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# VARSITY

*The Independent  
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Cambridge  
Evening News



# Caught on camera

College intruder in court again for separate offence



**G**ary Nash, a known college intruder and former barman at Coco's nightclub will appear at Cambridge Magistrates Court today. He has been remanded in custody since 28 May after admitting receiving a stolen mobile phone.

The court appearance of Gary Chester Nash, 26, of no fixed address, follows the compilation of psychiatric and pre-sentence reports.

In a previous hearing at the court Nash admitted deception and stealing a mountain bike, three mobile phones, SIM cards, telephone cards and a credit card from a garage along the Madingley Road, owned by St John's.

Nash, however, is best known by members of the University following

his intrusions in both Pembroke and New Hall and there is hope that the police will appeal for an injunction to be placed against Nash for anti-social behaviour, whereby he will not be allowed to set foot in any colleges or University owned property.

Nash was found in and around New Hall on a number of occasions during a two week period in May. Each intrusion was thought, at the time, to be an isolated incident but it is now known that Nash had frequently been wandering around, knocking on doors and asking for someone called Gemma. On 10th May the above photograph was taken of Nash in the college bar. At the time a group of New Hall students were holding a cocktail party which Nash joined in

with. It soon emerged, however, that Nash did not know any of the party-goers and had no reason to be there.

At the end of the party several students alerted college Porter Angus Topham-Smith to Nash's presence. They were unhappy at some of his unpleasant remarks. The police became involved when they came round to New Hall the following night for a separate incident involving a stolen bike.

New Hall, often thought to be a prime target for intruders because of its all-girl status, is not the only college to be criticised over its security. When *Varsity* asked second year New Hall student Eleanor Parrott about safety within college, she replied, 'now all the hype has gone down students feel safe here again, but at the time there was a definite sense of fear among New Hallers.'

Nash may also be linked back to an incident that took place in Pembroke on 30 April where he was reported to have been knocking on student's doors in the Foundress Court accommodation block.

Pembroke are working on increasing security so as to prevent future incidents of this kind and New Hall have put up CCTV deterrent notices and are planning to add one more swipe card control point in college. Nick Wright, New Hall Bursar, told *Varsity* 'Security at New Hall is good for college standards, but its operation depends as much on the co-operation of students as it does on having systems in place.'



P.C. Carole Langton explains the situation

**Nationally 1 in 3 students become a victim of crime whilst at University and Cambridge is no exception. Our stats do not reflect the national trend however we cannot become complacent.**

Burglary always comes within the top 3 student crimes; at least 100 college burglaries have been recorded since October of last year. The vast majority of these involve the loss of laptop computers of which 83% were from insecure premises with windows or, in particular, doors left open. We cannot stress enough to students the need to secure their accommodation, even if this means locking their door every time they leave their room.

Intelligence suggests that many students have been disturbed whilst in their room by suspects purporting to be looking for a cleaner, student etc - when in fact they are on the look out for an opportunity to steal. Much of this goes unreported to police because students do not realise the modus operandus used by criminals.

Many of our prolific college burglars integrate with the student population and look like any other student. They

remain unchallenged, so much so that one criminal who frequented a college was invited to student parties.

Unfortunately this year we have experienced an incident of an intruder within college premises leaving notes for female students. Misinformation rapidly spread throughout the University which caused panic and upset for those involved, not to mention compromising any investigation and losing a court conviction.

A small number of students have been victims of street robbery, most of which have occurred in poorly lit green areas and quiet streets not covered by CCTV. Offenders target victims who are alone and, often, those walking in poorly lit areas. Students need to be aware of their personal surroundings and keep to well lit areas. We always encourage students to keep together and if possible carry a personal alarm. Planning for your personal safety should always be uppermost in your mind.

*The author is College Liaison Officer of Parkside Police*

## Slasher threat "neutralised"

But police investigation continues in wake of attacks

**P**olice are continuing to urge students to be vigilant after a series of stabbings in April and May.

On 29 April, just before 12.45am, an 18 year old girl was stabbed in the back by a cyclist as she walked along Fisher Street, just off Victoria Road. The girl suffered a collapsed lung after what is thought to be an attempted robbery. Just four days later a 20 year old female Churchill college student was cut in the face by a cyclist with an unknown weapon as she was walking home along the Madingley Road just after midnight.

The final two attacks happened on 8 May. At around 1.15 the knifeman stabbed a 36 year old man in the back as he was walking with his girlfriend along Chesterton Road. Five minutes later he struck on Jesus Green, attacking a 25 year old woman from behind. The woman made her way to Victoria Road where she flagged for help.

The investigation is continuing and nobody has yet been charged although police claim that the threat has been "neutralised". Detective Sergeant Alan Page, in charge of the investigation, told *Varsity* that the first and last two stabbings are definitely connected since on each occasion the victim has been approached by the cyclist from behind where as the second attack the cyclist approached from the front.

The police have issued a description of the man as being white, slim, in his twenties and casually dressed.



The bike which he rides is said to look too small for him.

CUSU issued a warning for all students to be on their guard following the attacks in May and have launched a web site which offers advice to students. CUSU President Ben Brinded told *Varsity*, 'It is important that students are aware [of recent events] but they should not be afraid.' He also pointed to other measures that are in place around the University with regards to student

safety: 'We are trying to encourage people not to walk back home alone late at night and to use the college taxi funds at the porter's lodge. It is also possible to buy attack alarms from CUSU.' He additionally advised students not to be careless and remember to lock doors and windows when they go out.

[www.cusu.cam.ac.uk/studentsafety-net](http://www.cusu.cam.ac.uk/studentsafety-net)

Lucy Phillips

## Heroic Student Severely

Stabbed by Burglars

**I**ssues of student safety were highlighted once again last month when a Cambridge University student was the victim of a vicious attack and an attempted robbery while he slept in his home.

Hugh Kingston, a third year Chemist from Sidney Sussex who had returned to his house in Portugal Street after a night out with friends told *Varsity* how he was awoken in the early hours of the morning of 1st of May by two men in balaclavas entering his room while he lay sleeping in his bed.

The men started to demand money and, insisting that he did not have any, Kingston subsequently gave them a fake pin number for his cash card with which one of the attackers took off. Left alone with the remaining burglar, who attempted to tie Kingston up with the belt of his own dressing gown, the Sidney Sussex student attempted to fight him off and then escaped up the stairs to another room where he phoned the police.

The attackers had fled before the police arrived and a lack of forensic evidence meant that there was little the police could do to catch the culprits. Kingston's heroic act left him with several injuries including stab wounds to the forehead, which were later treated with stitches at Addenbrooke's hospital.

This incident is one of the most recent in a series of attacks and bur-

glaries which have done a great deal to tarnish Cambridge's reputation as a 'safe' university city.

Despite an initiative implemented by Cambridgeshire County Council in 2001 as part of its Community Safety Partnership, which included £35,000 of Home Office funding to reduce burglary in student accommodation, incidents like this remain problematic.

Hilary Conner of the Cambridgeshire Police Community Safety Department told *Varsity* that

this attack, and others like it, are very often due to insecure windows and doors in student accommodation. In this particular incident, the would-be burglars were able to get into the basement through an open window of the house in Portugal Place.

Students seem to be at higher-risk than other members of the Cambridge community due to their lax attitude towards domestic security such as leaving front doors and windows unlocked or allowing people into student houses or colleges without knowing who they are. Student accommodation is of particular interest to thieves since they know that valuables such as whole CD-collections, jewellery, stereos, televisions and cash can often be found in one room. The police said that they could not emphasize enough the importance of personal and domestic safety.

Chine Mbubaegbu



# Police launch hit squad to target rise in street violence

A recent upsurge in violent street crime has led to concern amongst Cambridge's students. But should we be worried, or is the hype unjustified? Investigation by James Dacre and Amol Rajan

Cambridgeshire Police have set up a hit squad to combat a recent rise in street robberies in and around Cambridge. Operation Velda, launched on June 1st, is targeting "opportunistic crime" by gathering intelligence and evidence and increasing the number of police officers on Cambridge's streets.

Detective Inspector Paul Mann, co-ordinating the operation, said that "high visibility patrols in vulnerable areas of the city" were a major part of the hit squad's work. Police officers are working both "pro-actively and reactively to catch offenders". In what will be interpreted as a sign of growing concern, Mann has taken the rare step of enlisting a police helicopter to "offer high visibility reassurance to the people of Cambridge". Operation Velda will be a large-scale public relations exercise with several warning posters, high-visibility patrols and local charities and community groups working alongside the police in raising public awareness.

Though the eight street robberies in Cambridge since the start of June show a fall relative to the same time last year, there is a growing concern that the nature of crime in Cambridge is changing; in partic-

ular that a select band of individuals, each with comprehensive knowledge of the Cambridge area, are attacking at random – and that students are more vulnerable than local residents.

One individual has obtained greater notoriety than any of the others. Dubbed 'Slasher Jo,' he has been compared to Peter Samuel Cook – who committed several rapes in 1975 and was infamously known as "The Cambridge Rapist". Detective Sergeant Andrew Gallichan explained that their attacks have been "similarly unpredictable and terrifyingly random".

The hype surrounding this individual began as Cambridge's colleges, recognising the threat, released email newsletters in which they mentioned a dangerous individual who was attacking his victims with a knife. Peculiarly, the individual gained a reputation for cycling up to his victims from behind before attacking them; as a result very few were able to accurately describe him.

Now it seems that the anonymous slasher need no longer be a concern to either students or residents living in Cambridge. Gallichan told *Varsity* that Parkside Police were "satisfied that enough



has been done to neutralise the threat posed by this individual". He referred to the "extensive investigations and perseverance" that had led to an end in the attacks by this particular individual – though he did not go so far as to say that there had been an arrest.

During the first week of June, the Spar shop on Cherry Hinton Road and the Coral Bookmakers in Burleigh Street were both looted within two hours of each other by the same group of men. The Lloyds TSB on Regent Street, where £20,000 of profits from the Strawberry Fields fair belonging to the Junction Club were stolen, was only one of several recent armed robberies, which included The Plough, on Green End, Fen Ditton, where thousands of pounds were stolen by men armed with a 2ft machete. It is suspected that the thieves have escaped prosecution beforehand; Cambridge acting as a playground for their repeated offences.

In early March, local resident Brett Wilton was convicted of attacking a 16-year-old student in a street robbery, but was spared a prison sentence. The 30th May saw a violent sexual assault in Coco's nightclub. On June 1st a still unidentified man approached a female student on a bike before stealing her possessions at knifepoint. On the 6th another female student was assaulted on Jesus Green. On May 24th a man was attacked and robbed on Jesus Green. The previous night a male student was kicked to the ground and robbed in the same place. Cambridgeshire Police believe that the number of these incidents, and the many similarities between them, point to the changing nature of crime within Cambridge, with more and more street and commercial robberies being conducted by what may be a select few. All these incidents occurred in areas heavily populated by students.

Many of these robberies have occurred in the "green areas" around the city centre that include Jesus Green, Midsummer

Common and Parker's Piece. Gangs have used batons, bars and knives, seriously injuring a number of victims. These areas have obvious attractions for those carrying out the robberies; their dark, poorly-lit pathways and wide expanses of grass, barely visible by night, have proved ideal hunting ground for criminals.

Other than parkland areas, thieves have targeted the streets around Life, Ballare and the Corn Exchange vicinity. There is speculation that the newly installed surveillance cameras have driven thieves from Mill Road – previously a haven of street crime – into the centre of town and towards College night-time entrances. It is, of course, difficult to distinguish between organised robberies and the more impulsive, drink or drug fuelled assaults that regularly plague Britain's clubland areas.

During a recent incidence of a central-Cambridge street attack, a Corpus Christi student administering help to the victim overheard a conversation between two policemen where one asked the other "There's no chance that we could get a helicopter is there," to which the reply was "No, its after 1 am." After the same attack, there were over ten policemen in the area within a quarter of an hour, but no immediate sign of police attention in the central Cambridge area of the attack as it happened. As Cambridge Constabulary is described by a recent government survey of needing "considerable improvement," *Varsity* asks whether it is correctly allocating its resources to the serious problem of street crime. Opposite, Carole Langton offers her defence.

Students are almost exclusively victims of minor theft crimes with instances of vehicle-related crime and break-ins rarely affecting those within the university. To look through the Cambridge Evening News archives is to see a recent catalogue of robberies, beatings and sexual assaults. Gallichan recommends that "this summer

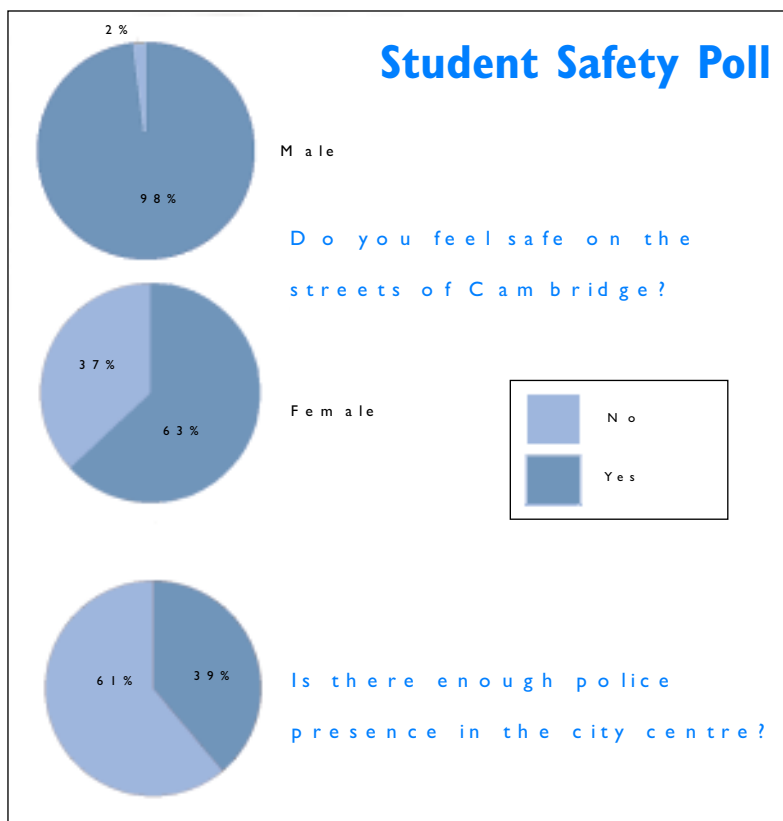
party season calls for extra vigilance." But, he concedes, Parkside police are struggling to allocate resources effectively. Government targets are forcing the police force to be diluted increasingly country-wide, with bigger cities taking a larger slice of the public cake.

Following a spate of stolen laptops, student accommodation raids and a violent Portugal Street break-in, police are urging students to be "extra vigilant over their possessions and not to leave doors and windows open during the hot weather." Out of college accommodation, especially houses owned by Jesus have been particularly targeted over the last two weeks.

At this time of the year, when students are packing up their possessions, the number of cases of personal theft is always high. Police are appealing to students not to make themselves easy targets by leaving ground floor windows open.

Next term the police are going to work closely with colleges by encouraging students to mark their personal possessions UV pens and strengthening security devices, window locks and nighttime patrols.

Cambridge is a city, yet we think it has the small-community security of a town. The past few months have proven Cambridge to be a dangerous city that has captured the attention of the national news and injected a dose of fear into a student population preparing themselves for a May Week of drunken complacency. The majority of street crimes committed in the city centre affect undergraduate victims but few students carry personal alarms, many carry large amounts of cash, clubbers dress provocatively and ground-floor windows are constantly left open. Our poll shows that students are scared, and that they don't feel sufficiently protected by their local policeforce. Something needs to be done.





## News in Brief

Student knocked down outside college

A female cyclist from Girton was involved in an accident with a motorist on Monday 14 June at around 4.50pm. The accident happened at the Huntington Road and Girton Road junction as she was crossing the road towards college. As a result the cyclist had to be taken to Addenbrookes and sustained serious injuries to her leg and face. She received an emergency operation on her leg and is now said to be comfortable in hospital with her family. The college is aware of the danger of this junction and since the college had dealings with South Cambridgeshire County Council to put an island in place the number of accidents has been reduced to a great degree. Mr Oloughian, Head Porter of Girton, told *Varsity*, that measures had been put in place to try to prevent accidents but 'it required both cyclists and motorists to pay strict attention to the traffic lights'.

Swipe card system to change

New University swipe cards are set to be introduced this October. Following advice from the security industry to use a card with a contactless chip it will support new access control systems in the University and colleges.

When the new card is introduced all new card holders will receive one but existing cardholders will only be given one when their current card requires replacement, due to expiry, loss, theft or damage, or if access to a building via a contactless access control system is needed.

North West Cambridge update

A recent article in *The Independent* about the multi-million pound land development of North West Cambridge stated that by 2025 the University wants to double staff to 13 900 and raise student numbers by 25% to 20 873. The physical size of the University would double and the increase in the number of students involves a 0.5% increase of the undergraduate population where as the postgraduate population will jump by 5% a year. Two out of the three proposed new colleges would be for post graduates. Cambridge and other elite universities are thus reflecting their view of a prosperous future in graduate studies and research. Oxford plans to keep undergraduate numbers static but grow the entire student body by 1.9% a year.

TCSU promotes access

A bus full of Trinity's 'Access' committee left yesterday (Thursday) to visit secondary schools in Milton Keynes. Their aim is to give information about the many options of further education, raise aspirations to encourage applications to Cambridge and to dispel any Oxbridge myths to students in Year 10 and Year 12. Trinity has connections with Milton Keynes's LEA and is aware that not many students from the state schools in this area come to Cambridge. This is the first such direct access scheme to be run by Trinity. Catriona Maclay, a member of the college's access committee, told *Varsity* 'It's really exciting that we're going and we expect the trip to be very successful'.

Double congratulations

Dr Greg Winter, CBE, FRS and a senior research Fellow of Trinity has been made a Knight Bachelor in the Queen's Birthday Honours. The award has been made 'for services to molecular biology'.

Anne Lonsdale, President of New Hall, was also included on the honours list and has been awarded a CBE for 'service to higher education'. Aside from her positions at New Hall and as Pro-Vice Chancellor for External Affairs of the University of Cambridge, Lonsdale has taught at Oxford University and been Secretary-General of the Central European University. She told *Varsity* that she was 'delighted' with the award.

