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The Sex Issue



Cambridge's racy side: getting hot under the gown

Bryan Coll

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.

Following the national trend for "sexing up", growing numbers of students are now looking to shake their booty on stage as a pole-dancing craze sweeps the university. One pole-dancing lobbying group, calling themselves "The Fellowship of the Pole" have been campaigning for recognition by local clubs. The group is keen to perform in all of the major Cambridge clubs and have contacted Cindies and Cocos about appearing on a more regular basis. Cocos have agreed in principle to start daytime pole-

dancing classes in the near future.

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...

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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

UCEA claimed that 95% of staff in Higher Education were opposed to a strike

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 'endowments 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'.



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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 value of the expensive supervision system is being questioned and possible alternatives considered. 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 lec-

tures 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 recognizes 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. Jobling, 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 implicated 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 the 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 pro-

voled the current enquiries into supervision standards. At their best supervisions were seen to bring students to their full potential, providing an intensive and focused teaching session. Yet the intimacy of supervisions makes it essential for supervisors and students to forge understanding and comfortable relationships.

CUSU has launched an extensive online survey in order to specifically locate the strengths and weaknesses of the supervision system. Childs protested that they were not using this survey as "a bashing exercise on the university" but rather want to use the feedback – available online at the end of term – to take proactive steps such as encouraging supervisor-training programs.

Although the staff-development department and disability resource centre provide intensive training sessions, they are not presently compulsory and participation is dependant

Supervisions will "die a natural death" according to a King's supervisor. "It is a sad day for Cambridge."

on college commitment. Needless to say, participation in these 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 supervisor 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." "Look at all the faculties where seminars are replacing supervisions; no one says anything, it is just happening. It is a sad day for Cambridge."



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Pole positions

continued from front page

...company representative Philip Toomey described how with nipple clamps and chocolate body paint the store had "something for everyone". In the last few days, business has apparently been booming. The rampant rabbit

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 claim 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. Ann 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.ucam.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."



Alex Mair

Does size still matter?

Tommy Adeane and Charles Kaye

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, the results can be disastrous and can result in precocious or delayed puberty. The project began when several members of an inbred Saudi family failed to commence puberty. After examining their blood samples, doctors from Massachusetts General Hospital discovered that the gene for GPR54 was mutated in those showing a lack of development. Those who had proceeded normally through puberty had no such mutation.

At this time, scientists at Paradigm contacted the American doctors to tell them that they had

been breeding mice that had failed to reach puberty. They had successfully 'knocked out' the gene for GPR54 in these mice.

Dr Sophie Messenger, a scientist at Paradigm, believes that drugs can be developed to ensure that this gene functions correctly. So far, the company has been making rapid progress. "We have already been approached by several drug companies." The drugs produced, she claimed, should revolutionise the treatment of various conditions such as hormonal dependent cancers. The research may be completed within the next three months.

Scientists at Paradigm also believe that the findings might result in products which could 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.

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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 expressed support for 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."



Afolabi Oliver of Trinity Hall, who saw the poster in King's bar, said "Where I'm from, racism is an everyday reality and only in Cambridge is this sort of thing seen as a joke." Benjamin, expressing a personal view, said "I do not believe that Joseph is racist. However, I do think that he is slightly misguided in his perceptions of what is acceptable". Her colleague Shah added, "it remains to be seen whether this reflects a wider trivialisation of race and religious issues within Cambridge."

Smith has rejected suggestions of 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.

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 waved 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

Hawking Inquiry



Professor Stephen Hawking has announced that he is prepared to speak to Cambridgeshire Police concerning allegations that his wife has been tormenting and abusing him for several years. The investigation has been underway for four months and several of Prof. Hawking's carers have already been interviewed. The Caius professor has consistently defended his wife against all allegations.

you wouldn't go to an exam without revising...

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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 do to 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

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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 trademark 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 problem for any potential president

Bush, labelled the 'chicken hawk'

will be raising funds. In U.S. elections the power of the dollar can never be dismissed. Quite simply, money equals votes, and with Bush's oil connections, Texan donors and impeccable dynastic credentials, raising the green should be no problem. It is very unlikely that anyone can match his financial clout; Bush after all broke all previous records for expenditure on elections in 2000.

'Dubya' can also rely on the support of several key groups. In 2000 the Christian Coalition distributed 80 million leaflets pledging support for him in

churches the weekend before the election. And let's not forget his N.R.A. affiliations. This kind of networking cannot help but put Bush at a formidable advantage over any rival. No other left wing groups in America have the same political clout.

For the liberals hope may not be lost. Polls indicate that the American public is switching its priorities from foreign policy to more domestic priorities such as health and immigration. Bush has been shown to be less able to deal with these demands; his domestic record has been woefully unsuccessful, despite holding both the House of Representatives and the Senate. The Kerry crusade also appears to have moved on to the smear campaigns that typify American political tactics. Bush, labelled a 'chicken hawk' (those who pledge aggressive policies in foreign affairs without fighting themselves), this week had to prove in a press conference that he did not run from the Vietnam alternative, the National Guard, in the 70s. Kerry is a bona-fide war hero and in times of such uncertain national security America may prefer a 'courageous' fighter to a



Loser of the week

Dubya Bush

His previously invincible position, strengthened by his Nobel Peace Prize nomination, is looking under threat. Can the N.R.A. save him?

neo-conservative rhetoric machine. And if all else fails, liberal Americans can take consolation in the fact that Bush only just won the election last time, and the world will keep a closer eye on Florida than they did in 2000. And if not, Mrs Clinton is waiting in the wings for 2008. *KW*

White House cleans up its sex act

Www.whitehouse.com looks like one of those things that should do exactly what it says on the tin. But before you rush online to visit it in the hope of finding of cutting edge political news, think twice.

The website is one of the most successful porn sites on the internet, boasting of over 85 million visitors since 1997. To encourage the sweaty-palmed to part with their credit card details it promises "girl/girl live", the "teen buffet" and an "amateur village" of which they seem quite proud. *Varsity's* poor credit rating prevented further research, but it is clear that there are so many pic-

a newfound ability to breed led to a moral epiphany

tures of "hot interns" that even Bill Clinton would probably find something he hadn't seen before.

To the joy of those hoping that politics will clean up its act, the porn industry seems to be leading the way. Dan Parisi, who originally set up the site to facilitate uncensored political discussion before becoming diverted by the lure of massive financial rewards, has recently become a father. His newfound ability to breed has apparently led to a moral epiphany, and a statement issued on Tuesday explains his decision to sell the domain name. There is just one condition – that the site will no longer host porn. Parisi says he wants to give the domain "back to the people", and the people are no longer wearing dirty mags. *DM*



The Aerial Evangelist - "Now that I have a captive audience..."

Sent from above

This season planes are the new churches

All the fuss over CICCUC putting unsolicited agospels 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 CICCUC Promise Week mission have proved unfounded and probably libellous. *OR*

Contributors:

Kate Ward
Esther Bintliff
Ollie Rickman
Daniel Milze

Cockle disaster

Last Thursday night a rescue operation was launched to save a group of up to thirty people stranded by the tide on mudflats in Morecambe Bay.

The group had been picking cockles two miles out from the shore when the tide came in. The area is notorious for its dangerous quick sands, fast-rising tide and hidden channels. Other more experienced cockle-pickers had not ventured out that night due to the dangerous conditions.

Two helicopters and a hovercraft worked hard to find survivors, but were not helped by the fact that nobody was sure how many people were missing. After rescuing four survivors, at 2.30am the first body was found, and when another survivor said, "lots! lots!" to his rescuers, the team began to sense that a human tragedy on a large scale had taken place.

By Friday morning, the media was full of the shocking news that nineteen people had drowned, and that all the victims were Chinese immigrants who seemed to be working illegally for organised criminal gangs. On Monday detectives arrested three men and two women on suspicion of manslaughter. A police statement declared that "the main focus is clearly on identifying any 'people-trafficking gang masters' who may have been involved in this incident and are known to benefit from such exploitation." *EB*

Hats off kids

With religion currently the number one excuse for terror and imposition all over the world, a new law in France has raised questions over the rights of humans to express their faith in overt ways.

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, Jerome Riviere, 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 unclouded 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. *EB*

Winner of the week



The Christian Right

Not only has Christian conversion become an American Airlines in-flight service - porn has also received a massive blow.

Happy Valentine's

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 our hand, pen poised, we desire to have 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 lured into this trap by having a boyfriend called James Roffey – his name, oh so temptingly, rhymed with lines like "you are as sweet as toffee", "the love we had has 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 paper is just scary. And beware – a poem is hard evidence of your feelings.

Writing a love poem is a daunting and risky 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 a great gift. If you don't feel up to it, choosing something from a poet that can express what you want to say infinitely better than you is the next best thing.

"You be cream, I'll be your banoffee"

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



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.

Lads!

- **DON'T** call her too soon. Three days is a good period to wait
- **DO** be straightforward about your interest. 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.

Dr Dan Pine looks at love and herpes

Give and thou shalt receive. It's the mantra that a doctor I once worked with at the department for genito-urinary medicine, or clap clinic, used to proclaim daily. This being Valentine's weekend, I thought I'd regale you with some of the more enduring aspects of relationships; after all, the difference between love and herpes is that herpes lasts forever.

If you have visited the STD clinic recently, you will have noticed that the décor is more Caffè Nero than NHS. In my department there is a clinic replete with espresso machines and muffins. I suppose the idea was to tempt the sexually infectious in before they could wreak more havoc on an unsuspecting populace.

The second hardest aspect of medical practice has to be the probing of sexual history (the hardest being the probing genital examination). It's difficult to know how to respond when a patient tells you he recently had a threesome with a transvestite and another guy. I simply blushed deeply and muttered something like, "Oh, that's... er... interesting."

Having ascertained what they have done, how often and to whom, it is then necessary to have a good look and collect samples. I never expected to have to milk a prostate gland nor gaze at an oozing cervix through a glorified magnifying glass. If you can imagine how bad it looks, it's difficult to adequately convey the smell – think gorgonzola way past its prime.

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 heady, fishy odour.

At least bacterial vaginosis is easily detected and treated, chlamydia is not. The government 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 meet abroad and one in eight men claim to bed more than six.

