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Depression: the last taboo?

- Over 1 in 20 students sought help from the Counselling Service last year

- 44% rise in reported cases of depression

- Fifty students known to be “seriously” considering suicide



Andrew Simms

Bryan Coll

Increasing numbers of Cambridge students are suffering from serious depression. Incidents of self-harm and eating disorders are also on the increase. Despite provisions currently in place, poor communication between colleges and the university is preventing these individuals from receiving the support they need.

The University Counselling Service (UCS) has seen an 11% increase in the number of students seeking help for depression. Although incidents of suicide in Cambridge have dropped slightly in recent years, the counselling service is currently supporting fifty students whom they consider to be

“seriously at risk of suicide”.

Mark Phippen, Director of the UCS, believes the “pressure-cooker” intensity of the eight-week Cambridge term contributes significantly to the high level of depression. He added that the UCS counselled just under one thousand students in 2002/03. This figure means that one in seventeen of the 16,500 full-time students at Cambridge sought advice from the UCS last year – a number almost twice as high as the national university average.

Many students have found solutions to their problems through the counselling service. One user credited a counsellor with “making me realise why I was thinking things, and in turn giving me ways of thinking different-

ly.” Another commented, “I found counselling gave me a certain degree of inner strength.”

However, despite alternatives such as Linkline (the student run listening service), some students feel unsupported, especially by their colleges. *Varsity* was recently contacted by a first-year theology student who suffers from clinical depression. In an email written at a time of severe anxiety, she makes clear her frustration and anger at the failure of her college to facilitate her depression. “My mental illness was ridiculed and misunderstood by members of staff. I was treated in a patronising and ignorant way.” The student in question was supported and represented by CUSU Academic Affairs Officer Jessica Childs throughout the

dispute with her college. Childs described the college’s approach to the student’s condition as “clumsy and complicated” but insists that much needed changes have now been implemented. The student concerned is now considering returning to Cambridge in October after de-grading in frustration at the college’s failure to facilitate her illness.

Such casework is becoming an increasingly frequent aspect of the work of CUSU sabbatical officers. Jessica Childs told *Varsity* that the numbers of severely depressed students contacting the Welfare, Women’s and Academic Officers had “increased significantly” in recent years and had become “a major part” of their work. In response to this

increase, CUSU recently put forward proposals to the university to employ a part-time caseworker to liaise with students suffering from depression, anxiety, self-harm and other mental health conditions. Cambridge is currently the only major university in the UK not to have such a caseworker. The university’s response has been slow, with CUSU receiving little positive feedback. Ray Jobling, Secretary of the Senior Tutor’s Committee, argued that existing services for mental health problems were sufficient and that employing a part-time caseworker “may not be the best way forward”.

Depression and self-harm were some of the key themes to emerge...
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Battle of the Balls

Downing and Selwyn in snowball fight

Gabriella Jozwiak

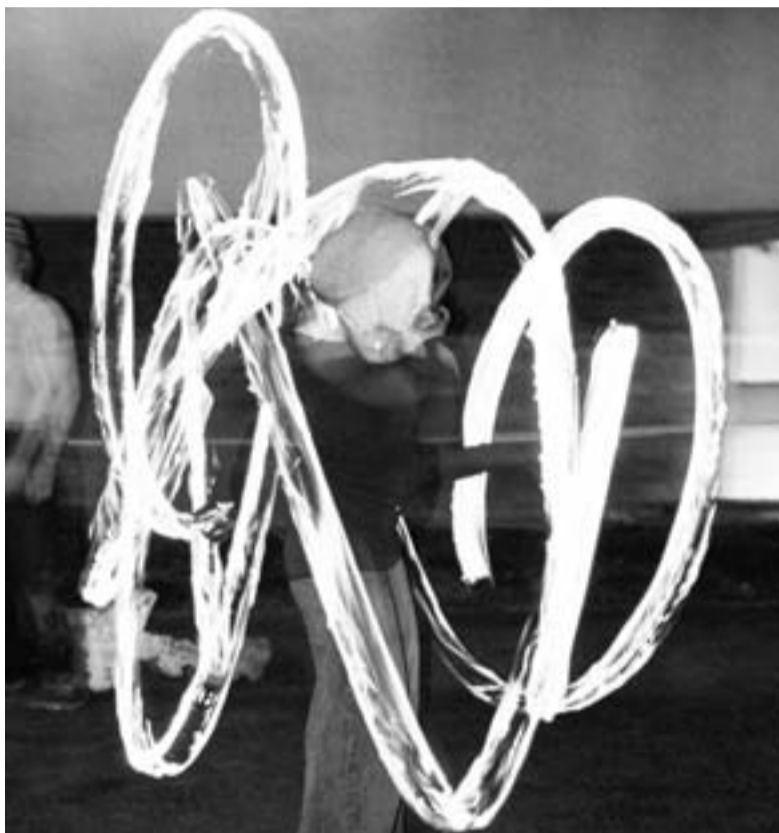
As this year's May Ball tickets go on sale, more competition than usual is brewing. Caius College sold out in one day, disappointing many who were promised 'La dolce vita'. Meanwhile, other die-hard students prepare to endure the eight-hour queue this Sunday for the legendary Trinity Ball tickets. The spring balls are underway with Churchill providing, as one student commented, "a visual feast", last Friday, while Girton's much talked-about secret line-up is anticipated at the end of term. Other colleges, however, have graver concerns. The race is currently on between Downing and Selwyn for the year's best winter ball.

This term, Downing's JCR voted to hold the College's first ever snowball, but the decision has sparked an on-line debate between Downing and Selwyn students. Having held successful annual snowballs, it appears Selwyn are less than happy about the potential competition. Tom Stoddart, Ents and Production Officer at Selwyn, began the dispute by leaving a sarcastic comment on the Downing JCR debate forum, indicating his displeasure that Downing might use the term 'snowball' as a title for the event. He suggests that Downing's plans are unoriginal. Quick to respond, Downing pointed out that similar 'snowballs' are held across the country, and are not singular to Selwyn. One student listed web sites for the University of Kent's RAG Snowball, the Bath Student Union Snowball, and the NSPCC Snowball among others. He suggests there is "plenty of snow to go around." Selwyn, however,

refusing to take the point, kept their ground. An anonymous 'Goat' posted, "I guess the Selwyn Ball does always sell out within a week, so I'm sure there will be 'some' people who are keen for an alternative". The unfriendly reception from Selwyn continues for two pages.

It waits to be seen if Downing will cause a problem for Selwyn's popularity. The Downing Snowball Officer, Vicky Burgess, insists, "It will be a very different event." She

also commented that both events could co-exist successfully, without unnecessary hostility on the forums". Fitzwilliam also plans to hold a winter ball. One Downing student suggested a happy alternative would be the Downing 'Doughball', with "a wide variety of bread products". The debate dwindles on the forum as Downing commentators remain confident in their ability and steal the last line; "the ball's in our (main) court."



Great balls of fire! Guests at Churchill's Spring Ball last Friday were treated to Arabian delights as the college was transformed into a Moroccan souk.

Cam Wealth Test?

MP questions med degree allegations

James Rice

Anne Campbell has challenged the allegations of Liberal Democrat higher education spokesman for Phil Willis, who claimed that a Cambridge University medicine applicant was asked to prove she had £50,000 available to complete her studies.

In a meeting of the Standing Committee on the Higher Education Bill on February 12th, Mr Willis implied that he personally knew of a case where a home student had been asked to demonstrate their ability to pay this sum as a condition of entry. Campbell has called for the allegation to be substantiated. Following Mr Willis' reluctance to give further details in the committee meeting, she has written to him asking that the name of the applicant and college applied to be provided, so that she can ask the university to conduct an investigation into the matter.

In the letter Campbell states: "It is not helpful for unsubstantiated allegations of this kind to be aired in public. It helps contribute to the environment whereby students from low income backgrounds are deterred from applying to Cambridge because they perceive it as an expensive university." Later she adds: "Cambridge University has one of the best support systems for students from low income backgrounds that exist anywhere...it is not the normal practice of Cambridge University to demand cash from home students".

Clearly Campbell will be at pains to placate student concerns over fees after her controversial abstention in the second reading of the Higher Education Bill, narrowly won by the government. One of the reasons Campbell used to justify her decision was that the reforms would abolish up-front fees, thus

improving access for poorer students. She will therefore be keen to prove that the necessity of financial guarantees as a condition of entry is a myth. Alison Richards, who in an interview with *Varsity* two weeks ago stated that, "excellence and access were my goals from the start", will also have an interest in discrediting Mr Willis's accusations.

CUSU Access Officer Suzy Butler was dismissive of Mr Willis's statement. Pointing out that at present the fees benefit the government rather than the university directly, she told *Varsity* that, "there is absolutely no logical reason why the University would push for that kind of information". She added that she had not heard of any instances of admissions staff asking for evidence of financial guarantees.

The HE Bill Committee has provoked controversy from the outset. Despite the fact that 72 Labour MPs voted against the bill's second reading, only one of them – George Mudie – has been given a seat on the committee. Anne Campbell herself represents the only Labour abstainer. Phil Willis earlier spoke out against the proceedings, claiming that, "the government are stuffing the committee with loyalists...I could not say that this is a balanced committee". Campbell has admitted that her arguments in favour of implementing a flat rate rather than variable increase fee have "a small chance of getting through because the committee is stacked with government supporters". Consequently many MPs feel that the key decisions on the bill will not be made in the committee, but on the floor of the house at report stage or a third reading.

Phil Willis declined to comment on his allegations.

Soldier under attack from CamSAW protest

Local anti-war group ambush Air Marshal at lecture

Josh Kretzman

Cambridge students and other local anti-Iraq War activists demonstrated their views last Thursday, when Air Marshal G L Torpy of the Royal Air Force guest lectured at the Cambridge Department of Engineering on 'The Air War in Iraq'.

Air Marshal Torpy played a prominent role in designing the logistics of the recent bombing campaign in the Persian Gulf. His open lecture for the Cambridge Branch of the Royal Aeronautical Society, addressed scientific aspects of the bombing campaign launched by British forces in the Iraq War. He focused on technological advances and changes in the use of air power since the 1991 Gulf War.

Cambridge Students Against the War (CamSAW) organized the protest in advance and arrived outside the lecture hall with signs, candles, and leaflets for distributing. According to a press release issued by CamSAW, Air Marshal Torpy's on-campus lecture "glorifies the logistical, technical and organizational aspects of the Iraq offensive, rather than its devastating and morally unjustifiable cost." It criticizes The

Royal Aeronautical Society and the University of Cambridge, claiming the lecture demonstrates that their attitudes "are not directed towards the cause of peace." CamSAW feel their presence was unfairly regarded: "Those who attempted to peacefully and non-disruptively distribute

"We didn't manage to stop the lecture or even really significantly disrupt it"

leaflets inside were violently ejected."

Security was provided by local police and security staff at the talk, which went on as planned despite the CamSAW students' demonstration. Rob Walden, Program Secretary for the Cambridge Branch of the Royal Aeronautical Society commented, "The Air Marshal spoke for about fifty minutes with around fifteen minutes of questions and answers at the end." He addressed a crowd of 140 people, mainly professionals in the aerospace industry and interested members of the general public.

Following the talk, CamSAW members followed the Air Marshal down Trumpington Street to his dinner engagement at Peterhouse College. Members of CamSAW felt

the action was effective in communicating an anti-war message. Nick Gill of CamSAW commented, "We didn't manage to stop the lecture or even really significantly disrupt it. However I think we did convince some people that Air Marshal's Torpy's version of events is not the only one. The fact that his discourse is that of the establishment should not mean that it has the monopoly in public discussion." One student onlooker called the protest a 'feeble excuse for a demonstration.' He added that he believed the student population was losing interest in the Iraq war.

CamSAW was founded in 2001 in response to the United States "war on terror," focusing specifically on the conflict in Afghanistan against the Taliban. It has since expanded its mission to encompass raising awareness and speaking out about the Iraq War. Past protests include anti-Army recruitment on campus and a Cambridge appearance by the Junior Defense Minister, Adam Ingram. The group also led students in major anti-war marches through London last year. Last March, CamSAW organized the country's largest sit-down protest against the war, with 400 people blocking traffic at the intersection of Lensfield and Hill Roads.



Don't look there

... psychologists might be watching you

Gavin A. Versi

A psychology experiment involving pornographic images and covert filming has raised concerns about the ethics of some academic research at the University of Cambridge.

The study, conducted by Nicole Kramer at the Faculty of Social and Political Sciences, differs from the description students responding to an e-mail invitation are given. "We are running a study on the emotional effects of photographs," reads the message. "During the study you will simply be asked to view some photographs and to fill in some corresponding questionnaires (e.g. concerning your emotional reactions). Your participation will be rewarded with £5."

The experiment begins with participants filling out a highly personal twenty-five-question survey. They are then shown a number of explicit photographs depicting female masturbation, sexual intercourse and full frontal male nudity. Such images are interspersed between non-graphic pictures that include portraits and photographs of young children.

After viewing the photos Kramer interviews her subjects on their thoughts as to the purpose of the study. The true nature of the experiment is then revealed: cameras hidden in lever-arch files on a bookshelf behind the computer screen have been operational throughout.

"Some of the images would seriously offend people," said Owen Morris, a first-year from Magdalene who took part in the experiment. "I can see how some people would be miffed about [covert cameras]," he added.

When asked if she considered volunteers may feel a sense of violation about being filmed without consent, Kramer answered affirmatively: "Yes - but they have the opportunity to get it deleted." "None of the 89 people to have taken part - 47 of them female - requested that the video footage be destroyed", says Kramer.

All participants are required to sign a consent

form that states: "There are no known expected physical discomforts or risks involved in your participation. However, some of the picture-slides you will be shown can make some viewers feel briefly uncomfortable."

Morris is unsure whether the form gives ample warning. "From the outset you should be told about anything that might cause offence," he said. "For some people it might be against their religion to see [pornographic] images like that." Kramer refutes this charge: "I think the consent form gives sufficient warning," she insisted.

As well as being a study into "the emotional effects of photographs", the experiment researches how people behave when they know they are being filmed, compared to how they behave when unaware of it. Some participants view the images alone, others in pairs; some are told beforehand that they are being filmed, while others are not. Those who view the images in pairs are told by Kramer that they are doing so "because we are short on lab space at the moment." This strategy was not received well by Morris: "That there was someone sat beside me while I was looking at the images made me feel uncomfortable to a certain extent."

Herb Pearson, another student to partake in the study, has no objections to it. "I don't honestly see any reason whatsoever to be offended by the study," he said. "People get filmed all the time in public. Just because the person filming is actually taking an interest, should we be offended?" "Perhaps some people would be embarrassed to be caught goggling at a naked man or ashamed to be seen smirking at one of the violent scenes we were shown, but I felt quite amused and happy to have been involved in it."

Though The Ethics Committee of the University of Cambridge has approved the experiment, the practices employed do not sit easily with all academics. "It's a tricky one," said a psychologist at the Faculty of Social and Political Sciences, who did not wish to be named. "I'm glad the research is taking place, but I'm glad I'm not a part of it."

Girton almost famous

Aisleigh Sawyer

Girton College featured on Terry Wogan's Radio Two show, Wake Up To Wogan, for three consecutive days last week.

After a student rang-in on Wednesday morning to complain about an early-morning fire drill, the trilogy continued with a conclusion

finally reached after the Head Porter, Ciarian O'Loughlin, interfered in the proceedings last Friday. Student John Haigh rang in to Wogan after a 7:30am fire alarm stating "I suspect that they do the fire drills at this time of the morning to generate more revenue for the breakfast canteen." To which Wogan simply replied, "I thought Girton was a ladies college! What's your game, John?"

To correct this grievous error, Thursday morning heard yet another ring-in from Girton. "The

"Oh no, bad publicity for Girton!"

only women's colleges are Newnham and New Hall, and rumour has it that more lads come out during fire alarms than women anyway." "The Head Porter at Girton was not impressed at the mention yesterday and an e-mail has been sent to all members of the college saying not to publicise the college in such a way." Wogan seemed unsympathetic, however, as he laughed "Oh no, bad publicity for Girton!"

In conclusion to the saga, the Head Porter fought back on Friday's show. "We're having a bit of stick here from Girton College, Cambridge," commented Wogan. Ciarian O'Loughlin, "Head Porter of this fine seat of learning, Girton", said that "the one thing I've learnt about students is never leave my unlit pipe anywhere near them...the last time I did this some idiot changed my Gaelic mixture for tea leaves." "I eagerly lit my pipe and half my eye-brows. Earl Grey will never pass my lips again. So, the fire drill will continue and the earlier the better. That'll teach 'em!" Unlucky.



Terry loves Girton this much!

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Year out in Iraq

Gabriella Jozwiak

University students are being offered £200 a day to take a study break and work as interpreters with troops in Iraq. So far, five have already been trained and are in Iraq, while eleven more are preparing to go. Cambridge students, however, were not approached.

The scale of British involvement in Iraq means locally recruited interpreters are not enough. In October last year the Ministry of Defence started a recruitment campaign in British Universities. Candidates began their training in December, which included preparation in military jargon, Iraqi dialects and behaviour. They are expected to help in the translation of secret documents found by coalition forces, and dealing with the public.

Laura Cully, a 21-year-old student from Exeter University is among the first recruits. Pulling out of the final year of her Arabic degree to work in Iraq for up to six months, she now lives in one of Saddam's old palaces. Rising at 0600 for a full Army breakfast, she wears a blue jacket and helmet to distinguish her from troops. Nevertheless, security is tight. The MoD commented, "There's a degree of risk involved in working in Iraq," a fact proved by Laura never being unaccompanied by soldiers. Her parents say they were "shocked" by her decision, but Mr Cully adds, "I was quite happy

she had researched the matter very thoroughly." He also comments, "it's doing wonders for her Arabic."

The MoD did not approach Cambridge students. Dr. Rachael Harris, Senior Language Teaching Officer in Arabic, found the scheme "appalling". She points out that, although Arabic is not exactly under funded in Britain, the government

"There's a degree of risk involved in working in Iraq"

would have been better prepared if the study of languages were encouraged. As a specialist in the pragmatics of Arabic conversation, she was concerned that "third and fourth year undergraduates are not best qualified to handle the sensitive linguistic nuances of politeness." The undergraduates receive instruction from Iraqis employed by The Army's Defence School of Languages in Buckinghamshire, which, as Commanding Officer Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Rabbitt explains, "is to make sure they know the difference between a tank and a fish tank." According to Dr. Harris, however, it is not the technical terms that are a problem. Even after a year abroad, she thinks students are "not yet ready to be reading sensitive documents." She would not encourage the current 40 undergraduates of the Oriental faculty to take up this kind of offer.

Controversial return

Fomer fellow back to work after 'Punternet' scandal

Laura-Jane Foley

The controversial former fellow of Jesus College, Dr. Peter Smith, will be returning to the Faculty of Philosophy in April following a two term absence.

Smith resigned his Jesus post over the summer following allegations published in the *Mail on Sunday*, that the 59 year old had enjoyed the free services of prostitutes in return for giving them positive internet reviews. These reviews or "field reports" as they are referred to on the Punternet website, were intended to "inform guys about whether they'd like to visit a particular lady". The website claims that "the ladies who have favourable reports posted should see an increase in business as time goes on". The escort agency charges up to £600 an hour for the services of its employees and the average visit costs £122, a fee that was waived for Dr. Smith.

Following the revelation of these allegations, Dr. Smith was suspended from his teaching position in the Philosophy faculty for the period between September and December.

His imminent return has sparked concerns amongst some female students

Following his suspension Smith took a pre-planned one term sabbatical leave.

His imminent return has sparked concerns from female students who feel uneasy at the prospect of having one-to-one supervisions with the ex-fellow. CUSU officers are being careful not to comment on the "personal life" of Dr. Smith. They are concerned that student's worries and statements refer only to his reported "misogynistic" attitudes. The CUSU Women's Officer, Jo Read, stated that it was imperative for students to have confidence in "Dr. Smith's respect for his students and his teaching ability". The University has also refused to comment on Smith's Punternet exploits or to attempt to explain his suspension in accordance with the University statutes.

The Master of Jesus College, Professor Robert Mair, commented at the time, "as far as Jesus College is concerned, this regrettable matter is now closed". Unfortunately, the credibility of the Philosophy faculty has been seriously compromised. While some students see the situation as a serious issue, others take it



Varsity Archive

more lightly. One second year student commented, "we'll be having a ball with all the feel-osophy and resurrection jokes next term!" *Varsity* was unable to reach Dr. Smith for comment.

Burning out?

Failure of communication blamed

front page continued

...from a conference on mental health in Cambridge that took place last Wednesday. Held in St. John's College, the conference was a joint venture between Cambridge University and APU. The keynote speaker, Dr. Mike Hobbs of The Royal College of Psychiatrists, stated that effective communication between college authorities, university counsellors and the NHS was essential in dealing with the increasing levels of students reporting mental health problems. The issue of self-harm was touched on by many speakers, particularly the rising levels of alcohol abuse among Cambridge students. Lizz Waller, a panellist at the conference, told *Varsity* the issue is one often ignored by students and colleges. "Alcohol abuse is a serious form of self-harm and is becoming increasingly prevalent in the university", she commented. In a bid to provide an alternative to the normal Freshers' Week, CUSU will be encouraging colleges to offer more alcohol-free events next year.

