shortMAN, Phenzeewaan, Ventri-loquist and others to the Portland Arms. Sort of like if Jay Z met up with Seamus Heaney to discuss the next steps of the anti-capitalist movement.

**M U S I C**

- Corpus Playroom 17th - 21st Feb
- Three is the magic number at West Road this Thursday when the Florestan Trio present three very different...um...trios. Their intimate knowledge of their repertoire, as displayed on their fine CDs for the Hyperion label leads us to expect a very polished performance.

**T H E A T R E**

- Arts Picturehouse, 13th - 19th Feb
- ‘Gods and Goddesses’ welcomes London’s most exciting exponents of “rap-poetry” shortMAN, Phenzeewaan, Ventri-loquist and others to the Portland Arms. Sort of like if Jay Z met up with Seamus Heaney to discuss the next steps of the anti-capitalist movement.

**C L A S S I C A L**

- Atheists often argue that a benevolent God, knowing about Allo, Allo and stinky cheese could never have invented France. But they forget that in His infinite wisdom, He obviously anticipated the ethereal loveliness of French duo Air and decided, on balance, it was worth it.

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Marakon Associates London Office invites penultimate year students to apply for an 8 week Summer Associate Consultant work experience programme.

**Application:** CV & cover letter via website www.marakon.com/apply.html

**Deadline:** February 29th 2004

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**Deadline:** February 29th 2004

**Enquiries:** ukrecruiting@marakon.com

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www.marakon.com/apply.html
MUSIC

Saturday (cont...)
GCMS:
Ed Corn, horn; Florence Cook, violin; Michael Meale, piano.
Brabins - Horn Trios. Caius College, Bateman Auditorium. 1.15pm.
King’s Cellars: NIGHT OF LOVE.
No electrocureen: NO HEAVY PET-
TING: we don’t dance in your bed-
room: King’s Cellars, 10pm. £2 (non-
Kings).
Queens’ Ents: RHYTHM SYNDICATE! Get away from Valentines with commercial
dance! Queens’ College, Fitzpatrick Hall. 9pm. £4.

Warning: Club night, ribcage shaking Drum &
Base. The Junction, 10pm. £11/£12.50.

Sunday
Fitzwilliam College Music Society: Music Trips Part 1B, Tonal
Compositions. Fitzwilliam College, Fitzwilliam Chapel. 8pm.
GCMS:
David Somerville Wright, baritone;
Eugenia Cheng, piano;
Songs by Schubert, Faure Caius
College, Bateman Auditorium 8.30pm.

Thursday 19th February - 9pm
Good bye, Lenin!, 15
www.stjohnsfilms.org

Friday 15th February - 15pm
Love Actually, 15
www.stjohnsfilms.org

Bored Geographer wanted for part time research.
Please phone Peter at 07946565815

THEATRE

Friday
ADC:
“My Native Land” by Rodney Clark. Love, nationalis-
m and race in wartime East Africa. The Playroom. 8pm. £4/£5.50.
ETG:
MISS JULIE - the best of European drama; pow-
erful, sexual and richly textured.
ADC Theatre, 7:45pm. £5 - £7.50.

Saturday
ADC:
“My Native Land” by Rodney Clark. Love, nationalis-
mand race in wartime East Africa.
The Playroom, 8pm. £4/£5.50.
ETG:
MISS JULIE - the best of European drama;
powerful, sexual and richly textured.
ADC Theatre, 11pm. £3 - £4.

REDs presents Out of Order:
Award-winning comedy by Ray Cooney. ADC
Theatre, 7.45pm. Fri & Sat £5/£5.50.

Sunday
ADC:
“My Native Land” by Rodney Clark. Love, nationalis-
m and race in wartime East Africa.
The Playroom. 8pm. £4/£5.50.

Tuesday
ETG:
MISS JULIE - the best of European drama;
powerful, sexual and richly textured.
ADC Theatre, 7:45pm. £3 - £4.

Wednesday
CUADC:
The VISIT - a tragicomedy filled with dark
humour. ADC Theatre, 7.45pm. £5 - £7.50.

Pembroke Players: HERE KITTY - a new play about sex, lies
and jelly babies.
ADC Theatre, 11pm. £3 - £4.

Thursday
CUADC:
The VISIT - a tragicomedy filled with
dark humour.
ADC Theatre, 7:45pm. £5 - £7.50.

Pembroke Players: HERE KITTY - a new play about sex, lies
and jelly babies.
ADC Theatre, 11pm. £3 - £4.

TALK

Friday
CICCU:
Sidgwick8One: Foucault and the
authority of the Bible.
Sidgwick Site, Meade Room
(Economics). 1pm.

Globalise Resistance:
How Can We Resist
Neo-Liberalism and War?
McCrum Theatre, Benet Street, next to
Eagle Pub. 7pm (and Saturday, Sunday
and Monday).

Monday
AFL: Animals People and the
Environment.
Savvy the Sight of the Blind in the 3rd
World. The Bath House Gwydir Street
Cambridge. 8pm. £1.

Tuesday
CUSS - Dr G Orelodge:
Life in a Weird World (Cid Beatle).
Pharmacology Lecture Theatre,
8pm. £Free for members, £1 for non-
members.

Thursday
CICCU:
The Bible Talk: What does a true
believer look like?.
Queens’ College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
1pm.

CU Chabad Society:
Tradition & Modernity: Varieties of
Response.
Robinson College, Linnett Room.
7.30pm.

Friday
CICCU:
Sidgwick8One: How to be free...
Sidgwick Site, Meade Room
(Economics). 1pm.

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Harlequin 14th June 2004

Listings/L3 13 February 04
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-COULD YOU CO-ORDINATE THE PUBLICATION OF A LITERARY ANTHOLOGY?

Deadline for all applications to this full-time salaried post: 5th March

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**Letters**

**God Almighty**

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your (front page) article on the “unconstructive” nature of CICCU’s “gay people are going to Hell?” stance. However, I am afraid that I have to take issue with both the editorial and Archie Bland’s piece. It is NOT the case that Christians HAVE to be opposed to homosexuality. The Bible does NOT say that homosexuality is a form of sexual immorality. CICCU have their chance to have their say, but if what they are saying is racist, sexual and homophobic simply why should they be allowed to go unchecked?

Ramesh Perera on behalf of CUSU LBG

**UL not concentration camp**

Dear Editor,

Last week, the UL building was described as “resembling a Victorian workhouse, cremonatorium, or most anything all, a concentration camp”. I wonder whether the writers would care to elaborate on why they seem to find this a particularly apt comparison? To mention in this manner another instance of tawdrieness and a lack of reflection.

Yours, Axel Geffert, Wolfson College

**Scrubble, again**

Dear Editor,

In the “Scrubble Debate” Matt Torlontions implies that “queues” would be the highest-scoring college name in Scrabble. In fact, in play, “downing” could score up to 96, “trinity” 92, “queens”, 79, and “kings” 85. I should also like to add “johns” and “corpus” to this list valid Scrabble words (scoring up to 96 and 39 respectively). It is surely of utmost importance, though, in the fact that no Oxford college rivals Downings score of 98.