This means that either there's a lot of sex, the boys are exaggerating or some women are coming into contact with more laps than the average napkin. As Dorothy Parker once said, "you can take a horticulture but you can't

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

Carrie English on the virtues of going it alone

As Valentine's Day approaches, singletons across Cambridge brace themselves for the avalanche of romantic schlock that accompanies each February 14th. But there is no reason to dread the day; we should reclaim it as an occasion to celebrate the many advantages to being single.

For example, you don't have to constantly worry that you might get pregnant/crabs/dumped. There are plenty of fish in the sea – and you're free to swim with all of them. You have no problems with jealousy, because no one else gives a damn what you do.

You also have more time to spend with your friends – albeit bitching and moaning about the fact that you're single.

Relationships aren't all they're cracked up to be. Men can be demanding, insensitive, childish, abusive, possessive and boring.

Even history's most famous lovers had dysfunctional relationships. Romeo was a serial monogamist stuck in a destructive pattern of falling for unattainable women – and all this before he reached 18.

Women can be just as bad. Medea killed and dismembered her brother to help Jason escape Colchis with the golden fleece, but when he cheated on her, she killed their children and made his mistress spontaneously combust.

For every romantic film and comedy there are several romantic flaws. For example, when George Peppard repeatedly tells Audrey Hepburn: "I love you, you belong to me!" in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, he's displaying the early warning signs of an obsessive, possessive, jealous and potentially violent man.

When Tom Cruise, as Jerry Maguire, tells Renée Zellweger as his wife,

Dorothy, "You complete me," he is seeking refuge in a relationship to avoid confronting his own feelings of inadequacy.

For a real dose of relationship *schadenfreude* just watch Trisha, spend a day at a divorce court, or visit the maternity ward at Addenbrooke's.

Remember: being single is all about freedom. The freedom to dress down, to relax the rules of personal hygiene, the freedom to fantasize about movie stars without feeling guilty.

And, finally, the freedom to spend all the time you want writing an article for *Varsity*, playing sport, whatever – without being interrupted by anybody bringing you a hot drink, lightly kissing your neck, or giving you a shoulder massage.

Yes. Single life is good.

See features@varsity.cam.ac.uk for more on Valentine's Day



imagenet

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 that 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 lover, 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 corny 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 we..." 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 Sanders writes for *The Sun*

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

whilst pregnant; 'what an embarrassing moment,' I thought at the time, but Valentine's day isn't about being embarrassed, that's why it's so quirky and commercial.

People imagine that it is just about young love, but Valentine's Day is even more important for older people who find it harder to say 'I love you.' Be *honest*, we only get that opportunity once a year. Go on, take a risk and fall in love.

Valentine's Day: the Agony Aunt way..



...time to find 'the one,' or Valentine's
overdone? The experts talk to James Dacre

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 a terrible unattainable goal. Love just happens, and can't be forced on a phoney day. Those without cards feel needlessly gloomy and those with them unnecessarily smug.

Having people to dinner on Valentine's is the best way to combat its sleaziness, both because it is a valid excuse, and an obvious declaration of doing something different. Valentine's Day? Just forget it: Take a pill, have a drink or something...

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 alones'? 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 infidelity, not repression. That's what Valentine's day is for!

Did you know that the average man spends £134 on Valentine's Day whilst women only spend £45? My mind boggles! My only Valentine's message is 'Live 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 beneath me; it was a gorgeous, expensive Valentine, but covered with greasy finger marks because he was a mechanic!

sophistication

culture

commerce

DOJO

1-2 Millers Yard
Mill Lane
Cambridge

Today's Asia
evolves around
man's most
basic need...
satisfying the
hunger within.

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 gardens. 'As soon as the weather gets warmer,' he said, 'they all pair off, in just the 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 'shit'.

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.

Would you Adam & Eve



Models: Nick and Biz
Nick wears olive boiler suit from Catfish
Biz wears floral slip dress from Catfish, diamante handcuff from Ally Lulu, watch by Patek Philippe & albino corn snake
Stylists: Pierre Bonnet & Ronjoy Dam
Photo: Ria Cooke
Thanks to the boys at no.29 especially 'Shithead'

Man, let's all give some slack to E-v-e, the original bad girl fashion icon. Without her giving herself up to that dastardly temptation there'd actually be no glam designer boutiques, stripteases, getting all dirty minded and no hot apple pie. And hey, Adam was a bit of an annoying self-righteous nudist anyway.

Soooo HOT!

Fuck Buddies – we are young and we are free...
Bingo – way to go! Hobson St.
House Parties sans porters – cheap and friendly. You choose the music plus lots of drink: Fun fun fun! Hammond House rocks!
Neckerchiefs – tres glam/ love bites look butters. The best: Hermes twilly scarves – £52
Resonance FM – so fresh and so cool www.resonancecfm.com

Oh gosh NO!

Long Term Relationships – yawnnnnnn...
Ugly Rap Stars – Ja Rule? Jay-Z? God don't like ugly.
Real Men Outdoor Productions Inc, Las Vegas – men go round paintballing naked women running around. Not funny.
Overpriced Punk Stuff – dumb.
www.mobileasses.com – cool for about 2 mins and then you realise it's the brainchild of some lame-ass butt lover.

Ask Me



Mario Testino

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 mêlées*, 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 boundaries. The truth is 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
Valentines Day!



Fur Lined Handcuffs £24.99 from www.taboofoo.com



Magic Bulb Vibrator £19.99 at www.taboofoo.com



Win Ann Summers goodies

To celebrate the rather timely opening of a Cambridge-based Ann Summers shop (3 Lion's 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*



Answer, name and college to deput-yarts@varsity.co.uk by Feb 19th. A winner will be selected from the correct answers and informed via email

Date of the Week

Your chance to date Cambridge's most eligible singletons!



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



Grace Ofori-Attah

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.



Daisy - refused to comment yesterday

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 "alibi, honest" Rushmer each had a 12 in a 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 for steamy sex scandals that tabloids thrive 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 (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 themselves, 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.



Girls, similar to these, may have been involved in the orgy of lust

Page Fourteen Says...

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. Well, 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 and this one will run and run. Stay tuned for more juicy libel.

About Cambridge

10 Crap Things



Christ'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 Archive

It's week 5 and you're fed up. The arctic conditions rolling in from the fens have managed to brass your monkeys, half of the college have disappeared into the academic black-hole (they will not be seen until graduation, 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.

1. **Rowing** – we already get up about 5 hours earlier than any other students, so why get up even earlier to freeze on the Cam in lycra tight enough to make even Linford Christie 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 "sack 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** – Tripos, bops, P'lodge, matriculation, ents etc. Why, oh why must we embarrass ourselves consistently relating university life to non-cambridge friends?

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

6. **All architecture from 1960s onwards** – Cripps Buildings for example. Stop trying to make a creative 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 so 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.

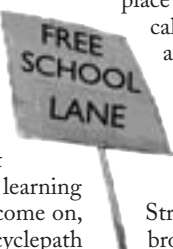
9. **Tourists** – Charming at first. Not when you realise there's been 3 Japanese tourists staring through your window for the past 10 minutes. And you're on the 3rd floor.

10. **Cambridge Nightclubs** – where else in the world would people not begrudge paying £6 to dance to terrible music, get attacked by townies, drunken hooray Henry's and pay £4.60 for a Prince Consort vodka and rola cola mixer?

New Varsity Campaign - Free School Lane

Since it seems that our valient campaign to save Gardies is failing, it is time for us to adopt another noble student cause - and Page Fourteen's choice is to fight to Free School Lane.

That poor Lane has been providing a walkway past that strange Chinese shop towards the New Museums site for over 500 years when its secret desire has always been to provide the path towards learning for youngsters on their way to the local comp. So come on, find it in your hearts to free School Lane. It's not a cyclepath



and won't hurt you, it's served its time and deserves a new place of rest. I'm sure CUSU will support us in this politically-correct movement - after all it is black, quite gay and comes from a poor background (you never get any postcards of the poor thing). Free School Lane, you know it makes sense.

Future campaigns - Tennis Court Road fights for its right to be near a Tennis Court and Downing Street asks to be given as much respect as his twin brother.

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
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 personal 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. It can't fail. If it's slipping through your fingers that worries you, look for a fat bird. And the best of luck.

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A Marsh & McLennan Company

V-heart-sity loves you

It's here again, that 'have or have not' date, February 14th - the day when we commemorate the martyrdom of a third century saint by giving each other overly-sentimental cards, flowers, cuddly teddy bears and other commercial tat.

If you have a boyfriend or girlfriend (bully for you) then it must be a wonderful day, but if like me you have never had a significant other on Valentine's day then it is probably one of the most grating days of the year, underlining as it inevitably does how woeful your life is. Those with partners appear sickeningly smug at their contentment as they plan their romantic sojourns to the Isle of Wight. I've one friend who has been scouring the shops for the most obscure ingredients for the past week to cook for her delightful boyfriend on Saturday.

But before you scream out in protest at such "coupley-ness", *Varsity* is here, just in time, to spread the love that has descended on the *Varsity* offices this week. Each section has embraced the spirit of Valentine's day to bring you this special edition of *V-heart-sity*. From pole dancers in News, agony aunts in Interview to sex in Theatre you simply can't get away from it. It's all good light-hearted fun so don't write in to complain we're rubbing your noses in it if you're unattached (so are both the editors) enjoy the day for what it is. Drink to the single life and celebrate St. Valentine by discussing the merits of being single and remembering how horrible and duplicitous your ex-boyfriend was! Oooh I feel better already...

Super-visions

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 brain to carry on these scholarly discussions as parts of our future careers. For professors in waiting, supervisions must seem much of a muchness, little different from 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 many 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 nightclub; flog the backs to a the developers; make Senate House a giant McDonalds. But, Vice-Chancellor, and every Vice-Chancellor that follows you - don't give up on the supervision, *Varsity* implores you. It is a rare, extraordinary thing, and it is worth a very great deal, and once it is gone it will be gone for good. Let us hope that day never comes.

SERIOUSLY, I THINK I CAN GO FOR LONGER THIS TIME. AND IT'LL BE BETTER, I *PROMISE*.



A (Very Brief) History of Sex

The Week in Words

"It was a delight to have Stephen in the club. I was in awe - he's my all-time hero."

Peter Stringfellow on cosmologist and motor-neurone sufferer Stephen Hawking who has savoured the delights of Stringfellows.