The provision of necessary facilities for dealing with mental health problems falls under the remit of both the colleges and the university. The responsibility for academic support would appear to be that of university faculties whereas pastoral care is administered at college level under the tutorial system. "This network could be substantially improved", commented Mark Phippen. "There needs to be closer co-operation between the university and its in-house services", he added. The UCS currently costs £390,000 to run each year. The vast majority of funding comes from the colleges who contribute £13.50 per

capita to the service. However, awareness of the numerous services provided by the Counselling Service varies greatly from college to college. Those that provide in-house counsellors for their students tend to maintain strong links with the university counselling service. However, only four colleges currently offer such a facility.

Although stating that the UCS enjoyed "the full support" of most colleges, Mr. Phippen was keen to point out that certain prejudices still marred many opinions of mental illness in Cambridge. "Many people assume that all Cambridge students are content because they are intelligent and well-off." He dismissed such a view as "nonsense". He told *Varsity*: "Some students simply can't adjust to being a small fish in a very big pond."

A survey conducted by the UCS would appear to support this. "Self-esteem and self-confidence issues" were chosen by 48% of UCS users as their main reasons for going to counselling. The most recent report from the UCS also challenges the opinion that Cambridge students are somehow immune to mental health problems. The report's conclusion reads: "We need to question why we apparently underestimate the degree of distress, fear or despair which some students experience. Students are expressing more self-harm and suicidal thought than we are recording and feel more at risk than we judge them to be." This echoes the sentiments of one student who recently contacted *Varsity*: "More and more people from all walks of life suffer from depression. This subject should no longer be taboo".

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Strike one: exams under threat

Lecturers' strike looms after union warns they are not prepared to be "walked all over".

Gabriella Jozwiak

Cambridge lecturers are set to join a national strike next week, after voting for industrial action. If successful, staff could be saved from new pay structures that would leave them thousands of pounds worse off. The protest, however, may leave students without teaching and could mean exams are cancelled. Some students may be unable to graduate this year.

The vote made by the AUT (Association of University Teachers) saw 66.5% backing strike action, while 81.2% backed action short of a strike. The decision to hold the ballot was made when the higher education employers' body, UCEA, dramatically called off talks after having failed to negotiate seriously over the AUT's concerns about the pay and conditions offer, made in July 2003. The new pay deal could see academic, related and research staff facing losses of £47,000 over 21 years. This threat, the AUT claim, left members with "no option," but to strike this Tuesday and Wednesday and 25th February.

Nick Savage, Branch Secretary of the Cambridge AUT (CAUT) told *Varsity* that Cambridge would follow the national example. He highlighted how bad the situation had got for research graduates: having worked for six years, he earns a yearly £24,000, while after the

same time period; a classroom teacher would earn £26,000. He also explained how senior academics' pay increases faster than lecturers', "and that's not right." He says that the AUT, which is the biggest union of higher education teachers in the country, was united with other academic unions over the proposals. This is the first time such a unification has occurred, and the contract of purpose only shows how "very angry" staff are. Falling wages could see a continuance of the 'brain drain' effect: "up to two thousand more academics could leave each year."

The strike action has been heavily criticized. The UCEA have condemned the decision as "unconstructive". Professor Andrew Cliff, Cambridge Pro-Vice-Chancellor, commented, "the welfare of our students is of paramount importance to us and a strike can only cause disruption and distraction." For those Cambridge lecturers who join the strike, pay will be withheld for each day in which they participate.

How much effect the strikes will have remains to be seen. Only 54.4% of the AUT's 47,000 members took part in the ballot, thus barely more than a third of the union members explicitly supported a strike. The figures in Cambridge are less clear. Savage refused to comment on the number of members in CAUT, whilst admitting this was a "relevant" fact in the argument. He explained that relations between the University and



Andrew Gillespie

Could empty benches like these be a common sight in May?

AUT were poor, "they don't really consult us on anything." He feels that the AUT, a "nice union", had not made a stand early enough and had let the University "walk all over us". Post Doctorate research fellows, are unable to speak before Regency House, the University parliamentary body, without asking permission. This is in contrast

with undergraduates who have this right. Savage sees AUT's members as being "wholly shut out," from the University and agreed that to strike was the only option. The University refused to comment.

Savage warns, "There is a possibility that exams in Cambridge would be cancelled," yet disruption should be minor

and, if any, only among the smaller faculties. In March, the AUT plan continued action in the form of an assessment boycott: no exam paper setting or marking. Whether Cambridge lecturers support at this stage remains a further worry for students. Savage highlights that, for the university as a whole, "this is not an easy situation."

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Although there hasn't been an independent inquiry yet, it is probably only a matter of time. It is clear that academia has been well and truly "sexed up". No longer the preserve of the intelligentsia, it has been taken to the people in a palatable 45 minute-esque form. It's been an insidious affair, led by a small breed of media junkies, the university counterparts of Alastair Campbell: the celebrity academic.

The celebrity academic is a Jekyll and Hyde character. He or she is part writer of best-selling books, TV presenter, *Newsnight* guest, newspaper columnist and adviser of government committees, but part just a regular Joe Oxbridge academic, a lab rat or history lecturer.

The archetypal celebrity academic is Stephen Hawking. He became a household name after the publication of *A Brief History of Time* in 1988, which has sold over nine million copies in over thirty languages. Hawking's supposed ability to communicate physics to the masses catapulted him into the spotlight - but how many have actually got past page 10?

Hawking has had a cameo role on *Star Trek* and was made into a plastic collectable after appearing on *The Simpsons*. Despite this he has retained his academic integrity - he holds 12 honorary degrees and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, the body of the country's top scientists, in 1974.

But celebrity is not confined to science. David Starkey is a bye-Fellow at Fitzwilliam, but in his spare time presents the odd award-winning TV series, such as *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. He has written the occasional non-fiction bestseller to

boot. One of a growing number of popular historians, Starkey et al are credited for bringing history back from the past and into the living room.

In some senses celebrity academia is as fickle as its *Heat* and *Hello* counterpart. Although luck will not keep you at the top, the celeb academic still needs a big break. Starkey explained:

"I got into TV through a former student who went to be a programme researcher. His producer needed a historian, and said to him: 'you did history at Cambridge, you must know someone' and he replied, 'well I suppose David Starkey was the least boring.'"

"There are many very good people who just never get the opportunity to present a programme."

But it is a far cry from the spats and back stabbing of pop singers, film stars and the like. Starkey denies even a friendly competition with his other pop history presenters, Simon Schama and Niall Ferguson, calling such speculation "childish gossip".

But he accepts that his success has sometimes caused problems amongst his peers:

"In my early days there was probably a degree of contempt. But I have had very little criticism to my face - I think I have a reputation for being able to defend myself."

In the science world, Richard Dawkins, Colin Blakemore and Susan Greenfield are all household names. Dawkins, who shot to fame with *The Selfish Gene*, has made popularisation and communication of science an art form, holding the Charles Simonyi Professor of the Public Understanding of Science chair at Oxford.

Susan Greenfield, Fullerton Professor of Physiology at Oxford, works on



Dr David Starkey, made famous for his history programmes, such as *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*

Has anyone got past page 10 of a *Brief History of Time*?

Alzheimer's and Parkinson's. Although publishing "*Bioactivity of a peptide derived from acetylcholinesterase in hippocampal organotypic cultures*" among 6 scientific papers last year, she is better known for her books, such as the more catchily titled "*The Human Brain; A Guided Tour*".

Greenfield was made a life peer in 2001. No doubt a talented communicator, her success outside research (along with her short skirts and wish for a "bum like Kylie") has made her unpopular with some.

Rumours that she might be elected to a fellowship of the Royal Society (FRS) caused a furore amongst the more conservative members two weeks ago, with members threatening to resign if she was successful.

One fellow commented that to give Greenfield an FRS would be "an insult to the world-class scientists" and a "reward for self promotion". Greenfield acknowledges: "Academics talk about dumbing down - if I saw me, I'd say 'she's sold out'; but I haven't".

Starkey said that populist work should not become more important than basic research.

"As far as I see it the row was... as to whether she is any good as a scientist. I think it is perfectly legitimate to ask that sort of thing. I very much want people to debate the quality of my work."

The celebrity academics of tomorrow are waiting in the wings. Simon Baron-Cohen, Director of the Autism Research Centre in Cambridge, received widespread acclaim for this book *The Essential Difference: The truth about the male and female brain*. But Baron-Cohen has competition closer to home. He may end up competing for viewing figures with his nephew, the better known Sacha - aka Ali G. Respect to the academics.

Starkey on Starkey

I have always enjoyed presenting and performing, and spent most of my student days acting. Presenting is just about using the techniques of lecturing and supervising on a much larger scale. It's just giving a lecture to a few million rather than 2 or 3 on the Sidgwick site.

I don't regard my popular work as being separate from my academic work. All my books are based on solid academic research. It is an artificial distinction between academic and popular history - the real difference is between readable and non-readable history. I still try to keep my hand in with a bit of supervising - my problem is time."

Tom Cahill & Abby O'Reilly on the celebrity academic

Leaving the lab for the limelight

Why President Bush is the man for me

When I first arrived in Cambridge I was like most undergraduates young, beautiful and liberal. I used to drink free trade coffee and talk earnestly to people from Ulster. Now when I look in the mirror what stares back is not the face of a John Kerry supporter with chirpy all American teeth but the tired, cigarette stained face of a Republican.

As all of Cambridge social and most academic activities involve at some level drink-

ing oneself to death, over three years one feels the winds of time. My knees crack and my nose bleeds spontaneously and worse of all I've begun to think that maybe George Bush Jnr. has a point.

I'm tired of being told just how wrong we were about the war. I'm tired of jokes about Bush being a dyslexic chimpanzee and most of all I'm sick to near death with the assumption that to like Bush is to be pretty much in favour of the whole Holocaust thing. I'm voting Bush and I'm proud.

Firstly being president isn't really that big a deal. Sure you get to fly around in helicopters a lot and bomb stuff, but on the domestic front since 1968 there has been effective legislative deadlock in America with the result that when it comes to things like health, wealth and juvenile detention centres/American public schools, there's next to nothing a president can do.

Despite his 'best-pal' status with Jesus not a single prayer has been forced in schools and not a single welfare programme has been abolished. Moreover, because of this deadlock, what he has done has been fashioned by consensus politics and is actually rather good. The No Child Left Behind Act is a lynchpin in a domestic agenda that has proved remarkably liberal. It has centralised

Gorge Bush is a clever and compassionate individual

schooling by introducing reading and math tests. It also demonstrates a willingness to spend more: Bush has increased federal funding for education by 60% since 2000. Indeed by increasing defence spending and cutting taxes he has engineered a boom that created 112,000 jobs in January alone. Keynes would wriggle in his grave with joy.

All these acts have been opposed by the Democrats, often because, as in the case of extending health insurance, they are incremental rather than being big and exciting and using words like national and health and service.

Secondly there's foreign policy. Again Bush is surprisingly liberal. He is spending \$15 billion on tackling Aids in Africa and has indicated a unique level of bipartisanship in the Israel-Palestine dispute.

Most importantly, the war on terror has actually worked, not only to remove nasty regimes in Iraq and Afghanistan, but also in bringing nations like Sudan and Somalia back in to the land of the sane and negotiating. Sudan, precisely because of the new pressure from the US, is entering real peace talks for the first time in a decade.

But most of all I'm voting in absentia for President Bush because the opposition in this country towards him misunderstands both

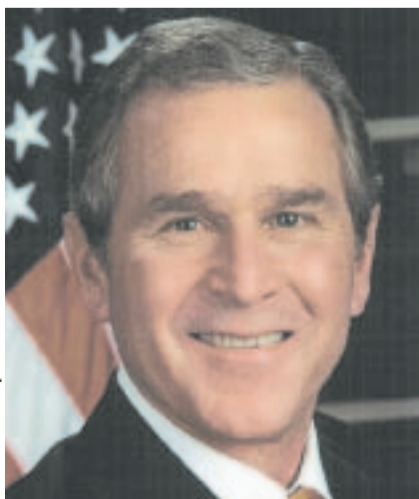
him and his country. Bush the man is a clever and compassionate individual. He got a good degree (or at least a better one than Al Gore). He fought for many years with an addiction to alcohol before a genuine conversion to Christianity. He also has two lovely dogs called Spot and Barney.

The English tendency to attack his communication faults is born out of snobbery and a misunderstanding of American culture. American intelligence is quiet and profound, not the pretentious and verbose European tradition that would have been out of place with the greatest challenge to the US and its Presidency, September 11th.

Not only did he not shirk his responsibilities, but with humility and passion he rose to the hour. Few men could have communicated America's frustration and need for re-evaluation as he did. His statement that, 'in our grief and anger we have found our mission and our moment' comes from a man who understands his nation. Popular democracy, for it to have legitimacy, is about recognising and responding to the *Zeitgeist* and Bush is the only man in America who can do that now.

Edmund Fogarty

See features@varsity.co.uk for more



All's not Quiet on the Iraq Front

Death tolls continue to rise and hopes for an easy peace falter

The war in Iraq may be officially over, but the past week has seen a dramatic escalation of bloodshed and terror in the deeply divided nation. A series of bombings has claimed hundreds of lives, with both American-led troops and Iraqi civilians being added to the ever-growing death toll.

The last attack took place early Wednesday morning, when a vehicle broke through the security fence of a Polish base 100km south of Baghdad. Although guards shot the driver and stopped the lorry within seconds, they were powerless to prevent a second truck from ramming into the first vehicle and detonating its 700kg cargo of explosives. Observers remarked on the sophistication and skilled execution of the suicide bombing, described by a Polish general as "well-co-ordinated". As is so often the case, the 11 killed by the blast were all Iraqis, although over 30 coalition soldiers were also injured.

Last Monday two American troops died in two separate bomb attacks 55km north of Baghdad, while explosives were also used in a bombing in a

primary school in a Shia Muslim area of the capital, killing at least one child. On Tuesday another explosion claimed the life of an American soldier 400km north of Baghdad.

The fledgling Iraqi police force has also been targeted heavily – around 500 American troops have been killed but over 300 Iraqi policemen

unidentified fighters embarked on a bloody rampage

have fallen victim to various extremist factions (although some of these deaths were caused by the Americans themselves in various incidences of over-eager behaviour). Last Saturday the town of Falluja in western Iraq descended into chaos as a group of unidentified fighters embarked on a bloody rampage, claiming dozens of lives. The attackers fought their way into a police station and civil defence compound, killing 25 people and freeing around 20 prisoners.

A major problem for military commanders is

the impossibility of identifying the people responsible for causing such carnage. It is easy to use blanket terms such as 'extremist' or 'supporters of the old regime' but this is of little use when trying to use intelligence to pre-empt and prevent future atrocities. Although it is far too simplistic to draw strong parallels between Iraq and Vietnam, the signs are starting to look ominously familiar: groups of unidentified attackers, who are indistinguishable from the rest of the population, spread over an enormous area. And just as the Vietcong were willing to risk their lives, the prevalence of suicide bombings in Iraq indicates that the fighters there are similarly happy to face certain death to achieve their aims.

The occupying forces are under immense pressure to respond to this ever-present danger without further alienating the Iraqi public, but they are walking a thin, high tightrope. People have spoken about the necessary battle to win 'hearts and minds', but this now seems horribly premature – the battle for roads and buildings is still in full swing.

OR



Loser of the week

Jake 'The Snake'

The former wrestling hero had given up his lycra but still had his snake. Now the python is dead, and he's been arrested. How the mighty are fallen.

Jake 'No Snake'

Jake 'The Snake' Roberts, a muscle-bound wrestler renowned in the 80s for gratuitous use of his python in the ring, was arrested this week for starving his snake Damien to death.

The RSPCA received a tip-off that the fifty year old ex-celebrity was not feeding the twelve-foot long ex-python properly, and seized the snake from his home in London Colney, Hertfordshire. This valiant intervention, sadly, came too late, and Damien passed away within days.

The artist formerly known as Jake 'The Snake' has been charged with causing unnecessary suffering, for which the maximum punishment is six months in prison. He denies responsibility, and observers have speculated that his defence may be to argue that only someone very stupid would kill the only thing that ever made him famous.

Jake's mental health may have already been a cause for concern for ardent wrestling fans (although *Varsity* couldn't find any, so we're not sure about this); in a groundbreaking interview last December he said that he was "miserable".

The eyes of the world will be fixed on this sad tale of one man in lycra and his snake.

OR

Let's go die a kite

Up to nine people have been killed and dozens injured during an annual kite-flying festival in the Pakistani city of Lahore.

Each year the festival, called Basant, causes tragedy as frenzied kiteophiles gather to display their seemingly innocent aerial craftsmanship. Over-zealous pilots seem to have lost the true spirit of kite flying, lacing their kite strings in corrosive chemicals, impregnating them with pieces of pulverised glass or even substituting them for metal wire, in vicious attempts to "take down" opponents' kites.

Authorities have warned the public of the dangers of this reckless pursuit, but they seem to literally be throwing caution to the wind. Three people were electrocuted when banned metal wires they were using to fly kites – or catch stray ones – fell onto electric power lines. A young girl's throat was slit by a stray metal kite string stretched across a road. At least two more people fell from roofs during the spring festival. Despite a ban on firing guns, several people were injured by stray bullets.

Officials at a Lahore hospital said 42 children and 60 adults had been treated for kite-related injuries. Despite the tragic deaths and injuries, the event is getting bigger and bigger, with tens of thousands of people flocking from all around the country and beyond.

PB & EG

Contributors:

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The devil is Italian

A series of bizarre and unexplained fires in Sicily have led to professional exorcists being called in to the village of Canneto di Caronia, from which police have evacuated thirty-nine inhabitants. Expert scientists have confessed themselves baffled by the spontaneous combustion of objects as diverse as dishwashers, refrigerators, electricity cables, a water pipe and a chair. Theories that the fires were due to an electricity fault were refuted when Italian utility provider, Enel, cut the supply of electricity to the town after initial reports, only for the fires to continue.

One local policeman confessed to seeing "unplugged electrical cables burst into flames with my own eyes", and the town's Mayor, Pedro Spinnato, has admitted "I have no idea what is going on".

demons occupy a house and appear in electrical goods

In an interview with the Italian paper *Il Messaggero*, Father Gabriele Amorth, an exorcist for the Catholic church, claimed, "I've seen things like this before... Demons occupy a house and appear in electrical goods... Let's not forget that Satan and his followers have immense powers."

The incidents recall similarly sinister fires that broke out in Italy in 1982, and led to the arrest and imprisonment of Scottish nanny Carole Compton. Compton was accused of witchcraft after a number of fires broke out in the houses of After sixteen months in jail Ms. Compton was released and her horrifying experience lies behind her; she has now managed to rebuild her life back in Britain. However, the mysterious fires that revived superstitious paranoia in Italy nearly twenty years ago have apparently returned.

EB

Winners of the week



Exorcists in general

With chairs and unplugged cables bursting into flames for no apparent reason, these doyennes of the paranormal are Italy's new Gucci.



Who d'ya call? Father Gabriele Amorth.

Fortress Britain

Immigration issues spark controversy

Tory leader Michael Howard yesterday controversially unveiled the new Tory policy on immigration in Burnley, a BNP stronghold.

Burnley is an incendiary choice: seven BNP members sit on the council, and the far-right wingers even briefly became the official opposition last year. And memories of race riots just 3 years ago are still fresh in locals' minds.

Despite Howard's attempts at presenting himself as a sympathetic figure, endlessly referring to himself as the child of Romanian immigrants, the National Assembly Against Racism co-

ordinator Denis Fernando maintained that the policies were "pandering to [the BNP's] anti-asylum agenda... [and] will only legitimise their extremist views in elections."

The Right is not the only wing of politics to come under fire for its attitude to immigration. The Government has faced internal wrangling over how far Britain's welcome should be extended to migrants from the 10 new eastern European members of the EU. Sweden, France and Germany have adopted a hard line, and only Britain and Ireland will allow entrants to work from May 1st.

Tabloid claims about the migratory ambitions of the 75 million new Europeans have thrown up such journalistic gems as a Sun interview with a "grateful" Slovakian who is quoted as saying: "We are all desperate to go to Britain. I will get the bus to London in May, definitely".

MPs have done their best to allay public fears, insisting the numbers of probable immigrants are exaggerated. They have also pointed to recent Home Office studies which demonstrate that since migrants fill crucial skills shortages they are actually good for the economy, stupid.

CS

Airy Fairy

Ronojoy Dam meets one half of French pop duo Air

Air's tour manager leads me into a drab little dressing room in the recesses of the Corn Exchange, illuminated by the dressing-table mirror's border of buy-1-get-5 lightbulbs. Cheap chic. Air are anything but. Having just finished the evening's sound check, the elfin Jean-Benoit Dunckel (or JB as he is introduced), remarkably pretty and petite, seeming as if he could belong to an über-modern Parisienne fairyland, sits back with a calm unassuming confidence.