## Two Way Trinity Street at last?

Cambridge County Council are currently considering plans, submitted by the Cambridge Environment and Transport Area Joint Committee, for Trinity Street to allow pedal cycles to ride in both directions between the hours of 10am and 4pm. Presently, there are traffic restrictions which prevent cyclists from doing this but recent surveys have shown that every day over 400 cyclists flout the law and ride illegally against the one way flow.

The idea is that northbound cycling in Trinity Street would provide an alternative northbound route for cyclists in order to avoid the historic city centre cycling restrictions. As it stands between 10am and 4pm, Monday to Friday, cycling in Sidney Street is prohibited therefore the shortest route for those travelling northbound is via Hobson Street, King Street, Malcolm Street and Jesus Lane – a lengthy detour.

Despite public concern of pedestrian and cyclist conflict with regards to

the use of footways, no injury accidents between pedestrians and cyclists have been recorded by the police in the last three years.

When asked for her opinion of the proposed changes Katie Wellham, a second year New Hall student, who regularly cycles along Trinity Street, told *Varsity* 'It seems like a good idea since everybody does it [cycles on in both directions] anyway.' Juliet Redhouse, also from New Hall, expressed her concern for the lack of space for cyclists when the city shuttle buses go along the route. Andy Poole, a non-cyclist from Trinity, said that if the changes went ahead 'some other restrictions would need to be made since the road as it stands is not wide enough to cope with motorists, pedestrians and cyclists'.

The current traffic restrictions have been in place since 1992 but the new scheme has been put forward for public comment and the outcome is expected in the coming days.

by Lucy Phillips



Andy Simms

## Do we need CUSU?

Contentious political motions could be a thing of the past for CUSU, with Downing undergraduates opting to remain affiliated to the university-wide union, and expressing a desire to "change it from within". By 118 votes to 52, they decisively rejected a proposal to disaffiliate from CUSU on Friday.

CUSU was quite literally put in the dock, as the JCR open meeting on the evening before the vote took

CUSU was quite literally put in the dock

trial to present to the students the arguments for and against disaffiliation from the union. The CUSU executive committee faced a rigorous 'cross-examination' and while President Ben Brinded is "pleased that Downing JCR have remained with CUSU, the result showing that most of the students think we're doing a good job," he was not convinced by the unconventional format of the open meeting. Explaining his reluctance to take part in the exercise, he said "I think it would have been better to have a structured debate, because the format employed meant that when mis-information was given by both sides, people were not allowed to speak up to correct it unless it was their turn for cross examination."

Even on the day of the vote there were still conflicting views as to the effect that disaffiliation would actually have. Downing JCR President, Barry Bridges, believed "while students would still be entitled to all the services provided by the union and the JCR would continue to pay the legally required £2500 annual services fee, disaffiliation would mean that CUSU could no longer claim to represent the views of Downing undergraduates." On the other hand, Brinded seemed to think that policies adopted by CUSU would continue to affect Downing students "but the JCR would lose their vote on CUSU Council, and lose both the power to shape strategies and call officers to account." The confusion stems from the fact that the Education Act 1994, which regulates the operation of student unions, was not drafted with collegiate-based unions in mind.

First-year Downing lawyer, Nick Price, proposed a referendum on

disaffiliation after CUSU passed a motion in May, which sought to encourage students at Cambridge to oppose the far-right British National Party at the June local elections. Other students at the college had expressed concerns that the union was acting outside its remit by adopting an overly political stance on issues that, in their view, are not of direct relevance to the student body. Brinded justified CUSU's stance, saying that "the local elections motion was brought by a student who said that they encountered racism in Cambridge every day. If passing such a motion advances welfare, I'm happy for CUSU to be 'political'."

Yet it seemed to be a distinct minority who saw disaffiliation as the best solution to their grievances. Katie Nixon, a second-year undergraduate, told *Varsity* "if CUSU go about doing batty things how on earth can we do anything about it if we're not part of the organisation?" Jochen Telgenbuscher, another Downing student, explained that he was voting 'no' because "I don't like people who are using this issue to boost their own egos and profile in college."

Although the matter of disaffiliation has appeared in the minutes of JCR open meetings since the 1970s, this is the first time a referendum has been held to decide the matter within the college. All of the JCRs in Cambridge are affiliated to CUSU, as are all of the MCRs with the exception of Magdalene. Some colleges at Oxford University have split from their university union, but the structure differs greatly to that in Cambridge, where CUSU relies much more on links with individual colleges. Regardless of the result, both the CUSU Exec and Downing JCR committee see this as having been "an extremely valuable exercise" acknowledging that "clearly some discontent has emerged with the details of CUSU".

by Benjamin Bland

## Council attempts to close Cafe Afrika

The managers of Café Afrika, one of Cambridge's few remaining live music venues, appeared in court on Wednesday for a preliminary to their appeal against the council's revocation of their entertainment license.

The news follows complaints from nearby residents about excessive disturbance and a petition of 28 names to have the venue shut down. Checks by the local authorities revealed that music was continuing well after the official closing time and events were being held on more than the two nights per week allowed by the terms of their license. It is also alleged that the door policy of 200 people was not always properly enforced.

A counter-petition to keep Café Afrika open has been signed by over 500 supporters and it is hoped by both the council and event promoters that the appeal will be successful after the

owners are given management advice and have proved they can run the place according to the council's terms. Events will continue until the outcome of the appeal is decided.

Café Afrika has been open for more than a year, providing a forum for world music, local musicians, educational workshops, independent films, dance, and creativestorytelling.

In response to complaints of anti-social behaviour from the clientele after hours, co-manager, Daisy Lees, said "We're about transformation and progression. The licensing committee seem to think we're some kind of drinking den full of vandals and yobos, but the clientele is not like that. People are here to be creative, not anti-social." She emphasised that the over-con-

sumption of alcohol is not encouraged and that the venue welcomes families to most events, where African food is served at not much more than the price of a pint. Charity events go on regularly and the space is free to hire for local promoters. "We're here for the community. I don't think the committee understood that," added Lees.

There have been concerns about the Cambridge live music scene ever since

the disappearance of the Boatrace, the Junction and more idiosyncratic venues such as the Q Club.

This has not left much choice for music-lovers other than pub back-rooms like the Portland Arms and Man on the Moon and large commercial venues such as the Corn Exchange, which feature only successful touring acts.

The council recognises the need for

an eclectic venue like Café Afrika and have put together a package of advice and training, offering expertise which should help the managers present a strong case for their appeal. In a press release about the council's support for the venue Councillor Nimmo-Smith said "I was immensely impressed by the dedication and vision of the current managers. They have agreed with me that there are lessons that Café Afrika could learn about the way they manage the comings and goings of customers to the venue." He added 'Café Afrika is doing a wonderful job in our community and we totally support them.' The result of the appeal is expected to be a renewal of the license for a trial period, although the managers are adamant that the Café will stay open in some form whatever the outcome.

by Jessica Holland



# Jesus student tragedy

**A Jesus student died last month after being assaulted in the city centre. During an altercation in the street the student was knocked to the ground and taken to hospital.**

Kenneth Sutherland, 31, died in Addenbrooke's Hospital on the 26th May after falling into a coma as a result of serious injuries sustained in the street attack at around 10pm on the 22nd May. His parents flew over from Canada to be by his bedside when his life support machine was switched off.

Mr Sutherland was a Canadian postgraduate student at Jesus College who came to Cambridge in 2003 to pursue a PhD in geotechnical engineering. He was a member of the college football team and enjoyed a full social life. A commemoration service was held in Jesus College chapel on the 31st May and a Book of Condolence was signed. Friends, family and supervisors have all joined in paying tribute to him.

In a statement released by the family they paid tribute to Mr Sutherland, saying, "As a family, we are really proud of what he achieved and of the person he had become... Ken was a spectacular person, a gift to the University, to his friends, and most all his family... We have taken Ken's death very hard, he was a blessing to us and he helped bring our family closer together. His brilliant mind was known to us all but he didn't brag about his achievements. We simply knew him as a son, a brother, an uncle and we will miss him".

The master of Jesus College, Professor

Robert Mair, who is head of the research group which Mr Sutherland was a part of, said of him that "He was outstandingly bright and a really excellent student and we are all absolutely devastated".

Chris Akerman who knew him at Jesus as a housemate and a friend described him as "a very talented and gifted student" who had worked his way through university in Canada and had won several scholarships to study in Cambridge. He made rapid progress with his research and according to his supervisor had already produced very exciting and original results, which he was due to present at major international conferences, as well as authoring several papers.

Mr Akerman went on that Sutherland "was always available to help the students he supervised when they had problems with work, and would always be there to help his friends out when they were in need. His death is a terrible shock and tragedy - he will be sadly missed by the many people who knew him".

The man accused of the attack, who reportedly wept in court when told that Mr Sutherland had suffered "non-survivable injuries" as a consequence of the attack. He was charged with causing grievous bodily harm and freed on bail. He is set to appear before Cambridge Crown Court on July 15, where the charge he faces could become one of manslaughter.

Jonny Wood

# Politically complacent

**Last week saw many undergraduates vote for the first time as Cambridge took a trip to the ballot box for local and European elections. The prime beneficiaries in the city were the Liberal Democrats.**

In the local elections, the Lib Dems increased their already sizeable majority in the City Council by gaining two extra councillors at the expense of both the Conservatives and Labour. Jonathan Monroe, a Lib Dem candidate and a student at Trinity, described the result as a "historic victory". With 28 of the 42 seats the Lib Dems have had the strongest result of any party in Cambridge since 1906.

Monroe argued that the victories reflected the Liberal Democrats record in running the council since 2000. David Howarth, the Lib Dem Parliamentary candidate and Clare fellow, added that the election provided a springboard for the Liberal Democrats to wrest the Cambridge seat from Labour in the next general election. However, the current Cambridge MP Anne Campbell attributed Labour's difficulties to more short term troubles over Iraq, an issue on which she herself rebelled. Certainly, Iraq does seem to have overshadowed the elections with some insiders describing a "collapse" in the Labour campaign in Cambridge stemming from disillusionment amongst activists.

In the European elections, the results for

the Eastern region on which Cambridge is a part followed national patterns in demonstrating the rise of the Eurosceptic parties. The Conservatives had the largest share of the votes and the UKIP came second with 20% of the vote. However, a closer analysis of results shows that Cambridge itself bucked the trend with the Liberal democrats again coming out top, despite their poor showing in the constituency as a whole.

The turnout in Cambridge was up substantially. But at 37% it was still disappointing. Despite the fact that no fewer than 7 students stood as candidates in local elections, participation seemed to be especially low among students. Market ward which contains the majority of the colleges and which has a two-thirds student population had the lowest turnout in Cambridge.

Martin Bell, the former independent MP and a candidate in the European elections, swapped his trademark white suit for a white dinner jacket to argue in the Union last week that the root cause of low turnouts was general disillusionment with modern party politics. However, for others responsibility lies with voters. Alan Mendoza, a student candidate in the local elections, commented, "What's especially disappointing is that the elections were after exams when there is no excuse for not voting... The Council can make a difference to people's lives but students need to be more active."

Reggie Vettasseri

# Fry in the soup

**Zoe Fry, a fourth year veterinary student from Girton, hit the headlines of the tabloids on Wednesday following her dive into the River Cam at the end of Monday's Trinity Ball.**

Photographs were published in both the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* of the Cambridge undergraduate swimming in the River Cam as she attempted to make her way towards some friends on a punt in the middle of the river. The pictures show the gradual demise of her dress on her three attempts to clamber out of the water on to the

punt and as reported by the tabloids 'revealed her academic credentials'.

Fry's mother, Celia, responded to the incident by saying 'It was her first chance to relax after her exams. I don't mind what she does in the river as long as she doesn't drown'.

Fry appeared again on Thursday in the *Daily Mail* where she was given the chance to tell her story. The article was headlined 'I was just cooling off at Cambridge says the diving belle of the ball'.

L P

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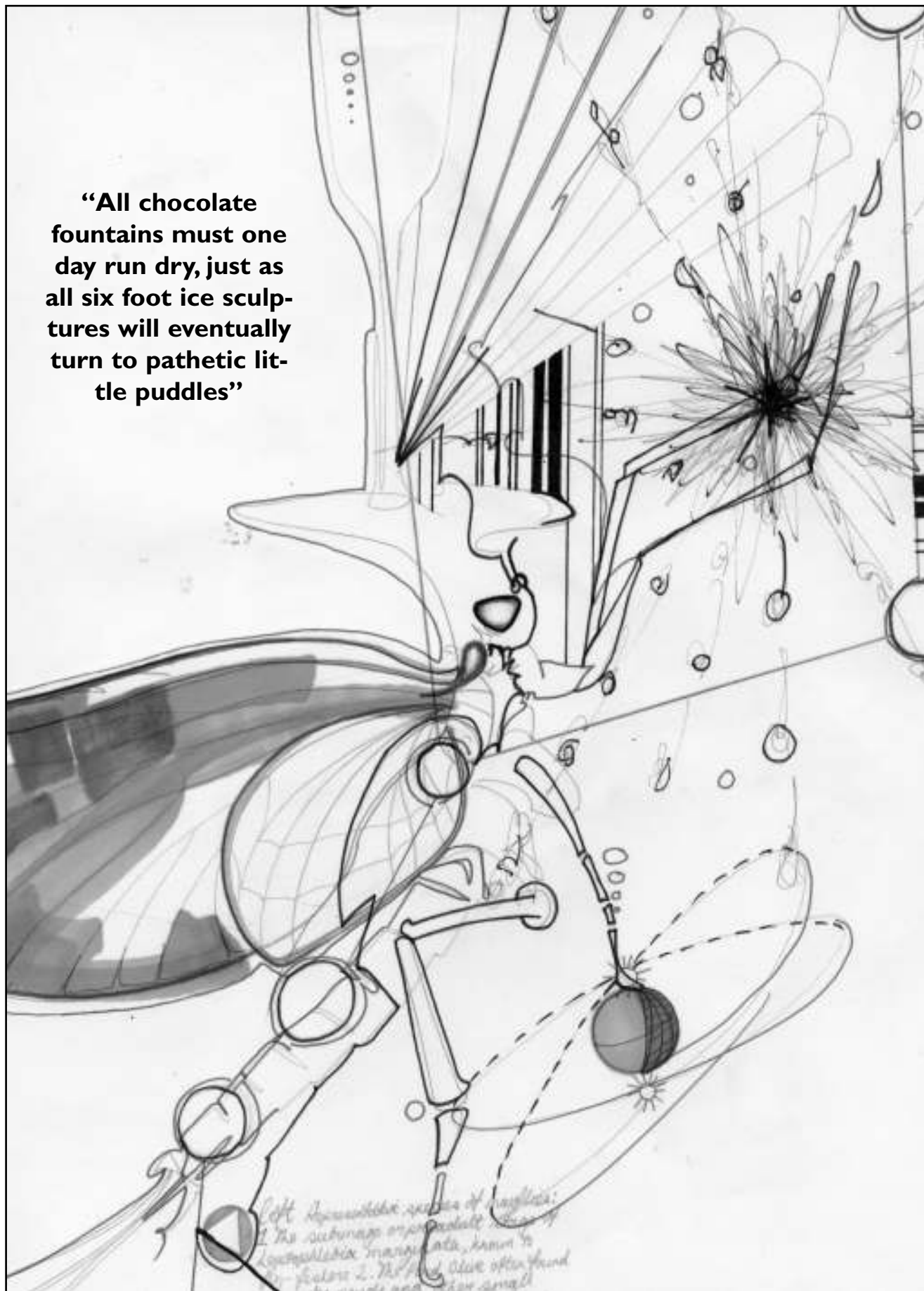
# Don't hog the hog roast

**L**ike everything else about Cambridge, May Week is intense, hard work and over too soon. Added to this the fact that most of us spend a good proportion of the last weeks of term as drunk as Lambrini girls on a hen night, and it's no great wonder that the implausible, elaborate truth about May Week tends to blur into the mythical nonsense until it's hard to be sure whether any of it really happened at all. Did Andre 3000 really turn up incognito at Newnham Ball? Did Trinity Ball really once fly all the survivors to Paris in private jets for breakfast under the Eiffel tower? And an endless fountain of flowing chocolate? Surely, Sir, you are having us on. Major props to *Varsity* then for guiding the bewildered through the myth-making mayhem that is May Week. There's four pages of May Ball and June Event reviews to remind you about what you've forgotten, while on page 10, columnists Ned Beauman and Dan Mayer offer two attempts to make sense of it all.

You might be forgiven for thinking that the key dilemma of May Week is how it could ever be morally justifiable to spend millions of pounds on one night's entertainment for an already over-privileged group of ingrates, but you'd be missing the point. The key dilemma of May Week is how to stuff that entire roasted hog in your mouth, stash that spare bottle of champagne down your trousers and all in time for a quick round on the bouncy castle. This is no test of intelligence, of course. The average *Supermarket Sweep* contestant has achieved similar feats of manic greed and with much less material to work with. What sets us apart from the rest is that we do it all in tuxedos and ball gowns, occasionally even managing to maintain an air of blasé dignity. Or to quote the helpful advice of one frenzied ball-goer, "Right, what you need to do is stick your fingers down your throat and vomit, then immediately start eating again. That's how the Romans did it and that's how we'll do it too."

The collective battle to overcome the tyrannous limits of our digestive systems is made all the more valiant because it is doomed. All chocolate fountains must one day run dry just as all six foot ice sculptures will eventually turn to pathetic little puddles and even the fattest of fatty fat-faces must ultimately lay down his fork and admit defeat. Return, we must, to that cruel 'real' world where champagne isn't merely a more readily available alternative to tap water and where we are unreasonably expected to find (and keep) gainful employment, leaving precious little time for attending garden parties. Some of these real-world employers will even have the cheek to expect you to have completed a degree during your time at Cambridge. But you can tell the spoilsports just what *Varsity's* telling you - only the ugly and charmless require first class degrees; the rest of us will glide through life with all the ease we glided through May Week, our path lubricated by smarm and alcohol.

**"All chocolate fountains must one day run dry, just as all six foot ice sculptures will eventually turn to pathetic little puddles"**



Lydia Wilson

## VARSITY

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

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Frolicking is officially the new raving until September 1st 2004, when raving shall revert to its original precedence. This is the opinion of *Varsity* and all who associate with it. Rah. Crumpets are no longer acceptable, *Varsity* hereby decrees. Please remember to dispose of your excess crumpets before the 12th of August when heavy fines will be imposed.