Yours, Daniel Austin

I filmed the show for fifteen hours a day every single day for four weeks. So the one hour show was very heavily edited to create the impression that the director wanted to create rather representing the truth. One of the flash points of the programme came when I was taken to a hairdresser’s and you don’t have your hair cut.” “You’ll fail.” “It’s up to you. Do you want to have your hair cut or walk off the project?” Do you see your hair as part of your body?” “Would it be like losing your virginity?” AAARRRGGH!!! My whole reaction was towards treatment not towards the notion of having my hair cut! If I had played along I wouldn’t have been portrayed so badly but why should I give in to the whims of a jumped up television producer? If I ever find myself in a similar position I shall learn that when you are asked a pointed question like, “would you have your hair cut like us asking you to sleep around”, you don’t answer! You certainly don’t comply when they ask you to “rephrase the question in the form of an answer”. I’m not having my hair cut in the same way that I’m not going out pulling lovely girls! I’ve got nothing to rebel against. I said all of this in front of the camera... but unsurprisingly none of it was included - it wouldn’t have made such an entertaining programme. And one more thing, Marilyn Manson’s agent actually thought my song was rather good!

**Letters should be submitted no later than midnight on Wednesday and be as concise as possible. The editors reserve the right to edit all copy. Write to: letters@varsity.co.uk**

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**Cryptic crossword No.5: Set by Luke Pebody**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Across</th>
<th>Down</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>25. Places to practice golf after a round for hard. (7)</td>
<td>1. “Chemical”, a downloadable song (1-4)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ally, a non-blood relative. (7)</td>
<td>2. Where to find this type of sport event (7)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. A sitcom without a digit and, addition- ally, a non-blood relative. (7)</td>
<td>3. Resort secret club in confused institutions (9)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. A German agreement before former cycle girls with American rice dish (10)</td>
<td>4. One of three states that initially refused allowing it could have (3)</td>
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<tr>
<td>20. A single Italian broadsheet, in which a foreigner gone soft American rice dish. (7)</td>
<td>5. Could be sexy or, perhaps, smelly. (7)</td>
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<tr>
<td>9. Fire kind of rocks (7)</td>
<td>6. An album of pornography. (5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Note a kind of turn the Spanish put into it: it’s part of the package!(2-5)</td>
<td>7. State one of the commonest names for heirs(5,5)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. He was never too tied up that he could- n’t find some free time. (7)</td>
<td>10. Let’s fix a pass together, although it is a kind of crumby. (12)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Return letter about myself, after going back. (10)</td>
<td>12. Dump this bomb! (7)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>18. Dump this bomb! (7)</td>
<td>15. Verbal abuse, discredited, defeated by an amphibian? (9)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. The capital that is divided, approxi- mately, is a corn. (7)</td>
<td>16. A German agreement before former cycle girls with American rice dish. (10)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. After a return, one down is pungent. (5)</td>
<td>17. The king whose name is forbidden. (7)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. A sitcom without a digit and, addition- ally, a non-blood relative. (7)</td>
<td>18. Dump this bomb! (7)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. The queen is after an arm’s that more hard. (7)</td>
<td>19. Verbal abuse, discredited, defeated by an amphibian? (9)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Last week’s answers**

Across:
1. Slip severely around the king (12)
2. It sounds like a remake of a 80’s movie it was a large bomb! (7)
9. Fire kind of rocks (7)
11. Note a kind of turn the Spanish put into it: it’s part of the package!(2-5)
12. He was never too tied up that he couldn’t find some free time. (7)
13. Bold, but on edge. (5)
14. Return letter about myself, after going back. (10)
16. A German agreement before former cycle girls with American rice dish. (10)
19. Return letter in french as an asian rice dish. (9)
21. The capital that is divided, approximately, is a corn. (7)
23. A sitcom without a digit and, additionally, a non-blood relative. (7)
24. The queen is after an arm’s that more hard. (7)
25. Places to practice golf after a round for hard. (7)

Down:
1. “Chemical”, a downloadable song (1-4)
2. Where to find this type of sport event (7)
3. Resort secret club in confused institutions (9)
4. One of three states that initially refused allowing it could have (3)
5. Could be sexy or, perhaps, smelly. (7)
6. An album of pornography. (5)
7. State one of the commonest names for heirs(5,5)
10. Let’s fix a pass together, although it is a kind of crumby. (12)
11. Verbal abuse, discredited, defeated by an amphibian? (9)
12. Dump this bomb! (7)
13. The king whose name is forbidden. (7)
15. Verbal abuse, discredited, defeated by an amphibian? (9)
16. A German agreement before former cycle girls with American rice dish. (10)
19. Return letter in french as an asian rice dish. (9)
Aren’t holes interesting? You can put things in, take them out, lose eye-lids, find missing bearded men. I particularly like things being put in my hole—hole being pigeon and things being invitations to parties. Sometimes I get things that look like invitations to parties but are really from Christians who would like me to know more about Jesus Christ.

Last week, a girl who has chosen to be a Christian wrote me a note with a lot of exclamation marks. ‘Hi there! This is a copy of John’s gospel!’ I hope you find it interesting to look at Jesus life! Contact me for more info!’

This term the Christian Union put on ‘Promise’, a well-attended event inviting all of Cambridge’s students to come along and listen to their talks. They also had enough copies of John’s gospel for every undergraduate in the university and (generously) gave them out.

What, I would like to know, is wrong with that? No, really, what is wrong with that? Why do so many of us feel it is wrong?

Fact one: Christians aren’t stupid. Look around this special university. Everything that’s upbeat has got a poster. Now either there is one very hard-working insomniac member of CICCU or the believers of the country are sailing through UCAS. It’s not that surprising if you think about it – we who live on heat were visiting the STD clinic and stealing lipsticks from Boots they were … well they weren’t.

Fact two: Christians have fun. Remember, there’s different kinds of fun – there’s proper fun and there’s swearing at your dad,educing your teacher and Lustling to the Sound of Drummimg fun.

Fact three: Christians are good, friendly people. I once stayed with a Christian who, after a night on the raza, happily cleaned up my sick and remembered to leave a bucket and a bible beside my bed. I realised, Christians are all clever, happy, good, friendly people then why should any of us feel alienated, sometimes even angry, that they want to share with us their knowledge, their happiness, their goodness and their friendship?

Then I remembered the time a (Christian) girl on my corridor saw something in my bin that, admittedly, should have been more carefully wrapped up. She looked at me and sighed. Then she went back to her room, after running her fingers over a ‘witness’ poster on the door, making sure its blue-tac was intact. Sometimes a sigh can say a thousand word and sometimes it can just say one word to make you feel like shit. The next day I got a note in my pigeon hole saying it wasn’t too late, I still had time to make it on the guest-list to the pearly gates.

She needed help – she had sighed.