Air have been composing gorgeously melodic electronic soundscapes since the late nineties, achieving critical acclaim with the mainstream breakthrough of their 1998 prozac disco debut *Moon Safari*. The band's ethereal sound, glamorous and dreamy, was a world apart from all the 'lounge' (an anacronym for better-off-knocking-back-rat-poison boring) music flooding out from France at the time and was suitably welcomed with open arms.



Jessie Turnbull

The synthesiser experimentalism of Air's last proper album, *10,000 Hz Legend*, didn't quite live up to the critical acclaim of their debut but Dunckel responds with a gentle, "Of course we read what the press write about us but at the end of the day we make music because we want to, whatever that may be."

Sexuality and sensuality have always been a major part of Air's music. "*10000 Hz Legend*" says Dunckel, "Was perhaps more explicit because, like they say, you

talk about sex a lot more when you're not having it and I guess we weren't having enough of it at the time as we would have liked. I'm very interested in both the romantic and darker, more melancholic sides of love such as the sorts you get in Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*." When I ask him how his high, pristinely asexual singing voice quite fits into this explanation, Dunckel simply replies, "I sing like that because I am obsessed with cherubs and I want to sound like an angel."

Dunckel describes the band's new album, *Talkie Walkie*, as "very emotional and romantic. It's mainly to do with the fact that we were thinking a lot about why we live, what makes our lives good and in a way this album's our attempt at an answer to that." Romance and, more often than not, its bitter-sweet nature pervades the band's work. "I guess our music looks to express the beauty in sadness, a pretty melancholy." It is this mixture of love and loneliness set to gorgeously otherworldly music that provides Air's music with a touching day-dream like charm. Something Dunckel himself seems to possess, and expresses in his favourite pastimes: "I like to swim in the sea in full bathing costume and I like to run. Underneath the sun."

Both Dunckel and his sidekick, Nicolas Godin, are both strong family men as Dunckel explains, "Our children definitely have a huge influence on our lives. We realise that we are role-models and we have no excuse to be caught up in the darker elements of life. It hurts very much to be away from them and that is why we tour very little and when we do we do not do very big tours because we want to get home as soon as we can."

Air's music is often described as cinematic so it is no surprise that their original soundtrack for Sofia Coppola's *The Virgin Suicides* was met with such high praise. Recent single, *Cherry Blossom Girl*, also features in Coppola's *Lost In Translation*. Says Dunckel on the subject, "Usually films only like to use songs we have already done but I prefer to do original compositions. With *The Virgin Suicides* we had the independence to do that. I would have loved to do the whole *Lost In Translation* soundtrack [he smirks]. Ideally it would be great to compose the soundtrack for a dark science fiction film such as *Blade Runner*. I think our music would be very appropriate."

Mistakes, however, have been made along the way but Dunckel is not the sort who is afraid to admit to them. 2002 saw the duo release *Everybody Hertz*, an album of several same-sounding remixes of only three songs. When I suggest to Dunckel that this appears to be ever so slightly self-indulgent, he nods his head and has the maturity and honesty to acknowledge the error, "It was a big mistake and we regret doing it very much. It was something very much out of our hands which the record company decided."

As my limited matter of minutes with Dunckel draws to a close I ask him what we can expect from a band that have brought us luscious music to drop pills to; made us feel all mushy in a gloriously pretentious and modern way and that plainly express the sadness in love. Well, what else other than "something very different. Some sort of stadium rock pop maybe, very poppy with big riffs".

Citing French Impressionist composer, Claude Debussy, as a major influence Dunckel asserts, "We just want to make beautiful music".

I want to
sound like an
angel

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Jo Read



WE SHOULD STOP SUPPRESSING WOMEN
WHO HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEAK OUT

Complaining is pretty much a student's priority. Any avid reader of the student press will doubtless agree that there's a lot of whinging going on. And why not? The best way to avoid an issue is by complaining; it requires zero effort to disengage from it all and make some petty remarks designed to shock and scintillate.

Taking this culture of kvetching into consideration then, I find it peculiar that when it comes to students filing formal complaints, they get attacked by their peers, the authorities, and their representatives.

Take, for example, oh I don't know, sexual harassment. No-one has any idea about the incidence rate of sexual harassment within the University, because only a tiny minority of people who have been affected by it ever come forward. Throughout the faculties and colleges, the prescribed method is to shut up and deal with it – change supervisor, change topic, change course. On the other side of

things, you have CUSU battling it out across the range of University committees, trying to update University harassment and bullying policies, trying to establish accessible complaints procedures, working against a culture that says harassment does not exist at this University.

But harassment does exist at this University. Is CUSU just in the minority, or does everyone else just assume it's not going on?

Unlike the authors of most comment pieces I've read, I'd rather not jump to wild conclusions in order to judge or publicly ridicule anyone. If in the past students just haven't considered the possibility that sexual harassment is going on, then I suppose now they do, and in future there'll be less of a struggle in encouraging people to come forward and file complaints. I like to think that soon there'll be a wonderful spirit of vigilance pervading throughout the University. Not likely. What's probably going to happen is

nothing at all, and I don't understand why that is. I think we can all agree that any form of harassment is generally a bad thing, i.e. you wouldn't want to be harassed, therefore you take it as a general rule that it's not good for others to be harassed. So, why not complain?

Making a complaint can mean any number of things, from anonymously registering the details of an incident with one of the CUSU caseworkers, to embarking on a formal complaint. The majority of options

right to tell someone that they don't have a right to their response on an issue.

The idea that someone's personal reaction to an issue would be judged and ridiculed is unbelievable. Unfortunately it's an everyday occurrence with sexual harassment cases. Everyone thinks they've got a right to judge, which usually boils down to – 'I wouldn't react like that, therefore you shouldn't'. Sure, everyone's entitled to

Something to complain about: sexual harassment

ensure complete anonymity. Obviously filing an official complaint, either with the Police, or with University authorities, can intrude on a person's life, and many people do not think that their situation would be improved by doing so, and that's completely understandable. Simply coming forward to register the issue, however, is a completely confidential way to help protect others in the future.

But maybe the problem isn't with people coming forward with their complaint. Maybe the issues is with the complaint itself. Many people worry about the validity of their complaint, and expect to be judged. Many people feel that they have a

their own opinions, but does that mean that some people's opinions trump others? Hell no. And it certainly doesn't follow that the majority opinion should win out.

Harassment is bad, taking action can be a difficult decision, and people in general should be supportive. Come to the Sexual Harassment Event on Tuesday 24th – whether you've made a complaint or not, whether you've had a problem with sexual harassment or not. Come and talk about it, or e-mail womens@cusu.cam.ac.uk for more information about making a complaint, or about what the procedure entails.

The author is CUSU Women's Officer

The best way to avoid an issue is by complaining

Ned Beauman



ARTISTIC ENDEAVOUR AND
UNCLE SAM'S VOLVO

'What do you think of Howard Dean?' the farmer is asked. 'Howard Dean,' the farmer says, 'should take his tax-hiking, government-expanding, latte-drinking, sushi-eating, Volvo-driving, New York

Hollywood-loving...' It's an odd list. If it was 'Tax-hiking, government-expanding, sandcastle-kicking, cattle-mutilating, baby-eating etc.' it would still be an odd list, mixing legitimate political points with personal insults, but at least you

Let them have their latte and drink it

'Times-reading ...' - his wife finishes the sentence - '... Hollywood-loving, left-wing freak show back to Vermont, where it belongs.'

This comes from a TV ad run in Iowa in the weeks leading up to the first Democratic caucuses (where, as it turned out, Dean was comprehensively crushed by John Kerry and his sinister hair).

'Tax-hiking, government-expanding, latte-drinking, sushi-eating, Volvo-driving, New York Times-reading,

could understand its criticisms. But it's not, and you can't, because what exactly is wrong with milky coffee, raw fish and Swedish cars? What have these got to do with politics? Is North London actually a hotbed of political activism without any of its inhabitants realising?

I think the implication is that there's something dangerously unAmerican about all these tastes. The reasons behind invoking Volvo are obvious: Dean should be driving a Ford instead, not just

because it's an American company, but because Volvo makes some of the most environmentally-friendly cars in the world, and you know how much the American right hates the ozone layer. Same with sushi: it's Japanese, and it's not fattening, so it can't be trusted. The New York Times is sadly clear as well: many Republicans believe it (along with the rest of the media) is run by a scheming cabal of liberal Jews.

But latte is surprising, because most Americans probably get their lattes from Starbucks, one of the greatest success stories of the nineties – started from one tiny shop in Seattle, now taking in a billion dollars a year – and, according to some, the hot frothy vanguard of modern American economic imperialism. (And it's not as if a latte is even very exotic. Apparently the hip new morning boost for New Yorkers is to cook up organic jasmine and guava-pulp in a little Muji spoon and inject it directly into their eyeball.)

Similar things could be said of Hollywood, making obscene money out of spreading across the world the proud US tradition of solving your problems with big guns, hobbit magic, or extreme blondness.

Right-wing hatred of art is well-established, from McCarthy's persecution of intellectuals in the fifties to the Daily Mail's psychopathic fascination with the Turner Prize. Art is subversive, transgressive, dangerous to the status quo. The National Gallery was built in the centre of London so as to be walking distance from both the rich and poor districts, a symbol of social equality.

Art still has genuine power: look at how Picasso's Guernica had to be covered up for the declaration of war on Iraq, a demonstration of the coalition's sheepishness about justifying thousands of deaths. Bush has cut government endowments for the arts wherever he can. In fact, the right-wing seems to hate anything with the hint of a new idea in it, which means everything from post-modernism to UK garage to sen chan pad thai. And that's why the ad makes so little sense to us and so much sense to them. Why do this? No one's asking you to turn into a full-blown metrosexual. But why affiliate your political persuasion with the not-overwhelmingly-popular cause of having as little fun as possible? Seriously, who are these people?

The real problem, though, is the emphasis on personality politics. If something as innocuous as Dean's choice of cuisine is meant to be a real criticism, a criticism worth spending tens of thousands of dollars to put on television, can you imagine what would happen if a candidate announced he was gay? Or Buddhist? It's sad that Dean's campaign may have been crippled by a cheer that came out a little (ok, terrifyingly) strangled. It's just as sad that it may be equally damaged by vacuous allegations about his personal tastes. But the saddest thing of all is that the same may happen to the next decent guy, and the one after him, and the one after him. Until American attitudes change, it seems like even the Democrats will have to field candidates so staid, so conventional, that you wouldn't even want to talk to them for ten seconds at a party.

Art is subversive, transgressive, dangerous to the status quo



Cambridge Stresses

The high pressure environment of Cambridge has always meant that mental illness has been a major concern here but it seems the problem may be getting worse. The University Counselling Service has reported a 44% rise in the number of students seeking help for depression. The competitive atmosphere and frequent deadlines at Cambridge mean that for all too many students it can feel overwhelming. Colleges, faculties and the University at large need to be more sympathetic to the problems that some students can face. That some colleges still allegedly run suicide watches in exam term is potential proof of the problem but is not a cure for it.

The example of one girl forced to degrade in the face of her college's treatment of her, treatment described as "clumsy and complicated", illustrates the need for greater awareness and understanding on the part of college authorities. Her bravery in coming forward and describing the problems that she faced in dealing with her college can raise awareness of an issue that is all too easily forgotten, or, worse, simply not recognised. The Counselling Service does do great work but it needs to increase its profile among the student population. Effectively students need to be made more aware of just what it can offer and to realise that no-one needs to suffer in silence.

Depression in Cambridge is a topic about which it is all too important to remain sensitive and not to adopt a hysterical approach yet at the same time it is an issue that is all too easy to ignore. Student life at Cambridge is stressful and people cope with it in different ways but the University and the colleges need to work together more closely to ensure that the help is available for those who need it.

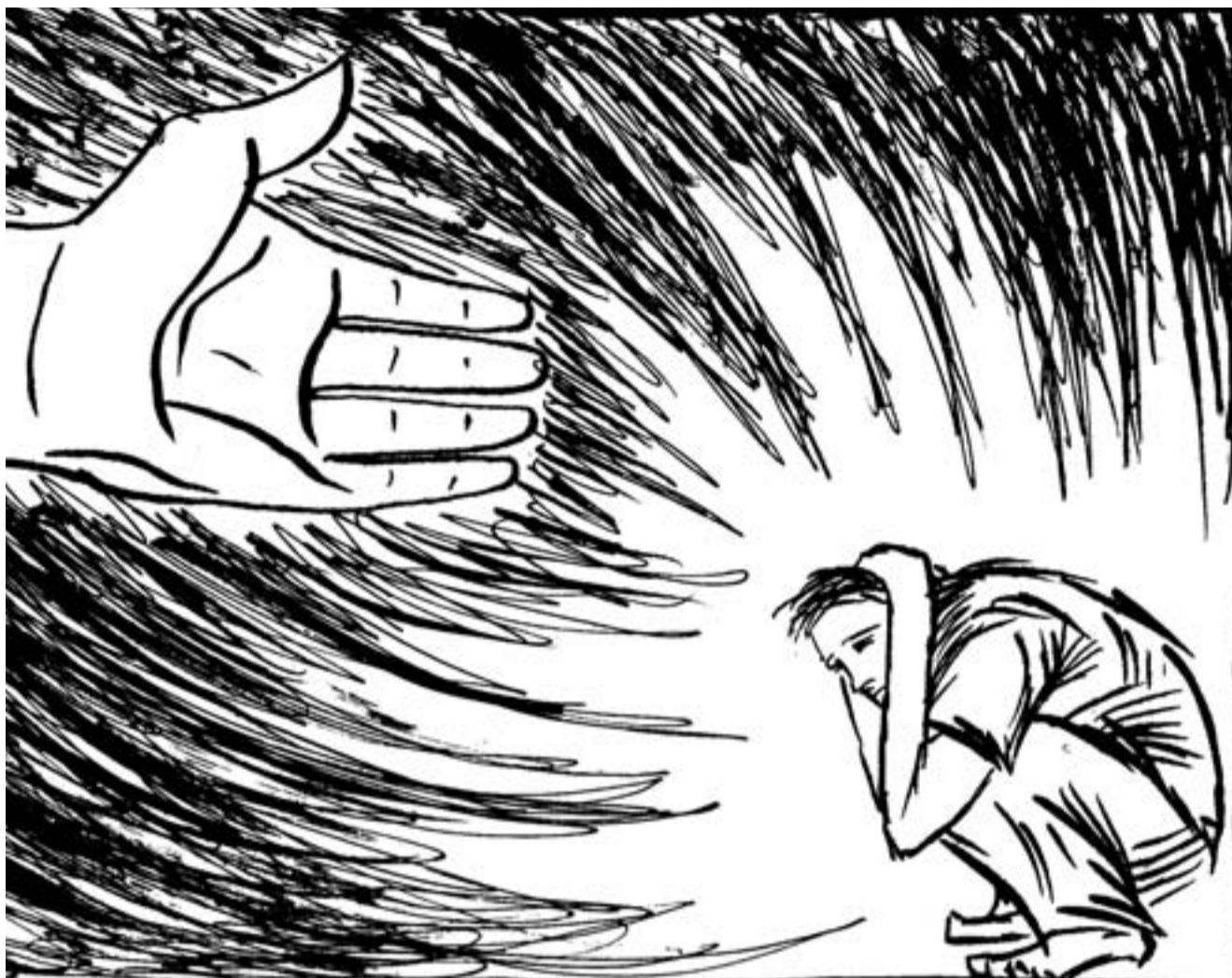
Mister Misogynist?

It is not, in fact, illegal to have unpleasant thoughts. This is what is so extraordinary about much of the reaction to Dr Peter Smith's return to the faculty of philosophy: CUSU statements on the matter, for instance, have been at pains to point out that it is not his use of prostitutes that offends, but rather his 'misogynistic' attitudes revealed in the 'field reports' he wrote in lieu of payment for their services. The implication is that the man has become less capable as a teacher because of his attitudes.

Plenty of people are capable of being contentious. And reviews of prostitutes' services are unlikely to be a haven of respectability and healthy respect for the rights of women: what the service consists of, after all, is a generally accessible database of opinions on whether women are worth the price they are charging to have sex with them. But it is a fundamental principle of most modern thinking about individual human rights that, unless other people are directly and involuntarily affected, each individual has an absolute authority to behave as they choose. Thus, it is not illegal to be a paedophile, but it is illegal to abuse children; it is not illegal to dream of beating someone senseless, but it is illegal to act on that desire.

This is in no way to suggest that *Varsity* condones such a service as that which Smith contributed to; rather, that there is no coherent justification for using a contribution to such a service as a reason to deprive someone of their livelihood when they have done nothing wrong in the course of their duties.

There is at least a kind of sense in removing someone from their post as a result of breaking the law, whatever one thinks of the legal status of the oldest profession. But to suggest, as several people have, that a man should be effectively removed from supervision duty on a permanent basis despite a total lack of evidence that he has been bad at his job or has in any way mistreated his female students is at least muddled.



The Week in Words

"Didn't feel a thing, big boy... that hit the spot!"

A talking dartboard featuring a cartoon of a topless woman with targets over her breasts. It has been condemned for condoning violence against women.

"Isn't it a problem that the students union, the entire student press and the student charity are in a building that's inaccessible to many students?"

Jessica Childs on the plans to have a more centrally located students building

"It clearly states in the school handbook that sweets are discouraged"

Tracy Coathupe, chairman of the school governors of a Cheshire primary school after a four-year-old girl was barred from eating a packet of chocolate buttons

"Some students simply can't adjust to being a small fish in a very big pond"

Mark Phippen on the "pressure cooker" intensity of Cambridge

"He was great in supervisions, and a lovely person"

A 2nd year Philosophy student at Jesus looking forward to the return of the feel-osopher, Dr. Peter Smith.

"I certainly don't think he was out there every Saturday."

Dr Maria Hayward, a clothes historian who discovered football boots in Henry VIII's wardrobe, playing down his footballing skills.

"3,969,000 pages of publications, 455 hours of clubbing, 3,498 target schools, 300 students at the NUS national demo, 518,922 photocopies, 35,796 condoms and more... 18,000 students, one union"

If you can handle that, be CUSU President!

VARSITY

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With many thanks to our sub-editors Sophie, Abbie, Miriam, Lucy and Phil

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Laura-Jane Foley



THE PEN IS THE DEADLIEST WEAPON OF ALL

It is never wise to put pen to paper when one is feeling particularly aggrieved, venomous, vitriolic, hurt, humiliated or ashamed. In a cruel twist of irony however it is precisely when you feel like this that an overwhelming wish, nay, uncontrollable urge to convey your thoughts and feelings unleashes itself.

Whether venting your grievance on the person who has caused the pain or to as wide a reading public as possible the action can only bring you harm. Writing things down in a letter rarely achieves anything and you certainly shouldn't use the pages of newspapers (and student rags at that) to vent your personal attacks, vendettas and general spleen. It can never help matters. And that's a lesson hard-learned, especially for the more emotional among us! In an article last week I made a dig at someone I actually care deeply for. It was a cheap shot and it wasn't even true! So, why oh why, did I do it? I was feeling hurt, upset: the usual reasons but it

made things a whole lot worse and made me feel horrible. (Note to self: stop controlling my life through a *Varsity* column.)

Even the old trick of writing things down in a letter intended not to be sent or published cannot be a trusted way of venting your anger whilst sparing repercussions. Secret scribbles can be discovered and brought out in the future to harm you. Even diaries are no longer the safe haven for all things secretive and dear to us that they once were, as Alastair Campbell's diary evidence proved in the Hutton trial: "I agreed it would f**k Gilligan if that [Dr Kelly] was his source." Oops Al! But then at least he's on track to earn a fair bit selling them to the newspapers.

Personal and deeply intimate letters though are the major *faux pas*. Love letters in a relationship and those written immediately after one ends cause the most embarrassment as the writer lays their emotions and vulnerabilities bare. If you feel so passionately about some-

thing it is very difficult not to get carried away in the heat of the moment. The only thing to remember is that the person whom you write to may not be as discreet as you would prefer. I once read a very intimate letter sent to a close friend of mine from one very much in love mutual friend of ours. It made me cringe

longer than the emotion itself if you really felt the emotion you can't deny it once existed. It's the emotional charge that spurs us to do these irrational things and it's that charge that proves our feelings are real.

Of course all this is fine if the correspondence doesn't come to light (or you steal it back!). But when unintended eyes glance upon your words shame, embarrassment and guilt descend. The most successful and salacious kiss and tell stories in newspapers use love letters as the crux of the "story". Poor old Princess Diana. The letters she wrote to James Hewitt whilst he was serving in the Gulf war in 1991 make cringe-worthy reading, "Boy, oh boy, does the earth shake when I get a letter from my desert friend, screams of delight, tears, you name it." And there are far more needy, emotional and sexually explicit ones that haven't been published.

But it's not just love-lorn Princesses whose hearts rule their heads. Even Prime Ministers suffer from errors of judgement in their letter writing. At the end of last year intimate and passionate letters of Winston Churchill sent to his first love and rumoured to be his first fiancée were published. "Never have I seen one for whom I would forego the business of life. Then I met you... Were I a dreamer of dreams, I would say... "Marry me - and I will conquer the world and lay it at your feet." If only such letters would come to light written by Tony Blair or, better still, if only someone would write a letter like that to me!