"We both have but a very small family and only a few friends but we wanted to have many guests at our wedding."

Belgian's Ronny Buysse and Marianne Lacouf, who advertised in their local newspaper for guests to come to their wedding.

"Sorry, but I'm not publicising Harry's songs for her!" Laura tuts, before arsing about with a felt tip for 20 minutes and composing something 100% better".

A *Guardian* columnist on the *Varsity* editor who this week swapped reporting the news for being it.

"Ps. I have a single 28 year old son 6 foot 7, slim, blonde who loves God - I would love you as a daughter in law".

The offers of marriage pour in for Laura...

"The great British tradition of queuing up outside in all weathers has had its day"

The Tory MP Derek Conway supporting plans to build a new reception area outside the Houses of Parliament.

"Valentines Day? Just forget it: Take a pill, have a drink or something"

Virginia Ironside probably won't be sending any Valentine's cards this year.

"I lived a beautiful love story and this wedding testifies to it,"

Christel Demichel who married her boyfriend 18 months after he was killed in an accident.

VARSITY

If you would like to contribute to *Varsity* please e-mail the relevant section editor. To submit a letter to the editor please email editor@varsity.co.uk or drop your letter into the offices at 11-12 Trumpington Street.

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/13/02/04/LISTINGS/

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



Being as bonkers as a bucket full of fruit bats never stopped Von Triers from amassing impressive ensemble casts. In *Dogville*, Lauren Becall, Ben Gazzara, Chole Sevigny and James Caan join forces for this Brechtian tale of Depression Era America. *Arts Picturehouse*, 13th - 19th Feb

L I T



'Gods and Goddesses' welcomes London's most exciting exponents of "rap-poetry" shortMAN, Phenzwaaan, Ventriloquist 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.

Saturday 14th February, 8pm, £5 (£4 Students)

M U S I C



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. *Corn Exchange* 17th Feb, £16, 01223 357 851

T H E A T R E



Set against the decaying grandeur of India, a naive actress becomes involved in the UNESCO world poverty conference. *A Map of The World* is a scintillating comedy about the West and its problematic relationship to the Third World. *Corpus Playroom* 17th - 21st Feb

C L A S S I C A L



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. 19 Feb, 8pm 01223 503333

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FILM

Sunday
Christ's Films: Finding Nemo. Christs College, New Court Theatre. 8pm & 10:30pm. £2.

St John's Films: Love Actually - touching & funny, simply perfect after Valentine's Day. St. John's College, Fisher Building. 7pm & 10pm. £ 2.

Monday
Cambridge University Persian Society: Close-up, by Abbas Kiarostami (1990) has become a favorite among film-makers. "compassionate and brain-teasing.." Emmanuel College, Queen's Auditorium. 8pm. Dontaion for Bam Earthquake Charity.

Thursday
Christ's Films: The Rocky Horror Picture Show. Christs College, New Court Theatre. 10pm. £2.

St John's Films: Good bye, Lenin! - Alex has to pretend the East German regime still exists.St. John's College, Fisher Building. 9pm. £ 2.

Friday
Central/European Film Club: Chico by Ibolya Fekete (2001). In Hungarian with English subtitles. Caius College, Bateman Auditorium. 8pm.

Central/European Film Club: Chico by Ibolya Fekete (2001). In Hungarian with English subtitles. Caius College, Bateman Auditorium. 8pm.



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CLOSING DATE: 31 MARCH 2004

MISC

Friday
CU Karate Club: Beginners Kumite. Queens' College, Squash Courts. 6pm. £2.

Culanu: Jewish Cambridge's unmissable weekly social...eat, drink and be merry! The Culanu Centre, 33a Bridge St, between Oxfam and The Galleria. 10pm.

Saturday
CEILIDH from The Round: Traditional-ish dancing to live music. All welcome, no partner needed. Parkside Community College, Parker's Piece. 8pm. £3 waged/£4.50 unwaged.

CU Ballet Club: Intermediate ballet. Free class for grds 6-7ish. Queens' College, Bowett Room. 2:30pm. £1.

CU Ballet Club: Advanced ballet: Free class for grds 7/8+. Kelsey Kerridge, 4:30pm. £1.

CU Karate Club: Beginners Class-beginners to 7th Kyu. Fenners Large Gym, 2pm. £2.

The Pembroke College Winnie-The-Pooh Society: Where minutes are taken and hours are lost. Bridge Street, 4a, Room 15. 4pm.

Sunday
CU Karate Club: Beginners Class-beginners to 7th Kyu. Fenners Large Gym, 2pm. £2.

CU Karate Club: Advanced Class-6th Kyu and above. Fenners Large Gym, 4pm. £2.

CU Wu Shu Kwan: Chinese Kickboxing -the ultimate art of self-defence. Fitzwilliam College, Reddaway Room. 7pm. £3.

CU Wu Shu Kwan: BIG DEMONSTRATION! Featuring some of world's top martial artists!Christs College, New Court Theatre. 3pm.

C.U. Ta Chi Chuan Society: Tai Chi Chuan: Hand-form; Self-defence; Pushing-hands; Weapons; Nei Kung. Fitzwilliam College, Reddaway Room. 2pm. £2/3.

Monday
Buddhist Meditation: Samatha Trust,Thai breath meditation. rmh1001@cam.ac.uk. www.samatha.org
Pembroke College, Seminar Room, N 7. 7:30pm.

CU Ballet Club: Performance class (Intermediate). Contemporary classical dance experience! 1.5hr. Queens' College, Bowett Room. 3pm. £2.

CU Ballet Club: Beginners pointe, 0.5hr. Live your dreams! Queens' College, Bowett Room. 4:30pm. £0.50.

CU Chabad Society: Yiddish - learn the language of your grandparents. Chabad House - 19 Regent Terrace, 8pm.

CU Karate Club: Squad Session. Fenners Large Gym, 8pm. £2.

Tuesday
CU Ballet Club: Improvers ballet. 1hr for grds 4-6ish. Kelsey Kerridge, 8pm. £1.00.

CU Ballet Club: Beginners jazz, all welcome! Queens' College, Bowett Room. 4:30pm. £1.00.

CU Ballet Club: Performance class (advanced). Contemporary classical dance 1.5hr. Queens' College, Bowett Room. 5:30pm. £2.00.

CU Chabad Society: Beginners Talmud Class - no previous knowledge necessary. Chabad House - 19 Regent Terrace, 8pm. £2.

CU Karate Club: Beginners Session-all welcome. Fenners Large Gym, 8pm. £2.

CU Wu Shu Kwan: Chinese Kickboxing -the ultimate art of self-defence. Christs College, New Court Theatre. 8pm. £3.

C.U. Tai Chi Chuan Society: Tai Chi Chuan: Hand Form; Self-defence; Pushing-hands; Weapons; Nei Kung . Clare College, Bythe Room. 7pm. £2/3.

Kick Bo: Non-contact aerobics using the dynamic kicking and punching moves of Martial-Arts. New Hall, Long Room. 5:30pm. £2.

Wednesday
CU Karate Club: Kata Session-Kyu grades. Fenners Small Gym, 8pm and 9pm £1.

Thursday
CU Ballet Club: Beginners ballet, all welcome! Queens' College, Bowett Room. 6pm and 7pm £1.50.

CU Karate Club: Intermediates session-6th Kyu and above. Queens' College, Bowett Room. 8pm. £2.

C.U. Tai Chi Chuan Society: Tai Chi Chuan: Hand-form; Self-defence; Pushing-hands; Weapons; Nei Kung. Fitzwilliam College, Reddaway Room. 7pm. £2/3.

MUSIC

Friday
APU: Alison Stephens (mandolin) Russell Gillespie (flute) Lauren Scott (harp). Mumford Theatre, Anglia,1:10pm.

Cambridge Indie Society: Indie / Alternative /Retro /Rock. The Kambar, opposite Corn Exchange box office. 9:30pm. £3.


Kettle's Yard: Lunch time concert, lasting approx 40 mins. Kettle's Yard, . 1:10pm.

Queens' Ents: UPTOWN SPLURT! Biggest party in Cambridge feat ROBBO RANX!. Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall. 9pm. £4.

TCSU: 'The Rift' play indie rock supported by Akira & Scott Fruhan. Trinity College, WPR. 9pm. £2.

Trinity College Music Society: The Petrucci Ensemble perform DE PROFUNDIS - Music for the death of Ockgehem. Trinity College, Trinity College Chapel. 8pm. £5, £3 concessions, £1 TCMS members.

Saturday
Allways Music:
THE SOPHIE GARNER SEXTET
Dinner /Dance.
7:30pm. £25.



PARK STREET • CAMBRIDGE

The Executive Committee of the ADC Theatre wish to appoint two full time housekeepers for the 2004/2005 academic year.

Potential applicants should contact the Theatre Manager, Michael Nabarro, for an application form, on 01223 359547 or michael@adc-theatre.cam.ac.uk.

The deadline for written applications is twelve noon on Wednesday 3 March and interviews will be held on Thursday 11 March.



BATS

BATS proudly announces
Week 5 Mainshow
Kenneth Lowergans' 'This is Our Youth',
Tues 17th - Sat 21st Feb,
7.45, Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens' £5/4.

Lateshow
'Sherlock Holmes, The Speckled Band'
Tues 17th - Sat 21st Feb,
11pm (Sat. Matinee 2.30), Fitzpatrick Hall,
Queen's, £4/£3
Book Now: 01223 503333



BATS

BATS Invite Applications to direct the Mayweek show.
(The Annual Mayweek Mainshow to be performed outside in Queen's Cloister Court)

Deadline For Applications:
Midnight Fri 27th Feb.
For more info see BATS website
www.quns.cam.ac.uk/queens/events/bats
or contact Hannah on hm290.



INVITES
APPLICATIONS FOR

Mayweek Shows

To be held in Emmanuel College Gardens

No experience is necessary; we're just looking for original and creative ideas.

Submit written or e-mailed applications, with a copy of the script, to Jo Smith (jes69) by 6pm on Sunday February 29th.

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MUSIC

Saturday (cont...)

GCMS:
Ed Corn, horn; Florence Cooke, violin;
Michael McHale, piano:
Brahms - Horn Trio. Caius College,
Bateman Auditorium. 1:15pm.

King's Cellars: NIGHT OF LOVE:
80s electrocheese. 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; ribcageshaking Drum &
Bass. The Junction, .10pm. £11/£12.50.