That sigh is the reason we have a right to feel more irritated when we receive Christian invitations over any other. That sigh is the reason why we have a right to feel more intruded upon and more patronised when we are posted endless flyers and psalms and gospels because, ultimately, it isn’t just an invitation, it is a condemnation. However you wrap it up, however many exclamation marks you use, the bottom line is you think I will go to hell because I have not chosen what you have.

Not all of Cambridge’s students have welcomed CICCU’s Promise event

Try and restrain yourselves from the daily rape of my pigeon hole

Something in the way - but only if you think so

Imagine, however fantastical it is, gets tiring when there's no other input whatsoever

Helen Oneyemi

INTERRUPT ME AGAIN AND I’LL... ERM, BE INSPIRED!

I hope I’m not the only one who can’t write unless it’s between interruptions – it’s ultimately stressful and yet so much fun, like a nagging anxiety flicking elastic bands around in the back of your head.

One example of this sticks in my mind – sometime in March, when I was still writing The Icarus Girl, I got home from school and rushed upstairs to the computer, only to find my sister was online, on Yahoo Messenger or whatever it is she uses, chatting to people she’d seen at school about fifteen seconds before. Conveniently forgetting that this is exactly what I would have been doing if I didn’t have Other Stuff to get on with, I rushed up to her (stopping just a few inches away – the girl can sometimes get violent) and shouted at the top of my voice:

“I need to use that! You know I need to use that!”

“Shut up, you’re always on it.” (this was said very calmly, without looking around. She has menacing computer behaviour syndrome (MCBS) you see, typing with one finger whilst hunched quite far over the keyboard. I sense she was going to say ‘Shut up’ but actually can’t hear a word you’re saying because the lines are so bad.

I struggled to calm down and be the bigger girl. Instead of typing up the bits of the book that I’d unpertinently written in lectures, I could write more on paper.

It was all fine. I managed to walk to the door without tripping over with my outrage, and went through to my bedroom. But call it the imp of the perverse – seconds later, I was back again, throwing paper at her and screeching: “No, YOU shut up!”

Then I had to run away so as not to be hurt (on the stairs, my brother was imitating me, parrot like, crowing a weird jumble inside a bubble, safe from things like homework and dinner and random callers from Nigeria who you think are wittily staying silent when you pick up the phone but actually can’t hear a word you’re saying because the lines are so bad.

I think writing should have a flow to it; a distraction.

When your head spins with the feeling of having your life split into little sections and chewed away (this often happens when you sit down to write and then discover, with a muttered ‘shit’, that you’ve only written twelve lines in four hours). That’s the best time to say what you have to. Otherwise, try cancelling everything and setting down in front of a blank computer document, with four chocolate bars and a cup of coffee steaming beside you. Make sure the room is completely silent (although gentle background outside is fine if you can get it). I bet you any money you’ll look at the computer screen, drink your coffee, look at the screen, wonder off to the window, look at the screen, tentatively write a line, change it three times and then charge off looking for a distraction.

I think writing should have a flow to it; a flow that doesn’t happen when you’re on your Js. It’s clear what’s happened – we have this perverse thing inside us all that means we’re not able to divorce ourselves from reality for ages and ages. Typical? It looks like... with a great growing I have to concede that imagining, however fantastical it is, gets tiring when there’s no other input whatsoever.

There will be a reading of ‘The Icarus Girl’, organised by the Black and Asian Caucus, at The Slug and Lettuce on Sidney Street from 7pm on Wednesday 18th February.
Happy Valentine’s Day

Ellen E. Jones

Look at you all! Going round slugging whoever you want, falling in and out of love, without even thinking about the consequences. This is not ‘Nam, y’know. There are rules! But, fortunately for the weak of character, only four.

Rule 1 - The Eleventh Commandment

“Bugger!” said God. “I forgot one. Moses is already halfway down Sinai, and the bloody tablet-thingy is already all engraved and everything. Nevermind, I suppose they’ll just have to work it out for themselves.” God was, of course, referring to the eleventh commandment – sometimes known as the ‘bros before hos’ principle. The eleventh commandment dictates that Person A may in no way sabotage or disrupt Person B’s attempt to seduce Hottie X, however misguided, doomed or humiliating this attempt is. In practical terms this means no snorting derisively when a friend says he’s in a band to impress a lady and no poking your mate in her gel-filled bra. As a wise women once said, “God help the mister that comes between me and my sister, but God damn the sister that comes between me and my man.”

See: Jolene - Dolly Parton, Your Gonna Loose That Girl - The Beetles, Brief Encounter

Rule 2 - The Relationships are like polos / ring doughnuts / hula hoops’ theory

Relationships are like polos / ring doughnuts / hula hoops. That is to say, without their boundaries, they are nothing. Randomly moving in and out of clearly defined categories such as ‘friend’ and ‘person who I might consider doing the wild thing with’ might be alright for Jennifer Aniston and her hoity toity pals, but it’s not alright for you. ‘Friend’ is essentially just a posh word for someone you’d like to sleep with but can’t (usually because they’re of an inconvenient gender/sexuality or going out with your best mate). Thus it follows that if you start slugging everybody you’ll end up with no friends at all. Trying to be friends with people you have sex with, or visa versa is like drinking out of the same pot you piss in. Buddies are for being buddies with, strangers are for slugging, women is for duty, goat is for fun, vegetable is for pleasure.

See: Jus A Friend - Mario / Biz Markie, Friends, When Harry Met Sally

Rule 3 - The 3-shag Rule

The 3-shag Rule is based on the theory that most people, most times, are a bit rubbish in bed the first time with someone new. Thus it forbids the forming of any rash assessments of sexual prowess based on one night alone. You have to sleep with someone at least three times before you can start slugging them off behind their back, or legitimately dump them on the grounds that they’re rubbish in bed. You can dump them because you don’t fancy them enough to see out three shags, but that’s different. None of this is intended to challenge the authority of the ‘three shags dost not a proper relationship make’ diktat, which still stands.

Three Is The Magic Number - De La Soul

Rule 4 – “Looooving you… is actually quite hard because of the colony of stag beetles which live in your pubic hair”

No one would dare suggest that slugging it about is in any way an intrinsically bad way to behave. It is of course, lots of fun. Although if you don’t want to slag it about, that’s alright too. There are lots of other ways to pass a rainy Tuesday afternoon in style. If, however, in possession of the full facts and having reached the age of consent, you decide that slugging ugly people for a laugh is your idea of a good time, at least take the time to read some proper journalism on the importance of safe sex (See pg 6). You know it makes sense.

Let’s Talk About Sex – Salt n Pepa, Angels in America, Channel 4
It’s (not) All About Love

Clementine Wade is not seduced by Vinterberg’s latest

T he DDR is an institution that most of us undergrads only remember from those images of the wall when we were seven. Evoking this as part of the ‘oezie’ trend in Germany, Good bye, Lenin! is truly touching.

The film centres on the relationship between Christiane Kerner (Katrin Sass) mother of dotting Alexander (Daniel Brühl). Alexander has been brought up with Communism in his blood, when his father left as a boy, his mother wedded herself to the Party. As the youth of the DDR begin to rebel in 1989, she is struck down by a heart attack.