# opinion-rated

## IF YOU

- have things to say
- can say them well
- want to say them in print

## THEN VARSITY

## would like to hear from you.

*Varsity* is looking for a group of incisive, witty writers to provide its comment and analysis next term. If you think you fit the bill, and are keen to write a topical piece around once every fortnight or three weeks, email a 400 word example piece to jfab3 by July 1, and get ready to defend your corner.

We're also looking for a new editorial cartoonist. If you could take a phone call on a thursday afternoon and provide a striking, funny drawing by that evening, we'd like to hear from you. Email jfab3, attaching a topical example if possible, by July 1.





## O l l i e C o a t e s f e e l s t h e h e a t o f C a m b r i d g e M a y W e e k

**TRIGGER HAPPY** drinking society members force-fed Bloody Marys until they can take no more; innocent initiates performing faux-fellatio on bananas; tribal boaties leaping their burning vessels in tribute to May Bumps and wasted, ego-challenged first years unleashing carnage on the city centre. May or not, the days after Tripos have always been a chance to let things hang out. For one week, the length of the Cam flows with alcohol and even the famed Ivory Towers are awash with sex, drugs...and rowing.

*Varsity* escaped into Cambridge last weekend to get a better view of the action. Over the three days that kick off May Week, the city was full of parties.

Overt or covert, hostile or welcoming, drinking societies university-wide quit the boozers, gather their own supplies and get posh on the grass. *Varsity* found the gentle bounds of the ADC garden party at Corpus, but also kicked up the dust around elite and secretive gatherings held behind closed doors.

Bumps ended in victory for Caius men and Emma women. On Saturday a hardy throng of college enthusiasts rushed from their celebratory dinner to Emma paddock. There was tension in the air as enthralled boaties and their followers set fire to their boat. Victorious women jumped with energy over the flames. Caught by the power of the moment, some Emma students rolled around the paddock attracting only the merest of glances from their compatriots. It was a heady night as thoroughly-pissed boaties made for the bar to engage in further rounds of drinking and back-slapping.

"Victory is indescribable", commented winning rower, Sarah. Although she later conceded that the boat burning sensation we had just witnessed was 'pagan.'

*Varsity* next spoke to captain, Deborah. While the pressure had been 'huge' and the races 'dramatic', it had all been worth it. She said there was no need to be economic with life outside the boat anymore. As Emma crash tested their summer event sound system in the background, it was clear that partying was now a priority.

'Personally, I've always gone for women my own age' confessed a fellow, guest at St John's boat club celebrations, in the ever exciting and slightly seedy surrounds of John's boiler rooms. Underdressed and

bereft of an even slightly convincing pretext, *Varsity* was not in on the party but nevertheless entertained by the flocks of bulging, red-blazers that flowed through the concrete labyrinth under Cripps building. By eleven all was silent above, broken only by a cry of 'Come on, you homos', from a beer-draggled boatie.

Across the river to Magdalene where *Varsity* found their boat club in the midst of a Cam-side drinking party. After battling Magdalene's doughy doors, we made it onto the grass where there was much taking stock of the year in - you guessed it - rowing. Having failed to locate the champagne supplies, we mingled with the crowd.

Things got off to a tough start when a wasted Magdalene boatie managed to name and shame a certain, hitherto anonymous, reporter.

Conversation soon moved on to Magdalene's infamous drinking society, the Wyverns, who were praised vigorously. This year they were in exilio after a run-in with the college authorities. Things were just moving into the team-singing stage, as well as the appearance of some very curious women parading men's lightweight blazers, when the porters arrived to break things up.

Suicide Sunday morning was tranquil, *Varsity* slept safely, whilst in private rooms and gardens all over Cambridge a spree of masochistic initiation ceremonies were beginning.

The Trinity Hall Crescents were initiated at breakfast, the Sherwoods met their fate at Emma with 6am Bloody Marys. Churchill unleashed its penchant for fruit and oral sex on the same morning.

A few hours later, in the packed fellows' garden at Tit Hall hundreds of dazed, toned and half-naked people, paraded a wardrobe that suggested the vivacity of Rio not banality of Cambridge.

We met Ben Maude, vice president of the Crescents, who was in his element.

Across the garden a group of wild girls straggled around branded with 'SLAGS' stamps on their foreheads. Wearing everything from dresses, to goth-gear and nurses' costumes they were the freshest Sidney Sussex Slags.

This kilt-wearing, random American guy and a banana had just been at the centre of the much talked-about Churchill initiation.

**'Overt or covert, drinking societies university-wide quit the boozers, gather their own supplies and get posh on the grass'**

All in all, the Crescents held their own in the garden, despite the frequent attempts of crashers from Clare.

By midday, Grange Road came alive with gazebos and stylish, though jet-lagged, party-people attending the Wyverns garden party. The effects of the 24-hour lifestyle were, alas, taking their toll. Happy but trashed sports guys felt no qualms about exposing themselves to the guests. The ladies were more reserved, one querying, 'What is all of this in aid of?'

Charlotte took time out from party hopping to tell us about her weekend. Having arrived for Sunday's share of hedonism fresh from the 'fabulous' Pitt Club party the evening before. She was planning back-to-back balls for May Week.

Around town life went on almost as usual. Well, that's if we forget the mad quad bike driver who initiated a city centre police car chase, Saturday night. Brave tourists flocked through the streets Sunday, only partially perturbed by those of us who do decide to go out covered in vomit, flour, piss, beer and spunk.



Wyvern members demonstrate their assests

## U r b a n L e g e n d s

## Sex in the library

Just what is the Cambridge obsession with libraries? Probably a fair share of our time is spent in them, we all know people who use them regularly and come exams there's really no escaping them; the library is one Cambridge location that steals away our time. But if we all know the contents of mouldy old tomes, then we also have all heard from our mate about the time when something not quite so theoretical took place behind the book stacks. Trinity Hall

library comes complete with beds. Not so bad, for a fairly quiet, smallish college tucked away on the banks of the Cam. This one has been doing the rounds for ages. But Tit Hall's meagre

padded shelf, replete with the odd pillow can hardly clock in at the height of king-size luxury, two people in a single bed is one thing, but two students squeezed onto a badly extended windowsill is quite another. No doubt Trinity Hall will not be rushing out to buy in emergency condom supplies for their 24/7 library.

## Piss at the garden party

May Week is here and so are the legendary garden parties that give Cambridge the full strawberries and cream effect. Wannabe wealth might drain the local *Threshers*, but the side effects of unrestrained hedonism are more than we might wish to ponder. But just lose the complex over what might be lurking in the bottom of that barbecue or just what lies in that college cocktail. We've all heard the one about ingredients that aren't quite so congenial to the society tittle. Pass the Courvoisier!

OC

## H o w w e g e t o u r t h r i l l s

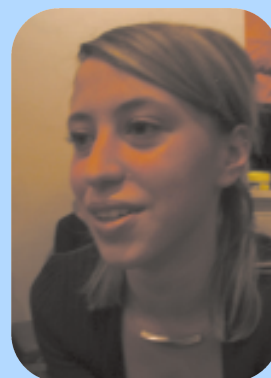
## The College Bar, Trinity, 9.30pm

Caterina is, by common consensus, the fittest economics undergrad in the university. The poor girl had only just finished first year Tripos when *Varsity* caught up with her on Friday night. She loves the youthful atmosphere of Cambridge, finding life here unpredictable and exciting. Reaching the end of her first year, she is looking forward to spending her summer at home in Italy and working in London. As far as May Week is concerned she'll be happy to just go with the flow.

## The College Bar, Magdalene, 11.15pm

Laura has been enjoying a good evening in the college bar. Right now she's looking forward to Sunday morning rich breakfast; salmon and champagne are in order. Flattered by the camera, Laura offers to tell us her bust size - but then declines. Refusing to believe she has really been approached by *Varsity* journalists, Laura flatters us anyhow,

'even if you were from The Mirror or something and offered me 40 grand, I wouldn't tell you anything.' All we are left with is a scribbled mobile number that, perhaps sensibly, was turned off the next morning.



## Outside The Mitre, 11.30pm

Dazed and confused from being commandeered by *Varsity*, Stuart has been drinking with the Catz rugby club. The year in all things rugby-ball orientated has been good, so there is much to drink about. Although we only took a couple of minutes of Stuart's evening, we had dared approach one of the bands of formidable lads that stalk the Cambridge streets of a summer's night. And behind everything we'd ever been told about rugby drinking clubs found that Stuart was actually a pretty decent guy; well... he didn't mind being blinded by the two-man paparazzi.

OC



# Confessions of a SLAG

Georgina Walker-Churchman recounts her Suicide Sunday adventures

**T**it Hall, which I expected to be tame, turned out to be absolute carnage. Notables included a group of guys who crashed by swimming over the Cam and climbing up the bank, part of the 'Crabs' drinking society - so-called because they do that every year. You'd think that by now some of the porters would have figured out where the funny smell was coming from.

Then there were a dozen or so girls dressed as Valkyries

and a horrible initiation ritual whereby five men had to just lie on the ground while two others poured voddy and tequila into their mouths from the bottle.

I spent the better part of the morning persuading topless guys to let me give them a massage and adorning their arses with a bright red SLAGS stamp. We are infamous, to the point where Christ's only agreed to give us tickets to their party if we

promised not to even mention our existence while we were in another drinking society, even more merciless than ours, forc-

## I have a vivid memory of picking up a bright pink plasticine penis

their grounds. Christ's was too much like a garden party and less like a battle-ground. Quite a lot of people there *weren't* drunk and when the boatie captain got up to make a speech the SLAGS executed a hasty about-turn and headed for Sidney as soon as it became apparent that we were going to lose centre stage.

I have a vivid memory of picking up a bright pink plasticine penis that someone had discarded and spending the next half an hour asking random guys if it was theirs.

**B**y the time we got to Sidney, everything had descended into drunken anarchy. Highlights included the ominously named cocktail 'Gin of Death' and watching

ing their initiates to complete a sort of 'humiliation assault course'. This involved a plate of whipped cream, a space hopper, two topless men and a session of Russian apple bobbing, which as far as I could see involved having one's head immersed in a small vat of vodka. I could have sworn it was invented by a highly sexually frustrated male stuck on a stopping train in central Italy, with no air conditioning and only a copy of *Heat's* Cameron Diaz Summer Special for company.

I found myself, at three thirty or so, eating a banana from between the legs of a semi naked man before, in a flush of victory and pride, being presented with my SLAGS tie. It was a great day. If that was you, 'Hi, my name's Georgia.'



## Those darn 'Tabs

The insult of choice throughout the years bestowed upon students of the fens by our witless counterparts from the Other Place.

At Hammersmith Bridge this Easter the banter was sadly one-sided (smug victory perhaps riposte enough to the 'cheating 'tabs' whinge).

This must change: to correct this imbalance Varsity announces a competition to rebrand the Oxford dullards.

The first prize winner will be given *another* honorary MA.

Email your suggestions to  
XXXX@varsity.co.uk



*Oxos - although they may be multifaceted, whichever way you look at them they're still square & tasteless*

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N e d  
B e a u m a n



HOW NOT TO FIND LOVE IN MAY WEEK

**N**ow that the heat has descended upon us like a Biblical judgement, do you ever wake up late at night, fling the sheets from your sweaty body, brush the mosquitoes from your swollen veins, and think to yourself, 'I could cope with this, I really could, if there was just someone here I could complain about it to? If I could groan, "Fuck, it's hot," and actually have someone murmur in agreement? If I had something to stare at when I couldn't sleep, apart from the paint melting from the walls?'

Or actually, maybe you're not single. Maybe you do have someone to complain to. If so, I hope you're getting enough sleep. All you Cambridge couples must get really tired, frolicking in the sunshine like happy, erotic elves ALL THE TIME, EVERYWHERE I LOOK.

I may be bitter about my romantic life, but I'm not as bitter as my friend. I can't name him, but he's in the second year in one of the less central colleges. We went to the Anchor the other day. He was telling me about how last year, in Easter Term, he spilt his drink over a girl in Coco's. As he apologised, she moved into the light, and he saw how beautiful she was: her face was shocking and starry, like someone sitting open your tent in the night... They got talking, and it turned out

they loved all the same things: Virginia Woolf, Joy Division, *Charmed* (yeah, well, it takes all sorts). He could feel love overtaking hay fever as his summer's preoccupation. But then she had to leave because one of her friends had vomited on a bouncer. As she ran out, she shouted 'See you in May Week!'

Of course he wanted to see her before that, so he followed her out, but she'd already disappeared into the liquid crowd. And then he realised he didn't know her name: he'd straight away felt like he knew her intimately, so he hadn't even thought to ask.

How, he wondered, was he going to find her? All he could think about was 'See you in May Week!' So he bought tickets for every May Ball and every June event that he could, he put in his diary every play and every garden party that he heard about. Soon he was indecently overdrawn, but at least he knew he wouldn't need to pay for food or drink during May Week.

And indeed, during that week, he ate and drank better than he ever will again in his life (assuming he isn't unexpectedly made Crown Prince of Tehran, or something). His dinner jacket turned to shreds, as, no doubt, did his liver; his bow tie frayed, as, no doubt, did his soul. He went from college to college, scanning every

crowd for that unforgettable face. He began to lose track of time, and every day he went to bed after sunrise when it was too hot to sleep, and he kept dreaming that he turned over in bed and she was there beside him. 'I love you, but, fuck, it's hot,' he wanted to say to her.

I'm sorry, I - did we meet at formal, or something? I always get really drunk at formal.'

He didn't know what to say. She'd forgotten him completely. 'But... I... no, we didn't. No, I'm really sorry, I must have mistaken you for someone else,' he lied, and handed her the light. 'Thank you,' she

# All you Cambridge couples, frolicking in the sunshine like happy, erotic elves

He never saw her. But then, on Sunday, he was sitting upstairs in Clowns with a coffee, despondently reading the reviews in *Varsity* of all the balls he'd gone to, when someone asked him for a light. He looked up, and it was her.

'Hello,' he said. 'Hello,' she said, giving him an odd smile. 'I've been looking for you,' he said. 'Um, really?' she said. 'Yes,' he said, and confessed all the lengths he'd gone to, told her about the weeks' endless hours of decadence, and how they'd all been pointless. 'But I've found you now,' he finished. She looked confused. 'Look,

said, lit her cigarette, and walked away for the second time. He didn't stop her. He was in love, but he also had his pride.

I'm afraid, as with any true story, there is no satisfying resolution. But, unlike most true stories, it does have a moral: a lot of partying doesn't, alone, guarantee fun, so don't let anything ruin your May Week. Not exam results, not parents, not hangovers, not hayfever, not mosquitoes, not overdrafts, not boys, and not girls. And if anyone calls me up late at night to complain about the heat, I promise I won't mind.

He could feel love taking over hay fever as his summer's pre-occupation

D a n  
M a y e r



CROQUET FOR THE UNINITIATED  
IS A MAY WEEK HIGHLIGHT

# Pimms, punts, and England's drunks: it's all in the mix

**T**he best thing for me about May Week isn't an activity, or the weather, or that it involves a drink that goes flat if taken more than a mile away from a punt.

It's something that runs deeper than that: the Multiculturalism. Not the fact that most of the music playing at the posh balls is of black origin, that pretty much none of the food is English, or even that St George (patron saint of football fans and, in Cambridge, that peculiar kind of posh rugby hooligan) was an Arab.

That's what is normally meant by Multiculturalism: the things that make Britain tolerable (or that are bringing it down and wrecking the NHS and ethnically cleansing the English if you were to believe either the extreme-right or, in

their attempts to justify the War on Terror, the Blairite commentators). Multiculturalism in Cambridge's May Week is far more unique.

Members of the ruling class and relatively ordinary people do exactly the same (fucking bizarre) things. You can watch two people sitting next to each other, each sipping at their Pimms and lemonade. And you can know that one will probably graduate in a week and never touch the stuff again, while the other will use it as a substitute for cod-liver oil when the nanny's away and the kids need feeding.

There are the people who look in their element during May Week (and looked like fishes in deserts in Kings Cellar). In general, these are the ones who went to public schools (or at least the top few) and

have expected such privileges all their life. Why wouldn't you if your school had an olympic size swimming pool, a tennis court complex the size of Wimbledon, more polo facilities than a mint factory and more musical instruments than the world's fifty poorest countries put together.

Most will undoubtedly end up with a good job; investment bankers, top lawyers, the sort of job where you have enough money to put you up for the rest of your life by the age of thirty, and then take up car-collecting so that you have something to spend your christmas bonus on. They will not necessarily use their connections in a deliberate way (though many will get Sir Daddy to make a few phone calls). But all will benefit from the fact that they look at home in posh parties, are of the same ilk as the bosses interviewing them and, quite simply, expect the best.

**T**hen there are those who participate in the goings on with a feeling of bemused excitement. We enjoy May Week as much as the other half, perhaps more so, since we're not used to it. We actually take joy in the 'something to tell your friends from home' peculiarities. The fun of May Week is that it involves getting completely drunk in such a different environment to any you'll ever know again. Indeed, it is a little-known fact that state-school pupils do much better at Soc Anth primarily because of the privilege of being able to be participant observers in such a ritual.

I don't think that feminists should be fans of Maggie Thatcher, nor that anti-racists should look up to Colin Powell. As a socialist, I don't think that May Week is a wonderful equaliser or something that should be spread; it's just that it's fun. But I can't help having a little part of me that thinks it is a good thing. It is good that

The social mix, however much I'd like to get rid of it, is better than no mix

since the expansion of the state sixth-forms in the '50s, and then of comprehensive in the '70s, more people from more backgrounds have been able to observe this bizarre ritual.

It's not exactly class mobility. The ones who find May Week funny will not get the top jobs - 86% of law-lords may be Cambridge graduates, but that doesn't mean 86% of Cambridge graduates will become law-lords. There are journalists and there are climb-the-greasy-pole-and-know-how-to-show-you're-one-of-them candidates for editing national newspapers. There are fast-track civil-servants and there are social-workers. Soon to be heads of top schools and run-of-the-mill teachers. And who does what is broadly (though not completely) determined by who came from where. And if you become a social worker your pay will be half that of a fast-track civil servant. And more than 50% of run-of-the-mill teachers die within 18 months of retirement. And the state-pension doesn't exist anymore, but most jobs don't provide for a decent private one.