Sunday
Fitzwilliam College Music Society:
Music Tripos 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.

Kettle's Yard:
Coffee concert, The Kreutzer Quartet.
Coffee served from 11.30 - approx 1
hour. Kettle's Yard, . 12am. £3.

Monday
R*E*P*E*A*T Night:
Live bands.
Akira supported by Resin and Caught
In The Zip. Portland Arms, . 8pm. £3.

Tuesday
TCMSwGeoffCoombe:
Jazz Record Listening Sessions: Why
Jazz Matters.
Music Faculty, West Rd, Lecture Room 4.
7:30pm. £6/4.

Wednesday
Jesus College Music Society
Wednesday Recital:
David Yardley sings English
Renaissance Song (including Dowland
and Campion). Jesus College Chapel, 9pm.

King's College :
Lunchtime recital by Ballantine Sextet,
music by Damase & Farkas.
King's College Chapel, . 1:15pm.

Trinity College Music Society:
Penny Cox sings French songs and
arias. Trinity College, The Frazer
Room. 8pm. £4, £2 concessions, £1
TCMS members.

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TALK

Friday
CICCU:
Sidgwick@One: 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
APE. Animals People and the Environment:
Saving the Sight of the Blind in the 3rd
World. The Bath House Gwydir Street
Cambridge, .
8pm. £1.

Tuesday
CUSS - Dr G Orledge:
Life In a Weird World (Ciid Beatles).
Pharmacology Lecture Theatre, .
8pm. £Free for members, £1 for non

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:
Sidgwick@One: How to be free...
Sidgwick Site, Meade Room
(Economics).
1pm.

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Love Actually, 15
Sunday 15th February -
7pm & 10pm

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



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THEATRE

Friday
ADC:
"My Native Land" by Rodney Clark. Love,
nationalism 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, 11pm. £3 - £4.

REDS presents Out of Order:
Award-winning comedy by Ray Cooney. ADC
Theatre, . 7:45pm.
Tues-Thurs £6.50/£5,
Fri & Sat £7.50/£5.

Saturday
ADC:
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"My Native Land" by Rodney Clark. Love,
nationalism and race in wartime East Africa.
The Playroom, 7pm. £4/£5.50.

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

The Comedy Iceberg:
WHOSE ICEBERG IS IT ANYWAY? - a one night
revival.
ADC Theatre, 11pm. £3.

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
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ADC Theatre, 11pm. £3 - £4.

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REALITY TV SHOULD
 HAVE A DIFFERENT NAME

Faking It this week featured a posh choirgirl who didn't drink, didn't swear, didn't do sex and they tried to make her into a rock chick. Apparently, it was a programme about me.

It certainly looked like me and sounded like me but trust me, it wasn't actually me. Channel 4 say that "the only fake thing about the show is the faker" but the whole thing from beginning to end was faked. The producers wanted a certain type of girl and through careful editing they made sure they got her.

It all started in May when a "black tie drinks party" was hosted by Channel 4 in a college that wasn't even my own. Alarm bells faintly chimed in the background but with the excitement of it all my fears on how this would come across were replaced by what my friends and I should be wearing on TV. Not a shrewd move. My friend Keir begged me to think about how negatively I could be portrayed; "normal people don't have black tie drinks parties," he protested. But after talking to the director who assured

me she had "my best interests at heart," I signed the contract.

The next week the director wanted to film an interview with me discussing the type of music I listened to, what I did at Cambridge, that sort of thing. When it came to it she obsessively questioned me about sex, boyfriends and religion. And this was where the editing and manipulation began. "I don't go to church regularly but I pop into a church or chapel when I'm passing one occasionally" becomes a radically different sentence when it starts from "I pop into a church when I'm passing one" and drops the "occasionally"! As does "I think it's difficult to say I don't believe in sex before marriage. You don't know who you're going to fall in love with. I just think it's an ideal" when it suddenly becomes "I don't believe in sex before marriage". It's all in the edit. I was portrayed as a repressed, uptight devout choirgirl just passing the years singing and listening to S Club until it's time for me to enter the nunnery.

The distorted
 reality behind
 "Faking It"

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?" AAARRRRGGGHH! My vehement reaction was towards *that* 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 having your hair cut be 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.e. "I'm not having my hair cut in the same way that I'm not going out pulling loads of men". Countless times I made ridiculous statements because of this. What have I learnt? Don't do reality TV! Unless of course you play along with the producers.

So, to set the record straight, I do swear (though I'm not proud of that fact!), I drink, I go out, I listen to classical and modern music, I went to a state school and my mum's more like Edina from AbFab than the repressive "deeply religious" woman they implied she was. 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

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: editor@varsity.co.uk

God Almighty

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your (front page) article on the "unconstructive" nature of CICCUs "gay people are going to Hell!" stance. However, I'm 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. CICCUs have their chance to have their say, but if what they are saying is racist, sexist and homophobic simply why should they be allowed to go unchallenged?

Ramesh Perera on behalf of CUSU LBG

Dear Editor,

If you are gay and, during the recent CICCUs evangelistic campaign, you were on the receiving end of homophobic remarks of the disgraceful sort mentioned in last week's *Varsity*, you must NOT let the matter rest there! You should write to whoever offended you and give them the choice of a written apology or the matter being referred to both University authorities and to the Police. We must recognise the beauty and glory of true love whatever the sex or sexuality of the two people involved. On a lighter note, as a celibate, gay Christian, I have had some very interesting sexual offers from male members of CICCUs in my 36 years in Cambridge. As for Stephen Boon, the Secretary of CICCUs, we know each other though not in the Biblical sense and I thought he looked really lovely in his red Mission sweatshirt.

Yours, William Hutton

Dear Editor

If somebody wants to hate homosexuals then that's their prerogative. We can argue 'til the cows come home whether it's right for CICCUs to hold views that make us uncomfortable - ultimately there's nothing one can do about it. The issue arises when an organisation that is meant to be impartial and inclusive endorses such opinions. CICCUs is registered with the proctors and is on CUSUs list of societies. Your lead story quoted Brinded's praise of CICCUs. This consti-

tutes a strong endorsement. Do we want our representative body endorsing a society which targets and aims to eradicate the 'alternative' faiths and sexual preferences in our community?

Yours sincerely, Alex Corbishley

Dear Editor,

Last week, I attended a 'Grill-a-Christian' session and left disappointed. Rather than celebrate the similarities between different faiths, the panel asserted that all other religions are a waste of time. I respect the right of free speech but not when it attacks other peoples' beliefs in such an unconstructive way. I await the day that the Quiz Society start attempting to convert people to the cult of William G Stewart.

Paul Kellaway, Fitzwilliam College

UL not concentration camp

Dear Editor,

Last week, the UL building was described as 'resembling a Victorian workhouse, crematorium, or most sinister of 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 me it is merely another instance of tastelessness and a lack of reflection.

Yours, Axel Gelfert, Wolfson College

Scrabble, again

Dear Editor,

In the "The Scrabble Debate" Matt Tointon implies that "queens" would be the highest-scoring college name in Scrabble. In fact, in play, "downing" could score up to 98; "trinity": 92; "queens": 75; and "kings": 45. I should also like to add "johns" and "corpus" to this list of valid Scrabble words (scoring up to 69 and 39 respectively). What is surely of most importance, though, is the fact that no Oxford college rivals Downing's score of 98.

Yours, Daniel Austin

Cryptic crossword No.5: Set by Luke Pebody

Across

- Slip severely around the king (5,7)
- It sounds like a re-make of a 80's movie was a large bomb! (7)
- Fire kind of rocks (7)
- Note a kind of turn the spanish put into it: it's part of the package!(2-5)
- He was never too tied up that he couldn't find some free time. (7)
- Bold, but on edge. (5)
- Return letter about myself, after going back. (10)
- A German agreement before former colony gets soft American rice dish. (10)
- Rotten band in french is an asian rice dish. (5)
- The capital that is divided, approximately, is a coin. (7)
- A sitcom without a digit and, additionally, a non-blood relative. (7)
- The queen is after an arse that's more hard. (7)
- Places to practice golf after a round for fruits. (7)
- Very cheesy American city (12)

Down

- "Chemical", a downloadable song (1-6)
- Where to find this type of sport event (7)
- Roast secret club in confused institutions (9)
- One of three states that initially refused everything it could have (5)
- Could be sexy or, perhaps, smelly. (7)
- An album of pornography. (7)
- State one of the commonest names for hero. (7,5)
- Let's fuse pins together, although it is a kind of cruelty. (12)
- Poisonous plant, defecated by an amphibian? (9)
- The king whose name is forbidden. (7)
- Dump this team! (7)
- Her wasp got destroyed in the first cycle. (7)
- A single Italian broadsheet, in which a 1930's actress eats foreign spinach (7)
- After a return, one down is pungent. (5)

Last week's answers

Across:

1 DESPATCH, 9 ACADEMIA, 10 EMIT, 11 ROGER FEDERER, 13 VULCAN, 14 ADAPTORS, 15 GLIMPSE, 16 CAVEMEN, 20 RESOURCE, 22 BURGER, 23 HOMER SIMPSON, 25 EURO 26 INTENDED 27 ABSTRACT

Down:

2 EMMANUEL, 3 PATRICK MOORE, 4 TANGENTS, 5 HADRIAN, 6 PAMELA, 7 EMIR, 8 HARRISON, 12 ENTREPRENEUR, 15 GERSHWIN, 17 ASBESTOS, 18 ELECTRIC, 19 BERMUDA, 21 RESIDE, 24 MYTH

Sarah Solemani

HOLY HOLES AND
THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST

Aren't holes interesting? You can put things in, take them out, lose eye-shadow 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

mail when we quite happily pick up flyers for cocktails or dance shows?

It got me thinking. I realised there are a few facts about Christians that students in Cambridge need to come to terms with.

Fact one: Christians aren't stupid. Look around this special university. Everything that's upright 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 - while we hens 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, seducing your teacher and Lusting to the Sound of Drumming fun.

Fact three: Christians are good, friendly people. I once stayed with a Christian who, after a night on the razz, happily cleaned up my sick and remembered to leave a bucket and a bible beside my bed. I realised, if Christians are all clever, happy, good, friendly people then why should any of us feel irritated, 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

Promise me this: Leave my holy bits alone

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 Johns 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 acceptable to frown or groan at Christian



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

(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 needn't have - 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.