When the ink dries...

Personal and deeply intimate letters are the major *faux pas*

deeply. Not for the content so much (though it was rather trite and a little desperate) but for me. If I was sitting there reading his zillion page intimate letter (and designed for a certain person's eyes only) what about all the correspondence I've sent? Letters, notes, emails, text messages all declaring my feelings of a particular time now in the rather un-safe keeping of those who I sent them to. After reading that letter I could have declared there and then that I'd never put pen to paper again.

But then if you truly feel something deeply, passionately, maddeningly and truthfully you can't help but speak out. So although the letters in which you declare your emotions last a lot

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

Quoting the Bible

Dear Editor,

I was amazed that *Varsity* printed, without comment, a letter in last week's edition in which the correspondent, a CUSU LBG representative, states that 'the Bible does NOT say that homosexuality is a form of sexual immorality.' I wonder how the writer - and for that matter *Varsity* if it endorses such a view - reconciles this position with the following: 'Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination.' Leviticus 18:22 (King James' Version) Please understand that I in no way seek to identify myself with the unpleasantly homophobic Biblical position - I merely wish to draw your readers' attention to the inaccuracy of the previous letter.

Yours faithfully, James Burberry, Jesus College

The Anguish of Geographers

Dear Editor,

In response to Colm McGrath's ill-educated diatribe against geography, and in the defence thereof. It is always the case is it not, that those who know the least about an issue have the strongest opinions. Mr. McGrath is no exception. He shows an almost compulsive desire to have Geography be black or white, and cannot bide the fact that it is a kaleidoscope of inter-disciplinary colours, (to quote him: 'either it is or it isn't, Make up your mind.') The breadth of geography is undeniably its greatest strength. No other subject can boast to include anthropology, economics, physics, chemistry, biology, history, sociology, philosophy and climatology in its first year course. I cannot help it if Mr McGrath finds the extrapolation of aspects of different subjects and their fusion 'somewhat confusing.' Maybe he is bitter as to his own academic insufficiencies. Perhaps therefore, he, and many others besides, should discard their nineteenth century prejudices that geography is based on facts and maps, and ply their ill-judged words to a cause more worthy of their facile opinions.

I Remain As Always...&c.

Richard John Pygott, 1st year geographer, Robinson College

Varsity is amazing?

Dear Editor,

Last week's edition of *Varsity* is the most disparaging and abhorrently petty, shoddy, flagrant, paltry, sleazy, sensationalist piece of glitter-glamour journalism I have ever read. I thought coming to Cambridge would be an act of salvation from the drudgery of squat grey cities, tawdry backwater provinces, and the endless morass of suburbia. I hoped that a ticket here meant a long overdue departure from the gormless, guileless, fucking morons who plod around endless shopping malls and side-streets, and to a certain extent this is true. The people here tend to be very astute, well-educated and intelligent. This is what makes last week's edition of *Varsity* such a misery, such an odious travesty; for how could such rational, clever people have laid their wits to waste? Why didn't you add a page 3 girl and have done with it? I'd just like to make it clear that I'm not a religious nut, I'm not a manic depressive, and I'm not love-lorn bachelor - I live in a place called reality, maybe you should come and visit some time.

Will Barrett, Peterhouse

Political Ratbags!

Dear Mr and Miss Editor,

Was I the only one to feel slightly nauseous reading Ben Ramm's desperate and opportunistic plea for LibDem support on the letters page? For a party which is supposed to be so committed to 'new' and 'honest' politics it seemed remarkably negative. He launched several critical and cheap attacks on both major parties but offered no constructive alternative at all, merely misrepresenting his party as 'Liberal' when it is nothing of the sort. They are a disparate, divided, ill-disciplined rat-bag of activists - the pick-and-mix of politics - as evidenced by his description of himself as Liberal when the Party leader is a Social Democrat. My suggestion to the students of Cambridge would be that when the next election comes round they read all the candidates' manifestoes and make up their own minds on the basis of what they actually, positively propose. Then again, with a Government that goes back on its pledges as disgracefully as this maybe we should wait for an era of more honest politics. Unfortunately the rants of Ben won't achieve this!

Yours apathetically, Edward Cumming, Downing College

Cryptic crossword No.6: Set by Luke Pebody

1	2		3		4		5		6		7		8	
9									10					
11			12				13							
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25														

ACROSS

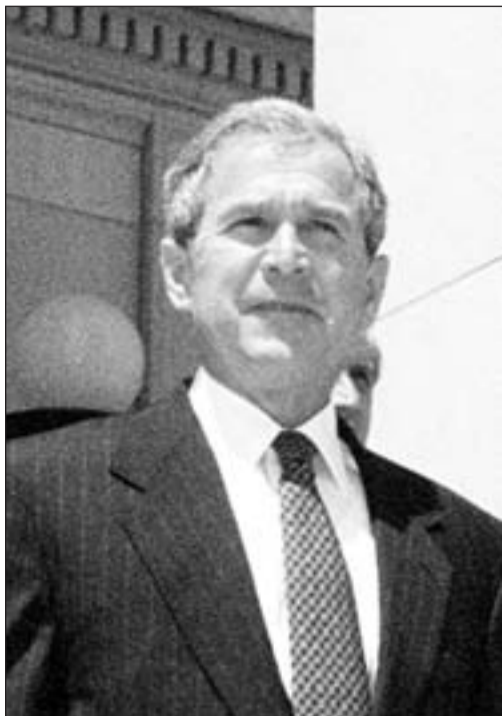
1a) Soft conservative looks at song. (6,4)
 7a) A sports car. (4)
 9a) Guessing could get somebody killed! (8)
 10a) The gentlemen's distance. (6)
 11a) It's witty, even though it's just half a piece of candy and some backwards bloke. (3,3)
 13a) An international group, one man and two senior journalists are ignored. (8)
 14a) The one who makes the most popular team, with the help of truth, god and the queen. (12)
 17a) When one scallop and two aliens get together, it may?? cause things to become darker. (5,7)
 20a) Ape Soup. (5,3)
 21a) Film star who only has nonspeaking roles. (6)
 22a) Underwear for dogs. (6)
 23a) Associations that can involve danger(8)
 25a) Nicholas, for example, is extremely this answer! (4)
 26a) Loving but confused hot feather (2,3,5)

DOWN

2d) Sensible reason, but losing direction (8)
 3d) Back room for relieving mouth (3)
 4d) Only a small portion of fruits dance (5)
 5d) Rapper's greeting pain culture (7)
 6d) I push curl around like vitriol (9)
 7d) Acidic treats are mixed up with first gear (11)
 8d) Honour for comic (6)
 12d) Approximate enumeration for man with high hopes (11)
 15d) Starter made from oats and paint (9)
 16d) Selecta as a system of units for a transportation company. (8)
 18d) Advertise a small part of a table. (7)
 19d) Cuddles that you can play. (6)
 21d) Permission to go (5)
 24d) A panda bear who likes to run around. (3)

Last week's answers

ACROSS: 1. ELVIS PRESLEY, 8.NEUTRON, 9.IGNEOUS, 11.IN-BUILT, 12.HOUDINI, 13.NERVY, 14. RETALIATE, 16.JAMBALAYA, 19.PILAU, 21.NICOSIA, 23.STEPSON, 24.STERNER, 25.ORANGES, 26.PHILADELPHIA
 DOWN: 1. E-NUMBER, 2. VARSITY, 3. SANATORIA, 4. REICH, 5. SENSUAL, 6. EROTICA, 7.INDIANA JONES 10. SPITEFULNESS, 15. TOADSTOOL, 17. MACBETH, 18. ARSENAL, 19. PREWASH, 20. LASAGNA, 22. ACRID



"So where exactly is this oxbridge place then? Is it anywhere near Li-cester Square?"

UNCLE CAM WANTS YOU!

Growing concerns that Cambridge University is 'selling out' and going mainstream gathered fresh impetus yesterday after plans to 'Americanize' the University were leaked. Not content with gorging itself on extra revenue from proposed top-up fees, CamUni Inc. is apparently planning an attack on the American market by undergoing corporate rebranding, with the slogan 'Can we kick it? Yes-we-Cambridge'.

Supervisions have been renamed megavisions, lectures have been replaced by 'like, issue focus groups' and rumour has it that dons will be renamed Don Kings and forced to grow spiky grey hair and shout a lot in an incomprehensible language. This obviously won't affect many Maths Professors.

President Alison Richards is already attracting criticism with the advent of the War on Grammerism (sic), in an effort to combat the poor standards of students' written work. Rumours that the CUSU offices are to be bombed to smoke out the evil Osama Ben Brinded are completely unfounded, definitely untrue and possibly libellous (especially as he's a really nice bloke).

Students have reacted with fury at the plans: Giles, a Rage Against The Machine fan from King's, spake thus: "It's just a complete cop out man. I mean, I came to Cambridge to rail against the establishment and corporate capitalist whoring by saying 'fuck' a lot and deliberately not going to every other formal hall. It's almost as bad as when Busted went mainstream. They were like, so way cool before then. I hate them now though obviously. Year 3000 was a tune mind, it's so like, futuristic, when capitalism will have been defeated and we'll all be...erm...underwater I guess."

The only positive aspect of these events is the distinct possibility that CamUni Inc. are targetting Colin Powell as head porter of Trinity – at least if we get him over here we can start getting him to pronounce his own sodding name correctly. Additionally, if America is looking for any weapons of mass seduction it need look no further than Page Fourteen's very own Al and Dave.



If Colleges Were... Premiership Football Teams

As the premiership football season draws towards its annual close and exciting conclusion, football lovers can witness the big guns fighting it out at the top of the tree, the small fishies furiously trying to stave off relegation and Tottenham nestling in 10th place as they have done since A.D. 5.

It has dawned on us here at Page Fourteen, however, that there are some striking (if you'll pardon the pun) similarities between these great British footballing sides and these, our great British colleges. And here they are in the convenient list format that you all know and love.

Trinity – Manchester United

Always number one. The best manager. The best players. Everyone hates them. Decent stadium though.

Clare – Chelsea

Stylish and sophisticated; there are probably as many Clare students shopping down the Kings Road as Chelsea players. Have a Russian ex-mafia oil baron bankrolling the operation (allegedly, probably not true).

Newnham – Wolves

Owned by a sugar daddy, easy to score against, likely to go down.

Kings – Liverpool

The Reds. Not quite living up to former glories but still think they're the best and subsequently a bit bolshy (ouch).

Trinity Hall – Portsmouth

By the sea (well, the Cam), plucky underdogs with good team spirit. Enjoy a good dogfight (almost as much as Princess Anne).

Christ's – Middlesbrough

Solid, work hard, dependable, consistently keep clean sheets (so the bedders tell me), boring.

Girton – Newcastle

Full of attacking verve, miles from anywhere. Frequent run-ins with Uncle Bobby when cycling home drunk in the middle of the night.

Peterhouse – Leicester

Fragile confidence, small side, not good with their backs against the wall.

Hughes Hall – Bolton

Full of quality old ex-internationals, fighting spirit, not glamorous but effective.

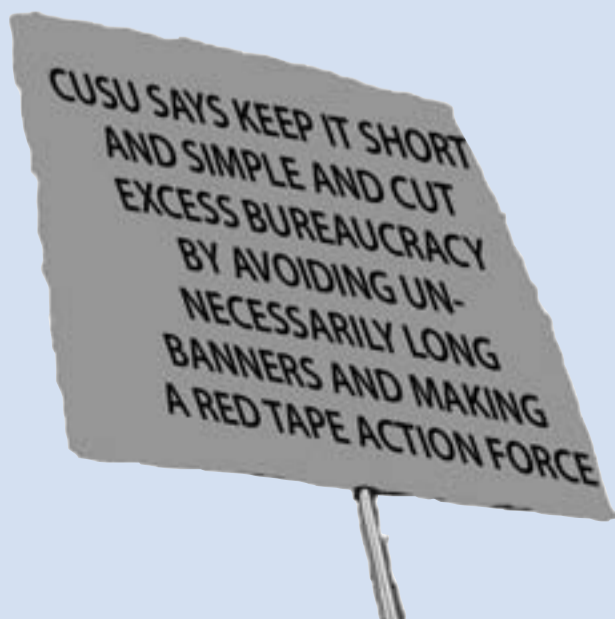
New Hall – Blackburn

A great pair up front, seem to respond to a tongue-lashing from their boss, have been known to let opposition come from behind.



Chris rues missing the chance to come from behind against Blackburn when the defence was open and the chance was easy. Still, there's always Cocos tonight.

BUREAU-CRAZY!



CUSU have hit back at accusations that excess bureaucracy is hampering the successful running of the Students Union by proposing the motion for the establishment of a sub-committee to look into the creation of a sub-committee (a CUSU sub-sub committee) which will look into whether CUSU is suffering from excess bureaucracy.

It is hoped that the establishment of CUSUSCFRIB (Cambridge University Students Union Sub Committee For the Creation of a Sub Committee For Reduction In Bureaucracy) will streamline future CUSU initiatives such as the introduction of a Red Tape Awareness Action Plan which will hopefully be up and running by 2036. The reason for the delay is due to the number of readings of sub-clauses which will invariably be proposed by every single CUSU representative, after which there will be a 5 year trial period followed by the creation of yet another sub-committee to decide whether the initiative has succeeded or if the idea needs to return to the drawing board.

A CUSU representative told Page Fourteen "Students are sick of hearing people answer questions without actually saying anything. What we are proposing to propose is the introduction of a scheme whereby answers become short, succinct, concise, compact, and most importantly, foremost, to the point. There will be no more beating around the bush, no more sitting on the fence, no more spending inordinate amounts of time answering questions in a long-winded fashion.

The changes will be sweeping, covering the whole of CUSU. Ultimately it should make the Students Union work for all much more efficiently and although students won't feel the benefits straight away the long term goals are what matters for CUSU. We are also proposing the proposal for yet another bloody sub-committee to look into the establishment of a Cambridge dialect that consists entirely of acronyms and abbreviations thus saving even more time in years to come."

/20/02/04/LISTINGS/

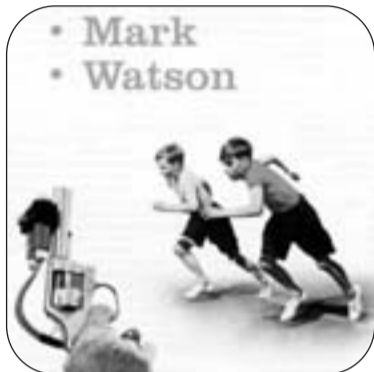
Welcome to *Varsity's* Listings pull-out. With our expert's top recommendations below, Listings is your essential weekly guide to what's on in Cambridge over the next seven days.

THEATRE



Those old CUMTS are back with a sassy new production of the sensationally soulful cult comedy musical, *Little Shop of Horrors*. Riding high on the sell out success of *West Side Story* last year, love blossoms and so does that frisky flytrap. *Cambridge Arts Theatre, Tue 24th - Sat 28th, 01223 503333*

LIT



• Mark
• Watson

Mark Watson is one of those frighteningly accomplished Cambridge graduates that make you wonder what the monkey's a pleb like you is doing here. Not content with a stand up career and a sit-com in the works the 23 year old will be launching his first novel *Bullet Points*, on Wed 25th at Borders. Git.

CLASSICAL



Distinguished tenor, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, comes to town on Saturday to perform Bach's epic *St Matthew Passion* with Cu3e at Trinity Chapel. This is a rare opportunity to hear a thoroughly rehearsed and professional production in Cambridge. A must for anyone who appreciates the beauty of the human voice.

MUSIC



Krafty Kuts is a stoopid DJ name, but it probably sounded proper safe when he was 15. Like, I used to know a DJ 'Sticky Fingaz'. What the fuck does that mean? Nothing. But like Fingaz always said when we took the piss "Shut up about my name. My skills is phat!" *The Fez Club, 24th Feb*

VISUAL



Matthew Slotover, editor of *Frieze* magazine and co-director of *Frieze*, London's most vibrant art fair, deserves hearty congratulations for his sterling efforts to give BritArt the attention it occasionally merits. Attend his talk on 26th Feb, 7.30 pm in Jesus College Upper Hall and be the first to pat him on the back.

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FILM

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

Sunday
Christ's Films:
Kill Bill Vol. 1. Christs College, New Court Theatre. 8pm. and 10.30pm £2.

Queens' Films:
Intolerable Cruelty (2003, 100min, starring George Clooney and Caterine Zeta-Jones). Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall, 9pm. £2.

St John's Films:
Master and Commander - Russell Crowe as Captain in Napoleonic Wars. St. John's College, Fisherbuilding. 7pm and 10pm. £ 2.

Thursday
Christ's Films:
Withnail and I. Christs College, New Court Theatre. 10pm. £2.

St John's Films:
Buffalo Soldiers - contentious portrayal of the US military. St. John's College, Fisher Building. 9pm. £ 2.



Master and Commander, 12A
Sunday 22nd February -
7pm & 10pm

Buffalo Soldiers, 15
Thursday 26th February -
9pm9pmwww.stjohnsfilms.org

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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
Cambridge Dancers' Club:
Cuppers Dancesport. Inter college dance competition. www.cam.ac.uk/societies/cdc. Parkside Gym, 2pm. £5 entry.

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:
Including a smackerel of something. Bridge Street, No. 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.

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. Pembroke College, Seminar Room, N 7. 7:30pm.

CU Ballet Club:
Performance class (Intermediate). Contempory 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.

http://romance.ucam.org:
Speed Dating - "Musical chairs with chemistry." Wine included - Great fun! The Anchor Pub, Please sign up in advance at http://romance.ucam.org. 7:30pm. £3.

MUSIC

Society for 20th Century Music (ISIS):
SHOSTAKOVICH - SYMPHONY No.11 (The Year 1905). West Road Concert Hall, Book now at tickets@isismusic.co.uk. 7:30pm. £4 Student, £6 concessions, £8 full.

Trinity College Music Society:
CUBE, directed by Nick Collon, perform Bach's 'St Matthew Passion'. Trinity College, Trinity College Chapel. 6:30pm. £15, £8 concessions, £5 TCMS members.

Sunday
Elm Tree Jazz:
Modern Jazz, Andy Bowie Quartet with Paul Stubbs. Elm Tree, Orchard Street near Free Press. 8:30pm.

Fitzwilliam College Music Society:
Contemporary Music Ensemble. Fitzwilliam College, Fitzwilliam Chapel. 8pm.

GCMS:
Nehali Shah, piano; Alex Reid, violin;

Sam Roskams, cello: Shostakovich, Beethoven. Caius College, Bateman Auditorium. 8:30pm.

Jesus College Music Society:
David Crighton Concert 2004: Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 3 (Tom Poster) plus Rossini and Dvorak. West Road Concert Hall,. 8pm. £6 (£3 concessions).

Kettle's Yard:
New music morning presented by live Experimental Performance Society - approx 1 hour. Kettle's Yard, 12am.

Selwyn College Music Society:
Shostakovich and Elgar Piano Quintets performed by Instrumental Award Holders. Selwyn College, The Hall. 8:30pm. £4 full/£2.50 student/Free SCMS members.

Songs In The Dark:
Acoustic music from Simon Mastrantone and Jeremy Warmlesley. 8:30 on alternate sundays. Clowns Cafe, King Street. 8:30pm.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 2004
Solve your accommodation problems by calling
Carole Smith/ Anne Goring on 01620 810620
email address: festflats@aol.com
or write to
Festival Flats, 3 Linkylea Cottages,
Gifford, East Lothian, EH41 4PE

Tuesday
AWiSE (Assoc for Women in Science & Engineering):
informal meeting to discuss mentoring, career structures, work-life balance etc etc. Grad Pad, Cafe. 12:30am.

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.

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.

dertie promotion:
drink offers - entertainers - que jump for clubs and shows . Ishca, quay side. 8pm.

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. £1.

CU Karate Club:
Kata Class-3rd Kyu and above. Fenenrs Small Gym, . 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:
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Jewish Cambridge's unmissable weekly social...eat, drink and be merry! . The Culanu Centre, 33a Bridge St, between Oxfam and The Galleria. 10pm.

Tuesday
Margaret Wileman Music Society: For lovers only - Songs & Arias. Anando Mukerjee, tenor. Hughes Hall, 7pm.

Margaret Wileman Music Society:
For lovers only - Songs & Arias. Anando Mukerjee, tenor. Hughes Hall, . 6pm.

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:
Twentieth-Century American Song: Andrea Pizziconi, Soprano. Ryan Brandau, Piano. Jesus College Chapel, 9pm.

meat
New arts magazine for Cambridge.

Out next week

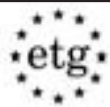
meat_mag@hotmail





The Model Student magazine and website features a selection of academic beauties from our great University. Check your pigeonholes this week for the chance to see all this year's model wannabes.





The European Theatre Group

invites applications for
TOUR MANAGER
for the 2004 winter tour.

Contact Laura lg251 or Ben brw27 for
guidelines/more information.
Applications should either be emailed
or placed in the ETG pigeon hole in
the ADC by 6pm on Wed 25th Feb.

The Dryden Society

Invites Applications to Direct/
Produce its May Week Show, in
the beautiful setting of Trinity
Fellows' Garden.