But, for one week, we're all enjoying ourselves in the same way. And the social mix, however much I'd like to get rid of it, is better than no mix. It's a good thing that state-school pupils (a tiny few, but some at least) get to play croquet once in their life. It's a good thing that we get to get drunk with future members of the ruling class (even if it's just so that we can point to them on Newsnight and tell our kids about how they once shagged a minger in the back-seat of a punt). Unfortunately, as with all vaguely good things under Blair, it's soon to be gone.

With top-up fees, only those from the upper echelons will go to Cambridge, and those planning on second-rate jobs will go to second rate universities. But, for now, May Week is a mix worth savouring.



# The Ordinary

ISSUE ELEVEN: May week become heroes

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I NEVER NEEDED ANYONE (EXCEPT MY GROOMER)

BALL!

Ugly? Why wait?

## Stonking Balls

Kelsey Kerridge's May Ball reviewed by a man who went to it



Ball Buster  
Moloy Woodcock

### Balls. Balls. Balls.

Kelsey Kerridge College (which was founded in 1968) celebrated the 300th anniversary of its summer ball this year. The very first ball occurred as a spontaneous party to celebrate the death of unpopular 2nd-year Natsci, Duane Bagpuss.

That year's bumper coconut harvest, a sudden candyfloss build-up and a runaway dodgem all inadvertently created the now familiar aroma of that first May Ball. The Fun Love-In Criminals were due to play, but had to cancel due to the recent death of their drummer, Duane Bagpuss.

2004's affair, "Toss", was however a largely different affair, which saw great merriment and no small dose of fun.

Ball president Pierre Cakehole was delighted by this year's turnout. "I'm delighted," he scoffed while shoving a free do-nut into his fat, foreign face. "With just the one death and only a predict-

ed two unwanted pregnancies this has been the most successful event in the college's history. Good luck Steve and Sarah, and Bill and Beatrice.

What did the punters think?

"I thought the ghost train was one wicked addition," said one chirpy gentleman. "I loved it. I did shit myself, but it dried clear and my suit need to go to the cleaners anyway."

"The Cluedo role-play arena was a bit special," Dave from Tit Hall told *The Ord*. "Then I went off to strut my funky stuff thing to some world music crap. It was a bit of a case of Dave, on the dancefloor, with the disco pants."

Much to many gall-blowers delight the Giant Jenga made its return to the games tent after losing popularity post-September 11th.

Tears were shed after the battering ram ride had to be shut down in the early hours after it had punctured the bouncy castle for the fourth time.

"Toss" dazzled with exotic food-stuffs and drinkthings, many unavailable outside the may ball environment, with



FLAPPY: Erecting a marquee mustn't be confused with the erection of a marquess

crisps, burgers and Kulov Ice being the key examples.

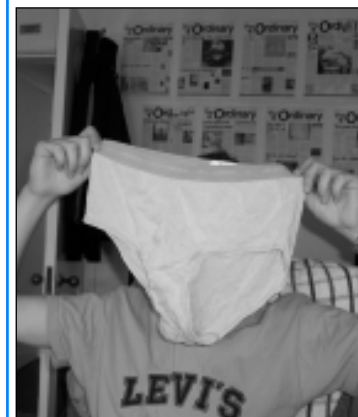
At 7am the weary party people gathered for the survivors' photo. Some wag had dressed up as the notorious cartoon geek-with-wizard-friend-and-lost-book-and/or-key, Where's Wally.

Or it might just have been some dirty geek. And the wizard could have been his dad. I might have imagined the key and/or the book. Also, wouldn't it be ironic if Al-Qaeida and his mates used a "survivors" photo as its next bombing target. Gutting!

## COLLEGE SHORTS

From the dean: Quiet! Period.

From your bedder: Just because you've finished your exams, don't let your standards slip. I never want to see those underpants again.



Ants in your pants? Kinky bastard

From the ball committee: Cheers everyone for coming. Hope you enjoyed it. Sorry Chas and Dave didn't make it, but we thought the Dean's animal tap dance show more than made up for it.

From the examiner: Will. Bad news. You fucked up. Big style. Sorry to have to tell you like this.

From your tutor: You're cordially invited to the garden party in college this Monday. Drinks are provided but if you've got any weed left over from term then bring it along, I fancy getting mashed.



Gardens: the ideal party receptacle

From the chaplain: Ok, who committed suicide last Sunday? I need to keep my records up to date. So selfish.

## Result! Textual transmission is the new notice board

As everyone races down the Senate House to get their results and gets all sweaty and stressy, why not sign up for *The Ord*'s new exclusive results SMS service?

Simply text 'whore' to 03301 and wait. After a certain amount of minutes, ResultsFlap™ will text you back with your results (if they're out) or an amusing anecdote! Or both!

"I really didn't think news of my fail could have been that enjoyable," explained finalist Mike Misspersible, "but ResultsFlap™ used the remaining 87 characters of the text to relay to me a heart-warming and, frankly, hilarious story about dyslexia."

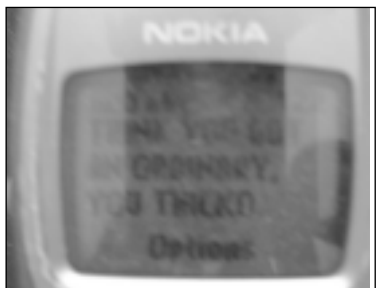
Not only is ResultsFlap™ based on real-time technology, but accuracy levels are now at an all-time high. Of 424 enquiries made to the service last year, we replied to just over a third and nearly half of those were correct, making ResultsFlap™ the most comprehensive text message-based results service ever being used today. But here at *The Ord* we're keen to make a good

system even better.

"Obviously improvements can always be made," we predict. "For example, it would be nice to know who the hell was texting us - knowing that might improve accuracy levels." Also, some students said that the cost of £7 a minute is a little pricey. "Piddle!" we retort.

Amusing anecdotes on offer this week include a short but side-splitting look at gangster hate crime, a rude joke (unfinished) and an edit of a saucy limerick. All in words of two letters or less!

The combination of the ubiquitousness of mobile phones, gullible students and the cheapness of cider and street coke mean it's an exciting time to be comnen. Sign up today!



## Sport! Summer previews are the new Viagra



Sporty Gran  
Mrs. Shuttle-Cock

Summer's here and I don't mean the female sex-shop extraordinaire. No way. I mean the weather. And this recent hot spell has whipped (geddit Ann!!) the nation into a sporting frenzy! Sport's hotter right now than an invalid watching some porno! (Know what I mean Ann!!). Sex fetish! (You still following me Ann!!)

Anyway, when I'm not in jail there's only one sport I think of when someone mentions Euro 2004: the Olympics. And this years Olympics are set to be the best for almost half a decade. Some say that the Olympics are the oldest games known to man, but, sadly, this is not true. They were reinvented in the 1890s (making them younger than football and rowing) and in any case I certainly know a lot of Neolithic kiss chase went on to while away those dark and dank cave days. But at least now we have videos to remember the dramatic feats of modern Olympiads rather than relying on paltry

wall paintings. I mean, how could you possibly do justice to Linford's lunchbox with just some mead and a mammoth tooth for a paintbrush?

But, like the great man's running lycra, I really should stick to the point. Thanks to my background in corporate fraud, people have been asking me who to back in the big 100m sprint that is Euro 2004. The swimming is easy: Ian Thorpe. But what of the football? What does it all mean? What's next? When I was just 12, my granddad took me to Ladbrokes for the first time and said something to me. He said, "love, never mention me in an article". But, importantly, he also said, "beware of the chocolate factory!" and ran out of the shop and straight into the path of a milk float. He meant, of course, beware of putting money on the team you want to win, but I knew what he was trying to say and he's in a home now anyway. Unfortunately, no football team as yet is mathematically certain of winning the damn thing. So, if I was a betster, I wouldn't bet on Euro 2004. See you in hall.

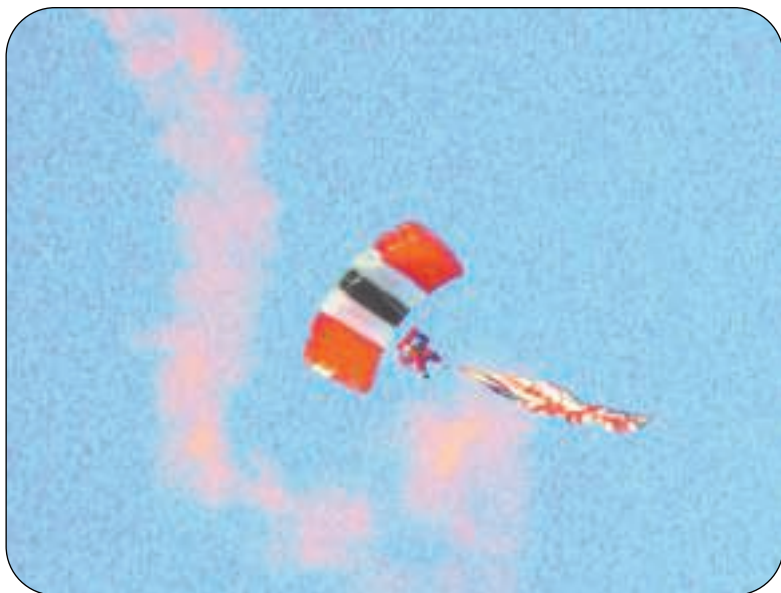


# Trinity Ball

I was talking to a mate the other day who was telling me that for him one of the things that proves God exists is that there are some sights, moments and events which are just beyond words to describe. According to that formula, Monday night offered unquestionable proof that the Elysian Fields are out there somewhere. The First and Third Trinity Boat Club May Ball exists hence God exists. QED.

I think it is more than fair to say if you really want to know what Trinity is like you have to be there. I can talk about the punts full of champagne, the thousands of oysters, the breathtaking fireworks set to music, seeing the Red Devils at dawn whilst eating smoked salmon bagels and the magical Great Hall music but, as the Bee Gees once sang, these are "only words" (that's slightly out of context but give me some leeway here).

It would be stupid to pretend that the headliners this year were of the size the ball has seen in the past. I can't tell you how Mark Owen or Big Brovaz were as I didn't see them, but the evidence in case number one is that Owen is a puppet and in case number two that there can't have been anyone on the ball committee at last year's Diablo. In the comedy



The Red Devils skydiving team swooped down over the survivors

tent Paul Tompkinson was, however, on good form particularly when ripping it out of a fuck-faced, red-faced rugby blue, deftly removing the emperor's clothes ("what's that minging jacket you've got on, oi, Tim Nice-but-Dim, over here..."). The Bootleg Beatles were well worth the trip down tribute street and Quantic Soul Orchestra provided us

with good chat in addition to some damn good music.

But Trinity Ball is far more than the sum of its acts, it's about ambience, elegance and a certain decorum. Leaving the Ball at 6am you felt you were turning your back on an experience never to be forgotten. This is what May Week is all about.

Tom Ebbutt

# Newnham Ball Prohibito

As the programme outlined on arrival "They were prepared to believe in anything that promised a good time..." and this was the ultimate outcome of the evening. Those who had expectations of the hyped grandeur of Trinity or John's left disappointed. What Newnham did do was offer a wonderful array of entertainment.

The main marquee held a high standard of quality throughout starting with the popstastic delights of Pat Sharp and the cream of the Footlights crop, and climaxing with the headline act of the critically raved about sultry soul/feisty North London hybrid that is Amy Winehouse. A highly impressive headliner considering the usual early 90s revivals that May Balls are so used to. The Fat Poppadaddy's DJ kept everyone jiving while pop-rock heroes Akira played a blistering set to bring the night to a close. Elsewhere, the majestically elegant Clough room played home to the magic of Jack Valentine's marvellous Frank Sinatra tribute. It was just like old blue eyes himself was singing to a backing CD in the midsts of messy waltzing. Really.

However, another main room suffered from regulations that prohibited food, drink and smoking in it. Maybe a bit too ironic considering the American Prohibition theme. There was no danger of the free booze running dry as the

never ending bottles kept on appearing, as if by magic, but drinking lots equals the insatiable yearning for munch, and by the early hours ball guests were on the prowl and not finding very much. The quaint surroundings and Newnham's resemblance to one of those grand American colleges you see on TV provided a charming feel-good prom night aura rather than any kind of pompous edge. A mention must go to those who coordinated what they were wearing with the night's theme. White ties, hats, Flapper dresses, feathers and pearls all contributed to a fun atmosphere and a long, lovely evening/morning.

Ronojoy Dam



Amy Winehouse

Michael Derringer

# Robinson Ball



Sam Elliot



Where are we? St John's Ball  
Who are you? Onur Teymur from Newnham  
Will you be getting a snog tonight? No, my cousin's out of town  
Is this the most fun you've ever had, or what? I don't really like May Balls. I had more fun yesterday in my room.

E.E.J

Robinson College has always been something of an unfavoured child in the May Ball family. In the past, Robinson has used its modern setting to its advantage, presenting a more down-to-earth ball, with the emphasis on high quality content rather than superficial paraphernalia. This year's ball had similar aims, but was let down both in quality and organisation. The food and drink was excellent in places, the 'Officer's Mess' presenting a particularly top class selection of Caribbean delicacies and champagne, but much of what was on offer began to dwindle rapidly as the night went on, with many stalls left with little but virtually undrinkable alcopops even as early as half past one.

The entertainment was just as inconsistent. The various fairground attractions proved as popular as ever,

the hypnotist received rave reviews, and the comedy marquee saw some brilliant turns, the mental Geordie Patrick Monaghan being a particular highlight. The music, though, suffered on a number of fronts, the best acts being either put on criminally early (such as the brilliant reggae collective Revelation 2000), or, like The Cribs, hampered by poor sound engineering. Headliners like N-Trance (a woman singing over a DAT tape) and King Adora (just rubbish, really) didn't live up to expectations.

The fireworks, though, were spectacular, easily comparable to anything the Big Two could offer, and previous years have shown that Robinson have it in them to put on a great, value-for-money Ball. But unfortunately, this year's event fell frustratingly short of Robinson's previously high standards.

Sam Elliot

## The Crasher's Guide

### Top ten rubbish ways to crash a Cambridge May Ball

When it comes to ingenuity, elaborate planning and sheer foolhardiness, nothing beats a ball-crasher. For one week only, average cash-strapped students become a dashing combination of Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape*, Tom Cruise in *Mission Impossible* and the entire SAS. Impressive, but never enough, for in the epic struggle between Ball security and ticketless chancer, there can only ever be one winner. And it sure ain't us...

1. Hire a deep sea diving kit and swim down the Cam. Come ashore hidden from the searchlights by a strategically placed bush
2. Fashion a walkie-talkie set with two paper cups and a 20 ft piece of string. Use it to communicate with your friend on the 'inside.'
3. Claim to be a break dancer convincing the security guards with your impromptu head spin and authentic ghetto-speak
4. Equip yourself with wire-cutters and thick blankets for a *Fight Club* style assault directly on the fence. Bring a juicy bone for the slavering Alsations that will chase you home
5. Find the tallest building in Cambridge and scale the outside barehanded. If you're lucky, once you get to the top, you'll be overlooking the grounds of a ball. If you're even luckier, you'll be able to get down alive
6. Hide in a portalo in Black Tie the night before. Stave off the boredom with a bottle of vodka. You may find yourself having so much fun that you won't bother joining the ball
7. Find out the name of a committee member and pretend to be their long-lost friend/lovechild/biological parent
8. Get 25 mates to accompany you on a punt, and then rush the bouncers at the college of your choice. If your punt sinks, refer to point 1
9. Skydive from 10,000 feet and expertly steer your parachute into the ball. It'll cost far more than the price of a ticket, but hey, at least you've made an impressive entrance
10. Start leaving your wristbands from events and garden parties on your wrists; in a couple of years the same design is bound to come up

E.E.J & HB



# St John's Ball

**T**here was a chocolate fountain. You could put strawberries or marshmallows on little skewers and put them under a flood of melted chocolate and then eat them. This is how we spent our first fifteen minutes. This is a pretty fantastic way to begin, and sets the bar very high; St John's Ball, we are pleased to report, managed to clear it.

One especially jaded Johnian com-



**Who are you ?** Emily Geddes (Newnham) Rob Andrews (Trinity)

**What inspired the outfits?** we thought black and white would be elegant.

**How drunk are you on a scale of one to ten?** One out of ten, it's only nine o'clock!

**What's better - May Balls or sex?** Sex at May Balls!

plained that nothing had changed except the Chrysler Building centre-piece since last time round; we weren't there, but if it's this good, frankly, changing things would seem a very foolish strategy. You could do everything. You could eat everything, and drink everything. The queues for steak sandwiches were enormous; but fuck me, it was good steak.

Maybe mention a slight 4 am lull if you agree there was one? The fact that they started to dismantle the rides etc?

Archie's girlfriend was hypnotised,

You could eat everything and drink everything

which was amusing; one of her fellow sleep-walkers was temporarily convinced your correspondent was the best-looking man in the world, and tried her hardest to win his heart. The illusion was shattered at a click of the showman's fingers, to the great disappointment of all concerned.

We missed stand-up hero Jimmy Carr, which was a pisser, but perked up thanks to the Scissor Sisters' fabulous set. A fine capture by the John's committee, the Sisters were an unqualified success, eschewing the wry detachment which besets so many bands playing in a Cambridge context in favour of a vigorously full-

blooded, and extremely warmly received, performance. They are a perfect live band, and if their high camp style looks a bit tired on Top of the Pops, it makes perfect sense amongst these dreaming spires and free oysters. Above all, they looked like they were enjoying it; it was difficult not to feel the same.

Similar in this respect, if in few others, was the climactic and magnificent performance by the Gentlemen of St. John's. This close harmony group are something of an institution as a finale, and with good reason; it was impossible not to be engaged and even (whisper it, because it's not the sort of thing that's meant to happen at balls) moved by their performance. The bootleg (as it were) of Fever and Britney's Toxic was inspired, and And So It Goes made many of the listeners weep a little. Not your correspondents, obviously, but we felt it too.

And so it went. Even the dick-heads getting lairy in the survivors' photo ('I swear, mate, you insult John's again and you will get The Kicking Of Your Life') couldn't wreck the evening. Half the time most of us feel a bit embarrassed to be at Cambridge, in the midst of all this privilege; it was John's ball's greatest achievement to force its guests to abandon this half-hearted apology and feel incredibly lucky, instead. A Good Time Was Had By All.