When she awakes from her coma the reality, and the scenes from Bloom’s past, light the contrast between mundane reality, and the fantastic: dead bodies caught in escalators and dangling off the side walls; micro-chips implanted in the arms of the genetically duplicated Claire Danes all coincidly with an tumultuous end.

Alexander works with his sister and colleague, a budding film maker, he seeks to recreate East Germany as was. He explains away the new Coca Cola and IKea adverts that are appearing over Berlin with faked news reports of West Germans flooding to the paradise that was the DDR.

And perhaps the film has little more to say than pat, Oscar-grasping, Hallmark greeting card asides about people inventing themselves, so that they can achieve immortality through these stories they’re remembered by, making it less than the sum of its occasionally interesting parts. But that’s another tale. And for some, maybe not as fun.

College Film of the Week

Peter Matthews enjoys some Ostalgie

Good Bye, Lenin! is showing at St. John’s on Thursday 19th Feb
Summer Internships Presentation

Date: Monday 16th February
Venue: University Arms Hotel, Regent Steet
Time: 7.30pm – 9pm

P&G
Ready for your challenge?

Apply now for internships and careers at pg.careers.com
Closing date: 20th February 2004

a new challenge every day
www.pgcareers.com
Amicably Violent in the UK
Guillemo Raitos-Tomas on the NME tour rolling into Norwich

As the much-anticipated NME Awards Tour came to UEA in Norwich, a night of rock’n’roll worship was the least one could expect, with the likes of Franz Ferdinand, The Von Bondies, The Black Rebel Motorcycle Club and an appearance of Sister Sinner and House of Jawors Lovers brought the house down. In a set full of surprises, saxophonist Gabe performed what looked like an African rain-dance, Luke played a guitar solo literally in the crowd and bass player Matte managed to play the keyboards and bass simulta-
ness.

When Welsh headliners Funeral For A Friend came onto the stage, they were intent on treating this purely as a celebration of their successful year. The audience, who at this stage were mou-
thing their souls out in an amicably violent whirlpool, were ready to show their appreciation. PFFA attacked their instruments with increasing intensity, culminating in a tantalizing version of Silk Dreeve Me In My Daytime Television, demonstrating the sheer might of their live show.

As the lights came on again and the stage was dismantled, people were ravaging the venue for any memorabilia. Posters were stripped from the walls and guitar picks searched for like gold by fans on their hands and knees. People were still star-struck and stunned. It’ll be a long wait until next February, when the NME Awards Tour starts up again.

My Bloody Valentine
Was Yaqoob and Jon Swaine dispense a lesson in love

W

e can’t all be virile chimps in the heat, hormones dripping out of ears, raging in the mouth and foaming in the nether regions. By that, we mean you can’t always be suc-
sessful with the opposite sex. But don’t lament too soon. With this handy guide you’ll be reeling them in. This time it might not result in a criminal record.

Legions of punny banter reinforce the pigpooches of Cambridge’s comfortable in anticipation of the inevitable barrage of the 14th. Yet the more facetiously-challenged among us can only hope to avoid having the shit kicked out of us by the boyfriend/husband/father/papa of the girl in whose adorable satchel a home-made card was ill-advisedly deposited in the midst of a love-struck lecture-hall, voo-

rying about as much animal magnetism as a fluffy rabbit saying ‘I love you.’

But the loaded-up can tick their mawk-

ishly sentimental Sexmusic into their lover’s adoring lovehole. The love song is a club-bred cold, sweet and gen-

rous, pathos-packed laments of absent

reciprocity beat pathetically amorous odes any day of the week.

Think of Valentine’s Day and you can’t-

but think of mentalist Whaddy Houston’s I Will Always Love You. Especially that bit in the video where her mouth quivers. Summoning just enough strength to escape such psychological tor-

ture is in vain; just around the corner lie Chris de Burgh, Coline Don and Lionel

Ritchie, enough to make a grown man cry and then commit homicide. Not content with increasing incidents of undue public salutation exchange, this pointless celebration insinuated itself upon drawing undue attention to some of the most attmatic music ever.

Meanwhile a broken heart, or one

never desirable enough to earn womans

breakup, is far more constructive. Jeff

Buckley’s Grace is exemplary. Love You Should’ve Come Over, a bottle of JD and a desk to repeatedly bang one’s head on – what could be more perfect? The bril-

liance of Silencer, early Coldplay’s finest moment, lies precisely in Chris Martin’s frustrated resignation to romantic defeat – something Graceland will certainly put an end to, for the moment at least. If you

wish to enice the desirable into your bowl with the sound of wracking sobs, put on The Smiths’ There’s A Light That

Never Goes Out and enjoy the comforting conflagration of tears dripping down. But on the other side of the too-narrowed spectrum, if you feel like tearing out your beating heart and bludgeoning your ex a couple of
times with it, then there have a taste of... And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead’s A Toothless Toeofan to see how natural selection leads to anger.

Having traversed the wide expanses of the plains of love, our guide has pre-

pared you for a life of perpetual misery and emotional trauma. Set back, crack open your bottle of White Lightning and ENJOY!

Henry B

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club
The Corn Exchange, 9th February

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club are cool, there’s no other way to put it. The hair, the leather jackets, the brooding rock star menace..... there are currently few who can do the whole rock’n’roll thing better.

These were the thoughts running through my head in the stunned five minute pause following the Cooper Temple Clauss’s highly enjoy-

able blister on the eardrums. So imagine my surprise when the lights dimmed, the crowd cheered and a solitary fig-

ure walked on stage, holding an acoustic guitar and, what the hell? - a harmonica. What was this? BRMC hadn’t gone all Bob Dylan on us had they? Those acoustic numbers includ-

ing a fantastic version of Love Burns later, the electricity came out, the first bat of Spood Your Love were blasted over the speakers, the crowd surged forward, and the answer was a resounding ‘no’.

Putting the rather unconventional opening behind them, they proceeded to play a blistering hour long set, with front men Peter Hayes and Robert Turner swapping vocal, guitar and bass duties with ease. Highlights were the impetuous, seething rendition of Stop, and an appearance of In Like The Rain, a song BRMC have only recently begun playing live due to its complex-

ity. They finished with a two-song encore, climaxing with the triumphant Whatever happened to my Rock’n’Roll. Awesome.

Ben Doddington

Reviews

The Veils – The Runaway Found
Rough Trade, February 16th

Life is patently not fair. Even in the hallowed quads of Cam, few could boast the privilege young Finn Andrews has. His dad was in XTC, he’s got a record deal with Rough Trade and an album produced by Sir Bernard of Butler, no less. His natural talents are not less impressive, boasting a rapping Dylan-meets-Waits mountain of a voice, and tunes coming out of his eyeballs, and on top of that he and his band have made a startlingly fantastic album. This is Brit-rock given an epic twist by Andrew’s talents are no less impressive, boasting a rasping Dylan-meets-Waits mountain of a

Kemp

Saw the tour and how much respect for them when you start working at a legal station. We don’t have none of that pop rubbish, it’s real street music.