It isn't just a talk in which you speak and we listen, ask questions and go home, it's an attempt to show us that you know, you really know, your faith is the answer and is therefore above anything we may or may not currently believe. When you send us information on your club, when you know we haven't responded to the last load or the load before that, you are sighing at our beliefs and therefore undermining our choices.

Christians of Cambridge: I am happy you are passionate about your faith. In fact, I celebrate with you the freedom you have to enjoy your religion and to wait many decades until your holy bits get a good rub. Good for you. I am happy you have found the answers and feel you are right while everyone else is terribly, terribly wrong.

All I ask is that you 'promise' to keep these passions under control, to be modest in your display and please, if you can, try and restrain yourselves from the daily rape of my pigeon hole - it's not consenting and, I promise you, it never will.

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

Helen Oyeyemi

INTERRUPT ME AGAIN AND
I'LL... ERM, BE INSPIRED?

Something in the way - but only if you think so

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 would have a wildly menacing silhouette in a shaded room).

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

It was all fine. I managed to walk to the door without tipping over with my outrage, and went though 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 of words: "No, YOUshurrup!"), and eventually wrote ten sides of TIG in between making scathing comments through the (locked) door as I sat with my back against it. There's a kind of adrenalin that you get

when you're not thinking about constructing sentences properly and making things sound pretty. It forces the story along and makes it run straight - it feels amazing to be able to keep a whole series of events and thoughts inside a bubble, safe from things like homework and dinner and random callers from Nigeria who you think are wilfully staying silent when you pick up the phone but actually can't hear a word you're saying because the lines are so bad.

Imagining, however fantastic it is, gets tiring when there's no other input whatsoever

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 sitting 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 birdsong 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, eat the chocolate, look at the screen, wander 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 J's. 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 growling, I have to concede that imagining, however fantastic 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.

varsityarts



Jack Chiles and Andrew Gillespie

Happy
Valentine's
Day

Ellen E. Jones

Look at you all! Going round shagging 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 shagging everybody you'll end up with no friends at all. Trying to be friends with people you have sex with, or visa verse is like drinking out of the same pot you piss in. Buddies are for being buddies with, strangers are for shagging, woman 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 slagging 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 slagging it about is in any way an intrinsically bad way to behave. It is of course, lots of fun. Although if you dont 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 posession of the full facts and having reached the age of consent, you decide that shagging 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



Classical
My Love
Page 21



Theatre
Live Sex Shows!!!
Page 20



Film
True Romance?
Page 16

It's (not) All About Love

Clementine Wade is not seduced by Vinterberg's latest

It's All About Love
On general release Feb. 13th

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I am sure I vowed never to see another film using *Love* and *All* in the same sentence ever again. A result of sitting through the two hour torture of *Love Actually*. Yet to mention these two films in the same paragraph is more of an outrage: firstly because it is not a film that is all about love, suited as it is to the action mystery genre as much as the romantic.

Thomas Vinterberg's vision of the not so distant future rotates around competition, duplication, strange weather, death and figure skating. In real terms being a story of a husband trying to rescue his wife (a champi-

onship figure skater) from her psychopathic management team, who are attempting to extinguish her. Set against the back drop of New York, the couple

whilst reviving their lost love, desperately try to flee from the world that is slowly suffocating them.

There are also elements of the unreal

and the fantastic: dead bodies caught in escalators and dangling off the side walks; micro-chips implanted in the arms of the genetically duplicated Clare Danes all coincidentally with an tumultuous weather cycle.

Sound confusing? To look at it coldly it's a messy production which can

Viewed coldly, it's a messy production

seem far too ambitious to the impatient. However, accepting that it is a film enjoying its own technical and imaginative capabilities, is something you must decide and judge for yourself.

It has its stars. The beautiful stature of Jaquin Phoenix and Clare Danes, displaying a skill worthy of commen-

dation, appear as four separate characters with a real fluidity. The weakness is found in Sean Penn, playing a rather odd omnipresent character who chips in with an occasional commentary, connecting the state of the world to Clare and Jaquin's relationship. The prospect of calculating how the great world freeze related to these individuals became a bit too arduous towards the end.

In fact, feeling that the story trails behind Vinterberg's greater artistic motivation, I just wanted a conclusion.

V day is approaching quickly enough. So do we all really need another film espousing the truth, beauty and necessity of love? Probably not. It is one definitely worth watching, but remember to leave your romantic expectations at the pick and mix.



www.papicselect.com

Big Fish, little fish, cardboard box?

Mazin Saleem reckons Burton's new work is quite a catch

Big Fish
Now showing at Warner Village

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tim Burton's latest, *Big Fish*, about a man and his tall tales, shares with *Amelie* a take on life that in the real world would get most into a great deal of trouble.

Whereas with the latter, oh-so-mischievous, yet oh-so-helpful meddling earned *Amelie* a sort of canonisation, in reality would have gone horribly, horribly wrong. And in the age of sexy tabloid stories sensationalised for sales, and sexed up intelligence reports which - of course we believe you! - were not sexed up, it is interesting to see how a film about the value of the exaggerated and fantasised, as opposed to the boring ol' truth, can carry the relevance it so earnestly hopes for.

Big Fish is a story told from the death bed, by an aging Ed Bloom (Albert Finney / Ewan McGregor in flashbacks). The big fish are many: the far-fetched tales told by Bloom; Bloom himself, a

big fish in a small pond, and, er, an actual big fish. Billy Crudup plays Bloom's son, Will, who is desperately trying to inkle out slivers of truth from his father's stories, to find out who he "really is."

The film is shot through the honey-suckle lens of nostalgia and fantasy. As a child, Bloom breaks into the house of a creepy witch (Helena Bonham-Carter) who reveals a certain something that makes him confident that he will go far.

A probing piece of movie magic

After leading a Forrest Gump life of success, he makes friends with a giant that has been troubling his town and leaves on an adventure with him. On his travels he gets stuck in an eerie town called Spectre (where the Mayor from *Buffey* makes him pie), he stumbles across a charmingly kooky circus, befriends Siamese twins, and finds time to fall in love; his life-story is a heady mixture of fairy-tale and 40's America, and the film forces the audience to ask deep questions about the nature of truth and reality,

while at the same time supplying plenty to marvel at and be moved by.

In the present day, Bloom's wife (Jessica Lange) tenderly holds sway while son and father argue and reconcile. Will's angry desire for an end to his

father's stories, underlies a yearning to form a relationship they've never really had. These scenes are touching, and pointedly slow-paced and sober, to highlight the contrast between mundane reality, and the scenes from Bloom's past,

those that are transmuted by his exaggeration of the truth, into something so enchanting that Spielberg would gush. Tim Burton pulls off an endearingly strange, and thoughtfully probing piece of movie magic!

Or perhaps that is all just an exaggeration. Perhaps Burton's trademark quirkiness does not work half as well when dealing with the sunny and not the gothic. Perhaps the film slips far too easily into schmaltz, largely due to Danny Elfman's annoyingly 'stirring' score and the script that injects surrealism whenever the pace, as it frequently does, becomes slack. Perhaps a one-note performance from Crudup scuppers any chance of feeling for the father-and-son troubles, despite Finney's grandstanding performance. 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.



www.papicselect.com

Valentine's A True Romance?

Love Actually opens with the assertion that "love actually is all around". However, those singletons that, on 14th February, come away empty handed from having surreptitiously and nonchalantly checked their pigeon holes for the sign of a pink envelope, may be inclined to disagree.

Films generally do suggest that love is easy to come by. In movieland, it seems inevitable that should you walk across a park in the early evening (with fairy lights hanging tastefully off the lampposts, à la *Dawson's Creek*), you will invariably end up walking into the boy/girl of your dreams.

This particular fictional device

can be adapted to fit situations of all descriptions. Kate Winslet considers leaping off the back of a boat and who should be there to rescue her? Why, Leo, of course. Or perhaps films will attempt to convince you that all this time you've been searching for your perfect partner...and look! He/she was there the whole time.

It doesn't take much to work out whether Harry is going to get Sally in *When Harry met Sally*, but you still want to watch it, just to be sure.

Perhaps its best to not be too cynical, but, if you're feeling lonely this Valentine's, sit back and let the cinema reassure you that true love really is just around the corner.

College Film of the Week Peter Matthews enjoys some Östalgie

The 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 "ozzie" trend in Germany, *Good bye, Lenin!* is truly touching.

The film centres on the relationship between Christiane Kerner (Katrin Saß) mother of doting Alexander (Daniel Brühl). Alexander has been bought 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 wall's fallen and Communism is at an end. Doctor's orders are that she will die of a heart attack if she is exposed to a sudden shock. And so begins the farce.

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.

Alexander and his sister move from persuading their mother to part with her life savings because the trabant is ready, to rooting round in skips for pickle jars. With hilarious moments such as these, touching on the absurdities of East German life, the film can't help inspire laughter.

In this way it is a subtle political satire, poking fun at those symbols of Communism and Capitalism. One of the most striking moments in the film is when the statue of Lenin is flown across a city strewn with the signs of capitalist

life: Mercedes Benz cars, and billboards.

The love that is shown by Alexander to his mother is incredibly moving and evocative. If you're a man who loves his mum (and not in an oedipal way) you can't help but empathise. Good bye, Lenin! is a truly beautiful film.

Good Bye, Lenin! is showing at St. John's on Thursday 19th Feb.



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Amicably Violent in the UEA

Guillermo Ramos-Tomas on the NME tour rolling into Norwich



Guillermo Ramos-Tomas

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

Rapture and Funeral For A Friend gracing the stage.

Opening band Franz Ferdinand proved a hard act to follow, with their unique brand of danceable pop (see top ten hit *Take Me Out*) getting a great

reception. Lately, however, The Von Bondies have been through tougher challenges. After a serious run-in with Jack White and allegations of spoiling the good vibe amongst Detroit rockers, Von Bondie frontman Jason Stollsteimer came on to lead his band in playing some of the most tortured, filthy and emotionally crossed tunes, from blues to garage rock. Set opener *Lack of Communication* has one of the sexiest riffs played by one of the sexiest women in rock – Marcie Von Bondie, bringing tears of joy to my eyes.