Archie Bland & Amol Rajan



# Diablo 2004

**C**hilford Hall was the setting for this year's Diablo. £21 in a taxi but lucky for ball goers buses ran regularly from Cambridge and a CUSU mini bus ran up until 1am collecting stragglers from around the city.

No food was provided in the price of the ticket although there were reasonably priced stalls catering to not hugely differing tastes - a Hog roast, Creperie, Doughnuts and three vans of grease! Drink too was widely available and catered to every taste. Drinks could be bought throughout the night and only the cocktails ran out.

The incredibly impressive and varied line-up materialised into a fully satisfying evening of entertainment. The main hall was packed as Coolio took to the stage. After some debate on various message boards around Cambridge claiming he wouldn't sing his trademark Gangsters Paradise he pleased the crowd performing a lengthened version of the hit. Clea, the band formed from the losing five of Popstars also performed as did Lisa Maffia and Romeo, Space and a terrific Queen Tribute band. For those fancying a sit-down films, comedy and karaoke were provided throughout the night in three large, separate tents.

There was plenty for the more energetic to do though. Fairground rides were popular and there were many disgruntled people when they began

shutting down at 4.30. Dodgems proved most popular but there was no "policing" and queues were jumped, circumvented and largely disregarded. There was also a Quasar game and for the ultra adventurous bungee jumping.

One criticism I did have of the ball as that it was unclear who was in charge. No organisers worse sashes and if there had been any sort of problem most people wouldn't have known where to go.

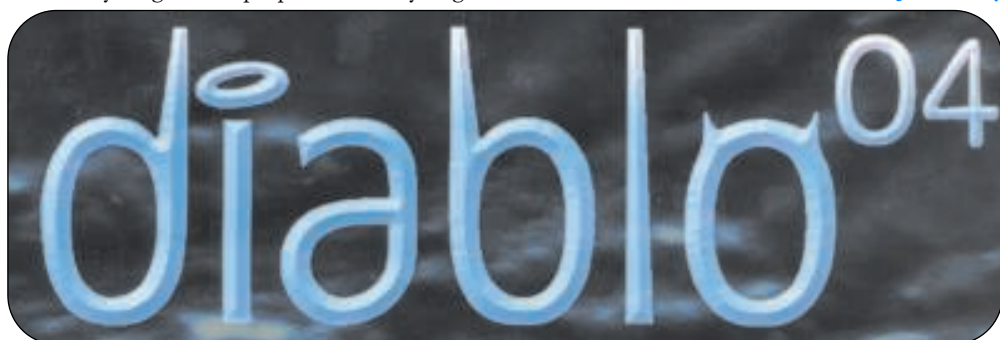
The usual heavies from the nightclubs of Cambridge were employed as security and at 5.30 they were quite forceful in their removal of people from the ball. The survivors photo was a bit of a fiasco. For an hour students congregated in the wrong place and eventually the photo was taken the field with the coaches in the background! Still at least it proved I lasted

the distance.

The dress code was amusing- glamorous girls in puffy dresses rubbed shoulders with those in combat trousers and t-shirts. I felt that the identity of this event was somewhat confused. Cambridge versus APU slightly? Diablo-bashing stems from the fact that it is a joint collaboration with APU and yes there were more APU students than Cambridge ones but is that really surprising when it's their only summer ball? Whether dressed up or down, the evening was immense fun.

Laura-Jane Foley

Glamorous girls in puffy dresses rubbed shoulders with those in combat trousers and t-shirts



## Graduation Pictures



We are at ...

29 Hobson Street

Behind Waterstones and Life nightclub, opposite the back of Christs College



Come with your friends (maximum 6) when you have your individual photograph taken and you will each receive a free group picture with your order.



**dumbleton**  
photography

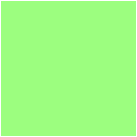
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# M A Y S 1 2

O x b r i d g e ' s   d e f i n i t i v e   n e w   w r i t i n g   a n t h o l o g y

## The History

For the past 12 years, *The May Anthologies* have showcased the very best of student creativity from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The first place to publish such internationally acclaimed authors as Zadie Smith, Adam Thirlwell and Robert Macfarlane, *The Mays* also boasts an incredible list of guest editors.

Ted Hughes, Seamus Heaney, Sebastian Faulks and Stephen Fry have all supported the project over the past decade. This year is no exception, with Philip Pullman, author of the *His Dark Materials* trilogy, taking on the role of guest editor.

## The Contributors

**Alexandra Haines-Stiles**, studies at Linacre College, Oxford where she reads Twentieth-century British and American literature. Author of *Heisenberg*.

**Amy Flanders** is finishing up a DPhil about the British book-publishing industry during the Second World War. In the fall she will leave Oxford for the bright lights of New York where she will take up a fellowship in historical editing at NYU and make a survey of the city's best bagels. Author of *Aleksandr's Landscape*.

**Antony Leyton-Thomas** is author of *Though I Sang in my Chains* which is the final instalment in the anthology.

**C.E.J. Simons** has just completed his D.Phil. thesis on Wordsworth at Lincoln College, Oxford. He holds the Harper-Wood Studentship in creative writing from St. John's College, Cambridge. He currently lives in China, where he is writing a novel. His work, *The Candle-Snuffer of the Duomo*, is his third appearance in the May Anthologies.

**David E Hawkins** is author of *Riddle*, the opening piece in MAYS 12

**Emily Critchley**, is author of *Paka* and *Regarding Anaximenes* which can be both found within the poetry section of the publication.

**Eugenio Triana** is author of the condensed biography of *Meschamps*. This is his first appearance in the Mays

**Frances Levison** read English at St Hilda's College, Oxford, and is now working towards an MA in Writing. She is author of both *Nazi Gold* and *A Hole in the Ice*.

**Gbenga Adelekan** is a student of Cambridge University and is author of *Valerian Drops*.

**Imogen Russell Williams** has just finished a B.A. in Classics and English at Magdalen College, Oxford. She reads voraciously but indiscriminately, so that influences detected in her work may range from Ovid to Stephen King. She is unashamed of this. Author of *Phaethon and the Chariot of the Sun*.

**Ana Maria Giles** is a first-year PhD student reading English at Cambridge. Originally from New Mexico and Puerto Rico, she has an MA in Creative Writing and has published her fiction and poetry in the US as well as book reviews for *The New York Times*. She is author of *from Death of a Trickster*.

**Lloyd Thomas** read English at Queens', Cambridge, and matriculated in 2000. He was born in Swansea, and now lives in North London where he works in telesales. He is author of *Envelope Teeth*.

**Michael Hallsworth**, Fitzwilliam College, 3rd year, English. Author of *Little Stevie*.

**Niall Spooner-Harvey** graduated from Girton College last year. He did Classics. He's now doing a Postgraduate Certificate of Education, teaching Latin and writing novels about poultry. He is quite thick-set and likes eating BOOST bars. He is author of the poem *GRAVE*.

**Patrick Flanery** is writing a doctoral thesis on Evelyn Waugh at St. Cross College, Oxford. He has a BFA in Film Production from New York University's Tisch School of the Arts and an M.Stud in English from Oxford. He is author of *Madlands*.

**Rob Willington**, is author of the highly complex *Stories*.

**Tom Marks** is about to graduate from Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a degree in English literature. In October, he is relocating to Oxford to begin postgraduate study in Victorian literature; he hopes to find more time for writing next year.

**Will May** is a postgraduate student from Balliol College, Oxford, where he has just completed a Masters in 20th-century literature. He is also an established composer, and has had works broadcast on national radio and performed throughout the UK and Europe.

## The Guest Editors

1992 - Margaret Drabble

1993 - Seamus Heaney

1993 - Michael Dibdin

1994 - Stephen Fry

1994 - Bernard O'Donoghue

1995 - John Holloway

1995 - Ted Hughes

1996 - Penelope Fitzgerald

1996 - Simon Armitage

1997 - Jill Paton Walsh

1997 - Christopher Reid

1998 - Sebastian Faulks

1998 - J.H.Pyrne

1999 - Penelope Lively

1999 - John Kinsella

2000 - Lawrence Norfolk

2000 - Paul Muldoon

2001 - Michael Donaghy

2001 - Zadie Smith

2002 - Andrew Motion and Nick Cave

2003 - Ali Smith

2004 - Philip Pullman



## ■ The Extract - poetry

Niall Spooner-Harvey

### G R A V E

i do not want my funeral  
to be grave  
(ha ha)  
i want it to be  
im possibly twee.

i want babies  
the only members of the congregation  
without 'T H I S I S D E A T H '  
tattooed on the insides  
of their foreheads  
to be there

and if the vicar  
says i was a good man  
then i will shove him roughly  
and play the organ  
out of tune.

i do not want my funeral  
to be grave  
(ha ha)  
i want it to be  
im perceptibly me.

for example  
i will NOT have  
'simply the best' played  
as my coffin clocks on to the rollers.

i W I L L have  
'stop all the clocks' read,  
but it will be  
'grow all your cocks  
put off work tomorrow  
make your partner happy  
with a juicy bone'  
thus and so on.

and if the dj  
plays 'i will always love you'  
i will rise zombie-like  
and kill his  
golden T E E T H .

i do not want my funeral  
to be grave  
(ha ha).

i've been to five.  
no-one was  
alive.

■  
*"c o n f o u d i n g , f r u s t r a t i n g , e x c i t i n g a n d  
i n s p i r i n g b u t a l l o f t h e m w i t h o u t  
e x c p e t i o n b e a u t i f u l l y w r i t t e n "*

N i c k C a v e

■  
*"A h e a r t e n i n g c o n f i r m a t i o n . . . o f w h a t  
a n y o n e b u y i n g t h i s b o o k w o u l d w a n t t o  
f e e l : t h a t n e w w r i t i n g i n O x f o r d a n d  
C a m b r i d g e i s t h r i v i n g ."*

A n d r e w M o t i o n

## ■ The Extract - Prose

*The following are the opening paragraphs of Lloyd Thomas' 'The Envelope Teeth'*

The cafeteria is unfortunate. The wood effect plastic trays are unfortunate, the cellophane wrapped sandwiches are unfortunate (only egg mayonnaise left), and the untouched fruit bowl is unfortunate. By and large the people are unfortunate. They are, after all, going to eat lunch here.

By far the most unfortunate is Neil Sissons. He looks as though he deserves the cafeteria. Something about his sloping shoulders, the shabby creases in his shirt and face, the habitual expression of comfortable disappointment, all seem to suggest that he deserves everything the cafeteria has to throw at him. He deserves to sit there, alone, on a chair that is bolted to the floor, picking the pieces of onion from his Cheese & Onion Pasty (79p). Neil Sissons looks entirely right with a plastic coffee cup. He looks the type. The cafeteria type. Neil Sissons is in his natural environment.

Whether or not Neil Sissons would be quite so unfortunate if it wasn't for his problem is an irrelevant question. Whether or not Neil Sissons had been earmarked for a life of crumpled unfortunateness prior to the events of May 13th, 1991, nobody will ever know. Neil Sissons, unfortunately, has a very big problem. At home, he has a drawer full of envelopes. In each envelope is a child's tooth.

## ■ Where to get one

M A Y S 1 2 i s a v a i l a b l e p r i c e d £ 6 . 9 9 f r o m a l l  
g o o d b o o k s h o p s .

It can also be directly bought from Varsity by calling  
0 1 2 2 3 3 5 3 4 2 2 , e m a i l i n g b u s i n e s s @ v a r s i t y . c o . u k o r b y  
w r i t i n g t o  
V a r s i t y P u b l i c a t i o n s L t d  
1 1 - 1 2 T r u m p i n g t o n S t r e e t  
C a m b r i d g e  
C B 2 1 Q A



MISC

**Friday**  
**St. Edmund's May Ball:**  
with Lucy Cavendish live music,  
drama and comedy 9pm-6am.  
St. Edmund's College, .  
8pm. £35.

**Friday**  
**ARTcrowd- Friends of Kettle's  
Yard:**  
Party to join ARTcrowd- younger  
'Friends' of Kettles' Yard . .  
Kettle's Yard, Gallery.  
6:30pm. £10.00.

MUSIC

**Friday**  
**Jesus College Music Society:**  
Luncheon recital: beautiful music  
in beautiful surroundings.  
Jesus College Chapel,  
1pm.

**King's College Research Centre:**  
Roy Howat Piano Recital  
Debussy: Estampes  
Elgar: In Smyrna  
Debussy: Images, 2e série  
West Road Concert Hall,  
8pm. £7/£4.

THEATRE

**Friday**  
**ADC in association with Newnham  
Anonymous Players :**  
A Ring Around the Moon by Jean  
Anouilh.  
Newnham College, Old College  
Gardens.  
3:30pm.

**BATS:**  
The Merry Wives of Windsor, by  
William Shakespeare.  
Queens' College, Cloister Court.  
7:45pm. £4/5/6/7.

**HATS (hatsdrama.co.uk) and King's  
Drama:**  
AN ARABIAN NIGHT - drama, music,  
entertainment and exotic cuisine: for  
free!  
King's College, Fellows' Garden (The  
Backs). 7pm.

**Saturday**  
ADC in association with Newnham  
Anonymous Players :  
A Ring Around the Moon by Jean  
Anouilh. Newnham College, Old  
College Gardens. 3:30pm.

**BATS:**  
**The Merry Wives of Windsor, by  
William Shakespeare.**  
Queens' College, Cloister Court.  
2:30pm. £4/5/6/7.

**The Cambridge Footlights National  
Tour:**  
Preview the darkly humorous  
Footlights Tour before it hits Edinburgh.  
Robinson College, Auditorium.  
7:45pm. £7.

**Sunday**  
**The Cambridge Footlights National  
Tour:**  
Preview the darkly humorous  
Footlights Tour before it hits Edinburgh.  
Robinson College, Auditorium.  
7:45pm. £7.

FILM

Peddle you films to fame!  
**WANTED: Short Films, tall stories**

Fed up of sizzist cinema?  
Want to share your visual haberdashery and cinematic  
scraps?

Our free outdoor pedal-powered  
cinema will be lighting up the dark spaces of Cambridge this  
autumn with your mini-movies, animations and  
documentaries.

No experience necessary: all submissions considered and  
help offered with DVD burning.

But please get in touch with Beth (abs28@cam.ac.uk) or Felix  
(fw233@cam.ac.uk) before October 1st.

One rule only: Half as long, twice as bright.

B O R E D O F  
C O L L E G E ?

4<sup>th</sup> Year Architect  
Seeks 2-3 people  
to share house:

2 0 0 4 / 5

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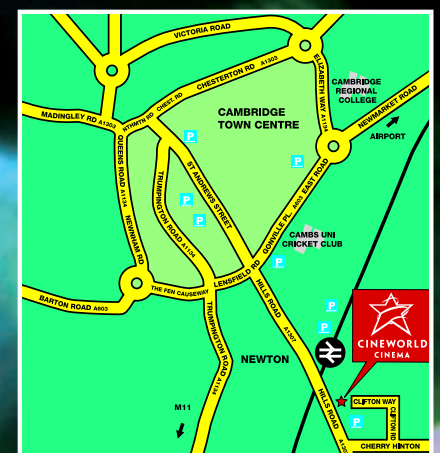
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# Trinity Hall Event



**C**arnival fever completely overtook Trinity Hall for their Rio-themed Event on Wednesday. The college looked magnificent as vibrant streamers and Brazilian dancers greeted revellers on their entrance and the theme continued throughout the various rooms and stages. Food and drink was simplistic but effective. A no frills attitude to booze and burgers meant that one could be watered very efficiently even if the queues for food deterred all but the famished.

The musical acts that graced the various stages were testament to the fact that such a cheap event continues to punch above its weight. The main stage was graced by Cambridge regulars The James Taylor Quartet and The Bluetones who, despite taking an eternity to make their way on stage, were well worth the wait. Mark Ronson was an enormous coup in the

Dance Tent and ensured the floor was filled for Shlomo and Nonames. The night, however, belonged to Cambridge-based Funk band Afrodisiac who managed to fill the Dining Room to its capacity with a truly awesome blend of funk up covers and anthems from that genre.

... continues to punch above its weight

The crowd particularly enjoyed the Beat Box antics of DJ Rob Paton who kept the crowd dancing when the walls were dripping with sweat.

For some the evening was slightly marred by the perennial queuing issues which meant the unfortunate few did not reach the gates until an hour after the start. This is a problem common to all May Week enter-

tainments and I am fairly confident that no committee has yet to find a way to tackle it. What is peculiar to Trinity Hall, however, is that those still awaiting entrance on Garret Hostel bridge are in the position of standing above the level of the ball. So, much like waiting in line at Alton Towers, the poor late-arrivers are forced to watch those that go before them having all the fun.

The general consensus however was that the evening proved the perfect antidote to ball-going - a perfectly relaxed, unpretentious and thoroughly enjoyable evening. With plenty of free food and drink and a line-up to rival the bigger events Trinity Hall again laid its claim as the highlight of May Week. Trinity or John's it is not, but for half the price of a ball the evening provided many with twice the fun.

Sam Gallagher and Lucy Phillips

# Jesus Ball

**T**his year's Jesus college May ball theme was "Harlequin", and a sort of 18th century masquerade sprang to mind with some keen guests bringing masks along to reinforce the motif of the evening.

Although the Ball Committee had been true to its word by eliminating the queue on the street, there was initially a small congestion problem on the inside of the college walls. As compensation for having to walk around Chapel Court at a slow pace however, guests were treated to delicious Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream and a fire juggler.

The Ball itself was divided up amongst the various Courts, each with its own envious array of food, drink and entertainment. After enjoying Ferrero Rocher chocolates and champagne, guests could gorge themselves on the usual May Ball fare, with Pimm's, strawberries and cream and cookies all readily available.

Jesus May Ball prided itself on having no student-based entertainment on its main stage for the duration of the evening. An impressive collection of musicians of large repute were in attendance, with four-time Platinum artist Bic Runga receiving a worthy nod from those in the know. Also featuring on First Court were Lynden David Hall, The Dampness, Me One

and a Ceilidh. Guests were invited to enjoy this strong line-up accompanied by vodka mixed with just about any variety of juice imaginable.