When did you get into drum’n’bass? I started listening to scratching on the radio, and tried to copy the sounds of a battered old turntable. I got into hip-hop from there, and around ’91 the scene started going downwempo. So I started listening to early house tunes, and then things led on to hardcore, to jungle, and ending up with drum’n’bass.

How did you get started as a DJ? I had a mate who was involved with a pirate, Energy FM, and after working there for a while, and doing parties on the side, got to know Metalheadz. I don’t do pirates any more. I’m not ashamed, but there’s not much respect for them when you start working at a legal station. What’s your view of the Cambridge scene? Well there’s always Warning, the original rave in the area. And the students mean there’s always a good crowd –’d’n’b transporters or not, if they were in this, the music, they wouldn’t be here.

Henry B

How did you find the vibe in Fez? Everyone’s young and up for it. I’ve been here once before on the Knowledge tour at the same venue, but it’s a lot busier tonight. The 1Xtra tour is no normal tour, no other station has ever done it before. It makes me really proud.

Do you think it’s been a success? Without a doubt. For my 1Xtra shows to have won the 2003 Knowledge Best D&B Radio Show is amazing. When the station started first, a lot of people thought it would never work. But after only a year it’s the most successful digital station. We don’t have none of that pop rubbish, it’s real street music.

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Love in a Hot Climate
My Native Land
The Playroom, 10-14 Feb, 7pm

My Native Land made a valiant attempt to deal head on with many of the issues faced by a post-colonial world. Although set in Africa, an awareness of both European and Indian events lent more depth and realism. However, its message was more than simply historical, raising wider issues of identity on a personal level.

The reversal of stereotypical roles in the well-acted lead duo (Pi Sukanya and Jonny Lloyd) was the key illustration of this. As white and male Michael Lloyd should have been the superior individual. However, the education, wider horizons and greater individuality of Poppy (Sukanya) gives her the upper hand. These two presented opposite experiences of the time – he is traditional, perpetually confused by the changing world, and she is a modernizer, perplexed when things refuse to change.

A simple set effectively created the atmosphere of the times in a tricky space with the help of thoughtful lighting. The use of sepia coloured light gave some scenes the feel of a snapshot into the past, the contrasting use of harsher blue light changing the tone for less pleasant scenes. A further exemplary creation of atmosphere without set was the creation of a cell for Noorani (an enigmatic Navindu Katugampola) with a simple box on the floor.

Although worth seeing both for the acting and the use of sound and light to create a vivid atmosphere, the play falters at a more as a disparate notion of appeal to reason than as a prompt for an emotional response. This perhaps lies in the highly stylized but still self-conscious use of flashback. Whilst a bit of distance in this no bad thing, in spite of polished performances, it does prevent the audience fully engaging with the performer's presence. However, it is done with all the joy and ingenuity that comes with the freedom of creating ideas through devised theatre.

Especially at the outset she oozes sex appeal, and one anticipates a conflagration. Yet somehow, it just doesn’t come together. Very little attention is paid to dramatic detail, and the natural rhythm of the piece just doesn’t come across. Letting characters turn their backs on the audience may effect estrangement, and create interesting profile shots. In this production though, the technique is overused and often renders lines inaudible.

After a strong start, with a careful eye for detail, Jayetileke descends into a rush of wailing and hollering. In the most highly charged and difficult scenes she lacks the edge necessary to evoke any real sense of drama. It’s a real pity significant talent and a large investment of time and energy is not translated into riveting theatre.

Jeannie Meiring

Drama Centre gets Great Ideas
Ideas Men
Drama Centre, 5-6 Feb, 8pm

If you manage to orientate yourself around the back streets behind Mill Road you fortunately stumble upon the unheard-of-among students Cambridge Drama Centre. The pilgrimage is worth it, as is the little pre-show huddle with student wary Ray Cooney’s political/bedroom farce well deserves its Oliver Award, reworking the tired slapstick comedy into a pertinent modern plot: A Conservative M.P – the appropriately-named Richard Willey - gets caught with his pants down in a hotel room named Richard Willey - gets caught with a secretary, whilst an unexpected ty of Poppy (Sukanya) gives her the upper hand. These two presented opposite experiences of the time – he is traditional, perpetually confused by the changing world, and she is a modernizer, perplexed when things refuse to change.

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Hit and Miss
Miss Julie
ADC 11-14 Feb, 11pm

“Wring the other bird’s necks!” I silently urge Strindberg’s character Jean, as Miss Julie’s dear little finch gets the chop. By the latter part of Miss Julie, I’d lost all sympathy with this self-obessed, fickle and thoroughly unlikeable young woman, who toys with her father’s valet and, unsurprisingly, gets burnt.

Everyone knows the seismic impact this central piece of naturalistic theatre had when it was first staged in 1889. Yet, it is still potent. A lot like Sartre’s incarcerated threesome in Huis Clos, Jean, Katarin and Miss Julie are claustrophobically caged into the latter’s house on Midsummer Eve, by history, convention and class.

This could have been an excellent production. The cast is very talented. Richard Scott (Jean) looks every bit the Peasant. Kathryn Hamilton convinces as the plodding maid Kristin. Natasha Jayetileke is cleverly cast as Miss Julie. Especially at the outset she ooze sex appeal, and one anticipates a conflagration. Yet somehow, it just doesn’t come together. Very little attention is paid to dramatic detail, and the natural rhythm of the piece just doesn’t come across. Letting characters turn their backs on the audience may effect estrangement, and create interesting profile shots. In this production though, the technique is overused and often renders lines inaudible.

After a strong start, with a careful eye for detail, Jayetileke descends into a rush of wailing and hollering. In the most highly charged and difficult scenes she lacks the edge necessary to evoke any real sense of drama. It’s a real pity significant talent and a large investment of time and energy is not translated into riveting theatre.

Jeannie Meiring

Farce Superior...
Clare Diacono checks out the order of the day

Out of Order
ADG, 10-14 Feb 7.45pm

This risqué, fast-paced production had me in stitches from start to finish. Ray Cooney’s political/bedroom farce well deserves its Oliver Award, reworking the tired slapstick comedy into a pertinent modern plot: A Conservative M.P – the appropriately-named Richard Willey - gets caught with his pants down in a hotel room named Richard Willey - though otherwise faultless and engaging - tended to gaffe his lines. Myers’ was supported by Rhoby Addison as a persuasive dotty secretary in the latest Ann Summers underwear, and her Nick Humfrey, with giddily geeky as George Pidgen despite being a late replacement due to illness.

Never wish an actor to break a leg! The cast are all very strong performers - with even smaller roles as zingly log laughs. This is a hugely entertaining production, with some wonderful comic touches adding to Cooney’s witty ironic script. It’s nice to see some good old-fashioned farce on the Cambridge theatre scene, particularly of such a good standard.

“a hugely entertaining production”
I want sex. On the ADC stage. Now.

Britain is a nation of prudes. We know this; we even mock ourselves for it. What we don’t expect, is for our sheer embarrassment about anything sexual to extend into the realm of theatre.