The Rapture, with their punk-meets-disco fusion of captivating basslines and orgasmic screeches, were personal favourites. Their live renditions of *Sister Saviour* and *House of Jealous 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 Mattie managed

to play the keyboards and bass simultaneously.

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 moshing their souls out in an amicably violent whirlpool, were ready to show their appreciation. FFAF attacked their instruments and delivered a spine-tingling version of *She Drove Me to 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 stupefied. It'll be a long wait until next February, when the NME Awards Tour starts up again.

Bailey

1Xtra tour @ Fez



How did you find the vibe in Fez tonight? It was rammed in there. 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.

How long have you been involved with 1Xtra? A friend of mine knew one of the executives starting the station; I met Wilber [Wilberforce, d'n'b guru, producer of Fabio and Grooverider's Radio 1 show] and went down to the studio to do a pilot show. I was lucky: if I didn't fit the part they would've found someone else.

Do you think it's been a success? Without a doubt. For my Intabets show to have won the 2003 Knowledge Best D&B Radio Show is amazing. When the station first started, 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 stuff, it's real street music.

How did you get into drum 'n' bass?

I started listening to scratching on the radio, and tried to copy the sounds on a busted old turntable. I got into hip-hop from there, but around '88 the scene started going downtempo. 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 and raves, 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 trainspotters or not, if they weren't into the music, they wouldn't be here.

Henry B

My Bloody Valentine

Was Yaqoob and Jon Swaine dispense a lesson in love

We can't all be virile chimps in 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 successful 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 porters busily reinforce the pigeonholes of Cambridge's beautiful in anticipation of the inevitable barrage of the 14th. Yet the more facially-challenged among us can only hope to avoid having the shit kicked out of us by the boyfriend/fiancée/father/pimp of the girl in whose adorable satchel a home-made card was ill-advisedly deposited in the midst of a love-struck lecture-haze, conveying about as much animal magnetism as a fluffy rabbit saying 'I wuv you'.

But the loved-up can stick their mawkishly sentimental Sexmusic into their lover's admiring lovehole. The love song is a dish best served cold, rotten and gangrenous; pathos-packed laments of absent

reciprocity beat gushingly amorous odes any day of the week.

Think of Valentine's Day and you cannot but think of mentalist Whitney 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 torture is in vain; just around the corner lie Chris de Burgh, Celine Dion and Lionel

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

Meanwhile a broken heart, or one never desirable enough to even warrant breakage, is far more constructive. Jeff Buckley's Grace is exemplary; *Lover 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 brilliance of *Shiver*, surely Coldplay's finest moment, lies precisely in Chris Martin's frustrated resignation to romantic defeat - something Gwyneth will certainly put an end to, for the moment at least. If you wish to entice the desirable into your hovel with the sound of wracking sobs, put on The Smith's *There Is A Light That Never Goes Out* and enjoy the comforting sensation of utter despair. But on the other side of the tear-soaked spectrum, if you feel like tearing out your beating heart and bludgeoning your ex a couple of times with it, then have a taste of... And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead's *Mistakes and Regrets* to see how natural selection leads to anger.

Having traversed the wide expanses of the plains of love, our guide has prepared you for a life of perpetual misery and emotional trauma. Sit back, crack open your bottle of White Lightning and ENJOY!



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 forty-five minute pause following the Cooper Temple Clause's highly enjoyable blitz on the eardrums. So imagine my surprise when the lights dimmed, the crowd cheered and a solitary figure 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? Three acoustic numbers including a fantastic version of *Love Burns* later, the electrics came out, the first bars of *Spread 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 imperious, sneering rendition of *Stop*, and an appearance of *In Like the Rose*, a song BRMC have only recently begun playing live due to its complexity. 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

★★★★☆
Sam Elliot

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 no less impressive, boasting a rasping Dylan-meets-Waits mountain of a voice, and tunes coming out of his eyeballs, and on top of all that he and his band have made a startlingly fantastic album. This is Brit-rock given an epic twist by Andrew's intoxicating arrangements and tortured delivery. It's The Finn Andrews Show, but if he keeps producing the Bunnymen-esque anthems of *Guiding Light* and ferocious pop of *The Tide That Left*... then I wouldn't have it any other way.

Auf Der Maur – Followed the Waves
EMI, February 16th

★★★★☆
Rebecca Kemp

Melissa Auf Der Maur is a musician you only know because of the people she knows. As the former bassist with Hole and the Smashing Pumpkins, she surely deserves an award for resilience under the reign of egotistical front people, and this single is the first chance she has had to create her own musical landscape. The outcome is favourable: falling somewhere between Veruca Salt and a less clunky Jack off Jill, it is a steely slice of melodic hard rock, and her delicate vocals set her apart from other, determinedly angry female-fronted rock outfits.



Farce Superior...

Clare Diacono checks out the order of the day

Out of Order
ADC, 10-14 Feb 7.45pm

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This risqué, fast-paced production had me in stitches from first to last.

Ray Cooney's political/bedroom farce well deserves its Olivier 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 with a secretary, whilst an unexpected corpse halfway through the window threatens dire publicity and an angry wife.

Calling in his wimpish assistant George Pidgen to dispose of the body, events take a disastrous turn, ending up

in a frenzied tangle of jealous husbands, disappearing bodies, half-naked women and an inquisitive hotel manager.

Directed by James Steer, the production is eminently professional and the

“a hugely entertaining production”

usual pitfalls of amateur comedy – dodgy sets and off timing – have been successfully avoided. The stage design – a naturalistic box set – and lighting are simple but effective, allowing plenty of space for vigorous action on stage. The zappy tempo and visual variety of the staging created huge tension, which the performers kept up almost continually.

Performances were slick and ener-

getic, although the pace seemed to run away with the actors at times and particularly Rupert Myers (Richard Willey) – though otherwise faultless and engaging – tended to gabble his lines. Myers' was supported by Robyn Addison as a persuasive dizzy secretary in the latest Ann Summers nightwear, and by Nick Humfrey, who was wonderfully geeky as George Pidgen despite being a late replacement due to injury.

Never wish an actor to break a leg! The cast are all very strong performers – with even smaller roles attracting big laughs. This is a hugely entertaining production with some wonderful comic touches adding to Cooney's wittily ironic script.

It's nice to see some good old-fashioned farce on the Cambridge theatre scene, particularly of such a good standard.



Backstage Theatre news

COMPETITION! Yes folks, the lovely folk down at the CDC are offering two readers the chance to win a pair of tickets for their next award-winning show *Faster*, a play that takes a wry look at our obsession with speeding up our lives. To enter, tell us in 15 words why you should get the tickets, and send your answer to theatre@varsity.co.uk with 'Competition' as your subject.

ALL ACTION down at the ADC where the new 14-strong Committee will be elected on 29th February. Email Kate, president@cuadc.org, for information on standing, or visit <http://elections.cuadc.org>.

CA

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 (Pia 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 moderniser, 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 functioned more as a dispassionate appeal to reason than as a prompt for an emotional response. This perhaps lies in the highly stylish but still self-conscious use of flashback. Whilst a bit of distance is no bad thing, in spite of polished performances, it does prevent the audience fully engaging with the personal side of the drama, and so impedes full enjoyment of and interaction with the piece.

Amy Blakeway

Hit and Miss

Miss Julie
ADC 11-14 Feb, 11pm

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“Wring the other bird's neck!” 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-obsessed, 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. Its power is still patent. A bit like Sartre's incarcerated threesome in *Huis Clos*, Jean, Katrin and Miss Julie are claustrophobically caged into the latter's home 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 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 marsh of wailing and hollow sobbing. 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.

Jean Meiring



Drama Centre gets Great Ideas

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If you manage to orientate yourself around the small back streets behind Mill Road you fortuitously 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 Cam folk in its lobby cum bar that plays better music than you find in most clubs here – Because the doors soon open to one of the most appealing drama venues

in Cambridge – an intimate and versatile studio space with comfortable tiered seating.

And the play. Play? Yes that's exactly what it was, with two wonderfully puerile men, who form the acclaimed company 'Ridiculusmus', zooming around with infinite energy that smashed out of a fire exit, crashed into audience members and trashed set and props in a swivelling office-chair roller coaster of an evening.

Essentially we were given two men in an office whose job it is to create ideas. Ideas on what, we're never quite sure but they're working to a deadline. The show

seems to be a satire on the commercialisation and industrialisation of creativity yet it is done with all the joy and ingenuity that comes with the freedom of creating ideas through devised theatre. There's no plot as such, just a series of role plays within role plays ad infinitum with the odd bit of improvised audience abuse. Some left and they were rightly lambasted. I stayed and was chastised in a vituperative offstage toilet-stop rant for noisily rustling a pack of Jelly Babies, and was also identified as the laughing fat bloke. And I was scared and loved it and exchanged many a bemused look with fellow nervous audience members.

We left when we thought it was over – not sure whether we would sustain hammer blows in doing so – with the buzz of adrenalin that you rarely get from the mainly soporific theatre in Cambridge. I'm won over to the Drama Centre after an equally thought-provoking and genuinely innovative show last week. I can't promise that everything will be as good as the two shows I've seen there so far, but anyone who seriously wants to encounter genuinely thought provoking, experimental and innovative drama should give it a go. I think you'll be converted.

Robin Sivapalan



Theatre Online

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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 matriarch

Britain is a nation of prudes

spends the majority of her stage-time touching either herself, her maid, or both simultaneously. Not even the most open-minded of Cambridge audiences, let alone regulars at the National, could help but be shocked. And yet, when I saw this very spectacle in *Der Fest des Lamms* at the Kammerspiele Theatre in Munich, the middle-aged women who comprised a large part of the audience didn't bat an eyelid. This isn't to say that British theatre fully neglects to depict sexuality on the stage: I'll never forget watching a recording of Trevor Nunn's production of *Macbeth* at school; the class erupted into laughter when, during Lady Macbeth's 'Unsex me here' speech, our embarrassed teacher remarked of Judi Dench, 'she sounds like she's having an orgasm.' That's exactly what it did sound like, and that sound captured the essence of Shakespeare's words perfectly.

Why then, do scenes such as the two I've described cause so many more red faces in Britain than in Germany?

The answer is that our reactions to depictions of sex are entirely dependent on context. We can deal with it on the stage if we can reassure ourselves that it is not '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 Shakti. 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 simply that we 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 *Der Fest des Lamms*, 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.