The entertainments in Second Court began with Out of the Blue, an a-capella group from Oxford, who lived up to their reputation as one of the best such groups in the country. Also to be found in Second Court was The Dreamweaver, a "comedy hypnotist". This was probably one of the best entertainment acts at the Ball, and he managed to keep about 200 people on the tips of their toes for over an hour.

Beyond Second Court lay the dodgems, enjoyed by all, the bouncy castle and a DJ tent. While there was a wide variety of food available, seating was quite limited and queues did develop to reach the most popular stands.

Cloister Court was well attended throughout the night. Various classical musicians entertained guests as they sipped wine and sampled an assortment of cheeses. The casino in the Fellows' Garden was another success, although it seemed to be giving away chips as the night progressed. Overall, Jesus May Ball lived up to its ever improving reputation and if there were any disappointed faces in the survivor's photo I certainly didn't see them.

Ifti Qurashi

# Christ's Ball

**I**t is rare for a May Ball to combine splendour and grandeur with intimacy and romance, but "Silhouette" struck the perfect balance. With each of the courts in Christs' being used, there was plenty to do and see without ever feeling overwhelmed.

One of the particular strengths of "Silhouette" was the abundance of food and drink; champagne flowed all night long, and for the less hardy the committee had the ingenious idea of providing hot coffee and tea from the very beginning of the night. After several bowls of sorbet and ice cream accompanied with a few cocktails, it was time to head towards the salsa session. The energy of the swinging hips could only be matched by the power of the ceilidh later on; the ballroom was a hive of activity throughout, pausing for just 2 hours in the middle for a showing of the film 'Chicago' and giving ball-goers a chance to chill out.

The ents on offer in the main tent and on the live stage catered for a variety of styles and tastes. Some of

Cambridge's best performers and groups put in an appearance, including 'Fitz Swing Band' and comedians 'Other Leading Brand'. The headlining acts were the 'Cosmic Rough Riders' who, although not known to all, are clearly a band we will be hearing more of in the future.

What was most striking about "Silhouette" was the sheer attention to detail. Programmes were designed to fit easily into jacket pockets and they provided an easy-to-navigate overview of everything that was on offer.

Moreover, the importance of lighting at a ball with such a theme did not go unnoticed by the organisers. As darkness fell, the lighting was so aptly arranged that as one moved between the different courtyards the silhouettes of the ball-goers in all their finery could be seen floating around from marquees to bars and back again. No-one at "Silhouette" could fail to be swept up in the atmosphere and magic for which May Balls are famed.

Ben Bland

There was plenty to see and do without ever feeling overwhelmed

# Pembroke Event

**T**he organisers of Pembroke June Event have a tricky balancing act to perform: they try to provide the entertainments and food to parallel some of the smaller balls, but at the price of an Event.

Unlike the Trinity Hall or King's Events, on the same nights, Pembroke had a black tie dress code, which was presumably intended to bring about a more refined, formal atmosphere. However, the food and drink was really no better or more varied than that on display at the other Events; the entertainments were, in general, less impressive. Eschewing a big name main act, Pembroke instead provided an array of student DJs and bands, which were consistent, but rarely outstanding. Nonetheless, the crowd seemed very happy, particularly as the sun rose and the cheese took over the main stage.

The Event made good use of a large area of the college, including the Hall as a dancefloor, the bar as a casino, and the Inner Parlour as a massage parlour. Of particular note were the inflatables, the pugil sticks pictured below and the bucking bronco providing the opportunity for a great deal of hilarious drunken posturing; the time of 1.08 on the bronco proved hard to beat.

Unlike in previous years, the food (including an impressive hog roast) lasted well through the night and the drink, although limited mainly to beer and alcopops, was abundant right up until survivors. And after plenty of those had been drunk, none of the guests seemed to mind the lack of a big name act; the smiles on their faces a testament to the enjoyment that event had succeeded in providing.

Henry B



Ria Cooke



Where are we? Jesus Ball

Who are you? Oscar from King's

Are you as drunk as you look?  
How dare you insult my honour you wench!

How much have you eaten tonight? Three slices of pizza, two burgers, 45 mini doughnuts, hog roast (and I'm a vegetarian).

What's better than May Balls? Having a really fit picture of me printed in Varsity.

Do you have anything else to add? My pubes are made of candylfloss too.



## Gonville and Caius Ball

**May week is a time when men exchange inebriated hugs and tell their friends how much they love them and a time when women have lots of nice things to say about one another and even nicer things to say about each other's shoes. In a week of superlatives it is important to make sure that complements do not lose their value.**

When I describe Caius Ball as a great event, please remember I am not acting as a reveller determined to enjoy himself but as a standardly grouchy critic. When I go even further and say Caius was one of the best balls I've been to, bear in mind I am not an impressionable young fresher but a jaded (almost geriatric) fourth year. This genuinely was a superb evening.

Of course, using the traditional rankings calculated by reference to the number of oysters gorged and champagne corks popped, Caius should be placed towards the top of the first division of balls rather than in the premier league dominated by Trinity and

John's. However, what really makes a ball is the way it is executed rather than simple lavishness. In this respects Caius excelled.

Perhaps most pleasing was the sheer variety. With its complex maze of courts and side-rooms, Caius was

**I found the gate to Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory**

one of the few balls you never feel you have fully exhausted. It wasn't until several hours into the ball that, feeling like I had wandered into Tom's Midnight Garden and found the gate to Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory at the end, I stumbled into the beautifully decorated Masters Garden and discovered a room containing a fountain of melted chocolate.

Extraordinarily, Caius boasted over thirty separate food and drink stalls and because of this there were hardly

any queues. The entertainments were also excellent. The main music acts of East 17 and Chicane represented a minor coup for a medium-sized ball. They put on great crowd-pleasing shows, despite the former oddly being scheduled against one of the other highlights of the evening: Channel 4 comedian Jimmy Carr.

The setting was also magnificent. An East 17 concert with a bouncy castle in the background is not normally considered the height of civilisation. Only the sumptuousness of Cambridge surroundings makes people constantly feel special and the fairytale courts and fine panelled rooms of Caius provided one of the very best settings for a fantastic evening.

This was an excellent event and clearly run by a team who put in a huge effort. All that remains to be said is congratulations to Eleanor Pinfield and her committee.

Reggie Vettasseri



## Sidney Sussex Ball

**Sidney Sussex Ball is considered by many to be the dark horse of May Week. It was rather fitting then that guests were greeted by a large camel as they stepped into a world of Moroccan mystery. Despite lacking the glamour and extravagance of St. John's or Trinity, Sidney's reputation as an intimate, value-for-money ball has been growing. 'Mirage' offered an impressive variety of entertainment and appeared to consolidate this reputation rather than damage it.**

The tedious ritual of the never-ending ball queue is one May Week tradition we could all do without. The door staff at Sidney were particularly slow, with some guests enduring a two-hour wait. Queue entertainment consisted of the same camel, who was paraded along Jesus Lane while his assistants handed out that favourite Arabian delicacy – fortune cookies.

Despite this initial lack of imagination, the sight awaiting guests inside was particularly striking. Beautifully yet subtly illuminated, the Bellagio area made for an

impressive entry. The expansive gardens at Sidney created the illusion of an elaborate labyrinth, where guests where led from one self-contained world into another.

The ball often suffered from a lack of continuity as regards theme and decoration. While some areas such as the Sultan's Court and the Blue Note

**The energy and spark seemed to fizzle out around 4am**

Café were tastefully designed, the attempts to create an authentic Arabian market were more bizarre than bazaar. Smoothies and swing-boats seemed curiously out of place.

The music was impressive in its variety and quality with main acts including British Sea Power, Metis and The Kittens. Rumours of a secret performance by everyone's favourite Britney impersonator, Darius from Popstars, thankfully

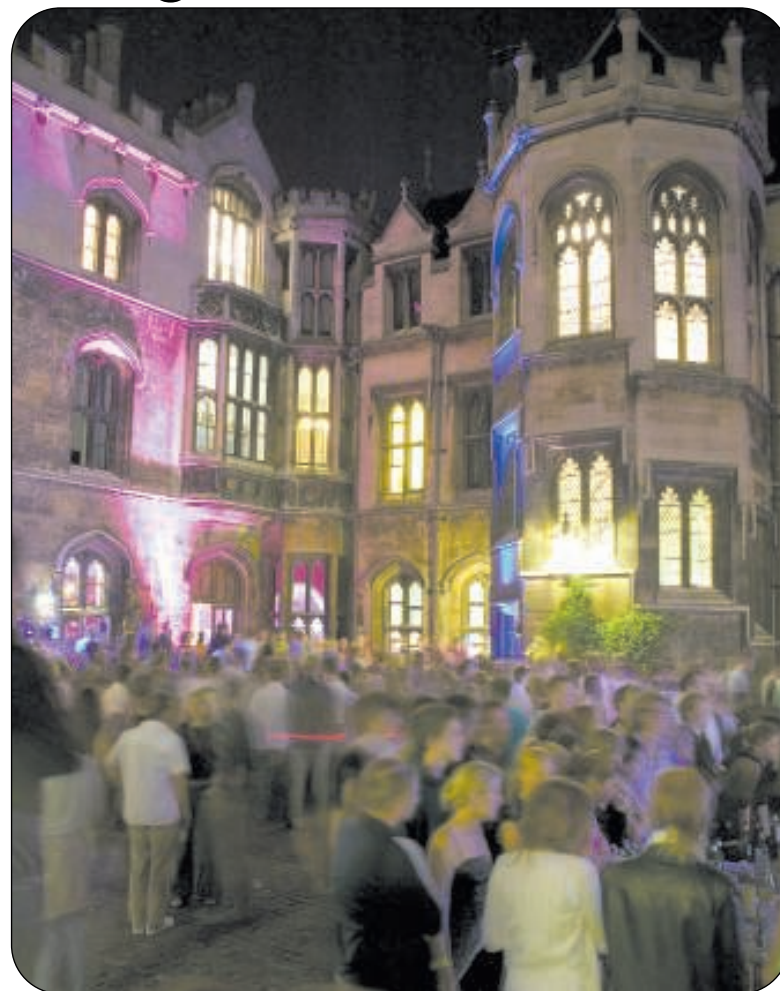
proved to be false.

British Sea Power delivered a quality set and lived up to their reputation has some of the best live performers on the current UK music scene. Fez resident Fat Poppadaddys had the task of injecting flagging guests with some much-needed energy at 4am and fulfilled his role admirably.

As is the case with many Cambridge Balls, the energy and spark which often characterised 'Mirage' seemed to fizzle out around 4am. Most of the food stalls had been cleared away while many rides were dismantled prematurely. With tickets prices surprisingly steep at £90, it was a shame that guests could not enjoy the all of the ball's facilities for its full duration. Nevertheless, the intimate setting, range of entertainments and a cleverly elaborated theme all contributed to an enjoyable night and made this 'mirage' seem very real indeed.

Bryan Coll

## King's Event



Michael Wells, Third Light Photography

**King's Event 00:45. 'What's that tune he's mixing in know? I'm sure I recognise it from somewhere. What could it be? Oh wait, it's the fire alarm.' Music stops, everyone out.**

For the second year in a row, King's Event endured a mass evacuation due to a fire alert during the festivities. As the crowds were herded out of the college, it rapidly became clear that there was in fact

'large slosh' and a long cocktail menu at the bars, their availability was a serious issue. Bottles of beer take no time to serve, cocktails do, and this might explain why, by 2am, there was

**In King's the preferred shot measurement device is a 'large slosh'**



Michael Wells

no more beer and enormous queues as the overworked bar staff valiantly attempted, but ultimately failed, to create cocktails in the time it takes to flip a bottle-opener.

Despite all the gripes, this was ultimately an extremely enjoyable night, partly due to the fine selection of music and entertainment on offer and partly due to the extremely chilled-out atmosphere that pervaded the evening.

Tom Walters



**Where are we?** Newnham Ball Prohibito

**Who are you?** Bengalis in platforms

**What's better than a May Ball?** The Manic Street Preachers

**How drunk are you on a scale of one to ten?** 6 at the moment, hoping to reach 10 by the end of the hour.

no emergency, and by the time three fire engines had come hurtling down King's Parade about four minutes later, most guests were already engaged in getting in position to be first back in to get to the front of the long drinks queues.

To the credit of the organisers the musical line-up was, once again, excellent. As well as the traditional King's staples of some of the finest drum and bass, hip-hop and R&B the programme included live jazz, an extremely well-received Samba band and even (horror of horrors) a cheese tent.

King's is an event rather than a ball, which means cheaper tickets, less stuff free when you're inside and more emphasis on the music. This year the set-up was such that the drinks were free, but food, in the form of vans serving burgers, noodles and doughnuts, was not. While the range and alcohol content of the drinks available couldn't be faulted, with the preferred shot measurement device being the



# 6 suggestions, 3 months, 1 world

How to, and how not to, spend your holidays...



## Music

We all know about Glastonbury, Reading, V and so on., but it's nice to combine a music with a holiday. The AV Festival is held every year in Fuengirola on the south coast of Spain, in one of the world's most beautiful music venues, Sohail Castle, originally built by Muslim invaders in the 12th century. This year, on the first weekend of July, you can see Morrissey, Squarepusher, Stereolab, Stephen Malkmus, Four Tet, and many others (mostly with an experimental agenda). Over in Helsinki on the 13th-14th of August, there's the larger Koneisto Festival, which concentrates on dance and electronica, with headliners The Streets, Matthew Herbert, Richie Hawtin, and Akufen. Look out for Moomin graffiti on the walls.

Ned Beauman

## Sight-Seeing

If your health, sanity and budget have suffered from May Week, an attractive and inexpensive UK destination is the Peak District in Derbyshire. Less famous but interestingly more visited than its Cumbrian Lakes counterpart, the Peak District offers the perfect walking territory for those wanting more than rolling hills but unwilling to slog up mountains in the rain. Green but slashed with craggy dales and dotted with picturesque stone villages, this is England at its best. For those more adventurous types, why not visit Zagreb, Croatia. Whilst it may seem strange to choose a capital city as a relaxed destination, but in summer, the city's suits decamp to the coast. Sunning and chatting in the grand squares, football in the parks and a beer on cobbled Tkalciceva street are the activities of choice for those who remain, joined by canny tourists. Even further afield lies the former Portuguese colony of Diu in India. On this small island just off the coast of Gujarat, the huge white churches across the island can be seen for miles off. There's not much else to do but cycle from village to village through forest reserves and chill on huge, empty beaches. Why would you want to be there?

Andy Macdowall



...and when everything goes wrong

**L**eaping headfirst down steep, sharp slopes that rise almost straight up from the Caribbean Sea. Running from aggressive, heavily armed Marxist paramilitaries. Trekking alone for twelve days through hillsides clad in thick jungle, crisscrossed with rivers, streams and waterfalls. Enter the world of the superhuman Oxbridge student and their awe-inspiring holiday fatuity.

The above story, that of Oxford engineering student and recent Cambridge Union speaker Matthew Scott, is now well known. Student hikes through spectacular Lost City ruins in mountainous northern Columbia. Student is found, taken by guerrillas, jumps off ravine, treks for 10 days, and is saved by local Indians. All in fact in time to join in with debauched parties with Cambridge students on the Varsity skiing trip - whilst his fellow hostages are still trapped in the Columbian jungle.

Scott risked his life because he was forced to do so. However, other students seemingly do so out of choice. Take the case of Catriona Maclay, a second year SPS'er at Trinity, who, whilst on holiday, cycled down the steepest and most dangerous road in the world - and fell off. The 64km road, just outside of La Paz in Bolivia won its name by having the highest annual mortality rate of any road in the world, averaging 100 deaths per year. The stretch from La Cumbre to Coroico goes from an altitude of 4900m down to 1800m at the bottom in the space of a few hours.

Having never been on a mountain bike before, Maclay set off, having been told that "you can't have a serious accident as a beginner because you won't be able to go fast enough". She quickly proved them wrong.

For 30km Maclay cycled dangerously close to cliff-faces, passing memorials to fallen, similarly "brave" comrades. Looking over the edge, she was faced with falls of anywhere between 50 to 800 metres. At the bottom of such cliffs typically lay the remains of crushed, burnt-out jeeps and trucks, all a reminder that this was not the Cambridge fens.

However, the fact that Maclay has

managed to remain a second year SPS'er is indicative of the fact that she, unlike many others, did not career over said cliffs. She did, however, have the misfortune to slip, brake, and find herself catapulted over her handlebars, promptly shattering her collar bone.

When Maclay found herself in peril, she had the fortune of being cared for by Bolivian Jungle nuns, who nursed her back to health. In contrast, Wyn Lim's holiday mishap involved working against the system. The Malaysian national found himself trapped on a Hungarian island, without passport and with only meagre financial resources. Despite this fact, and with no outside help, the 2nd year Oxford philosopher managed to cross from Hungary into Austria, Austria into Germany, and finally from Germany back into England.

A tall order indeed, one which may have found him being impounded or perhaps being returned to Hungary. However, it seems, most border guards are remarkably receptive to simple pleading. When frog-marched off the Budapest-Vienna night train at 2am, it was only 15 minutes of relentless arguing and Lim's utter refusal to leave the train that prevented him from being sent back to Budapest, thus depleting his meagre funds and possibly resulting in the adoption of a new, very Hungarian lifestyle. Once into Austria, it was simple camouflage that allowed Lim to outfox the Austrians. Hiding in a carriage full of middle-aged Germans, Lim donned traditional German attire and joined in the chorus of "Deutsche, ya?" when his carriage was inspected by the border-guard.

As such, Lim, like Scott and Maclay, had managed to place himself in a difficult situation, but nevertheless managed to persevere, and come out smarter and more worldly-wise as a result. Which reaffirms, to an extent, Bertrand Russell's adage that "in the course of my travels, the belief that everything worth knowing was known at Cambridge gradually wore off."

Charlie Delingpole



## Extreme Environments

Whilst many of us might be content with the comfortably familiar environment of Cambridge, for those of us who crave a certain extra there is always the possibility of desert, ice, sand and snow. The Moroccan town of Ouarzazate, a day's train ride from Tangier, offers a variety of excursions into the Sahara, complete with sand-surfing, camel rides and stunning views of the desert. At the other end of the spectrum, there is the stultifying bleakness of the Antarctic. Flying from Buenos Aires and then on to Ushuaia (the world's southern-most city), the traveller can enjoy kayaking through icebergs, 2-hour nights and barbecues cooked by Australian ex-pats.