Theatre, we proudly tell ourselves and anyone who will listen to us in the ADC Bar, is an arena in which anything can happen.

But compare British theatre with that on the Continent, and it starts to seem very tame indeed. Consider how a British audience would react to this in a serious drama telling the story of a family Christmas, the ageing patriarch spends the majority of her stage-time about anything sexual to extend into our sheer embarrassment.

Saw this very spectacle in Munich, the middle-aged women who didn’t bat an eyelid. This isn’t to say that anything important about ourselves on the stage if we can reassure ourselves that it isn’t ‘gratuitous’, that the impassioned lovemaking we are witnessing is called for by the script. What we can’t deal with is sex or nudity in ‘inappropriate’ contexts: the hallowed (yet often sexually-charged) words of Shakespeare are a prime example of a domain commonly regarded as being too much a part of a long-standing English theatrical tradition to warrant such new-fangled ideas as portraying sexuality. Worse, our obsession with justifying sex on the stage ignores the fact that the depiction of human sexuality is valid simply because humans are sexual beings. One of the most extraordinary pieces of physical theatre I have ever seen was a one-woman show featuring the dancer Sheli. The show was beautiful, exquisitely crafted, and sexually charged. It was dismissed as soft porn by critics who assumed that the purpose of presenting sexuality on the stage must be to titillate rather than to express something vital about being human.

This is the real tragedy of British embarrassment about sex in theatre: it is not that we don’t show ourselves up as prudes. It is that in doing so, we deny ourselves the opportunity to say something important about ourselves on the stage. There is nothing inherently good or bad about portraying sex on the stage — in the case of Dead, it added very little, simply because it wasn’t very well done. But when it works, the results can be extraordinary. We should be seeing more of those results on the British stage. All we need to do is to stop being so bloody embarrassed about it all.

Comedy Iceberg
ADC Theatre, 8 Feb, 7.45pm
★★★★★

Improvised Comedy in the ADC bar? Naturally I jumped at the opportunity to see the Comedy Iceberg make it up as they went along.

So what was it like? Well, it started off cold but that was just the tip of the iceberg. As Richard Fallon and Alex Steer got into their stride the onlookers began to warm to them and as the scenes bloomed faster and faster the audience got wilder and wilder until they were laughing out of their ears.

The Iceberg: a harsh and witty contrast to the inno-

A Healthy Delivery

Be My Baby
Playroom, 10-14 Feb, 9.30pm
★★★★★

Set in a mother and baby home in 1960s northern England, this play explores the experience of Mary Adams — unmarried and seven months pregnant.

The naivety of Mary and the other unmarried mothers and the contrasting severity of the nuns are drawn out brilliantly by Madeleine Davies’ direc-

tion. Amy Noble is an engaging and willful Mary, subtly portraying a tender vulnerability. She is supported by a strong cast, without exception. Of particular note is Kate Baxter Queenie, a worldly-wise northern lass who provides a harsh and witty contrast to the inno-

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Sull computer there to a summer’s day?’ he asked me. ‘No thanks’, I replied, ‘but you could compare me to a good painting’. ‘Why?’ he asked. ‘Well’, I said, ‘I’ve got an idea that great Art is like a great lover’. ‘Oh yes?’ he returned, ‘and what is great Art anyway?’ Realizing I was in something of a philosophical quandary I took a coffee break in order to think up some convincing arguments.

Returning, I presented him with a story. It was about a young woman on the brink of a long-distance relationship. Saying goodbye to her lover, wondering how she would remember him, she noticed his shadow cast upon the wall. In a flash of inspiration, she whipped out a sketch in place she knew she would never forget him, it was the perfect substitute for love.

With this story of the origins of painting, originally told by Pliny the Elder, I figured I had pointed my post. ‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘but you’ve only drawn a comparison between a work of Art and a lover, not between great Art and a great lover. The girl who carried charcoal around might have been a terri- ble artist, and so what’s more, her man might have been an equally appalling lover!’ I took another coffee break.

Returning, I presented him with a fact about the world’s greatest lover, Casanova. ‘Casanova, I explained, was renowned for being a womanizer and in your few minutes, he’d picked up each of his chosen subjects with what they needed. If a woman needed excitement, he showed her such a good time that even the harshest critics would have been impressed. If she needed calming down, he behaved as decorously as a nun. In a word, ‘nothing like Casanova’ was a different lover for every woman lucky enough to fall into his path, and his different loves were experienced differently by different people. For example, to some viewers the Mona Lisa appears to be gazing alluringly at them, whereas to others she seems embarrassed by their stare. I argued that the reason for these differences of interpretation might be explained by viewers’ different needs. Viewers see the Mona Lisa as they want, and need to see her. Thus, I concluded that a great work of Art is like a great lover because it provides viewers with what they need.

The problem is’, he said, ‘you’ve concluded that great Art is like a great lover because it provides viewers with what they need. Well, doesn’t ‘Brit Art’ do just the opposite? Doesn’t it show viewers what they need? Doesn’t Tracy Emin’s totem, in reflecting the society we live in: sad, rather lonely, show viewers that their needs can only be fulfilled elsewhere? He continued, ‘I’m not stubbing my idea out like a cigarette.’ ‘So you’ve got to make a decision now: do you want to admit your argument is wrong, and that great Art really isn’t like a great lover at all?’ I took another coffee break. I think it would have been easier to let him compare me to a summer’s day.

Hope Woolf

The Art Of Love
Is Great Art like a Great Lover?

S

The Gentlemen of St John’s – Gently does it...

TGOSJ

These guys have a hell of a reputation in these parts. In a good way of course. So their fifth commercial album release, Gently does it…, has an awful lot to live up to. Especially for somebody like myself who, despite being unhealthy obsessed with a cappella music, has never actually heard them before. And while some moments such as the indisputably beautiful And so it goes and the haunting, Even such is time, are very impressive, other moments can sound a tad stretched and over-acted, like the introduction to Mister Sandman. Landing up to the CD’s title, the Gentlemen only delve into anything remotely lively on a handful of occasions, with varying degrees of success. When I’m sixty-four has the odd balance problem, whereas Sound Rendezvous is absolutely marvellous, and one of the few tracks where they sound like they’re really enjoying themselves – something lacking in general. I do question the Gentlemen’s self-proclaimed ability seamlessly to cope with an enormous repertoire, but when they’re good, they’re very, very good.

Malena Erman – My Love

85

I can’t help but wonder what Erman’s ‘love’ is music perhaps, but probably not the arias from this eclectic collection of songs, or else she would not have ripped them so cruelly from their operatic context and stuck them over a classical guitar. However, I feel I should point out that Erman has a remarkable range of tone qualities. She can seduce you. I don’t think he’ll be fulfilled elsewhere?’ He continued, ‘I’m not stubbing my idea out like a cigarette.’ ‘So you’ve got to make a decision now: do you want to admit your argument is wrong, and that great Art really isn’t like a great lover at all?’ I took another coffee break. I think it would have been easier to let him compare me to a summer’s day.