Hazel Pearson



Sir John...he'd turn in his grave!

Image by Nick Hayes

Improv-iced Fun

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 strides the onlookers began to warm to them and as the scenes blinked by faster and faster the audience got wilder and wilder until they were laughing out of their ears. The ice was

well and truly broken by the first interval.

The rest of the evening succeeded in maintaining a high standard of comedic spontaneity, largely due to the efforts of the whole crew who were clearly used to working with one another and very comfortable baring their souls on stage. Featuring epics like the tragically unforgettable *Walnuts and Peanuts* and *Honey I Raise the Dead* all those assembled seemed to find it hilariously funny. Clever moments? Yes there were. Spontaneous, yes it was.

Don't blame carbon dioxide for the disintegrating Antarctic shelf, blame this scorching performance.

Roger Benson

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 matron are teased out brilliantly by Madeleine Davies' direction. 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's Queenie, a worldly-wise northern lass who provides a harsh and witty contrast to the inno-

cence of the other girls.

Davies manages to delicately recreate the austere purity of the 1960's. Plenty of swinging tunes and heart-warming sing-alongs nostalgically reminds us of one of the greatest decades of the 20th century. Nonetheless, the liberal revolution has not yet started and this production does not neglect the severity of the time. The set is minimal and sterile and serves to remind us that this is not a holiday camp despite the music and the girls' youthful effervescence.

The show is technically polished and our toes are kept tapping throughout to 60s hits. Before we realise, the 80 minutes are up and we are left humming to ourselves as we reflect on the warmth, wit and sensitivity of a touching production.

Jennie McGuire

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The Art Of Love

Is Great Art is like a Great Lover ?



Shall I compare thee 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 retorted, "and what is great Art anyway?" Realizing I was in something of a philosophical conundrum 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 piece of charcoal from one of her pockets and drew round its outline. With this

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 proved my point. "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 terrible Artist, and 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, I explained, was renowned for being a great lover because he provided each of his chosen subjects with what they needed. If a woman needed excite-

ment, he showed her such a good time that even the Wife of Bath would have been impressed. If she needed calming down, he behaved as decorously as a nun. From this I argued that just as Casanova was a different lover for every woman lucky enough to fall into his path, great works of Art are 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 stares. 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 tent, in reflecting the society we live in: sad, rather lonely, show viewers that their needs can only be fulfilled elsewhere?" He continued, 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

Artist in Residence

Alistair Gee speaks to Christ's Anton Burdakov

Anton Burdakov is going to seduce you. I don't think he'll mean to, but still, he will softly, ever so tip-toe-ingly, seduce you. He'll make you grin, but only to yourself. He'll chuckle at the floor and tell you his favourite colour is "maybe black", and later that "actually I wouldn't be devastated if for the rest of my life I only had 5 colours", and you're swept away in a surge of acrylics and artistic sincerity.

The new exhibition at the Michaelhouse Centre is Burdakov's second, and I ask him if he finds the process of creating a public display challenging. "No," he decides, "but it definitely stretches me. Worse is having to write about myself for the visitors. With a critic you can say "oh, he's talking rubbish", but with this" – he stops, and laughs – "I'm just dreadful at writing."

By all admissions Burdakov is currently going through an experimental phase – he's searching for his creative feet, a process that's reflected in the show. There are works that he agrees are clearly influenced by Picasso, and others in which he is "trying certain little painterly tricks." There's one that's very reminiscent of a misty Turner, whom we both agree we can't stand,

and which he says he "just had to try, even if it is kind of cheesy." He gets it just right though, without any of Turner's smoggy melodrama.

My favourites are Burdakov's portraits, and he agrees with my choices. There's the unobtrusively satanic figure used for the exhibit's flier, who Anton says is not based on himself too much, and his pack of variously enraptured and delightfully glowering farmers. His cartoon birds are a giggle –and involved more of a conscious effort than he makes appear: "I was trying to invent a bird. I've got twenty pages of birds." He showed me, and he really does. At his very best Burdakov is glorious, conjuring humour and pathos, making me laugh and feel an inward tug at the same time.

I leave him trying to decide on names for his mostly untitled paintings. Keep it simple, we decide, none of that Dalí mini-essay business. When I first met him in November, Burdakov said he might give up painting to focus on his drawing for the next few years. Romantic asceticism aside, I think we're both glad he didn't.

Anton Burdakov will be exhibiting 'Paintings' at the Michaelhouse Centre, 16th-28th February, 9.30am-5pm.

Reviews



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

VGOSJ

★★★★☆
James Crawford

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 unhealthily obsessed with a cappella music, has never actually heard them before. And while some moments such as the indescribably beautiful *And so it goes* and the haunting *Even such is time* are very impressive, other moments can sound a tad strained and even shouted, like the introduction to *Mister Sandman*. Living up to the CD's title, the Gents 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 *Seaside 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 Gents' self-proclaimed "ability seamlessly to cope with an enormous repertoire," but when they're good, they're very, very good.



Malena Ernman – My Love

BIS

★★★☆☆
Owain Browne

I can't help but wonder what Ernman'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 Ernman has a remarkable range of tone qualities. She can switch from pure top notes, to gloriously deep notes that many true altos would die for. Perhaps it is this versatility on which the release hopes to capitalise. Times are hard for the fan of Classical Music. An attempt to buy a compact disc from a classical music section generally means digging through endless copies of *Classical Chillout 7*, and the masturbatory improvisations of Ludovico Einaudi. Yes. I'm a music snob. In fairness, I've spent two years learning to be one so it's hardly suprising that I didn't much like this CD. That said, Ernman's quality as a mezzo-soprano is not in doubt here, and despite my prejudice, I have to admit that listening to the CD is not an unpleasurable experience.



Soweto Kinch – Conversations with the Unseen

Dune

★★★★☆
Jon Opstad

Integrating jazz with rap is no new thing, though Soweto Kinch succeeds more than most, and his rapping has more integrity than many other artists' attempts. Overall, the concept will probably attract as many listeners as it alienates. Kinch's multiple-award-winning alto saxophone playing on the other hand is deep in the bop tradition, and with strong support from his guitar-based rhythm section this leads to some hard-edged music. A few more memorable compositions would elevate the album though and overall it doesn't quite live up to the hype (such as the front cover's claim by one journalist that it is the best British jazz album ever recorded!).

Intelligent Masters

Endellion Quartet
West Road, 11 February

★★★★☆

Having spent 6 years studying Philosophy at Trinity, the Endellion Quartet's cellist, David Waterman, may well be familiar with Aristotle's argument that virtue should be measured relative to a thing's telos; it's ultimate end. The Endellion's performance of Beethoven's Opus. 95 quartet certainly suggested such a familiarity, as each phrase resounded with purpose, seemingly the product of careful consideration.

This was the fourth in a series of six West Road concerts being given by the university's quartet-in-residence. For me, the Beethoven was undoubtedly the highlight of the evening. In addition to its sense of purpose and its sculpted phrasing, the opening Allegro in particular had a richness of tone that was absent from the preceding piece, Haydn's quartet Opus.76 number 5. This first movement of the Beethoven is potentially so powerful in its anger as to be frightening when played aggressively, and the adoption of a harsh tone may even be desirable. And yet, whatever was lacking in violence was made up for by the intelligence of the Quartet's phrasing, and this continued throughout the 2nd and 3rd movements. It was here that the Endellion was at its most organic, demonstrating a unity and expressiveness that are the goals of every ensemble and which usually require many years playing together to achieve.

It was a shame there weren't more students in attendance, but such is the

Endellion Quartet's reputation that most seats were sold weeks ago. The six-concert series includes some of the great works of the repertoire, ranging from Haydn, the 'father' of the string quartet, to the atonal writing of Webern. And yet, whilst I suspect that most people would welcome this breadth of the Endellion's interests, the woman sat next to me seemed wholly unconvinced by Webern's *Five Movements for String Quartet* which began the second half, groaning and rustling her programme throughout. I was more enthusiastic however, as the musicians explored the extent of their instruments' capacities, producing a range of sounds quite unlike anything we'd heard in the first half.

Leaving atonality and harmonics behind, the Endellion Quartet once again displayed its great capacity for refined string playing, as the evening was ended with Mozart's quartet in D, K.575. This was enjoyable enough, and Andrew Watkinson's tone on First Violin really began to sing. Some passages in the two central movements did feel a little pedestrian though. I've certainly heard the Endellion with greater energy. But these criticisms are churlish, as this was unquestionably fine playing, whilst the vitality of the Haydn quartet's Finale compensated for these few lacklustre sections. And yet it was only in the performance of the Beethoven that I truly felt that we were hearing the Endellion Quartet at its best. It was then that their energy, expressiveness, and unity of purpose were most in evidence, and it's perhaps these qualities that justify their reputation as one of Britain's leading string quartets.

Jonathan Gross

Jamie Gundry



Jesus' efforts in beating Downing proved to be in vain

Sam Richardson

St. John's secured the Division 1 rugby title just as *Varsity* was going to press. A 21-13 win over arch-rivals Jesus was enough to secure the title for Adam Brown's men.

Brown, nursing the knocks expected of a captain who leads by example, spoke to *Varsity* after the game. He commented, "I'm tremendously happy to have won the title. I think we fully deserved it, although congratulations must go to Jesus for playing their part."

It was indeed Brian Fitzherbert's Jesus side which was biting 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 Jono Murray to score two terrific breakaway tries. His side looked to emulate his feat by pulling away, but Jesus kept them under pressure. Dave Ingall, 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 Tomo Dye put John's clear at half time.

Jesus fought back strongly, spending much of the second half in 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 over two 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.

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 puddling of a playing surface, Bob Griffiths – the captain who never plays – watched a thrilling, undulating match: twice his side were ahead only to be pegged back, and that they 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; this after the school kids spurned two glorious chances in the opening ten minutes.

They were level soon after, however, as Girton's midfielder 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.

The goal summarised the directness of the young forward: he raced onto a flick-on by Turner, demonstrating so much pace that his marker appeared to be moving backwards in the race to the ball. Girton's finest then 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 again levelled through a twenty-yard drive past Jones’ despairing dive.

Hills Road exerted not inconsiderable pressure on the rusty green defence throughout, causing anxiety amongst many Girtonians, 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 reverend standing at his lectern.

The kids hit the upright 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 that," boasted Griffiths.