Applications/ Enquiries to Hazel
Pearson (hap27) by
29th February 2004



Seeks to appoint its 2004/05 committee and
invites applications for the following posts:

New Writers Rep
Director's Rep
Publicist
Producer of the Arts
Theatre Show

For more information, please contact
Christina Elliot, cje35
Deadline for applications: 27th February



CADS

Invite Applications to direct the 2004 May Week Play

Contact adn25 for details

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Sunday 22nd February 2-5pm
Ramsden Room

Questions to: sjm211@cam.ac.uk

adc theatre

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

Potential applicants should
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Michael Nabarro, for an
application form, on 01223
359547 or michael@adc-
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The deadline for written
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on Wednesday 3 March and
interviews will be held on
Thursday 11 March.

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Lent Term REVIEW

An amalgamation of new
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Thurs. 19th- Sat.
21st February 7.30 pm
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THE DEBATE

Is the left-wing media's coverage of Israel
tainted by anti-semitism?

Speakers: Tim Luckhurst (Former Editor of The Scotsman)
Alibhai-Brown (The Independent)

Wednesday 25th February, 8pm
The Culanu Centre
33a Bridge St, between Oxfam and The Galaeria

TALK

Friday

Cambridge University Persian Society:
Talk and Dinner on 23.02. host: Master
of Churchill College for Bam
Earthquake Charity.
Churchill College, Wolfson Room
(Talk), Hall (Dinner). 06:30am. £ 10.00,
contact ea257 to subscribe before 19.02.

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

Saturday

Cambridge University Persian Society:
Talk and Dinner on 23.02. host: Master
of Churchill College for Bam
Earthquake Charity.
Churchill College, Wolfson Room
(Talk), Hall (Dinner). 06:30am. £ 10.00,
contact ea257 to subscribe before 19.02.

Monday

**CU STAR (Student Action for
Refugees):** Asylum panel debate featur-
ing top experts.
Trinity College, Winstanley Theatre

Tuesday

CLIO-History Society:
JOHN YOUNG - Head of History at
Nottingham: 'Britain and the Vietnam
War'. Clare College, Latimer Room.
8:15pm.

Thursday

CICCU:
The Bible Talk: Why won't God answer
me?. Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
1pm.

Kettle's Yard:

Gaudier, Gabo and Bergson, Michael
Harrison. Aprox 30 mins.
Kettle's Yard, 1:10pm.

Friday

CICCU:
Sidgwick@One: The fulfilment of Old
Testament Prophecy.
Sidgwick Site, Meade Room
(Economics). 1pm.

CU Christian Science Organisation:

"Understanding Spiritual Healing" -
find practical healing in your life.
Friends' Meeting House, 12, Jesus Lane
(next to ADC Theatre).
7:30pm.



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THEATRE

Friday

BATS:
Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the
Speckled Band .
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall
(Late Show). 11pm.

CUADC:

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

Lady Margaret Players and Anonymous Players:

Happy Days.
Beckett's extraordinary expression
about the mystery of human existence.
The Playroom, 9:30pm.
£5.50/4.

Pembroke Players:

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

The Heywood Society:

An amalgamation of new writing,
original adaptations and cuttingedge
comedy.
Peterhouse Theatre , 7:30. £3.

Saturday

BATS:
Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the
Speckled Band - today.
Queens' College, Fitzpatrick Hall.
11pm. £4/3.

CUADC:

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

Lady Margaret Players and Anonymous Players:

Happy Days.
Beckett's extraordinary expression
about the mystery of human existence.
The Playroom, . 9:30pm. £5.50/4.

Pembroke Players:

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

The Heywood Society:

An amalgamation of new writing,
original adaptations and cuttingedge
comedy. Peterhouse, 7:30pm. £3.

Sunday

Clare Comedy:
Top Cambridge stand-up comedians,
plus guest London headliner Brendon
Burns. Clare College, Clare Cellars.
9pm. £2.

CUADC:

ONE NIGHT STAND - 24 Hour
Drama - instant plays in the bar.
ADC Theatre, 7:45pm. £3.

Lady Margaret Players and Anonymous Players:

Happy Days.
Beckett's extraordinary expression
about the mystery of human existence.
The Playroom, 9:30pm. £5.50/4.

The Marlowe Society:

SCRIPTLAB:
Rehearsed reading of new Cambridge
writing. Contact lac43 for details.
Pembroke College, New Cellars. 6pm.
£Free.

Tuesday

Footlights:
CRACKING UP - the annual Spring
Revue. ADC Theatre, 7:45pm.
£5 - £7.50.

Wednesday

CUADC:
EAST - Berkoff's gritty East End
drama. ADC Theatre, 10:30pm. £3 - £4.

Footlights:

CRACKING UP - the annual Spring
Revue. ADC Theatre, 7:45pm. £5 -
£7.50.

Thursday

CADS, CDW, Anonymous Players:
REFLECTIONS:
Fresh thoughts on a universal theme.
An innovative dance show about rela-
tionships.
Christs College, New Court Theatre.
7:30pm. £3/4.

CUADC:

EAST - Berkoff's gritty East End
drama. ADC Theatre, 10:30pm. £3 - £4.

Footlights:

CRACKING UP - the annual Spring
Revue. ADC Theatre, 7:45pm. £5 -
£7.50.

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CLOSING DATE: 31 MARCH 2004

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every tuesday at coconightclub

featuring residents: dj dx, dj rip,
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*subject to change coco door policy applies. i.d. may be required.

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Masked parties, Savage parties, Victorian parties, Greek parties, Wild West parties, Russian parties, Circus parties, parties where one had to dress as somebody else, almost naked parties in St John's Wood, parties in flats and studios and houses and ships and hotels and night clubs, in windmills and swimming baths, tea parties at school where one ate muffins and meringues and tinned crab, parties at Oxford where one drank brown sherry and smoked Turkish cigarettes, dull dances in London and comic dances in Scotland and disgusting dances in Paris – all that succession and repetition of massed humanity... Those vile bodies... (Evelyn Waugh, 1930)

It is all very well to throw a dinner for twenty well-chosen guests, but as Waugh wrote "We cherish our friends not for their ability to amuse us, but for ours to amuse them." The dinner party primarily provides a perfect opportunity for self-amusement, self-indulgence and ultimately wonderful self-satisfaction. Good planning and execution is an art that when honed to perfection, provides a kick comparable perhaps only to five glasses of Champagne and a dance with a beautiful man from Monaco.

From the outset, delight in the invitations, which must be scrawled stiff Smythson cards (www.uk.smythson.com), perhaps dripping in blots of pink paint (Heffers Art Shop) in anticipation of the Cy Twombly exhibition which arrives at the Serpentine Gallery in April. Package in airmail envelopes, or bubble wrap, and cast into the ICMS, Cambridge's handy alternative to delivery by hand, and cheaper than Royal Mail.



Party to a dinner

Assorted recommendations for a truly fabulous night

By Blanche Blanc

Drink shots of gin over pomegranate seeds between courses, present a cocktail of frozen champagne and vodka in polystyrene cups with highlighted graffiti (Sainsburys, WH Smith). Industrial production coffee machines provide a welcome accessory for the later hours (Robert Sayle and San Pellegrino), or in fact any Italian branded mineral water to nourish the aesthete's preferred irony (Limoncello, 204 Mill Road or Trattoria Pasta Fresca - 66 Mill Road).



Following the party, a communal cleaning experience provides a sobering experience. Grab the nearest Dyson with no volume control, and apply bleach with a pashmina and pearls at five in the morning. Leave no stain, no evidence of havoc. Furnish your guests with memorable trinkets – energy saving light bulbs (Sainsburys), rings hand crafted by Christophe Gordon-Brown (01223 500627, studio at Granchester Meadows) or delightful truffles by The Chocolate House (6 All Saints Passage).

After the dinner, the cleaning and the break of day, shake yourself out, give your glad rags a stiff pep talk in the nearest trouser press and then join Anthony Blanche and I in plans for High Tea. Aim to begin at four; champagne in gold-rimmed teacups, clockwork cake stands and Afternoon Blend. Fiends provide the new friends and exuberant day light is the new moonlight. Raucous.

With thanks to Hannah Barry.



Tablecloths should be white and heavy (Robert Sayle or the Monday Market) and serviettes are of course essential. For flowers, spread pinkly tinted lilies in ostentatious vases (Gabor Cossa Antiques, 34 Trumpington Street), or create tabletop Japanese landscapes in almond blossom (The Flower House, 13 Magdalene Street). Remember candles are superior to electric light for ambience and also provide material for precarious wax sculpting moments, should your guests be artistically inclined (Prices candles from Breeze, Trinity Street). For inducing truly aesthetic moments, one can also provide large blank canvases (Heffers Art Shop). Plan your menu well, remembering that excess is everything. Desert presentation must be the tour de force, for it is this that will provide the backdrop to later merry making. Wafts of Cologne (selfridges.co.uk) and rose water (Sainsburys) should cascade over your guests; send cheeses, quince, chocolate covered cocoa beans, panettone and pandoro in heady procession across your table (Cambridge Cheese Company, 4 All Saints Passage).



Last Week's Date

Our much in demand date of the week, Amy, chose Raphael, a 1st year law student from Caius. A swarthe Parisien, Raphael in his answers picked out Belle de Seigneuru as his favourite book, said he was best at 'foiling plots' and to pull, Amy simply had to choose him.

In such promising circumstances they met on Tuesday at B Bar, Market Passage, to get to know one another over a bottle of champagne and a chocolate fondue.

Of the date, Amy said "Tres sexy, Raphael was a real gentleman. We had a lovely time and the fondue was absolutely delicious."

Yeah yeah whatever Amy as if you'd remember the state you were in after Hawks dinner! - AG

But Rapheal was nonetheless charmed: "J'ai passé une excellente soirée. Amy est une fille extra et j'espere que la revoir bientôt."



Date of the Week

Your chance to date Cambridge's most eligible singletons!

Russell

Our man of the week is Russell Abel, a 4th year International Politics student at Fitzwilliam, President of the Hawks Club and part time super-hero...

From: Tring

Favourite song: Bread of Heaven.

Favourite book: Things Fall Apart by Chinua Achebe.

Describe yourself in three words: pint of Stella.

What I'm best at: coming second.

What I'm worst at: losing.

To pull me: would be most enjoyable

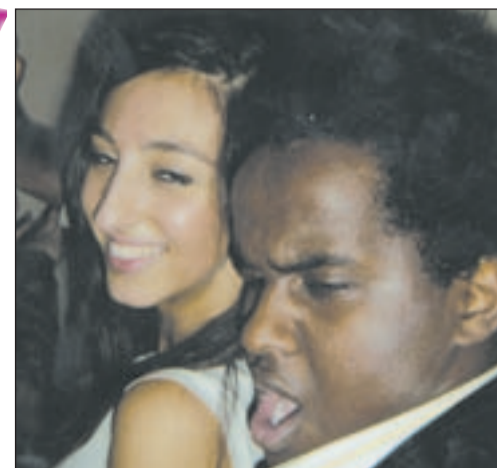


To date Russell email date@varsity.co.uk with 'Russell' in the title by Sunday. Send answers to the same questions, your contact details and a photo if possible.



ISHMANIA!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PARTY MONSTER



PINK TOMMY HILFINGER DRESSING GOWN AND GLASS OF BEAUJOLAIS



SCHOTT BODYWARMER, WESTWOOD T-SHIRT, EVISU JEANS & SWEAR LOAFERS FROM DOGFISH, VINTAGE AVIATORS & AFRO COMB
PIPPA WEARS BLACK CUSCO TOP, DIESEL JEANS FROM CATFISH & SHOES FROM ALLY LULU



WESTWOOD JUMPER & SWEAR LOAFERS FROM DOGFISH, SUIT TROUSERS FROM MARKS & SPENCER, GRANDMA BOOTH WOOLY HAT
ROXY WEARS VINTAGE DONALD DUCK T-SHIRT, SKIRT & BELT FROM TOPSHOP, HEELS FROM ALLY LULU



DIESEL SHIRT FROM DOGFISH, VINTAGE DOUBLE BREASTED BLAZER AND FAR TOO MUCH DRINK...

varsityarts



Crime
and

Punishment

Ellen E. Jones

I have actually been imprisoned once, but it was only overnight. It was a long time ago and it wasn't my fault, Guv. No, the shameful truth of the matter is, my criminal career started very late indeed. Unlike most children, who are born savage and must be tamed, I was born with an over-developed sense of moral responsibility. I never stole anything, not even penny sweets, I lectured my school friends on the perils of gambling on fruit machines and I fell into a faint at the very thought of vandalising my desk with a biro. This, as you may imagine, was a great burden to me. I was absolutely no fun at parties, my only friend was my mother and even she called me 'No Fun Jones' behind my back.

I tried earnestly to erode this excess of integrity, by spending every spare weekend of my youth in dodgy nightclubs and on dark street corners talking to shifty-looking men, and PVC-clad ladies - all to no avail. The more I saw of the sordid degradation of this world, the more I yearned to reform it. This unhappy state of affairs was finally resolved when, at the age of 11, I saw *The Shawshank Redemption* for the first time (having been given special permission to stay up after 8pm). Prison, it transpired, was not what I'd imagined. Instead of being full of sadistic, hard-nut reprobates it is, in fact, chock-a-block with compassionate,

noble men - men with a gentle wisdom in their sad eyes. In the best prison films, innocent men are finally, against all odds, set free by a team of hot-shot idealistic Lawyers, but only after decades of battling nobly against Prejudice (capital 'P'), Injustice (capital 'I') and the omnipresent threat of a good hard Bumming (capital 'B'). I learned that crime, while not exactly 'paying' (at least not in the Pricehouse Cooper-Water sense of the word) has been redeemed as a lifestyle choice by the possibility that, with any luck, you may end up in prison and get to meet Morgan Freeman.

Charles Bronson, Britain's most notorious prisoner, could have told me all this ages ago, had I only been on his vistor's list. He loves it inside. He's having a riot (figuratively, and often literally). He's even written a book, just so no one else suffers under delusions similar to mine. *The Good Prison Guide* rates prison according to the same system that more effeminate men rate hotels. Parkhurst Prison on the Isle of Wight, for instance, is given the following glowing report, "The cons did their bird like cons should - like men. We worked hard in the gym. We cooked our own grub. We had lots of sunbathing."

Those considering jacking in their degrees and embarking on a criminal career should note that whatever *Pirates of The Caribbean*

may imply, 'Piracy on the High Seas' is still attended by the death penalty in this country and even the socially acceptable 'possession of Calpol' can result in heavy fines.

The *VarsityArts* Guide to Crime and Punishment

1. *San Quentin, Cocaine, Folsom Prison Blues, Delilah* or any Johnny Cash before 1970
2. *Falconer* by John Cheever.
3. Prison films (*The Shawshank Redemption, Cool Hand Luke, Sleepers, The Green Mile, Hurricane*)
4. Gangster Films (*The Godfather part II, Goodfellas, The Sopranos, Menace II Society, Boyz in da Hood, Donnie Brasco*)
5. *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoevsky,
6. *Bad Girls, Porridge, Oz* and those scenes from *Birds of a Feather* when Sharon and Tracey visit their husbands.
7. *Jailhouse Rock*, Elvis Presley
8. Death Row Records (a criminal record being practically a prerequisite for a record deal)
9. *The Good Prison Guide* by Charles Bronson - "I saw another con get his eyeball ripped out...It was character building"
10. The 'art' work of John Wayne Gacey - sometimes it takes being banged up for serial killing to fully realise your talent for drawing clown portraits.



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Detective Fiction
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Film
Cinematic Retribution
Page 16



Classical
Opera is punishment
Page 19

Ben Kingsley's house of sand and pain

Carrie English rates Perelman's urban tragedy

House of Sand and Fog
UK release on 27th Feb.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The *House of Sand and Fog* is a tragedy in the classical Greek sense. In the film, which is based on Andre Dubus III's best-selling novel of the same name, the fates are cruel, the gods are pitiless, and everyone suffers in the end.

Yet the plot, which follows two unglamorous people's battle for control of a modest California bungalow, is hardly epic. Jennifer Connelly plays Kathy Nicolo, a house cleaner whose life has been marred by alcoholism, addiction, and spousal abandonment before the story even begins. Things become drastically worse when, in the first few minutes of the movie, she is forcibly evicted from her house for failing to pay business taxes. The irony is that she does not own a business, and she is simply the victim of a bureaucratic error. Error or not, her house is sold at auction before she even has time to speak to a lawyer, and Kathy is out on the street.

The new owner of the house is Colonel Massoud Amir Behrani (Sir

Ben Kingsley), who, along with his wife and children, was forced to abandon a luxurious life in Iran when the Shah was exiled. Though he works two menial jobs he never returns home without first changing into a suit, a vanity which the Greeks would surely characterise as hubris. The house, which he bought with his last cent because it had the

potential of turning a tidy profit, represents for him the possibility of a return to a life of dignity.

Because the stakes are so high for both characters, neither plays entirely fair. Even after the situation has been explained to him by Kathy's lawyer (Frances Fisher), Behrani refuses to return the house. But far dirtier tricks are

played by Kathy's new boyfriend, Lester Burdon (Ron Eldard), a sheriff who takes an active interest in her case from the moment he comes to evict her. Burdon, dressed in uniform, warns Behrani in front of his wife and son that if he does not sell the house back to the county he will have them deported. And that's just a warm-up.

Many critics have applauded the film because, rather than judge the characters, it accepts that justice can be an elusive concept. Both Kathy and Behrani

understand her and fears what she may do to her family.

The high-quality acting was not the film's only asset. Though it was Vadim Perelman's feature film directorial debut, it was beautifully shot (though somewhat fog-happy) and magnificently edited. This is not to say the film was flawless. The script, by Vadim Perelman and Shawn Otto, faltered considerably when it came to natural-sounding exposition. In an early scene Kathy's mother refers familiarly to "Frankie", adding unnecessarily, "your big brother". While the ending did not strike me as overly melodramatic (I was teary-eyed, and the TCS reviewer was sniffing just as loudly), its emotional impact was blunted because, unlike in Greek tragedy, the final catastrophe does not seem inevitable, but forced and improbable.

On its deepest level, the film is a commentary on the American Dream, which has long been symbolized by a little white house with a picket fence. In this story, the American cannot hold onto the dream because the excesses of a wealthy society have led to her downfall, but she is unwilling to share the dream with immigrants. In the absence of a dream, they share a nightmare.



Kingsley's dependable brilliance

have moral claims to the house, and even Burdon, whose jealousy on Kathy's behalf leads to the ultimate tragedy, is often sympathetic.

Despite the director's obvious efforts to be neutral, it was hard not to favour the Behranis. This was due not only to Kingsley's dependable brilliance but also to Shohreh Aghdashloo's excellent, wide-eyed performance as Behrani's compassionate wife, who offers Kathy hospitality even though she cannot

Scorsese, Figgis and Eastwood present 'The Blues'

Originally broadcast on the American channel, PBS, *The Blues* is a series of seven personal, historical and at times impressionistic films by famous directors, exploring and paying homage to – arguably – one of the most influential genres of music.

Indeed, the directors all share a lively passion for the music, and the series was generated under the guiding hand of keen blues devotee, Martin Scorsese. It is Scorsese himself that directs the first film of the series, *Feel Like Going Home*,

in which the roots of the blues are traced from the Mississippi Delta to the banks of the Niger River in Mali. The film features rare archival footage of blues giants, Son House, Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker, as well as new performances by Willie King, Taj Mahal and Ali Farka Toure.

The film that I felt most compelled to go and see was Mike Figgis' *Red, White and Blues*. Figgis decided that his contribution would involve revisiting the '60s British Invasion that reintroduced the blues sound to America, a sound that

prior to this had largely been ignored by many Americans. The results do not disappoint. (Figgis was in fact once a minor part of this scene himself – he played in a blues band with Bryan Ferry). Eric Clapton, John Mayall, Mick Fleetwood, a somewhat detached Peter Green and Lonnie Donegan are amongst those interviewed and are seen here discussing the enormous impact that American blues artists had upon their own music and the incalculable debt owed to them.

Nevertheless, the blues-based British music actually, in turn, inspired many

Americans to listen to the music of the 'original' blues players that had largely developed in their own homeland. Eric Clapton describes how he considered himself an 'ambassador' who was on a mission to promote the blues.

The film is interspersed with live session footage of virtuoso guitarist Jeff Beck (go and see the film for his playing alone), Tom Jones(!), Van Morrison and Lulu(!) playing blues standards in Abbey Road Studios. Figgis says: "Hopefully the resulting recording session will shine some light on why at a

particular moment the blues was reinterpreted abroad and reintroduced in a new form that was universally embraced".

B.B. King, one of the last remaining great bluesmen of his generation, poignantly speculates that had it not been for the success of the British stars that preached the blues, the door to his own and other great blues artists' popularity and success would never have been open in his lifetime. Fascinating.

By Rebecca Bundhun

Further information on the series can be found at www.pbs.org/theblues/

Crime Watch

Crime and Punishment

Lars Von Trier's latest film *Dogville*, has one of the most satisfying endings I have ever seen. In it, a township of the vilest 'everymen' is entirely annihilated – and I was glad. Here is one of the better examples of cinematic retribution: the punishment fit the crime like a glove.