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Soweto Kinch – Conversations with the Unseen

Dune

Integrating jazz with rap is no new thing, though Soweto Kinch succeeds more in his second and 3rd movements. It was here that Ernman has a remarkable range of tone qualities. She can seduce you. I don’t think he’ll be fulfilled elsewhere?’ He continued, ‘I’m not stubbing my idea out like a cigarette.’ ‘So you’ve got to make a decision now: do you want to admit your argument is wrong, and that great Art really isn’t like a great lover at all?’ I took another coffee break. I think it would have been easier to let him compare me to a summer’s day.

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**John’s win rugby title**

**College Rugby**

Sam Richardson

St. John’s secured the Division 1 rugby title just as Faria was going to press. A 23-13 win over arch-rivals Jesus was enough to secure the title for Adam Brown’s men.

Brown, nursing theknocks expected of a captain who leads by example, spoke to Faria after the game. He commented, “I’m tremendously happy to have won the title. I think we fully deserved it, although congratulatory must go to Jesus for playing their part.”

It was indeed Brian Fitzherbert’s Jesus side which was at the heels of the defending champions all season. The Jesuans were anxious for revenge following the reverse fixture at John’s, where they had been hit by injuries and some atrocious refereeing. Coming off the back of an important win against Downing (see picture) Jesus knew that a win against John’s would put the league back within their grasp.

Several hundred fans turned up for what proved to be an enthralling encounter. Jesus, anxious to take the initiative, piled on some early pressure, but lax concentration allowed John’s Murray to score two terrific breakaway tries. His side looked to emulate his feat by pulling away, but Jesus kept them under pressure. Dave Inglis, who picked up the nickname ‘dead-eye’ for his accurate kicking shortly before receiving an actual black eye, kept Jesus in touch, with some penalties. But a neatly worked try by Tono died put John’s clear at half-time.

Jesus fought back strongly, spending much of the second half of the John’s half. However, against a mean defence, a try by Jamie Franklin was all they had to show for their efforts. Brian Fitzherbert’s men can hold their heads high after a fine season in which they found the consistency they had lacked the previous year.

But St. John’s are worthy champions. Their defence was rarely put under pressure, while a points difference of two over hundred emphasises their constant threat. Asked if he could single anyone out for credit, Brown said “It’s been a fantastic team effort, and it has been all season. Bring on Cuppers”. Indeed.

**Hills Road Mowed**

Gavin Versi

The Girton bandwagon rolled into Hills Road last week, and was extremely fortunate to have booked a place in the semi-finals of Cuppers.

On a pounding of a playing surface, Bob Griffiths – the captain who never plays – watched a thrilling, undulating match. Twice his side were ahead on paper, and if they had held on for the win proved to be a huge relief. “We took our chances. That was the key to the game,” said Griffiths. “The defence was organised enough but the midfield wasn’t providing enough cover.”

Despite this, Girton took an early lead through Joel Turner’s deflected shot, after the school kids parted two glorious chances in the opening ten minutes.

They were level soon after, however, as Girton’s midfield general Greg Smyth was only able to get minor contact on the ball when attempting to head clear, which allowed it to be struck past Rob Jones from long range.

Girton were back in front on the half hour thanks to wonder boy Alex Mugan. “When you’re the semi-finalists, you want to win but it’s not always going to work out,” said Mugan. “Now we have a chance to reach the final.”

Swain’s inch-perfect cross with a thumping header. Jesus, despite being their third game in four days, came on even more strongly. The addition of Stephen Pike and Dave Yarley helped regenerate Jon Young’s men, but Catz should have wrapped the match up. Young took the ball in the box so late that the referee missed it, just after Sam Richardson had pulled off a vital save.

Then, as the clock ticked down, Alex Ferguson hoisted the ball into the box. The Catz keeper flapped. The defence stood motionless. And Sam Vardy buried the ball in what appeared to be agonisingly slow motion. The final whistle blew a minute later.

Jesus had booked their place in the Cuppers semi-final final two days earlier. A John Russell half-volley and a Will Stephenson corner were enough to overcome Emma (see photo). The same two players were on the scoresheet when Downing were plunged into trouble by a 2-1 defeat on Saturday.

**Defiant Jesus catch Catz out late on**

Sam Richardson

Jesus put a severe dent in the title ambitions of table-topping Catz. Yesterday’s thrilling, and controversial, 2-2 draw looked like opening up the league for John’s or Girton.

Catz, under the inspirational leadership of Dave Mills, had won all of their previous six league games. And although Jesus started strongly, it was Catz who took the lead after twenty-five minutes. Pete Galek, rumoured (wrongly we think) to be a member of staff who actually plays for Histon, cut inside the defence before scoring a cracking drive into the top corner. Catz went two-nil up against the run of play. Mills was fouled in the box, and Lee Everson clinically converted the resulting spot-kick. This was hard on Jesus, who halved the deficit with twenty minutes left.

However, he used it to great effect throughout the match due to his ginger pace that his marker appeared to be moving backwards in the race to the ball. Girton’s finesse than lashed an unstoppable drive into the top corner.

Speaking of hair, Mugan complained that he had suffered “racist abuse” throughout the match due to his ginger mane. However, he used it to great effect ten minutes from time, rising well to nod home the winner, after the youngsters had been levelled through a forty-yard drive past Jones’s despairing dive.

Hills Road exerted no considerable pressure on the rusty green defence throughout, causing anxiety amongst many Girtoners, not least Jones. He, who often assumes the role of leader at half-time, giving impromptu team talks in dulcet tones that evoke the manner of a revered standing at his lectern.

The kids hit the up with just two minutes remaining, before their invasive keeper went close with a firm effort that proved to be the last kick of the game. “We will reach Cuppers final, I am certain of this,” boasted Griffiths.
SPORT

I have always loved football and never more so than during my time at Cambridge. At present, though, there are a number of problems with college football.

Firstly, one has to ask how a First Division college can struggle to play nine matches in two terms, as they have done for the past few years. For teams to have only played four or five matches at this stage of the season is scandalous, especially given the level of passion for football in the University. There’s a kind of shadow boxing that goes on: colleges like to pick and choose whom they play, and at what times. If certain players are injured, or away for the weekend, they dodge fixtures.

Consequently you can go through periods of three or four weeks when you don’t play a game. An unofficial rule that dictated that Falcons and Blues were not allowed to play in one league was abandoned in 2000. This was a retrograde step because college captains moored to a buoy for the night, finally getting to sleep at 3.30am. Despite the rules we kept in until 8.30am and after a breakfast of chocolate spread sandwiches (which I was to see in a rather different form later in the day) we headed out with the intention of circumnavigating the Isle of Wight; not quite the Vendée Globe, but it would do for now. The first few hours were unbearably beautiful and exciting. A bright blue sky, favourable tides and a force 6-7 allowed us a decent sail past the easternmost tip.