Charlie Delingpole

## Politics

More than ever, that ever committed minority willing to spend their time protesting for causes dear to their hearts are exploiting the potential of cheap air travel to carry their fiery messages abroad. With the ongoing war in Iraq currently top of the traveller-protestor agenda, an obvious target is this August's Republican convention in New York City. Multifarious protest groups are likely to converge on the downtown area on the afternoon of the 29th, and there is unlikely to be a better city to shake your fists in. With a political history as rich as its current mayoral administration is reactionary, New York offers much for the politically minded tourist, not least the chance to compare the city's current attitude to its immigrants with the puffed-up feel-good jingoism of the Immigration Museum on Ellis Island.

Tom Eyers



## Adventure

This summer, attempt the glorious fusion of climbing, abseiling, swimming, route finding and even scuba diving - all in the dark. Close to home, why not experience the Chartist Cave on the Llangynidr Moors in central Wales. As well as being the secret meeting place and arms factory of the radical Chartist movement during the 1830s, the cave offers a vast underground network of tunnels and lakes. For an altogether more exotic and imposing experience, why not visit the Zhijin cave in China's Guizhou province. As you walk six miles through China's largest cave, be prepared for chambers over 150 metres in height and forests of stalagmites and stalagmites. Bring your own torch (the attendants intermittently shut off the lights to save electricity) and be ready to scale steep, irregular stairways hastily hacked into precipitous limestone escarpments. Whilst you're in the the Guizhou province, why not also pay a visit to the other spectacle of the province - Huangguoshu waterfall.

Rupert Bateson



# varsity arts



## May Week

Waseem Yaqoob

May Week has arrived. Exams are over, the sun is casting its warm, cancer-spreading rays over that piss-soaked green bit near the Mill, and my friends are like, well hammered. And so on. And with this celebratory, but somewhat edgy atmosphere in mind, perhaps its time to take up the role of the proverbial shit on Cambridge's well-polished dancing shoes.

The throbbing heart of this glorious festival of life lies, as would be expected, in the May Balls. You are going to one, right? Darling, they have everything a man, or even a woman (wahey!) could ever want! Go on, take the plunge- for merely enough money to support a starving family for a week, you can enter a magical world of largesse and wonder, where everyone is beautiful and can talk fluently about Proust over the Claret. You could even say it's like Christmas come early.

Christmas come early, except...without presents, and with the warm love of an affluent nuclear family replaced by a deep sense of self-loathing. Okay...my point is, where one might expect elegance and er, class, you get a big piss-up, in suits. If monkeys, given enough time can replicate Shakespeare, it would seem that men, given enough alcohol and food, can replicate monkeys. These monkeys then proceed to go to

the Mays. Considering this, it may be worth reiterating some of the more unsavoury aspects of May Week.

As initially gleeful excursions to Robinson and Newnham have suggested, Balls provide a wonderful opportunity for bitter, alienated social anthropology students to examine the workings of the modern man.

Cocktails consist of a  
thimbleful of Sainsbury's  
ethanol

The two prevalent themes that dominate the subject male's mind as he passes through the entrance to the ball are a) MEAT, and b) BOOZE! Unless he's a vegetarian or something. And if he is...what's he doing there anyway?! Go pick some flowers, you fancy pageboy. Etc.

Upon realising that the average ticket price would furnish enough Reef to hospitalise a boatful of testosterone-spurting rowers, the first impulse within the subject is to get 'bang for his buck'. This value-for-money approach, which seemed to characterise the fairly understandable mindset of many

Robinson goers, involves tipping as many plastic cups of 'cocktails' into a gaping, pungent maw as humanly possible. This process takes place regardless of the fact that many cocktails appear to consist of a thimbleful of Sainsbury's ethanol and a hearty dose of Tesco Value orange juice.

Once the plebeian subject has achieved this initial objective, the next target looms into their addled field of vision. MEAT. Tastefully littering the site, or perhaps helpfully centralised into a self-degradation zone, the Balls provide free food, so you can stuff it in your yearning gob. You pathetic worm. Sorry, got a bit carried away there. The delicious fare that the subject will consume tends to be made of meat. The demand produced by these hordes of drunkards tends to absorb the equivalent of a field of corn....corn made of animals.

Perhaps I'm labouring the point a touch. Without meaning to sound too bilious, the atmosphere of this time of the year, though at its most exaggerated at the Balls, often appears to resemble a systematic, highly efficient exercise in self-abasement. Though some have compared May Week to a recent swords & sandals epic, i.e. long and shit, a good time can be had. Yet the worry persists that next year, a more pragmatic Ball committee might make the logical step of making the centrepiece of their lavish display a cow, floating in Stella.



### Music

Glastonbury  
Schmastonbury

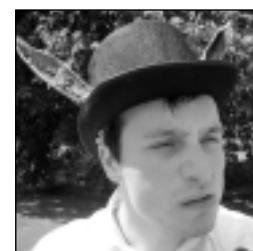
Page 18



### Visual Arts

Student Art  
Exhibition

Page 21



### Theatre

Making a Golden Ass

Page 20

# Tidal waves, trannies and Troy

What you missed while you were in the library

**C**inema attendance may have suffered at the hands of revision, so we've taken a tour through some recent releases to bring erstwhile movie fans up to date.

If escapism is what you're after, then *Troy* and *The Day After Tomorrow* deliver (sort of). *Troy* is certainly epic. The backdrops are beautiful, the sets are breathtaking, the costumes superb, the fighting meticulously choreographed, and the cast is (visually) perfect. It's a massive, sexy, old fashioned, Hollywood epic. The kind of film directors should be making with the budgets they have available to them. But that's just it; Petersen appears to have assumed that visual splendour is enough to carry a film through two and a half hours. It isn't.

Many reviewers have complained about changes to the plot; but what was awful - truly and painfully awful - was the dialogue. Perhaps the most telling line was Achilles, "Do you know what's waiting beyond that beach? Immortality. Take it, it's yours!" Cue giggles throughout the cinema. With all that money surely they could have spent an extra million on the script. If only Petersen had been less interested in making sure he had exactly one thousand ships and instead concentrated in capturing even a little of the poetry of the original, then the film could have been brilliant.

A lack of coherent plot and character similarly blights *The Day After Tomorrow*. An obsessed climatologist, Jake Hall (Dennis Quaid) can see the weather disaster that is looming, but his warnings and funky computer anima-

tions go ignored. Added to Hall's woes is the standard Hollywood fare of a declining relationship with a teenage son. This subplot teeters into absurdity with Hall's decision to walk from Washington to New York in Ice Age conditions. Soon the government is forced to accept that maybe backing out of that Kyoto agreement wasn't such a good move. The sequence showing Americans fleeing the south and ironically becoming illegal immigrants in Mexico is quietly mocking, and the film benefits from its decision to subtly criticise the environmental policy of the U.S. government.

Neither film makes any pretensions to

"Immortality. Take it, it's yours!"

be a profound movie going experience. But as long as you do not demand too much both are enjoyable, albeit in a mindless sort of way. Spanish maestro Almodóvar's latest film, *Bad Education*, takes the viewer on a similar, but much more subtle, roller coaster ride. Vivid, moving, tragic and funny, this film is never what you think its going to be, and ultimately ends on an extremely thought provoking note. The meeting of two childhood friends is the catalyst for a delirious interweaving of fact and fiction, flash back and narrative, where nobody is quite what they seem. The film's depiction of the sexual abuse that Ignacio received at the hands of his literature teacher at the convent school of his story is shocking yet manages to shy



*Troy: Helen's face was a bit mashed up after launching this ship*

away from becoming sensationalist. It is a testament to Almodóvar's talent that such a controversial issue is not presented in a black and white way, and at the end of the film the viewer's sympathies are unexpectedly conflicted. Part tragedy, part comedy, part thriller, *Bad Education* grapples with difficult issues, such as drug abuse and cross-dressing, presenting them in a particularly sensitive and accessible manner.

**A**nd some films to look out for this summer... *The Stepford Wives*: In this remake of the 1970s black comedy, Joanna and Walter Eberhart (Nicole Kidman and Matthew Broderick) move to the idyllic Suburban town of Stepford. However, the wives of

Stepford are a little *too* perfect, and the town has a grisly secret... (Released 30th July) *I, Robot*: Its 2035 and 'domestic' robots have become an integral part of our lives, looking after our homes, doing our shopping and changing channels on the TV for us. Will Smith plays a detective whose paranoia towards the robots leads him to accuse a robot of murder - but is his paranoia justified? (Released 6th August). *Fahrenheit 9/11*: The release date has eventually been set at July 9th for Michael Moore's controversial new documentary. In this year's winner of the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival, Moore argues that the Bush administration used the twin towers attacks to push its own agenda.

Jennifer Meech and Laura Whittle

## Summer plans from Hollywood

**S**chool's out, your parents have decided to take a two month holiday to a location with no phones, issuing you with only the vaguest of warnings not to have a party. You don't have any work experience placements, nor do you need a part time job because money, suddenly, just isn't a problem. Beware though, these situations can lead to disaster, as the deliciously wicked *Cruel Intentions* demonstrates. Manipulation and back stabbing is taken to extremes when Sarah Michelle Gellar plays the superbitch. On a more serious note, the recent art-house flick, *The Dreamers*, tells the claustrophobic tale of three students in the 1960s whose intense and at times incestuous relationships keeps them oblivious to the mayhem happening on the streets of Paris. If your parents insist on sticking around then you're bound to know of a holiday home going cheap by a beach somewhere. The heroes of *American Pie II* enjoy phone sex, accidents with superglue and those strange parties American teenagers always seem to have with drinks that come in red paper cups rather than bottles. Whatever the case, movies clearly demonstrate that out of school all sorts of exciting things can happen; in one day off Ferris Bueller packs more excitement than ten Goldman Sachs internships strung together. Don't despair at the thought of three months out of the Cambridge bubble; disaster and excitement await.

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# Wish You



Jemima wears head scarf from Hennes, bikini from Top Shop and necklace from Camden Market. Jack wears cowboy hat from D&G and shirt from Paul Smith



# Were Here



3  
Jemima(1) wears bikini from Hennes and earrings from Porto. Jemima(2) wears dress from Zara. Jack wears head-dress from Chief J.G.



# Glastonbury schmastonbury

Jessica Holland investigates the alternatives

**F**uck Glastonbury and seven hours stuck to a phone receiver, we didn't want to go anyway! Fuck the dictator-state military fence, the yuppie ticket price, Paul McCartney and Oasis. This is where to get your kicks this summer.

Varsity Archive



**Rocks or Rock? You decide**  
remember your name at the end of this, let alone some get-together in a farm in Somerset.

**Burning Man, Aug 30 – Sep 6, Black Rock City, Nevada Desert**

This isn't a festival, it's an experiment in radical self-expression. A city is built overnight in the middle on the desert, around 7 concentric circular roads named after the 7 ages of man. There's just two rules. The first is that everyone is a participant; there are no spectators. The second is that no commercial activity is allowed; anything you need must be bartered for. A song or a pair of socks will get you a beer at the bar. A condom or a kiss are equally good currency. Expect theme camps, orgies, flying robots, and the burning of a 70ft effigy. On the ticket are the words 'you voluntarily assume the risk of serious injury or death by attending'. You won't even

dance on the beach. Brush up on your electro knowledge first, although the line-up's looking more hip-hop heavy than last year. Including: Gang Starr, Buck 65, Kid Koala, Richard X, Four Tet, 2 Many DJs, Massive Attack and as much microhouse, digital concretism and electronic jazz as you can eat.

**The Eden Sessions, August (tba), Cornwall**

If you're deep down a tree-hugging hippie like me and feel that hedonism and copious warm beer aside nothing is really filling that dippy crystals 'n' love part of your heart that Glastonbury left empty you could check out the Eden Project. The line-up is yet to be announced but expect world folk music, Xhosa, night-time log drumming, and tribal electronica as well as the likes of last year's headliners; PJ Harvey, Pulp and Spiritualised. And it takes place in huge glass biodomes full of rare tropical plants and beside lakes and in forest. Not to be confused with pornographic Anne Rice novel of the same name.

**Sonar, 17 – 19 June, Barcelona**

With several institutions and venues dedicated to multimedia art installations during the day and cutting edge international electronic music at night, DJ's, VJ's and live music in both covered and open air venues, this is a way cooler Dedbeat without the cutesy Belle and Sebastian chalets. Hot, sexy and cosmopolitan, get high on glitchy beats and

**Summer Solstice, 20 June, Stonehenge, Avebury**

This is Glastonbury-territory before it got co-opted by the softcore. A collision of spiritual pagan ceremonies (expect druids, witches and warlocks) and misguided raver kids on mushrooms. Last year around 30,000 people came to watch the sunrise at England's leyline-strewn cosmic heart. Entry starts after mid-

night and rucksacks and sleeping bags aren't allowed.

**Also check out...**

Paris Jazz Festival 5th June – 25th July; La Tomatina in Valencia, Spain – the huge public tomato fight on 10th August; and the Cambridge Folk Festival (29th July – 1st August) featuring the Levellers, Beth Orton and Loudon Wainwright III.



Burning Man Festival courtesy of www.geektimes.com

## Reviews



**St Thomas @ Portland Arms, 5th May**

Strip away the kitschy quirks; the lilting paranoid deadpan banter, the fact that he's a Norwegian postman with dreams of the wild west and speaks English like a schoolkid high on Tippex ("I will never give you in/ have you ever seen my chin?" he muses bafflingly on 'The Cool Song')...and what's left of Thomas Hansen the musician? Not much more than a mishmash of influences; nothing shining, nothing special. It doesn't stop you loving him when he sings about little horses under the chair and dogs in your hair but you'll have forgotten him by the time you're half-way home. He treads the same country path as indie-folk outsiders like Will Oldham and Elliot Smith, at its best sweet, pure and lilting, at worst meandering and self-indulgent, but he doesn't have the insight or confidence to play to the audience rather than at us. It's the pieces surrounding the music that make St Thomas intriguing, but he's no prophet.

Jessica Holland



**Tramp Attack - Attack Attack Attack**  
*Must Destroy, Out Now*

Yes, I know, they're probably taking the piss – the name, The Darkness's record label, the yodelling. But go with it for a minute, and you'll have trouble shaking these insane acid-folk tunes from your head. 1471 is probably the greatest song about a British Telecom service ever, while *Theme from Tramp Attack* combines the humble sea shanty with *Lord Of The Rings*-style battle cries to hilarious effect. *Row Your Boat*, on the other hand, provides valuable family advice – "Don't leave your brother in a mess, don't let your sister wear that dress." About as meaningful as a bouncy castle and just as much fun.

Sam Elliot



**PJ Harvey – Uh Huh Her**  
*Island, Out Now*

Four long years have passed since *Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea* landed Polly Harvey a healthy chunk of popular success with which to justify a decade's critical flattery. Yet in inimitable style, her sixth album is a reaction, reverting to the muddy incoherence of everyone's favourite 90's banshee. Playing everything but drums herself, Harvey throws lumpy chords around songs like *The Letter* with an earthy vigour seen by some as lacking in her previous outing. Highlights such as *Shame* and *Who The Fuck?* are instant additions to her canon, as good as anything from a stunning twelve-year career.

Jon Swaine



**Mull Historical Society - This Is Hope**  
*b-unique, 19th July*

Colin McIntyre has cut himself a nice little niche over the last few years as one of Britain's most accomplished, yet under-rated, songwriters. This, his third album, is an ambitious, yet infectious, slice of artful guitar pop, which tackles grand themes with the cocky assurance he's always displayed. The haunting *Death Of A Scientist* pulls no punches in tackling the death of David Kelly and the Hutton Inquiry and even a song as superficially bonkers as *Tobermory Zoo* carries a message about community values and globalisation. A man previously hemmed in by accusations of parochialism and 'quirkiness' has taken a dazzling step up, making a mockery of the idea of the "difficult third album".

Sam Elliot

## This Aint No Holiday

Varsity knows what you'll do this summer

**Why not try rehab in Thailand with the cheeky cockney smack-head Pete Doherty? With transport entirely funded by Dot Cotton off of the telly, a trip to the Thamkrabok Monastery is a palace of Zen-like tranquility with steam rooms and gardens full of very small pebbles. Warning: you may have to destroy your life with a crippling heroin addiction before you're allowed to visit, but at least that'll make the sheer self-satisfaction of the place that much more bearable.**

If you want to veg out with a cockney thief, but the 16 hour plane ride doesn't entice, the festival is the only way to go, although any pebbles that may have been around will have sunk into the fetid expanses of mud and (occasionally) excrement. Watch out for aggressive hippies (Glastonbury), monged out chavs (Reading and Leeds), and confused Dido fans (V).

For the more cultured, Meltdown at the Royal Festival Hall (in London, duh) is curated by Morrissey, and thus is a bit weird/camp/clever. Famous old people like Alan Bennett, Loudon Wainwright and the New York Dolls will be performing, as will the man himself, so that the fashionistas can

pretend that seeing Morrissey anywhere other than Manchester is a worthwhile experience.

If you're remaining in Cambridge over the summer, you'll be unsurprised to hear that apart from aged rocker Chuck Berry, and perennial Cambridge gigsters The Dawn Parade, you've more chance of getting an entertaining gig out of one of the "gentlemen of the road" on Kings Parade than you do of finding anything credible or worthwhile in Cambridge's depleted venues.

Or perhaps you could follow the university's very own class of 2004. Celebrated noiseniks Akira, and worthy songwriters Jeremy Warnsley and Simon Mastrantone are going off to seek their fortunes (ok, they're moving to Camden). Look out for them in a toilet venue near you.

And, as summer draws to a close, you can look forward to another year in the Cambridge music scene. There'll be medium pimpin' at Queens' Ents, top name dance acts greeted with almost universal indifference, and the continuing forlorn search for a rock venue to match up to the Boat Race. Cracking.

Sam Elliot



One last gratuitous akira picture



# Hung-up on hangovers

## Catherine David explores the art of drinking

Scott Fitzgerald writes in *Tender is the Night*: 'The drink made past happy things contemporary with the present, as if they were still going on, contemporary even with the future, as if they were about to happen again.'

Getting drunk produces moments of exquisite now-ness. It also produces violent hangovers but the consolation of many a morning in purgatory is the awareness, however dim, that a state was reached that permitted a kind of enjoyment not possible in the more-or-less stable linearity of sobriety. With inhibitions and balance, goes the need to orientate ourselves temporally with a sense of what is past and what is to come: all that matters is "Am I smiling now?"