I can't say I was expecting such a satisfactory end, for despite the simplistic good versus bad dichotomy evident in most films, one often feels cheated out of proper retribution. And if good does triumph over evil, it is usually in a formulaic manner.

Besides, less energy is put into the characterisation of the 'goodies'; as audiences we are constantly being asked to reconsider the motivations and psychologies of gangsters and murderers, even, in the case of *Fight Club*, to revere them for their unabashed championing of primordial drives. As Dostoyevsky says in his own *Crime and Punishment*, the convict is considered 'not quite like an ordinary murderer and robber, but that there [is usually] another element

in the case.' This 'other element' is the psyche: in film as in literature, if the characters are not simply labelled from the outset either 'good' or 'bad,' we are asked to consider them separately from their crimes and seek motivation in the dark recesses of human psychology. These are the 'exceptional' murderers, the Hannibal Lecters and Patrick Batmans, whose charms and 'intellect' raise their status from human beings to *ubermensch*.

Of course, the 'good' are not nearly so interesting to characterise – something extra has to be added, hence the internal conflicts dogging most litigators in mawkish legal yarns such as *Primal Fear*. Here the crime and the punishment take secondary place to the characterisation of the lawyer.

As a spectator, having expended a certain amount of interest and emotion in a character over two hours, I want the escapist's ending: blood from the sinner and vindication for the sinned against.

By Laura Allsop

Tarantino mark one

Kat Harrington's College Film of the week

Six years after *Jackie Brown*, Quentin Tarantino delivers this savage revenge fairy tale, which elevates the B movie to A grade pop art.

Kill Bill combines varied styles and genres into a melange of cinematic references from 70's Kung Fu and Kurosawa samurai, to gritty westerns and even Anime. The result: a lush, eye boggling action flick. Just turn off your brain and tune in to the beautiful (if blood soaked) visuals.

A lush, eye-boggling action flick

Uma Therman plays the uber-cool wispy blond warrior Black Mamba who decides to quit the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad (DiVAS) to play happy families. On her wedding day her aforementioned cohorts decide to stab her in the back. Unfortunately for them she survives the blood bath and after four years in a coma wakes up with only one thing on her mind... getting even.

This proves to be a pretty gory business. Be warned, THAT needle sequence in *Pulp Fiction* won't have prepared you for the utter carnage *Kill Bill*

brings to the screen. However the House of Blue Leaves showdown and Chiaki Kuriyama's deliciously deadly turn as a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl assassin are worth the ticket price alone.

Empty technique? Maybe, but its none stop and Tarantino doesn't miss a trick in delivering it to us (check out the

genius soundtrack and nods to the many genres involved). The cliffhanger ending will leave you panting for more, so you'd better wipe the blood off your face and sharpen you're daito because *Volume 2* is out soon.

Kill Bill Volume One is showing at Christ's Sunday 22nd Feb.



Look who's Tolkien now...

An alternative view of the Academy Awards

The *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, largely ignored at the academy awards for the past two years, looks set to sweep the board at the Oscars. The Oscar Ceremony is that time of year when everyone's attention turns to Hollywood, including the book-makers.

While celebrity events have regularly been huge fare for the bookies, our friends upon the other side of the counter view awards ceremonies nervously. They fear Oscar night has more leaks than a one bedroom flat in Tower Hamlets, and that this will lead to enormous windfalls for punters in the know. This inevitably leads to very short odds, and punters are left like a blind man at a strip show- you're not quite sure where to place your money.

We all know *Lord of the Rings* will win best picture, with odds shorter than the list of people willing to attest to Gary Glitter's good character. Best priced 1/4 with *Ladbrokes*.

Even more of a certainty looks to be Peter Jackson (2/11) as best director, and few can begrudge him. He's someone with a name that needs a break at the moment. Sean Penn (*Mystic River*) is more fancied for the Oscar (4/6) than the Bafta (4/5), and should Bill Murray (*Lost*

in translation) pip him for the former, then the current 2/1 widely available may look value. Tim Robbins is best priced 4/6 with *Ladbrokes* to win best supporting actor, though Alec Baldwin (the cooler), 3/1 with *Ladbrokes* but 6/1 with Corals, is a genuine DYM (double your money) outsider.

Charlize Theron is widely reported to have effectively accepted her academy award already for her per-

LOTR looks set to sweep the board at the Oscars

trayal of a serial killer in *Monster*. However, Diane Keaton is approaching strong on the rails, judged only a 3/1 shot by corals yet 5.11/1 on the ever excellent *Betfair*, so something's gotta give.

The Baftas sees Anne Reid's performance as an older woman re-discovering her sexuality (*The Mother*) and Naomi Watt's portrayal of Prince Harry's average weekend (21 grams) neck and neck at 6/4 best price with *Bluesq*.

Cambridge graduate, Ian McKellen, looks likely to cruise past



Oscar hopeful Robbins for the best supporting Bafta, and *Lord of the Rings* is set for a double best film catch at 1/5.

Perhaps best value can be found in

the less mainstream Oscars. *The Barbarian Invasions* look a good bet even at 1/3 to sweep the best foreign film Oscar, and though the spread betting firms are being uncharacter-

istically recalcitrant thus far, any spread of five or lower on *LOTR* for total Oscars should be reacted to like an Ethiopian in an all you can eat buffet.

As the event draws nearer *Cantor*, *Sporting Index* et al will likely produce some special markets on speech length, tears, most revealing dress, most people claiming to have been abused at never never land etc.

The smart punter will avoid attempting to steal money on what seem like certainties at ridiculously short prices, and bide his time for the genuine opportunity. This week's Bafta awards may have provided a few clues as to which of the odds on favourites is most likely to fail to graduate from the academy.

Recommended bets: Diane Keaton 2pts 4/1 best actress, Alec Baldwin 1pts 6/1 best supporting actor, *LOTR* ten times unit stake buy on number of Oscars (probably around 4.5-5).

Jamie Martin

The 76th annual Academy Awards are being shown on Sunday, February 29th on abc.

The Gallery of Lost Art

Dawn Tunstall on the Case of the World's Missing Masterpieces



In the blockbuster movie *Titanic*, James Cameron depicts one of the most celebrated paintings of the last century, Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger*, being lost with the ship. Imagine this painting had never been discovered. An important pre-cursor to the avant-garde, what would have happened to the notion of the primitive.

Every year, art is lost to us, whether through war, natural disaster, theft, or the inability to transform artistic ideas into something concrete. Jonathan Jones, writer for *The Guardian*, theorises about a virtual museum housing the world's vanished works. According to Jones, "the most celebrated works of art are the ones that don't exist anymore." Everything on exhibition in the

gallery of the mind is in some way invaluable or illegitimate. This museum houses all the glories of Atlantis and Pompeii, and a wealth of other desirous pieces including Blake's destroyed manuscripts, Aristotle's book on Comedy, Da Vinci's masterpiece *Leonardo's Madonna*, stolen during a raid on a Scottish Castle last year, and every forged, frameless painting that has escaped detection. Every art work that has been thrown out, deemed worthless, is recovered by the gallery and given pride of place. This museum is always open, and has infinite space for pieces old and new alike. There are no surveillance cameras or guards on watch, although sometimes art goes missing - not through theft but because it has been discovered by the outside world

and restored to its former position.

Most of the works on display are permanent features, made famous by their lamented absence from the art scene. Rather than being hidden away in some secret location, inauthentic copies and illegal acquisitions are accessible to all, though no cameras are allowed to record their existence.

Natural catastrophes and the havoc of War cause widespread devastation, wiping out life and art in a matter of seconds. In terms of organised crime, art theft ranks just under drugs and arms dealing, making up a massive £3 billion business in today's world. Don't think of Thomas Crown - the idea of the 'gentleman thief' is outdated: art theft is a huge underground trade. Although there is no readily available market for the most well-known works, many pieces are stolen to order for private collectors. Stately homes and public galleries are regular targets for carefully planned heists, such as the sky-light robbery of a £3 million Cezanne painting from an Oxford collection in June 2000, a theft which stunned the police and public alike. It is relatively simple to transport illegal art abroad and incongruity between UK ownership laws and those of other European countries is an added incentive for thieves. This is the sad reality of disappearing art. The Gallery of Lost Art exists only in a virtual realm, a place where all the world's missing pieces are immortalised.

Introducing Durer

Art Critic Frank Whitford re-evaluates a medieval artist

An eclectic group of Cantabrians gathered in the upper reaches of Jesus College last Thursday, for a talk by *Sunday Times* Art Critic, Frank Whitford, hosted by the CU Visual Arts Society. Mr Whitford, a graduate of the other place and the author of definitive works on artists such as Schiele and Kandinsky, admits to being irritated by art of the 20th and 21st Centuries and so, in his recent research, delves into the past.

And indeed, Mr Whitford's chosen artist, Albrecht Durer, was born in 1471, and was most celebrated in his day for his graphic works. However, even with the passing of half a millennium, many still believe him to be the most famous of all German artists. Do not imagine stuffy subdued works that only your granny could love. Durer's art still retains an understanding of its subject matter and an engagement with reality that is remarkably advanced; indeed Whitford argues that Durer could be regarded under a Modern guise...quite a claim!

As piece after piece is considered, it becomes clear that Durer seemed to be anticipating modern trends centuries before many more celebrated artists had even been born. He not only self-publicised and distributed his work, but fought against plagiarism and formulated new terms to discuss the art he was creating. A natural talent, manifested from childhood, with a fasci-

nation for his own image, Durer may hold a certain familiarity to many Cambridge lads about town. But it is in this self-representation that Mr Whitford believes Durer wielded the importance of the artist, a figure largely under-rated in his home of Nuremberg. However, even the eminent Frank Whitford admits to being at the beginning of this acquaintance with the man behind the talent. Well worth taking a moment's Google-searching to see for yourself. A particular piece to look out for is Durer's remarkable self-portrait, painted in the apocalyptic year 1500 at the age of 28.

Sarah Williams



For more information about forthcoming speakers, visit:
www.visual-art-society.co.uk

It's Oh So Quiet

Jon Swaine hears Damien Rice loud and clear

For a man so obviously burdened with every care in the world, it is with a markedly delicate, unassuming charm that Damien Rice takes his stage. Hurriedly affixing and tuning; humble, gracious but never embarrassed, one can't help but wonder how easily he has made sense of the acclaim, sales and awards bequeathed upon *O*, a set of songs essentially composed as bedroom catharsis.

Yet it is precisely his personal scale of creation that has rendered Rice so inadvertently accessible to all. His audience, a wildly varied demographic of Oxbridge students mingling casually amongst middle-aged Dido-financiers is testament to this, and to his outright refusal to being hackneyed into Drive-Time banality. Whether he likes it or not, Damien Rice is fast becoming a fervid everyman to a jaded public aching for some musical permanence.

It is difficult to find fault with a performance so bold and consistently accomplished as to think nothing of placing *Amie* - a crescendo of pathos,

melody and lucidity - third on the setlist. Combined with the stripped simplicity of a revolving glitter ball, slowly reflecting four white spotlights around the theatre, the result is, in no exaggerated terms, pin-drop silence.

So the precedent is set; the performance continues as the gut-wrenching refrains of *Older Chests* and *The Blower's Daughter* are met with such stunned muteness that any inadvertent shoe-squeaker is mercilessly hissed into submission. The tension is broken only by Rice's inebriated anecdotal charm; intimate tales of rescued seagulls, wasted schooldays and underwater breath-holding are put to effective use, preventing the intense austerity of the night's proceedings from ever becoming overbearing.

The magnificent vocals of Lisa Hannigan, far too resplendent to ever be classed as 'backing', are deserving of a review all on their own. Her ability to constantly hit unfeasibly difficult notes is matched throughout the night by her versatility. As she takes the lead for the



Courtesy of Beatwax PR

beautiful *I Remember*, a collective swoon is tangibly directed at her waif-like silhouette from every corner.

As the closing chords of a triumphant *Cold Water* fade, presumed by most to mark the end of an astonishing evening, there is again sudden, inexplicable silence. Barely amplified, a horizontal Rice proceeds to bestow

upon his audience an interpretation of Leonard Cohen's *Hallelujah* of such haunting poignance so as to dumbfound 1300 witnesses into wide-eyed incredulity. Without a hint of arrogance, Damien Rice accepts the song as a symbolic baton from those before him. Rarely has there been a man more worthy of it.

A Krafty Kut Above the Rest

Henry Bowen talks to the Brighton breakbeat maestro



Courtesy of Fingerlickin

Krafty Kuts is no stranger to the decks. His first time behind Technics was in a competition aged 17. He got through to the finals. Since then he's earned a reputation as a skilled deck wizard and a prolific breakbeat producer. His latest project is new album *Tricka Technology*, a funky hip-hop mash-up with sidekick, A Skillz.

Krafty cites his deejay influences as Jazzy Jeff, Cash Money, Grandmaster Flash, all the old-skool hip-hop DJs. "I think that people should learn from the really well known DJs, but create your own style. My style is somewhere between Cash Money and DJ Premier. I'm more into the funky side of things, so I like to keep things digestible rather

than blowing people's minds."

He describes his style as "something I've created myself. Breaks is a great form of club music now, and hip-hop's my first love: it's really good trying to balance the two, and I think people quite like that. I can start off with hip-hop, and drop in some breaks and maybe a bit of drum 'n' bass."

As for the breakbeat sound which he's so heavily involved with, he seems pleased that it's "branching out to clubs like Gatecrasher; people are hearing quality music, trance for me is like pop music. But I don't think breakbeat's as commercially acceptable as trance and disco house music. That's got broader appeal, it's what the kids want to hear."

As for his production influences, he

says: "I listen to all sorts, funk, jazz, a lot of hip-hop, a bit of house, I scan through the radio to listen to what's going on, rather than taking my influence directly from certain people. I like funk music, so I wanted to make a modern version of what funk is."

So what can we expect when he comes to Cambridge? "The show consists of two DJs and four MCs, including legendary American jungle lyricist TC Izlam. Lots of party funky hip-hop, lots of interaction with the crowd, just a good funky atmosphere. It sends a good message."

Catch Krafty Kuts on the Tricka Technology tour at the Fez Club on Tuesday 24th February

Reviews

Aloud - Bob O'Lean

Open/Ministry of Sound, 23rd February

No, not Girls Aloud. *Bob O'Lean* is the first single from a concept album by the pioneering Parisian disco-teers, Aloud, about a man named... Bob O'Lean. Apparently Bob is losing his mind (he's 'bubbling insane') because he's always had everything he's ever wanted - sex, sun and the whole enchilada - but he's not happy. Thankfully, the track doesn't focus too much on the story. It has some reasonably dirty beats and a low-down 70s male vocal: all in all, a very neat piece of electro-disco-funk. It's a fun track, but Aloud might want to let the concept album concept slide - we just don't care enough about Bob.

Amy Stockwell

Kasabian - Reason Is Treason

BMG, 23rd February

All I know about Kasabian is that they are synonymous with the devil-spawn purveyors of boredom named Chikinki. And fuck me if they don't sound exactly the same - murky bass, clumsy mash-up of synth and guitar, 'I'm Lou Reed, hear me roar!' vocals. It's disappointing to hear a band fill the rollicking first minute with a hint of invention and rough hewn chaos, and then proceeding to play exactly the same thing for the rest of the song, before it collapses under its own aimless Scream-a-like tedium. Trying to sound identical to The Cooper Temple Clause, who have two good songs and nice hair, is no way to build a career in 2004 when everyone's getting down to Franz Ferdinand, and it's no way to get me to notice their insipid post-sludge wank.

Sam Elliot



This is a Warning

Max Baillie at the Junction

I'm no drum 'n' bass fanatic, though I love it for dancing, so as I head out of town I don't have expectations of the select line-up for Warning's 9th Birthday. When I get there it doesn't seem anything special - breakbeats heavy, beats too indistinct, submerged under a fat distorted wave of bass vibrations. Still, I'm enjoying dancing. After a good, but unremarkable, set with Skibadee, the Ragga Twins come on stage, working up the crowd energy over some awesome jungle tunes.

By 3am, when we're getting worked up into a single sweating Dionysian mass, Dynamite and Fabio take over. Dynamite's flow is mad: flowing syncopations and phrasing that doesn't just go with the regular time of the music, but across even sets of beats. He imitates samples and then lets rip with a million mile an hour verbal hurricane.

Meanwhile we're all loving it, no trace of agro in the place. Reebok Classics boys with their baseball caps, sportswear, chains and earrings; painted girls with streaked blond hair and heels, who seem to manage dancing to the raging beats



Alex Mair

without moving their feet off the floor and are always in groups of 3; a few of your standard hip clubgoers; the odd hippie; geezers who don't take off their zipped up jackets or beanies and neither sweat nor dance. All these, and the odd random and rhythmless balding 45 year old, make up the mixed bag you'll invariably find at a commercial d'n'b night. They were all out in full force last Saturday, feeding off the night's snow-balling energy until 4am.

Don't miss Roni Size on March 25th. Two days of ringing in my ears worth it? Definitely.

Five Tragic Rock 'n' Roll Deaths

Some of our musical legends have died tragically young. This week *Varsity* takes a look at how five rock stars met their maker.

1. In a Plane Crash

Buddy Holly was only 22 when he decided to hire a private plane to replace his tour bus, which was having heating problems. Turned out his plane got a lot hotter than he would have liked when it crashed shortly after take off, killing not only him but also Richie 'La Bamba' Valens and The Big Bopper.

2. Arguing with your Dad

Marvin Gaye always had a troubled relationship with his Reverend father. It got a lot worse when, after an argument over an insurance bill, Marvin Gay(e) Senior shot his son dead.

3. Going for a swim

In 1997 Jeff Buckley walked into the Mississippi river in the middle of the night for a swim. He never walked out again and his body was never found.

4. Taking a ride in a Mini

In 1977 Marc Bolan was being driven home by his girlfriend when she wrapped their mini around a tree. She survived, but her music legend boyfriend sadly didn't.

5. On the toilet

Elvis: Fat, bloated, on a toilet, burger in hand.

RIP our rock and roll greats

Bach takes you on a rollercoaster

Ciarán Jenkins interviews renowned tenor Anthony Rolfe Johnson

“Bach’s music is perfect; cascades of notes are absolutely in the right place”. Anthony Rolfe Johnson has a high opinion of Bach, and one senses that he treats singing Bach’s music as an honour. There was a genuine excitement in his voice and glimmer in his eyes as he discussed the forthcoming performance of *St Matthew Passion* in which he will sing the part of Evangelist. His zest for music and eloquent expression of his love of Bach cut through the drab Cambridge drizzle. Here was a man advocating expression and passion in music, and the more I conversed with him the more excited I became about the prospect of hearing him sing.

His participation in the *Passion* should inject the Cambridge concert scene with some much needed experience, and the audience should have that rare honour of hearing a thoroughly prepared performance. ARJ is well aware of the difficulties of singing Bach: “Do not underestimate it, be as fit as you can because it takes you on a rollercoaster ride, it is the hardest thing to sing because it is the simplest of things”, and in singing the role of Evangelist he will be able to count on his experience of singing the role in the past.

He considers a performance of *The Passion* in 1991 at the Queen Elizabeth Hall among his most memorable performances, not least because it had to be recorded for commercial release

early in the morning to avoid the sound of Gulf-bound jets flying overhead. There should be no fighter planes to contest with on Saturday night, international terrorists permitting. He will be accompanied, however, by Cambridge’s foremost ‘historically informed’ ensemble, *Cu3e*.

ARJ knows little as yet about his accompanying ensemble, but is generally enthusiastic about the concept of

I’d like to sing
Classic Jazz, some
Ella Fitzgerald
maybe

striving for ‘authentic’ performances: “It’s a very nice thing to have, we don’t know much about how things were done but we can guess. Using baroque pitch makes so much difference”. Despite the fervent debate about whether ‘historically informed performances’ are any more authentic than contemporary interpretations of baroque music, ARJ is adamant that devices such as the use of baroque pitch are much more than a gimmick, “It just feels right” he insists.

As for his interpretation of Bach, he claims that the experience he gained from singing German baroque music in Austria and Germany whilst initially coming to grips with the style was

invaluable. After a while he absorbed Austrian methods, and was “singing G-sharps which were ripping across the music. I’d then reached a point at which I was at home with the Austro-German sound. I was simply opening my mouth and letting the sound come out”.

ARJ sees expression and passion as fundamental to making music, and he finds most music attractive if he can detect these qualities. I was curious to know whether, having now retired from the staged opera scene, he would consider becoming part of the ‘classical-pop’ crossover bubble and releasing an album which may appeal to a wider audience. “I would consider it, I’ve always wanted to do it. I’d like to sing classic jazz, some Ella Fitzgerald maybe.”

Unlike many classical musicians he is not inherently against the concept of developing a broader audience for classical music through the crossover market, though he stresses that there is a fundamental difference between Pavarotti and Russell Watson, “there is no contest” he remarks. We can guess which one he prefers. One senses that Anthony Rolfe Johnson would be at home singing classical or jazz. His unadulterated passion for music, combined with an exemplary level of professionalism, are qualities which would impress any audience.

St Matthew Passion, Trinity College Chapel, Feb 21, 6.30 pm.