As we turned to the west, heading up-wind and towards St. Catherine’s Point, the weather quickly worsened to a good force 7-8 with rain and hail, the white-crested waves sending torrents of water flowing over the fore-deck and up into the cockpit. The salty spray seemed to worm its way into every inch of clothing, until we’d all gone a good, exhilarating, but rather sodden, soak. My biggest achievement was making it to the toilet without breaking a limb, and my target point was spent dangling my head over the side bringing up breakfast. I wouldn’t have missed a brunt of it for the world.

We spent Saturday night in Yarmouth with hot showers, courtesy of the Royal Yacht Club, dinner at a chippy, and beers by a roaring log fire in the King’s Head - pure paradise. On Sunday the wind had died down a little, so we sailed back to Southampton in gentler conditions, practising man-overboard recovery and how to reefing on the way. Although a little light and last like I’ve had a two-week holiday away from Cambridge, and have already signed up for next term. If you’re interested, take a look at the Yachting website, www.cvy.org.uk. Beginners / seasoned racers can start (or keep going) a comprehensive training programme for those who want to learn. Gale-force winds not guaranteed!

Andy Sims

Caption Competition

Send your captions to sport@varsity.co.uk. The best caption will be printed in next week’s issue. The winner receives a free copy of CFS.

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CAMBRIDGE BREAK BLUEHARTS

Blues Hockey

BLUES 9
BLUEHARTS 2

Rajan Lakhanvi

The statistics prior to the match meant Cambridge were supposed to be a close contest, but Cambridge ran out easy winners. The Blues were on a run of eight unbeaten matches, and the Cambridge team was wary of their potential danger. Indeed, the first few minutes were tense, and Ashley Artaman was forced to pull off a fine save to deny the Blueharts from a short-corner. The Blues seemed disorganised with two players sometimes going for the same ball, leaving gaps the Blueharts exploited.

The composure and control that had marked Cambridge’s hockey this season soon returned to the fore following the introduction of captain Mikey Williamson into the match after 11 minutes. Consequently, the Blues regained control of the midfield and the match opened up a lot more, with clear opportunities made at both ends in what was an action packed 25 minutes. Jamie Byers sent a warning signal to the opposition with a shot that just missed the goal, while the Blueharts pulled off a fine sweeping move, but the shot was stricken wide.

The Cambridge players soon began to impose themselves on the match and it was no surprise when the goal arrived in the 17th minute. Although the keeper superbly saved Parker’s initial effort, Cambridge’s striker was not to be denied a second time at the resounding short-corner was dispatched in typical Cambridge fashion.

Williamson was a constant nuisance with his storming runs, whilst John Darby marshalled a solid back line that never looked threatened. “Overall it was an excellent performance, definitely our best BUSA league display,” enthused the captain.

This season’s best performance was mirrored in the individual play of fresher Alex Magan. The Girtonian has been showing so many college defenders a clean pair of heels, one could be forgiven for thinking he has a sponsor’s name emblazoned on his soles. Former Falcons captain Alan Spanos was so humiliated by the Ryan Giggs of Huntington Road recently that he took to cynically felling the rampant redhead. Magan must be given at least one chance to show what damage he can do on the left wing in this Blues outfit, his foraging runs in an advanced role in the Blues simply tearing their defence to shreds. The all-important fifth goal arrived early in the 2nd half as Pitchett scored his second thanks to some fantastic work from Richard Little.

The Blueharts defence was exhausted as the likes of Parker and Fulford ter-

Cambridge fashion. Jamie Byers sent a warning signal to the opposition with a shot that just missed the goal, where the Blueharts pulled off a fine sweeping move, but the shot was stricken wide.

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The team’s polished performance, however, was overshadowed somewhat by Hughes’ sending-off for foul and abusive language late on. Hughes, a victim of his own impa-
dence, was surprisingly named only second to the team.

Earlier in the week, in a damning appraisal of the set-up at CUCF, the artist formerly known as Harry had bemoaned, “there’s not enough love in the team.”

His captain vehemently refuted this claim: “For him to say that is absolutely ridiculous, I’ve never played in a Blues team with such a great spirit,” said Fairbairn. “We’re all good friends and play for each other. There’s definitely enough love, just maybe not towards Harry.” The Queens’ man has sworn never to play for the University again. If that proves to be the case, he will be missed.

Blues: Garrood 8; McNally 8, Darby 8, Turnbull 7, Mugan 8 (J Hughes), T Hall 8, Harding 7 (Chalmers 7), Devine 7, A Hall 7; Fairbairn 8, Adams 9 (H Hughes) 5

Electrifying Blues win but Hughes blows Fuse

Blues football

BLUES 4
NORTHAMPTON 0

Gavin Versi

“We’ve kept this in our heads and stuff them at our noses,” promised captain Chris Fairbairn after his side had failed to break down a mediocre Northampton last November. Sure enough, Cambridge produced a performance packed with attacking effervescence that was soured only by the dismissal of would-be star man Harry Hughes.

Mike Adams was Northampton’s tormentor-in-chief: “He’s worked so hard this season and he was fantastic-
today,” said Fairbairn of the Johnian. For the seventy minutes he was on, the full-back turned exalted class and assurance, his pace allowing him to get behind the visitors’ defence with consummate ease. His calm finish in the tenth minute, from Luke McNally’s brilliant through-ball, came only four minutes after Fairbairn had converted a penalty with similar serenity.

If such composure had been afford-
ed a glut of subsequent chances, the score line might have reached double digits and Ashley Artaman was forced to make a further goal to add to his tally on two occasions, but it was a case of third time unlucky for the keeper as the Cambridge no.9 rounded him in style.

Things would not get much better for the keeper, who made a huge mistake to gift Cambridge a seventh. The ball was locked by the goalies straight to Rob Lancastle, who took advantage to slot the ball home. It was getting too easy for the Blues, who were creating clear-cut chances at will, and the opposition defence sat deeper and deeper to pre-

vent further goals.

This was to no avail as Cambridge added two further goals, and even had the luxury of missing a penalty flick because Fulford rattled the crossbar. Both goals were the result of brilliant work between the two forwards because Parker met Fulford’s crosses on both occasions to finish. Time prevented Cambridge from getting the perfect ten, but they will be delighted with yet another superb performance and one which will be against a side that was fourth in the league. The promotion challenge continues space.

The Blueharts defence was exhausted as the likes of Parker and Fulford ter-
orised the defence at every opportunity with their pace and control. The Blueharts keeper had done well to prevent Parker from adding to his tally on two occasions, but it was a case of third time unlucky for the keeper as the Cambridge no.9 rounded him in style.

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orised the defence at every opportunity with their pace and control. The Blueharts keeper had done well to prevent Parker from adding to his tally on two occasions, but it was a case of third time unlucky for the keeper as the Cambridge no.9 rounded him in style.

Things would not get much better for the keeper, who made a huge mistake to gift Cambridge a seventh. The ball was locked by the goalies straight to Rob Lancastle, who took advantage to slot the ball home. It was getting too easy for the Blues, who were creating clear-cut chances at will, and the opposition defence sat deeper and deeper to prevent further goals.

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