Richard Lowery



Sam Richardson

Jesus put a severe dent in the title ambitions of table-topping Catz. Yesterday's thrilling, and controversial, 2-2 draw looks 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 crashing 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 when Vesa Kangaslahti met Tim

Swain's inch-perfect cross with a thumping header.

Jesus, despite this being their third game in four days, came on even more strongly. The addition of Stephen Pike and Sam Vardy helped reinvigorate Jon Young's men, but Catz should have wrapped the match up. Young took out Everson in the box so late that the referee missed it, just after Sam Richardson had pulled off a vital save one-on-one.

Then, as the clock ticked down, Alex Fergusson hoisted the ball into the box. The Catz keeper flapped. The defence stood motionless. And Sam Vardy bundled the ball in 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 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.



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Is it all plain sailing?



Sophie Pickford

Sophie Pickford on a sport where England still rules the waves

It was with some excitement and trepidation that the six crewmembers for last weekend's Cambridge University Yachting trip met for the first time on Friday afternoon to brave both the M25 at rush hour, and Gale force 7-8 winds in the Solent.

For a while it was unclear which would prove worse, but once we had successfully navigated our way down to Ocean Village in Southampton, and piled all our kit on board, it was becoming clear that the stormy weather outside was going to make it a very interesting weekend indeed.

Undeterred by the violently lurching boat and whistling wind (we were still tied up at this point), our skipper Chris went through the safety brief with us and announced

that, if we were all happy, we'd sail to Chichester that evening. With seven layers of clothing and some attractive luminous-yellow waterproofs on, it was time for the roller-coaster ride down the Solent. Running down-wind and gybing all the way, we had some monster waves to contend with, as well as fearsome gusts that sent the 38-foot boat careering this way and that.

Having tried the brute-force helming method to fight the gale, Chris suggested I adopt a more subtle approach, and after getting the 'feel' of it, things became (a little) easier. After a few hours on the helm, which incidentally is great work for your upper arm muscles, we aborted our Chichester plan and headed for Portsmouth where we

moored to a buoy for the night, finally getting to sleep at 3.30am.

Due to the tides we slept 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 unbelievably beautiful and exciting. A bright blue sky, favourable tides and force 6-7 winds allowed us a decent sail past the eastern-most 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 flooding 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 had a good, exhilarating, but rather cold, soaking. My biggest achievement was making it to the toilet without breaking a limb, and my lowest point was spent dangling my head over the side bringing up breakfast. I wouldn't have missed a moment of it for the world.

We spent Saturday night in Yarmouth with hot showers, courtesy of the local 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 drills and sail changing / reefing on the way. Although a little bruised and battered I feel like I've had a two-week holiday away from Cambridge, and have already signed up for more. If you're interested have a look at the Yachting website, www.cuy.org.uk. Beginners / seasoned professionals are welcome, and there's a comprehensive training programme for those who want to learn. Gale-force winds not guaranteed!

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.

Time to spice up College football

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 the league was abandoned in 2000. This was a retrograde step because college captains

Mickey Villa

WHAT IS WRONG WITH COLLEGE FOOTBALL?

will naturally always try to have their star names turning out, and they will put off matches till the last minute to try and get this. We need a return to the previous system.

On top of this I propose that the First Division should be reduced to eight teams. These eight teams would then play each other home and away on dates specified at the start of the season. Matches like John's versus Girton, and Fitzwilliam against Catz,

are great games, and we'd love to see them twice a season, not just once in a blue moon. It is clear Long Road could not be part of this new system. They have played one league fixture this season, and they've been treating the league with disrespect for years.

The walkover's system would need

to be tightened up. It must be made patently clear that if you don't play a scheduled match on the given day, then a walkover is awarded, unless the weather has played a part. The rugby and hockey leagues have clearly defined, rigid fixtures lists, and they seem to get a lot more games played than we do in college football.

Finally, I think it would help us if we took advantage of the good climate at the start of the Michaelmas term. Games should start within a week of the return to Cambridge.

Of course, sceptics will argue that if we're struggling to play nine games a season how on earth are we going to play fourteen? The four measures I have outlined; no Blues or Falcons, the exclusion of Long Road, a stricter walkover system, and more games in October, would, I believe, make this possible and give the league a much needed boost.

comments to sport@varsity.co.uk

Sport in Brief Lacrosse

The Cambridge Lacrosse boys kept their unbeaten status in 2004 by recording a one-sided 18-1 victory against Portsmouth University at home on Saturday. This followed their 14-4 victory against Walcountian Blues two weeks previously.

After dominating from the start, Cambridge's 'faceman', Will Hoult, won the majority of the restarts, giving Cambridge the chance to score repetitively - the fastest was timed at six seconds after restart. Cambridge's two free-scoring attackers, Nic Gonzalez and Dr. Raj E. Rout, amassed a joint tally of 10, while there was excellent play in midfield, in particular from man of the match Meng Wang's work on the groundballs.

Both the Women's Blues and the Kingfishers remain on track for their varsity matches on the 6th March. The Blues convincingly beat Bristol 1sts in their BUSA match last week. They made the most of opportunities created by the attacks who, working together as a unit, retained possession for most of the match. On the few turnovers Cambridge fought back in midfield, with Phil Geering and Amy Harris battling for the ball at the halfway point. The Kingfishers also convincingly beat Nottingham 2nds in a 14-3 victory. Both teams will go into the clash against Oxford with confidence from these successes.

Lightweight Rowing

Boats from CULRC were in action at two events last Saturday. An eight racing as Granta BC put in a solid performance at Peterborough's Head of the Nene. Their first competition for the club saw them edged into third in S3 VIIIs by Abingdon schoolboys and a crew from First and Third in the strong headwind. They finished 8th, and will look to build on this performance next Sunday at Bedford Head when they will be joined by the rest of the squad.

In Boston, meanwhile, the third round of GB long distance trials were hit by blustery conditions. Although the heavyweight division (stacked with Cambridge rowers past and present) was shortened to half distance, the lightweights sped down the full 5km course aided by a strong following wind. Former CULRC oarsmen, Nick English and Rod Chisholm set the fastest times of the day in the pairs and sculls respectively. Amongst the U23 scullers the current President, Doug Perrin (Trinity Hall), strengthened his claim for selection for the U23 World Championships with an impressive 5th place finish, while Alex Summers (Trinity) followed him home in 9th.

University Horse-Riding

On Sunday 8th February the university Riding Team held their home match in Yelling. It was their second match in the BUSA league, and so involved teams from Brunel, UCL and Imperial College. The competition consisted of dressage and show-jumping, on horses provided by the host University. The day was a success for the home side, with the team winning the match, and Cambridge riders taking the top 3 individual places: 1st was team captain Natalie McGoldrick, with Amy Harris in 2nd and Emily Mitchell 3rd. The team currently lies first in their league, with 2 matches left to play.

Caption Competition



Andy Sims

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 *CS*.

CAMBRIDGE BREAK BLUEHARTS

Blues Hockey

BLUES 9
BLUEHARTS 2

Rajan Lakhani

The statistics prior to the match meant this was supposed to be a close contest, but Cambridge ran out easy winners. The Blueharts were on a run of eight unbeaten matches, and the Cambridge team was wary of their potential danger. Indeed, the first few minutes were dominated by the opposition 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 Parker 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 struck 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, the Cambridge striker was not to be denied a second time as the resulting short-corner was dispatched in typical Cambridge fashion.

The Blueharts nearly got an equaliser from a short-corner, but the ever-reliable Artaman stood firm. It was an important save because the Blues proceeded to the other end and won a penalty flick after the ball was illegally cleared. Fulford made no mistake,



Five-star Cambridge striker Jamie Parker fires a further effort at the Blueharts goal

smashing the ball into the roof of the net. The Blueharts were now in serious trouble and their predicament was worsened by a terrific third goal. Williamson kept control of possession, and crossed the ball from a tight angle to allow Aled Pitchett to bundle the ball into the back of net.

The opposition began to argue amongst themselves while Cambridge allowed their hockey to do the talking. Therefore, it was no surprise when the Blues added a fourth as Parker finished superbly into the right-hand corner. By this point it should have been match over, but Parker's goal would not end the scoring in the first half. Two late goals from the Blueharts halved their four-goal deficit. The team was not so

much disappointed with the fact they lost the goals but more the way they conceded them. Both goals were scrappy and from short corners which might, on another day, have been prevented.

As the half-time whistle blew, the Blueharts were far happier with the score-line, and Cambridge knew they could not allow such lapses in concentration in the second half.

Indeed, the next goal was vital as another goal from the Blueharts would leave them only one behind, while a fifth for Cambridge would all but end the game. Missing their coach, the Blues were forced to work out their own game-plan and put it to brilliant effect. The second half was almost all in the Blueharts' half, with Cambridge 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 terrorised 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 kicked by the goalie straight to Rob Lancaster, 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.

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 was against a side that was fourth in the league. The promotion challenge continues apace.

Electrifying Blues win but Hughes blows Fuse

Blues football

BLUES 4
NORTHAMPTON 0

Gavin Versi

"We'll keep this in our heads and stuff them at ours," 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 effrontery 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 field the blonde forward exuded 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 afforded to a glut of subsequent chances, the score line might have reached double figures, as the Blues poured forward amid bewitching changes of pace and approach. Fairbairn was particularly profligate, but he grabbed a second shortly before half time, and then forced an own-goal early into the second period.

Tim Hall, Adams' fellow member of the self-styled "John's clique", was

a constant nuisance with his storming sprints, 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 Mugan. 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 Huntingdon Road recently that he took to cynically felling the rampant redhead. Mugan 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

second period had team-mates roaring their approval.

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 impudence, was surprisingly named only as a substitute. After making a winning start to the season, Fairbairn had boldly outlined his intention "not just to win the league, but to win it in style." Clearly, Rebos Hughes shares his captain's ideology. That he exhibits skills his peers surely dream about is a possible source of alienation. Indeed, Fairbairn happily admits he is "without doubt the most naturally gifted player in the University."

But at the same time, Fairbairn appeared tired of playing Jerry Maguire to Hughes' Rod Tidwell.

Earlier in the week, in a damning appraisal of the set-up at CUFC, 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 6); T Hall 8, Harding 7 (Chalmers 7), Devine 7, A Hall, 7; Fairbairn 8, Adams 9 (H Hughes 5)

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