Ria Cooke



A premiere production

The Tempest, Thomas Adès
Royal Opera House, 10 Feb

★★★★★

Thomas Adès’ new opera will surprise anyone expecting something as off-the-wall as his last stage offering, the succès de scandale that was *Powder Her Face*. Compared to the frenetic sensationalism of that work, *The Tempest* has the whiff of a composer reaching greater maturity; the orchestral textures here are subtler, the vocal lines less garish, and the story line, of course, is altogether less risqué – no risk of fellatio in Shakespeare.

I can’t think of a composer more suited to the subject matter in hand: Adès knows exactly how to invoke a world bristling with new sounds, bringing Prospero’s otherworldly island to life. Some of his trademarks make welcome appearances – delicate tinnabulations, the swish of a hat, and above all the presence of a

nostalgic tonality in the midst of all the invention – but the soundworld he has created is strikingly new.

It evolves out of imaginative responses to Shakespeare’s play and to the specially written libretto by the Australian playwright Meredith Oakes. Oakes’ rhyming and half-rhyming couplets simplify the original text so that the music can shine out, but they also add an appealingly archaic quality. The music plays an equally important role in the story telling: sequential, chromatic windings emphasise Prospero’s self-absorption; the lovers Ferdinand and Miranda are united by the way their melodies both move in equal note values; Ariel and Caliban, the non-humans, share a similar harmonic language.

The dramatic pacing throughout is brilliant; and there are theatrical moments to treasure. The song *Five fathoms deep* has a luminous intensity, and is performed by Ariel atop a book-like structure that revolves as the scene

changes; the music turns achingly beautiful during the love scenes of Ferdinand and Miranda, as chains of suspensions soar through the orchestra; and the story’s threads are cunningly tied together with the help of a quasi-baroque pasacaglia in the ensemble near the end.

Moritz Junge’s set and costume designs echo the originality of the score; the set is intermittently electrified by laser beams and neon lights, and the gigantic opening and closing book at the centre of the stage is used to great effect, while, breath-takingly, aerial dancers appear to swim through the air.

The cast list is mouth-watering. Simon Keenlyside makes a striding and authoritative Prospero, who is finally overcome by the power of the love between Ferdinand and Miranda; Ian Bostridge as the pitiable Caliban delivers his tenor role with consummate sensitivity and skill. The biggest ovation at the premiere, however, went to the American soprano Cyndia Sieden, who, as Ariel, played a touchy punk-cum-sprite and negotiated her vocal and physical acrobatics with dazzling brilliance – I barely knew that top Es, Fs and Gs could be sung, let alone so beautifully. All the rest of the cast, including Covent Garden veterans Philip Langridge and Gwynne Howell, deserve acclaim, as does the ROH orchestra, who seem on great form under the composer’s baton.

The opera’s final tableau, touching in the way only Adès can be, will stay long in my mind: the harmony takes on an otherworldly feel again, and Caliban picks up the tattered crown and places it on his scalp, king at last, while Ariel’s vocalisations whirl merrily into the ether.

James Halliday



Clive Baroda

Opera is punishment

According to Radio 4, a judge in the USA has introduced a new disciplinary system for those charged with civil disorder offences for playing music too loud: compulsory listening to opera. His reasoning is that if the prosecuted inflict their music on society, he should inflict his music on them. The judge’s eye-for-an-eye, or rather aria-for-a-rap attitude, has caused quite a stir. Apparently some are even converting to the classical cause and from that moment on prefer Handel to hip-hop. Here are *Varsity*’s top 10 musical crimes, and suggestions for punishment...

1) Crime: Classical Music cliques. The self-congratulatory world of Cambridge’s Classical inner circle.

Punishment: To sustain a conversation for five minutes without using the phrase “one time on NYO...”

2) Crime: Charlotte Church’s record contract. Since when have angels sung Danny Boy?

Punishment: The young Welsh singer should be made to face the fact that despite her recent accolade there are many better bums in showbiz.

3) Crime: Herbert Howells.

Punishment: Harmony lessons.

4) Crime: Restaurant music. I think particularly of the wonderful five second excerpt from *The Snowman*, ‘Indianised’ on a sitar and played on loop for ninety minutes in *Café Naz* and *La Tasca*’s Spanish version of *Backstreet Boys*.

Punishment: The restaurant managers should be forced to endure both Aled Jones and the *Backstreet Boys* in English, whilst eating jellied eels.

5) Crime: Playing the Viola.

Punishment: Compulsory tuition on another (proper) instrument, such as the

cello. Oh, and we could teach them to read and write while we’re at it.

6) Crime: *Chopsticks* (the tune, we have no issue with the oriental eating implements.)

Punishment: Cutting off the fingers of the annoying amateur ‘pianist’ and replacing them with actual chopsticks. That’ll teach ‘em.

7) Crime: Choral Music Societies comprised entirely of old ladies with fatal vibrato, which is a frightening musical manifestation of their state of near death.

Punishment: Confiscating their *Werther’s Originals*.

8) Crime: Techno panpipe buskers. This particular brand of busker can be found outside *Boots* playing, amongst other tragedies, a panpipe version of the *Match of the Day* theme tune. Their absolute blindness in the face of even the most basic musical standards extends to an optimism that someone might actually buy one of their CDs.

Punishment: Death by lethal injection.

9) Crime: Out of tune chanting in football and rugby matches, when an attempt at pitching a note equates to an adolescent squeal or a boozy grunt. Neither result is desirable, particularly in close proximity.

Punishment: A meat pie from an in-stadium fast-food point; few survive such an ordeal.

10) Crime: *Classic FM TV*. There’s only so many times you can watch scantily clad women pretending to play musical instruments whilst gyrating around as if taking part in a wet t-shirt competition (honest).

Punishment: Put on your clothes and play some proper music.

Ciarán Jenkins & James Crawford

Money, Greed, Revenge etc etc etc.

Nadia Kamil wonders if it was worth the visit



The Visit
ADC Theatre, 17-21 Feb, 7.45pm

★ ★ ★ ☆ ☆

Amillionairess returns to her poverty-stricken home town with the promise of a rather large endowment to rebuild its economy. On one condition: that justice is served.

The comic potential of this play is there in the text, but unfortunately it never seems to make itself fully apparent in performance. Perhaps this is due to the language being that of the formal post-war era, or maybe it's a deficient translation; although the cast really can afford to take the humour further, they seem to skip over their comic lines as if they are embarrassed by them. Some of the smaller parts capitalise on the stereo-

typed caricatures and bring out the best of this play, namely the priest (Tim Froggart) and the police inspector (Hanna Thomas). Credit also to the chorus, who brought out the more entertaining elements with energetic and enjoyable performances. Alex Lamont is consistently strong and

**"extreme caricatures
and obvious
theatrical devices"**

believable as the rich old Claire Zachanassian, adding a great touch of dark humour.

Pace is lacking for much of this production, most likely due to the conflicting styles of performance. Some characters are played with an element of surrealism, with extreme

caricatures and obvious theatrical devices; other parts are more naturalistic in form, which doesn't fit the tone of the play. The set designer has very cleverly constructed a rather cunning set: it's a shame the scene changes are so laborious and ill considered.

There are some very good moments in this production, some points to really make you laugh, and other moments where you can really feel an endearment to the pathetic town. However, they are just moments; the production does not flow as a whole and with a very Brechtian conclusion I was left wondering what part of the play I was supposed to pay attention to and take the moral message from. This is a tragi-comedy which was neither tender enough to make me feel greatly moved nor comic enough to leave me highly amused.

Which way to the Playroom?

Map of the World
Playroom, 17-21 Feb, 7pm

★ ★ ★ ☆ ☆

When I hear that a play is about 'the West's problematic relationship with the Third World', I start to get worried. Worried that I'll be sucked into some kind of *No Logo*-esque guilt trip. I was pleasantly surprised by *Map of the World*, which generally managed to stay entertaining despite some shaky moments.

The play is set at a UN conference on poverty, giving the opportunity for plenty of long speeches about the poor, the West, principles and so on.

Some of these were tedious, some interesting and some entertaining, particularly those delivered by Jaffar Kahn's amusingly inflated novelist. Now and then, the play betrayed its Eighties origins and could have benefited from a little editing to give it more contemporary relevance. The main characters were sharp, with Kahn's excellently energetic performance being spot on. Director Claudia Yusef took on a small role with very little to say but said it superbly.

Sadly, the performance suffered badly from the bizarre shape of the Playroom theatre. With the seating on two sides of the stage, and separated by a wall, the actors were

unable to really make any contact with the audience. They seemed to deal with this by talking directly to each other, which had the effect of you tending to look at the back of people's heads and feeling oddly divorced from the action. Bearing in mind the limitations of the Playroom, the sets and lighting were reasonable, although the actors tended to get lost in shadows.

It would have been easy to make *Map of the World* trite and maximum credit to the Fletcher Players for avoiding this. However, with more care taken over the staging (and a better theatre), it could have been a much more powerful piece.

Iain Mathieson

Eeeeh, the youth of today...

This is Our Youth
Queens', 17-21 Feb, 7.30pm

★ ★ ★ ☆ ☆

Look into the mirror! You can see yourself, sitting on your sofa, hanging out with friends, weighing the chances of getting laid, smoking joints, quarrelling – and being convinced all along that this would make a marvellous film! Or a marvellous play!

Kenneth Lonergan has done just this. He has chronicled his own time as a lost, rich and cool teenager in eighties' New

York – the result is a mirror for you to recognize yourself. This is your youth! A little bit sexed up, perhaps: the drugs a bit harder than yours, the language a bit more vulgar, the quarrelling a bit more heartless. But, apart from that, undoubtedly you. There you are despising your parents' lives, dreaming of your future as a film director, talking to the girl you have made love to for the first time yesterday, being shocked by a friend's death. Apart from that: hanging out.

If you ever get off the sofa and write that marvellous play about your own unique version of the universally shared

youth, you should be glad if it finds so sharp a cast as director Archie Bland found for his staging of Lonergan's version. Conrad Mason is a "fucking genius" (his own words) as Dennis, the rich-kid-turned-drug-dealer-who-is-perfectly-aware-that-his-parent's-money-is-just-a-phone-call-away-to-catapult-him-into-the-unavoidable-settled-life. Blake Marks-Landro, as his friend Warren, does a great job at being bullied by him. Alice Harper, as Jessica, is wearing a breathtakingly low-cut dress (she seems a little bit afraid of it, though), and shows all the talent it takes to fill it. When she shows us the anguish and insecurity of a girl who has made love on the first date, she reveals true artistic sensitivity. You might nevertheless decide not to write your play after all.

You might find that there is nothing you could tell the world that it does not already know. Lonergan has averted this danger and, as a remedy, added some serious philosophical reflection to the play: "He is dead! Do you know what that means!? He will not be around anymore!" Yet Warren himself is not too convinced about the author's success: "The intellectual stimulation...I am somehow not getting it." He may have his finger on something there. But the acting is supreme nevertheless.

Sebastian Raedler



Archie Bland

Cat-astrophic...

Here Kitty
ADC Theatre, 18-21 Feb, 11pm

★ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

I could not believe *Here Kitty* was an ADC lateshow.

Pretentious and poorly written, the play was only partially redeemed by the valiant efforts of the actors, notably Rob Heaps, Susannah Wharfe and Isabelle Schoelcher. From start to finish the script lacked any meaning, structure, plot, character development or proper interaction between the characters. Maybe the fact that the writer directed the play himself was the reason that there was no objectivity in cutting or realising where the script simply didn't work: it is a sad moment when the 'commercial break' is the most intentionally amusing part of the whole play. For a play so reliant on quick scene changes, the technical shoddiness was unforgivable. Sets came down, costumes came down and lighting rarely went up.

Low points – and there were many – included a lecture on how to roll a joint and the depiction of a stoner's nightmare (involving picture frames and meaningless monologues that apparently bore no relevance to the rest of the plot). Susannah Wharfe managed to pull this awful script from great depths of turgidity and made the schizophrenic Kitty almost believable. Schoelcher added much needed spirit to the series of random romantic and sexual clichés from which her 'life' was constructed. Her 'Wonder-woman' impression, while entirely irrelevant, deserves particular mention. And Heaps' skilful performance rescued the character from descent into an abyss of perversity; in his hands *Colin's Conquests* almost gained a charming air. I cannot stress fully enough how well the actors coped with such poor material.

As Susannah's character so wisely mused, *Here Kitty* is 'very confused and a little bit twisted.'

Cath Fischl

Smorgasbord

I'm not the theatre-going type, really. The nearest I got in Cambridge was my sole visit to the ADC bar for further units on a Tuesday night. My two contributions to the atmosphere of bohemian bonhomie were offering a quiet, reserved classicist a threesome in the mistaken belief she was bisexual, and abusing the staff in the (again mistaken) belief that they had stolen my new scarf.

It will come as some surprise, then, that I appear to be writing a theatre review. The fact is, however, that these plays are yet to be put on; I am safely ensconced in my room, script and fag in hand.

Smorgasbord is a fresh young venture with the redoubtable Kitty St Auburn at its helm as artistic director. The first production is scheduled for week seven, and it promises to be an interesting evening. The plays to be performed – nine in all – without exception play on themes of alienation and anomie, ennui and enervation. In the aptly named *Peter Bumps Into The Bloke From The Kebab House And Is Forced To Realise That Their Relationship Is Not Suited To Life Outside Said Kebab House* confused

homosexual tension is troped through cancer of the maternal anus. False jocularity engendered by middle class guilt is wonderfully depicted in this terse vignette. Shit is also dwelt on in the most intellectually ambitious of the pieces, *Medicine*. An overt tribute to Beckett, this impassioned exegesis of existential angst may prove a little self-conscious and rarefied for some tastes, but it nevertheless exerts a peculiar power of affective allure. Albee seems to be the model for the keen-edged *Drav*, where the reason for the conflict is submerged beneath absurdist stichomythia. *He and Whore* is perhaps the strongest offering, utilising silence with great affect. Woody Allen's pretension and Hollywood's exploitation of exploitation are laid bare on the shocking slate of this text. The plays are, in general, of a very high standard. And it is for this reason that I must urge you, whether or not you are, like me, an intellectual manqué who flies into paroxysms of hermeneutic delight at the mere mention of a floating signifier, to go and see them.

Glyn Salton-Cox

Smorgasbord runs

2-6 March at the Playroom

Crime in the Spotlight

Archie Bland stands up for bastards

Crime can be a very casual thing. It's a peculiar truth that the pettier the crime is, the more likely it is to be deliberately thought out: most murderers, for instance, are not of an especially criminal mindset, because the vast majority of murders are committed in a domestic context, usually as a result of some sort of intense provocation.

This isn't to suggest that it's OK to do things wrong if you do them by mistake; still, anyone who hopes to understand what it is to be human must realise that we are all capable of doing terrible things under intense provocation. On the other hand, petty fraud, or minor vandalism, are more peculiar phenomena, and difficult to understand for the average onlooker.

No literary medium is better capable of presenting this than theatre, simply because where prose or poetry inevitably foreground authorial opinion – one cannot escape from the presence of a narrator, or at least some kind of voice – drama can at least try to force the creative point of view into the background, and leave judgments to an audience. When the illusion of a neutral presentation is preserved, morality becomes a much more slippery, more complicated thing. In Ken Lonergan's comedy of adolescence, *This Is Our Youth*, we see characters who do illicit things quite innocently, and treat each other with real cruelty in entirely legal ways: it seems almost incomprehensible that the first should be punishable with a jail sentence, and the second with nothing

more than a resentful look. Dennis, a charming bully whose dazzling aggressive verbal violence forces others into open warfare or silence, is met only with mild reproach from his best friend Warren: following a devastating indictment of Warren's personal failings ('You're such a snivelling little obnoxious punk... This is good for you. Listen. You're a fucking idiot'), he is asked, 'why do you say that shit?' and can only answer: 'Because it's true. Because you deserve it.' On the other hand, all three characters in the play take drugs with abandon, and, if it sometimes causes sadness, it never seems like an inherently abhorrent action, though crime it may be. And Warren steals \$15,000 dollars, and we rather like him for it.

Dennis follows in a fine tradition of charming theatrical bastards. From Edmund in *Lear* via *The Changeling's* DeFlores to Lenny in *The Homecoming*, there has always been something attractive about casual callousness: perhaps it is the sense that they say what we wished we dared to, and follow a different – arguably higher – morality: Edmund is the only really truthful character in *Lear*. Who, when he proclaims 'thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law my services are bound,' can help feeling a pang of jealous admiration? Still, in the end, Edmund dies: these characters cannot ultimately escape their distaste for the socially imposed morality their peers follow. In the meantime, though, they have a much better time: as Edmund proclaims, 'Now, gods, stand up for bastards!'

Backstage Theatre News

SPOOKY: In true Friday 13th style, regular readers may have been perplexed by the fact that half of the theatre section (and all of our good friends in literature) had been inadvertently substituted with some distinctly non-theatrical sports news. Our apologies to the writers and illustrators effected – the missing content can be found online.



NOT SPOOKY: There's still time to enter our competition to win a pair of tickets to see the acclaimed *Faster* (above) at Cambridge Drama Centre next week. To enter, email your details to theatre@varsity.co.uk before Wednesday. CA

Mildly Entertaining, My Dear Watson



Sherlock Holmes ...Speckled Band Queens, 17-21 Feb, 11pm

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For the first few minutes of *Sherlock Holmes and the Case of the Speckled Band* I had a horrible feeling that it was one of those serious attempts to dramatise Conan Doyle's detective.

It was with relief and some amuse-

ment that I realised that it wasn't.

The play opens with Holmes and his tag-along, Dr Watson, being interrupted by the regular morning 'distressed woman'. Several deductions later this results in the successful killing of a bad chap. The play, as may well be inferred from the above few sentences, is fairly light-hearted. It is also mildly entertaining. The Irate Dr Grimesby Roylott (Andre Marmot) gave an amusing little

cameo that helped lift the show from its rather static start. There was also one genuinely funny scene, involving Holmes' enquiries into the domestic animals present in a particular item of furniture, and the purpose of a leather whip.

The set, for a late show, was surprisingly good. The use of multiple levels was effective and the rooms cleverly constructed and furnished. This was all aided by appropriately

placed string music.

This play is not the best thing you'll see all term, but I don't suppose it is trying to be, and it is, at least, entertaining in parts. To be fair, even if you don't enjoy it, you can probably pass some of the time completing 'Holme's Tease' which has been thoughtfully supplied with the programme.

Oliver Robinson

Cam Stories

Excrutiating
Valentine's
from Coleridge

Dear Miss,

My dear Anne, you are my Valentine. I dreamt of you this morning, and I have seen no female in the whole course of this day, except an old bedmaker belonging to the College, and I don't count her one, as the bristle of her beard makes me suspect her to be of the masculine gender. If I could draw, I would have sent a pretty heart struck through with arrows, with some such sweet posy underneath it as this:-

"The rose is red, the violet blue;
The pink is sweet and so are you."

But as the Gods have not made me a drawer (of anything but corks) you must accept the will for the deed....Is Mr. Caleb Barlow recovered of the rheumatism? The quiet ugliness of Cambridge supplies me with very few communicables in the news way. The town is very fertile in alleys, and mud and cats and dogs...I keep a cat. Amid the strange collection of strange animals with which I am surrounded, I think it necessary to have some meek well looking being, that I may keep my social affections alive. Puss, like her master, is a very gentle brute, my sweet Pussy. I wish, Puss! N.B- If ever, Mary, you should feel yourself inclined to visit me at Cambridge, pray do not suffer the consideration of my having a cat deter you....

The Case of The Missing Hero

Miss Elaine Tierney on Chandler and Detective Fiction

Most writing on detective fiction makes a great deal of the genre as a model of control. Shit happens, shit is resolved, and all within the strict formal regulations which genre imposes. The endings of detective stories matter: these endings, more so than in other kinds of fiction, shape the course the narrative can reasonably take.

The end marks the beginning; the writer of crime fiction starts from a point of narrative resolution. The expression "closure", woefully overused, actually means something to our reading: we don't just want to know "whodunnit", but how. The reader does not seek to take anything away from the scene of the crime: we, like the investigating officers, leave everything as found. In Franco Moretti's words, "One reads only with the purpose of remaining as one already is: innocent. Detective fiction owes its success to the fact that it teaches us nothing." Or, indeed, shows us nothing of ourselves that we do not wish to see. Rather, we are brought to a point of resolution and reassurance. Order is restored, periodically, to a big, bad world.

The case is closed.

All of which makes detective fiction sound about as thrilling as a page of hard sums. I am reminded of those endless games of chess Philip Marlowe plays against himself, re-enacting famous matches, and duly losing. Chess, emblematic of lovers, becomes the lone man's game of choice. It is, of course, symbolic too of the struggle for power; the thinking man's game of skill. An apt figure, one would think, for the man

locked in a battle of strategy and will with the indefatigable other. Yet, it doesn't quite figure Marlowe. Though certainly smart (or, at the very least, ever ready with the smart answer), he's nobody's lover for very long. And, those

On re-reading one
realises the extent of
Marlowe's irrationality

power struggles he does become embroiled in are rarely of his own making. Thinking Chandler's story or Marlowe's character into the constriction of easy read signs and symbols just doesn't work. Too much is made of the man and his fallibility for us to judge him a mere literary type, close kin to the Cowboy or soft-voiced gangster.

In a world where it's the private detective's professional obligation to know, Marlowe, more often than not, is stumped.

My pleasure in reading Raymond Chandler comes from the cursed irrationality of his hero. Offered the choice between the hard and an easy way, it's a fair bet Marlowe's will shun the latter. The Big Sleep, for example, and that sequence of events following Geiger the pornographer's murder: given the option of entering without breaking- an open backdoor - Marlowe chooses locked, inaccessible French windows. Why walk in unnoticed when you could needlessly draw attention to yourself?

This shamus, quite simply, is a self-dramatiser. Chandler, after all, allows

Marlowe to spin his own story: nothing happens outside the limits of his voice. And what a voice! A gold standard prose, well able to case a joint in a couple of sentences; low on unnecessary detail, not a word wasted. It's the tonal equivalent of never breaking into a sweat. Which is, perhaps, Chandler's biggest con: the reader allows too much authority to Marlowe's ease of pronouncement. It happened, we think, just as he said it did. Blind-sighted, it is only on re-reading that one realises the extent of Marlowe's irrationality, and just how much Chandler's narrative omits to tell us.

The Big Sleep, for example, and its rather puzzling ending. Between Realito and returning to the Sternwood mansion, Marlowe pursues a train of thought to which we are not party. For some inexplicable reason he knows he will be shot at (again)

and by whom. Rather than create narrative closure we comb what has gone before to know how he knows, turning up little to leave us any the wiser. Which is only right. The Big Sleep is not a story for those who like their endings complete. Its business is mess and those secrets best swept under the drawing room carpet. It is, in fact, apt that we are left out in the cold: in a world where no one can be trusted, why should the reader expect to be any better? Chandler eschews the comforting finality the genre invites us to expect. We end on the edge of uncertainty, the great unknown; an indistinction of ending no story can hope to control:

"What did it matter where you lay once you were dead? In a dirty sump or in a marble tower on top of a high hill? You were dead, you were sleeping the big sleep, you were not bothered by things like that."



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BARENAKED LADIES IN THE SPORTING ARENA



The women's lacrosse team, looking for some more, er, exposure for their sport, seemed to have got the impression that Varsity (or Arsity) was not above providing free advertising in exchange for revealing photographs. They were of course right: The men's, women's and mixed Varsity Lacrosse matches take place in Oxford on Saturday March 6th. If you want a £10 coach ticket, email Hannah (I'm not sure which one she is in the photo) on hcd25.

Ms Mary Crooks, director of the Victorian Women's Trust, responding to the Aussie calendar, suggested that 'Women at an elite sports level – and you can understand their frustration – just don't enjoy anywhere near the same kind of funding support as men'. The issue she touches on is an important one, and until women's sport receives fairer funding the problems are likely to remain.

US skipper Julie Foudy said, "We'll start wearing tighter shorts when he

Rather like the England rugby team wearing skintight tops. According to the publicity blurb, the Nike tops are 40% lighter than their predecessors, with the body hugging design making them dynamic and

mobile. "They're designed to 'snap back' when grabbed - so if a player does get caught he'll find it much easier to escape the tackle. The England boys won't be as hot as before either. Ventilation around the ribs, underarms and lower back will help keep them cool". But they certainly don't look cool in those tops.



College Football

Long Road manager Chris Childs was careful to point out that Girton goalkeeper Rob Jones was as culpable as



In the very first minute, a rare mistake from long-serving Girton centre-half, Mickey Villa, put him on the score-sheet with an own-goal, 12-minutes in,

10 minutes into the second-half Bailey, again putting Downing into lead, this time from the penalty spot, after Rich Payne was bundled in the box. Girton's frustrated ex-captain, Greg Smyth could be heard saying "I don't know what we're doing, but it's certainly not playing football".

Jesus ran out comfortable winners though the home support were more than a little nervous until Tim Swain doubled the lead in the 80th minute.

Men's Football - Div 1							Men's Football - Div 2							Men's Football - Div 3							Men's Hockey - Div 1							Women's Hockey - Div 1							Women's Rugby - Div 1												
	P	W	D	L	GFGA	Pts		P	W	D	L	GFGA	Pts		P	W	D	L	GFGA	Pts		P	W	D	L	GFGA	Pts		P	W	D	L	PD	Pts													
St Catz	7	6	1	0	18	6	19	Churchill	6	5	1	0	14	5	16	Christ's	6	5	0	1	24	10	15	Magdalene	7	7	0	0	32	2	14	Girton	6	4	1	1	10	5	13	Trinity	7	5	0	2	+138		10
Girton	6	4	2	0	16	5	14	Robinson	7	5	1	1	19	13	16	Sidney	5	3	2	0	18	5	11	Caius	8	6	1	1	20	14	13	St Catz	5	4	0	1	14	2	12	Emmanuel	6	5	0	1	+65		10
St John's	6	4	1	1	21	7	13	Emmanuel	6	4	1	1	20	5	13	Hills Road	4	3	1	0	13	4	9	Jesus	7	6	0	1	39	6	12	Jesus	4	4	0	4	7	2	10	Queens'	4	3	0	1	+18		6
Jesus	6	4	1	1	8	7	13	Caius	6	4	1	1	21	10	13	APU	5	3	0	2	14	8	9	St Catz	9	5	0	4	21	17	10	Caius	4	3	1	0	11	2	12	St John's	4	2	0	2	+26		4
Fitzwilliam	5	2	1	2	4	7	7	Homerton	7	3	0	3	10	11	10	Clare	6	3	0	3	11	13	9	St John's	5	4	1	0	25	10	9	New Hall	6	3	0	3	9	9	9	Girton	5	2	0	3	-38		4
Darwin	7	2	1	2	6	17	7	St John's II	7	2	1	4	13	12	7	Trinity Hall	5	3	0	2	18	11	8	Cam City	7	3	1	3	20	17	7	Trinity	6	1	2	3	4	7	5	Churchill	7	2	0	3	-77		4
Downing	6	1	1	3	16	10	4	Fitz II	7	2	1	4	12	16	7	Girton II	6	2	0	4	13	24	6	Robinson	6	3	0	3	33	25	6	Queens'	5	0	3	2	1	3	3	Clare/Tit HI	3	1	0	2	-26		2
Pembroke	6	0	1	4	1	24	1	Queens	6	1	1	4	7	15	4	CCSS	6	1	0	5	11	23	3	Emma	8	2	2	4	15	29	5	Emma	6	1	0	5	3	15	3	Caius	4	0	0	4	-106		0
Trinity	4	0	0	4	2	9	0	Selwyn	4	1	0	3	5	11	3	Long Road II	4	1	0	3	7	15	2	Sidney	7	2	1	4	9	17	5	Fitzwilliam	6	0	1	5	0	16	1								
Long Road	3	0	1	2	6	8	-1	Kings	6	0	0	6	2	25	0	Magdalene	5	0	1	4	5	21	1	Queens	8	1	0	7	3	30	2																
																								Pembroke	7	0	0	7	2	24	0																
																								Downing	5	0	0	5	5	32	0																

Blues overturn champs

Women's Rugby

BLUES 15
UWIC 5

Alexandra Stevens

It was with much trepidation and lots of guts, determination and hope that the Blues faced UWIC, unbeaten in the BUSA League for the last four years, last Wednesday at Jesus pitches. UWIC are currently top of Premier Division South and are tipped for a third successive Championship Title this year.

Far from being the multi-try walkover that many had predicted, Cambridge stormed out in the first half and matched UWIC (University of Wales Institute Cardiff) in every aspect of the game both up front and in the backs. Special mention must go to fly half Michelle Schaffer for some superb kicking, and for tremendous tackling from wingers Emily Lethbridge and Alex Gillen. The forwards rucked low and hard and were solid in set pieces, providing a great platform from which the backs could run their moves.

Despite many efforts by both

teams, at half time there was still no score. Cambridge, who could only be happy at not conceding points, prepared to dig in harder in the second half. The Blues came out hard and fast, giving just what was needed to start to swing the match their way. Cambridge started winning scrums against the head and some superb jumping by Herbie in the line outs secured all of the Blues' balls and even started stealing some of UWIC's ball.

Unsurprisingly, it did not take long for Cambridge to convert this pressure to much needed points. A back line move, with some great ball handling from Schaffer and Jess Seddon, gave the ball to Toyin Ajayi whose strong running proved too much for the UWIC defence, culminating in the first try of the match.

With the try came euphoria and much celebration from the sidelines. The Blues were even more determined that the match would be theirs but, unfortunately, just a short while later a missed tackle led to UWIC going over the line to even up the scores. This was the wake up call the Blues finally needed and, from then on, they had the upper hand in all areas of play.

Their second try was scored after a

prolonged period of pressure on the UWIC line. From a 5m scrum in Cambridge's favour, the ball was skilfully guided back to Menna Clatworthy at No 8. From there, the pack simply walked UWIC backwards over the line for Clatworthy to score the Blues' second.

By now, UWIC were frustrated and all playing out of their skins but, unluckily for them, Cambridge had finally found the elusive team spirit and determination for which they have been searching all season. Our girls' third try came from a period of play when UWIC were attempting to run the ball out of their own half. Veteran player Fi Crowe was able to maul the ball and turn the situation to Cambridge's favour, allowing Clatworthy to rip the ball and pass out left to Ojayi and then on to England Students winger Kosi Abdulai whose tremendous pace brought her in easily under the posts. The missed conversion was the last play of the match.

Cambridge now have to dig deep for the rest of the season. Their next opposition will be Birmingham University in the BUSA knockout competition at 2pm Jesus Pitches on 25th Feb, followed by Varsity (away) on the 7th March.



Alexandra Stevens

Football's lawmakers caught offside

Rajan Lakhani discusses the new offside interpretation

As if it wasn't previously difficult to get some consistency concerning whether a player has moved into an offside position, the bureaucrats at FIFA, who seem to possess no knowledge of how football works, have decided to interfere yet again in the sport. They have caused no end of trouble.

For once, you have to really sympathise with the match officials. Every week they seem to receive some new directive on what action should be taken. The offside law states that a player in an offside position is only penalised if involved in interfering with play, interfering with an opponent or getting an advantage by being in that position. What has changed is that FIFA have told officials to be much more wary of the distinction between whether a footballer is in an active or passive

position. This means that a player can stand in an offside position as long as he is not doing any of the three actions outlined above, for he is said to be in a passive state.

All the controversy started when Ruud van Nistelrooy scored the winner for Manchester United against Southampton. When the ball was crossed into the penalty area from a free kick, van Nistelrooy was clearly in an offside position but the officials decided he was in a passive state, despite the fact that he was in the centre of the six-yard box. The ball was then crossed back into the penalty area after it had been partially cleared and van Nistelrooy was allowed to score. Graham Poll defended the decision by arguing that when the goal was scored, it was a second phase of play for the ball had been headed away and the striker had returned to an onside position.

Moreover, the striker did not prevent a Southampton defender playing nor did he get in the goalkeeper's line of vision so he wasn't interfering with an opponent. He did not accrue an advantage by being in an offside position supposedly because he was not playing a ball that rebounded off the woodwork or playing a ball that rebounds off an opponent having been in an offside position.

It was not the first time a more than favourable decision has been given to the Red Devils at Old Trafford and Gordon Strachan, then manager of Southampton, was rightly angry. The argument Poll made for the United striker not obtaining an advantage by being in an offside position in the first phase is nothing short of ridiculous.

Surely by being in the centre of the six-yard box when the ball is being crossed in you are in an active position and looking to play the ball? 'Big' Sam Allardyce exposed the FIFA interpretation to ruthless effect in the match between Bolton and Leicester where

he put two attacking players clearly beyond the last line of defence before the free kick was taken. Then, the two attacking players rush back into an onside position as the free-kick is taken. The defenders are caught in two minds because if they move back further to mark the offside player, this gives the opportunity for further attacking players to move closer to the goal and if they elect not to mark him, the player might have moved into an onside position and have a free chance at goal or the officials might either arbitrarily decide to state we are now in a second phase of play and the unmarked player may now be in an onside position. Given the speed of the matches, it is necessary to keep football as simple as possible, but this new interpretation confuses everyone.

To counteract this, the FA attempted to clarify matters further but ended up making the situation even worse by advising referees to call players offside if they are "deceiving or distracting an opponent". When asked to comment on what this new

advice meant, the head of referees said that while the Bolton players would be deemed offside for their actions, van Nistelrooy's goal would have stood. This leads to the complaint that at least the Bolton players were making an effort to get into an onside position while van Nistelrooy remained in the same position.

It is simply time to end the madness. The new interpretation might make for more goals now but defenders will soon defend deeper and deeper, meaning less risks will be taken, ultimately detracting from the entertainment value of the game. Anyhow, the changes should have been made at the beginning of the season where everyone would have been on a level playing field. The determination of whether a player is active or passive lacks clarity and is completely arbitrary. Footballers should simply be offside or not. Whether they are active or passive should be completely irrelevant. It is time for FIFA to end this nonsense before the big prizes are handed out at the end of the season.

Sport in Brief

Ladies Real Tennis

Despite a huge disadvantage in handicaps, the Cambridge University Ladies Real Tennis Team secured an impressive victory against Hatfield a fortnight ago, winning all of their five matches. However, the victory was not enough to gain advantage in the Varsity match the following week, which saw a painful 5-0 defeat to the Dark Blues. The end result was not fully representative of the standard of Cambridge play, with sets being won by Georgie Eastwood, Enone Poole-Wilson and Captain Kate Milne, whose opponent gained a rare full Blue for her impressive handicap. Cambridge managed to produce a crowd of supporters twice the size of the home team's, who were treated to many exciting and close games, often going to 5-6 despite the abnormalities of the smaller Oxford court and the unexpected time and order of play. Thanks to the sponsorship of Pol Roger Champagne, the Cambridge Ladies were confidently able to win the after-show match at the dinner.

Revolver and Pistol Club

Intershoot is an international air pistol and air rifle competition held annually in The Hague. It provides a unique opportunity to compete against international teams from countries such as Portugal, The Netherlands, Japan, and of course England, in a three day event. (CURPC members compete in the air pistol competitions only).

This year the club sent a team of 5 club members past and present. The team shot impressively and gained experience shooting at a high level. This year's competition was also of note as two CU club members (one past and one present) were also at the competition representing England. The standard of shooting was high and although no medals were won this year, many recorded a personal best.

College Women's Football

Homerton narrowly beat Christ's to progress to the quarterfinals of women's cuppers, but only after being given a real scare by fourth division Christ's. Despite being two divisions below their opponents Christ's put up a spirited challenge, matching Homerton all the way. Homerton took the lead midway through the first half but captain Cat Darby took advantage of an out-of-position keeper to equalise from 25 yards out. Extra time produced no more goals, and Homerton prevailed 2-0 in the ensuing penalty shoot-out.

Falcons Football

The Falcons' Varsity preparation continued with a 4-1 victory over Lloyd's. After conceding the customary early goal, Vollbracht's men fought back. Danny Griffiths bundled in an equaliser from a Stu McInnes 'flick-on', and made it two with a deflected strike that was heading for the corner flag. Steve Bailey had his scoring shinpads on to add a third, before a breakaway effort by Toby Kirk rounded off an excellent performance.

PLAY-OFF PAYOFF FOR CHAMPIONS

Blues Football

DE MONTFORT 1
 BLUES 3

Axman Luge

With the eyes of most Cambridge sportsfolk firmly fixed on imminent Oxford clashes, the Blues turned instead to the final stages of their BUSA league campaign last week. Wins over Northampton and Leicester sent them to one of the many outposts of De Montfort University, needing just another three points to clinch the title.

The Blues arrived at the Leicester campus to find what Captain Fairbairn called “exactly the reason we want to get out of this division”, a sloping, undulating pitch lacking white lines and grass. Further fuel was provided for the fire of Cambridge’s aspirations by the referee and opposition, the latter turned up smoking cigarettes, the former not at all. The professional preparations of the Blues outfit provided an embarrassing contrast to their DMU counterparts, who seemed blissfully unaware of their own relegation crisis.

Fairbairn’s desire “to win it in style” was hampered by the playing surface, a rutted council pitch, which provided a poor replacement for the grounds sold off by DMU, and a stark reminder of good fortune, for any Cambridge student who has bemoaned the quality of a university playing field.

An unchanged Cambridge side belatedly kicked off the match, but failed to kick into the gear they had used with such effect against Northampton. Simple passes went astray, as the closeness of the prize seemed to be proving too much for the Blues to settle into their rhythm.

There were however, encouraging signs of Cambridge class as Adams and Fairbairn combined to torment the DMU back line. ‘Splinter’ Adams has improved vastly this season, from a man on the fringe to a destroyer of defences. It was his devastating pace which unlocked the DMU defence in the 20th minute.



Andy Sims

Blues keeper Joe Garood is forced into action as Alex Mugan looks on.

Racing onto a Tim Hall pass, Adams smashed a strike against the upright, rebounding the ball out to Fairbairn, who volleyed the Blues into the lead in some style.

The Blues, despite a marked gulf in ability, were unable to add to their lead, and a minute before the break, sloppy passing let in DMU. In answer to Cambridge calls for off-side, the linesman helpfully commented, “Sorry, I wasn’t up with play”. The ensuing melee in the area led to a DMU penalty, and after the ill-defined spot had been tracked down, the ball was slotted home.

It is the clichéd mark of a good team, that they win when playing poorly, and this year’s Blues are a good team. In an uneventful second period, the miserly Cambridge defence, by far the best in the division, staunchly withstood DMU’s occasional forays, whilst at the other end; the presence of the newly introduced Cambridge substitutes began to tell. Tom Cairnes spread the play with authority, frequently finding the exciting Jonny Hughes in space. The Fitz man tormented his fullback and balls into the box twice found the feet of Adams. The Johnian

made no mistake, sending his teammates and the watching Ninja Turtles into celebrations.

At the whistle, the complications of BUSA promotion meant that despite sealing the championship, the Blues had still not secured the coveted Division One spot. There remains a trip to Birmingham before that score is settled. However, the squad still have much to enjoy, a place in the national knock-outs will be a welcome challenge, if a less welcome congestion to fixtures, and with the Dark Blue menace relegated from their BUSA league, the possibility of

a perfect season still remains.

This week the Blues return to traditional encounters ahead of the Upton Park Varsity match, and confidence in the squad is at its zenith. The newly crowned champions have welcomed the prodigal Harry Hughes back into the fold, and Dan Waistell is soon to return from long-term injury. With the blistering form of Adams at their disposal, the Blues are gaining the cutting edge they have lacked to match their defensive resoluteness. As Fairbairn himself put it “the future’s bright, the future’s light Blue.”

Bourne again Blues continue superb form

Blues Hockey

BOURNE 0
 BLUES 5

Mikey Williamson

If the situation before the match was not motivation enough to get in the National League then nothing is.

While the Blues were expected to win this match against one of the lower placed sides in the league, one thought it was going to be a difficult day as the rain pelted down, the changing rooms were not great, and the team was without the coach again who was on international duties.

It took Cambridge a while to get going despite repeated requests from the captain to dominate the game from the start. Several chances went astray and it seemed as if it was going to be one of those games. However, midway through the first half, Mikey Williamson ran onto a nice deflected pass by Aled Patchett, rounded the keeper and found Jamie Parker to clinically finish in front of the goal.

The next goal again involved Parker, Williamson and Patchett whose clever craft down the right set up Steve Morley for another easy finish into the open net. The

Cambridge side was now clearly in control of the game and it was no surprise when the lead was increased further. The third and final goal of the first half was a superb team goal with the Blues finally starting to show the quality of hockey they can play which allow them to totally out-class teams in this league. Some crisp accurate transfer work around the pitch from the defence and midfield allowed Richard Little to pick out Williamson in the circle with a superb pass, leaving Williamson to have to simply deflect the ball past the keeper.

The second half though was not great for the neutral as Cambridge completely dominated the opposition. The Blues played some great attacking hockey on the fast break, but the game deteriorated as the difference in quality in the teams was highlighted. The Blues squandered many chances and the match should have easily been

won in double figures.

As it happened, the students only managed to convert two more chances. Parker set up Patchett on the top right of the circle and he converted with an expert finish highlighting just how well he is playing at the moment. Finally, Neil Wilson floated a huge aerial ball into the opposition’s circle. The keeper mis-kicked the ball and Williamson immediately picked it up. He proceeded to pass it to Patchett in the circle who finished clinically to secure a brace for the Blues and complete a 5-0 rout.

Not a great match, but the students won the three points and it keeps the pressure on the rest of the league. They face another National League Premier team on Thursday evening in London in preparation for next season and the crucial local derby is this weekend against Cambridge City at Wilberforce Road. Bring on playing

against teams in the National League with water based pitches and heated changing rooms!

The women’s Blues also scored five goals, and in doing so extended their winning run to four games in the League, as they bounced back from BUSA cup defeat. A brace from Rachel Sissons, and strikes from Vicki Eyre-Brook, Jennifer Lees and skipper Jenny Parkinson saw Cambridge beat Gravesend 5-1 against the Blues’ traditional ‘bogey team’.

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