Intoxication is (in)famous for its gifts to artistic creativity – I think Horace speaks for us all when he writes 'No poems can please long,



A fridge full of now-ness

nor live, which are written by water-drinkers' – and, indeed, as a social lubricant, but what is it that we think alcohol fundamentally does for

us? What does our sub-conscious whisper to us as we swig down our ninth glass of Pimm's ('So I said to Camilla, "Get your own God-damn watermelon!") and realise that we are well on the path to inebriety?

Of course we get drunk for a variety of reasons and to diverse effect: alcohol produces moments of sublime ease – 'I was both within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life' (Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*) – as well as less profound ones: '... and then I scooped the vomit from the sink to the bath...' (me). Whatever you get out of being drunk, I hope you get lots of it this May Week and that memories of 'happy things' are not just relived but created. And don't believe that nauseating Oxford man, Julian Barnes (of Flaubert's Parrot fame), when he writes: 'Drink makes you drunk, that's all it's ever been able to do.'

Varsity Archive

# When Bolly meets folly

## Anna Marx knows how to party

Little can disturb the exquisite ripeness of my Tuesday morning, as I'm sat swallowing the final hours of Trinity Ball, sipping on champagne and sucking on a strawberry; little except the all-too-familiar pain of someone stomping on my left foot and the disgorging heaves of someone spewing on my right. Momentarily, one sublime evening has lapsed into an ugly mess. I'm left glimpsing the Miltonic fruits of over-drinking and pre-empting the fall up the steps as we're expelled from Eden.

But isn't this all part of the fun? There's surely some pleasure to be derived from the vainglorious observation that there are idiots at every party, that some happy bugger is swaggingly fulfilling the role of merry moron. Certainly, famous party-throwers Gerald and Sara Murphy, wealthy Americans who arrived in the Riviera in 1923, encouraged misrule and mayhem. As Dick Diver, modelled on Gerald, declares in *Tender is the Night* (1934), 'I want to give a party where there's a brawl and seductions and people going home with their feelings hurt and women passing out in the cabi-nette de toilette'. (I'm sure I saw a couple of those during my night).

We can't help but love a party. Even nihilistic, anti-social poet Philip Larkin was a prime advocate of 'Drink, sex and jazz' and brooded plain-

tively over 'The sickened breathlessness of being young'. But even more so, we love a scandal. Murphy party-goer Fitzgerald colours his *The Great Gatsby* with the hilarious degeneration of the 'happy vacuous' scene, one of Gatsby's parties ending with fighting couples and the physical carrying-out of two unruly women. A descent into immoral decadence becomes even more thrilling, however, when the flying sparks are more immediate, when we sense an arena imploding. Innocent guests at the OUCA dinner of 1999, for example, must have felt some supercilious twinge of premonition as twice-failed presidential candidate Will Goodhand kissed Christine Hamilton and ended up in the papers. Indeed, someone was so eager to wash that dirty linen that they stole the 'salacious' private party photographs (which later appeared in *The Sun*) from the Union bar.

And so, as you absorb the delights of May Week, reclining on a punt in the sunshine, or glugging your Pimms at a Garden Party, look out and spare a thought for the splashing Cam-seized unfortunate, or the champion of the one-too-many who's half-lodged himself into a flowerbed. Party antics are the stuff of great fiction, but are also the substance of entertaining fact. As Erasmus wrote all those years ago, 'No party is any fun unless seasoned with folly'. Trinity Ball is no different.

Varsity Archive



Folly + Bolly = Jolly!

## Top 10

### Travel Reads

#### The Beach Alex Garland

A semi-autobiographical look at the dreams and destructiveness of Western travellers in Thailand

#### Out of Africa Karen Blixen

A poignant recount of Blixen's failed attempt to run a Kenyan coffee farm

#### Black Earth City Charlotte Hobson

The story of a young woman's heady encounter with a Russian society in collapse

#### Brighton Rock Graham Green

A dark view of 1930's Brighton with a disturbingly nasty gang leader as the central character

#### Fiesta: The Sun Also Rises E. Hemingway

A love story that drifts through 1920's Paris, parties and Pernod, to the dizzy fiesta of Spain

#### On The Road Jack Kerouac

Thinly fictionalised autobiography tracing a cross-country bohemian journey through America

#### A Room with a View E. M. Forster

Rich girl meets poor boy in a witty observation of the middle-class holidaying in Florence

#### Lights out for the Territory Iain Sinclair

A tour down the Thames and round the heart of Westminster, Lambeth and Millbank

#### A Mad World, My Masters John Simpson

The BBC's Foreign Correspondent eschews chronology and sticks to gritty story-telling

#### The Five Lessons of Life Bill Adams

A true story in which Adams shares the lessons of life imparted by a mystical Himalayan guru



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Please send your CV to Sunita Jethwa



# Laying the Golden Egg

*The Golden Ass*  
Sidney Sussex College

**T**he Golden Ass, a play adapted from the ancient Roman novel by Apuleius, is a May Week extravaganza consisting of everything from curious donkeys to evil bears and everything – really, everything – in between.

The play is an extraordinary accomplishment for a May Week show, it is lengthy but also very slick with no evidence of rushed rehearsing, botched lines or the usual problems of manic post-exam production. In fact, it is slick, funny and very watchable. All good – except I have to admit that I didn't understand approximately two thirds of what was going on, which is a bit of a challenge for someone who's brain is already frazzled by heavy weeks of exams. That, of course, is not the fault of the huge cast or crew, and perhaps the play is simply designed to be confusing, but I can't help but feel a repeat viewing might have helped me figure out exactly

what was meant to be happening. Saying that, I'm not sure that really matters: there were many memorable isolated moments – irrelevant of their place in the complex story – that were worth the ticket price alone: the apparently random appearance of the inimitable Bear of Death – a giant, booming, evil teddy – left the audience in hysterics as it chaotically chased a variety of characters around the previously undisturbed cloisters of Sidney Sussex in a Benny Hill-style sequence. Another brilliant point was the transformation of the empty stage into an overtly theatrical, bustling courtroom, a minute-long montage of dancing policemen, sleazy judges, high-kicking widows and gossiping old women playing 'There's No Business Like Show Business' around a bewildered Lucius, the curious man who finds himself transformed into a donkey, the Golden Ass himself – a sequence that I somehow doubt was lifted directly from Apuleius's story but was extraordinarily well-placed just the same.

Having been billed as 'the ultimate May Week experience', it was definitely



up there with the best. It suffered the usual excusable May Week problems: voices were sometimes drowned out in the open air, sets wobbled precariously in the wind, bewildered students occasionally wandered behind the on-stage may-

hem, but all in all the play was a pleasure to watch and it was obvious a lot of time and attention had been put into the production – an ideal, although slightly confusing, way to kick off May Week.

Mark Jameson

# Not 'too much of a good thing'

*As You Like It*  
Peterhouse Fellow's Garden

**T**he fellow's gardens of Peterhouse provided the perfect summer's evening setting for this animated and entertaining production of Shakespeare's romantic comedy about the nature of love.

The story centres round Rosalind, the daughter of a banished Duke, who falls in love with Orlando, the disinherited son of one of the Duke's friends. When she is banished from the court by her usurping uncle, Duke Frederick, Rosalind switches gender and, as Ganymede, runs away with her loyal cousin Celia and the jester Touchstone to the Forest of

Arden, where her father and his friends live in exile.

Aside from a few minor opening night slips, as the story of a tangled web of love matching, hidden identity and murderous plotting unfolded so did the confidence of the actors increase. The entire cast displayed a huge amount of talent. It is thus hard to pick out individual members for particular praise, but Cordelia Jenkins must be mentioned for her assured and sprightly portrayal of Rosalind, the usurped Duke's daughter and her alter ego, the young Ganymede. She was complemented by the dashing Orlando, played with splendour by Adam Shindler. Alistair Parnell played a suitably sadistic Duke Frederick, as did Andrew Poole give a devious portrayal of Orlando's unworthy brother Olivier.

As the play bounced from couple to couple, from courtly Paris to the Forest of Arden, the forest took on a life of its own. Each pair of lovers, with intensi-

ty and passion, drew in an attentive audience. The buoyant performance of the wandering minstrels must also be given credit.

A special mention must be given to the spectacular fight scene in Act 1 between Orlando, as he tries to prove himself, and Charles, the Duke's best warrior gallantly played by Henry Shepherd, which had members of the audience on the edge of their seats (or rather, picnic rugs).

The play concludes when Rosalind and Celia reveal their disguise and the various couples are happily married. These final scenes continued to engage the audience with their jovial and endearing tone.

This was a refreshing production which reflected the hard work and enjoyment of all those involved, both on and off stage, and, importantly, really did succeed in making the audience laugh.

Lucy Phillips



## Quality, but strained

*Merchant of Venice*  
Corpus Christi College

**D**irector Laurence Hooper has, in his own words, 'aimed to present Merchant as a true comedy', and if ever a production could serve as a caveat against the oversimplification of complex plays, this is it. Hooper's emphasis on the comedic often distracts from crucial moments that quite simply need to be seen in their entirety.

For instance, we cannot truly witness the foundations of the



Basanio/Portia relationship because a prolonged and cartoon-like flirting between Gratiano and Nerissa centre-stage undercuts the moment. Likewise, any insight into Shylock's relationship with, or concerns for, Jessica is impossible since, during their only exchange together, Gobbo is in the background, cheekily mimicking Shylock and frustratingly vying for our attention. Yes, this is putting a 'comic' slant on things, but it inappropriately diverts the focus.

This reluctance to tackle directly the more serious moments gives rise to a disappointing air of non-committal. This production seems afraid to stick its neck out, with some interesting things hinted at, but never really pushed: we get a sense of a homo-eroticism between Antonio and Basanio, but nothing more; we get a sense that the other suitors to Portia are fools, but not really enough of one; we get a sense that Jessica's integration into the Christian community will be difficult, but that is soon almost forgotten about; and I could go on.

Still, conceptual problems aside,



Hooper's production is incredibly watchable. The show maintains a fine pace throughout, with some commendable individual performances: Tom Secretan, as Shylock, exudes real stage presence, and does remarkably well with some difficult speeches; Dan Mansell, as Gobbo, lights up the space with every entrance, injecting his scenes with a fantastic freshness and energy.

If you fancy simple, light-hearted Shakespeare, by all means go see this. If you want to be challenged, or anything more, I'm afraid you'd better look elsewhere.

Suresh Patel

*Beyond a Joke*  
Brickhouse Theatre, Robinson

**R**obinson Auditorium is the first venue of a five-month tour that takes in Edinburgh's Pleasance and London's West End. And judging by last night's performance it will prove a huge success at each stop.

The premise of Beyond A Joke is that Britain has been covered in unseasonably deep snow, which the company uses as a springboard to track how the lives of different characters might be affected by waking up to this altered landscape.

The material is diverse; the production careers from absurdist fancies to intelligently observed satires of modern life with considerable pace. The genuinely moving tale of a man with flippers for hands and a dental hygienist trapped in a loveless marriage (told in the third person) are highlights. A sketch about the re-enactment of a train crash shows

## Best of the rest

### The Importance of Being Earnest

The Importance of Being Earnest (Emmanuel Master's Garden, 3pm, until Saturday) provides perfect light entertainment to sweeten your May Week hangover. The cast of Cambridge veterans led by the busty Dan Stevens as Lady Bracknell lace Wilde's epigrammatic wit with energy and flair. Treat yourself to a complimentary cream tea whilst the cast nibble on their cucumber sandwiches and quibble about a handbag. £5/4

### Dracula

The Dryden Society and GODS present a brand-new adaptation of Bram Stoker's novel into minimalist narrative and physical theatre in the sumptuous setting of Trinity's Fellow's Gardens. £6/£3, 16th-20th

### Grimm Tales

Emmanuel's fellows garden is host to Grimm's Tales all this week at 5pm. Staged under an oriental plane tree, the setting is visually stunning, and highly atmospheric. The six tales, each of which has a different director, are imaginatively and energetically told by an ensemble cast with a gift for engaging storytelling. Not to everyone's taste, but if donkeys shitting gold sound like your cup of tea, this is highly recommended.

### Salad Days

A light hearted, comedy musical set in the early-mid 20th century, in an almost Shakespearian style, combining magical singing pianos and flying saucers from outer-space. Staged on Pembroke's bowling green the show follows the antics of some recently graduated students – applicable to some of us, even if we can't all find a magical piano.

## Footlights Tour Show

the cast in fine physical form and the show even dabbles in horror, with some moments provoking screams from the audience.

The cast of Footlights regulars (Raph Shirley, Nick Mohammed, Ed Coleman, Jonny Sweet and Sarah Solemani) all turn in expert performances, proving themselves fine actors as well as gifted comedians.

Some sketches are too long; some scene changes clumsy. But these are quiet grumbles, for the talented quintet have enough wit and charm to keep the audience laughing out of the theatre.

In what has been a strong year for Footlights this production serves as a *best-of* and more. Avoid the damp grass and Shakespeare this Mayweek by taking a trip to see this fresh, frightening and very funny offering from a group of undergraduates you'll want to see before they take over the world.

Until Sunday 20 June (Not Friday 18) at 7.45pm

www.footlights.org



# A focus on 6 new Cambridge Artists

## Kirty Topiwala discovers Cambridge's answer to Saatchi's charred remains

**VANESSA WHYTE (New Hall):**

Ness has lent her photographic skills to various publicity posters including last years 'Twelfth Night' poster, as well as to TCS fashion in the lent term, and this years Kings student photography exhibition. She was recently the director of photography for 'The Lighthouse', a photo montage film which won the Croydon Cuts best film award 2003. Vanessa has come along way since her early days of teen angst spent snapping graffiti and motorways in Notting Hill. Although she has recently experimented with fashion photography, her personal collection is an entirely different aesthetic in mainly black and white. Ranging from portraits to abstract scenes and those of everyday observation, she searches for that golden 'one-off situation', whether at home or abroad, in which she can catch her subject off guard.

*Portrait of Victoria* (right) a spontaneous shot in Thailand captures a sudden moment of contact between subject and camera and a certain sexiness which Ness admires in David Bailey (to whom, incidentally, she once tried to offer a sausage, starstruck at a showbiz party). Although Ness has finally succumbed to the economy and convenience of digital cameras, this portrait shows the contrasts and textures of fabric and skin which can be enhanced in the dark room.

Catch her in: Student Art Exhibition 2004



Vanessa Whyte

**SIMON FUJIWARA (Magdelene) and MANON AWST(Emmanuel):**

Living proof of the creativity which courses through the architecture department, Simon and Manon work in a variety of mediums and manners. They seem to live that bohemian dream in which life and art are inextricably interlinked. Costumes, paintings, buildings, drawings and performance art are inseparable in their minds, transferring ideas and mediums between each one. Travelling together to India and Venice their bulging sketchbooks capture fleeting experiences of people, places and scenery in bright colours and words. Snapshots in paint which instinctively communicate an experience which goes beyond the visual to involve emotions and memories. Working alongside each other in a café or on the beach, they often produce eerily similar impressions of the same scene. Their works are not intended to be intellectual or exclusive but strike a chord of familiarity with any observer who knows only too well the 'wonderful reality' which they express. They admire those who 'just bosh it out' - David Hockney and Patrick Heron among others. The only stipulation: 'it must be joyous'.

**Forthcoming:**

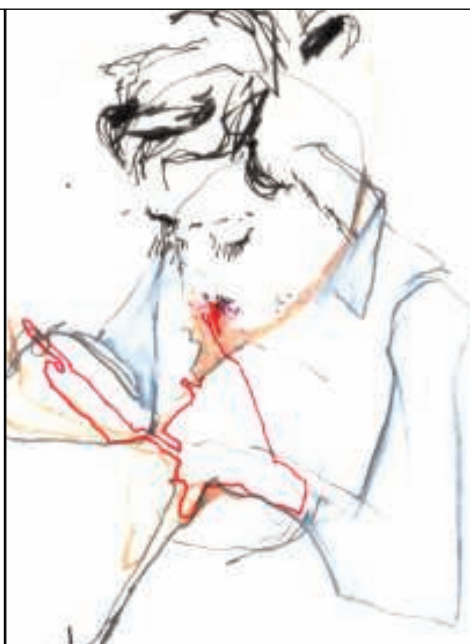
Manon : designing costumes and performing in the Emmanuel College production of Grimm Tales in May Week.

Simon : artistic director of the ETG production of Romeo and Juliet, and visual design for Opera East.

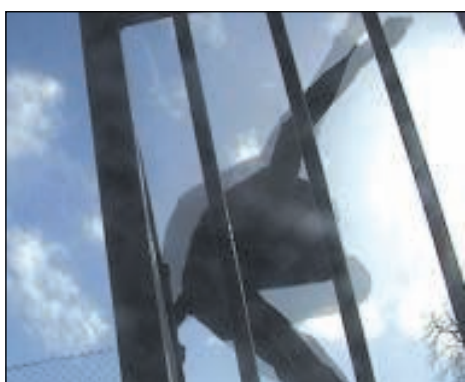
Catch them both in the Student Art Exhibition, for which they will also be designing a new interior for the warehouse.



Simon Fujiwara



Manon Awst



**DAVEY JONES (Trinity):**

Having won a number of art competitions at school, Davey is now pursuing the medium of experimental short film. Having produced 'Influence' a film about the impact of violence in the media on young children, he founded The Trinity College Short-Film Society in 2003.

The short-films can be viewed online at <http://www.Cliptopia.co.uk>. His piece 'The Art of Freerunning' (pictured) will be on show at the Student Art Exhibition. It captures the danger and the excitement of this experimental sport, showing two fearless participants leaping all over the Sidgewick site to the tune of a block rocking soundtrack. As if that wasn't impressive enough, the entire short-film was shot from a mono-pod attached to Davey's wheelchair's right foot plate.

**ROSIE IBBOTSON (Trinity Hall):**

Rosie developed an interest in small scale sculpture and photography at school and hopes to pursue Fine Art after finishing her degree. 'Self Portrait' explores a central theme in her work: the interaction between people and their contrasting surroundings. This was originally inspired by the conflicts she experienced growing up in a rural area whilst attending school in a large city. 'Self Portrait' shows Rosie testing the potential of abstract photography as she captures her own reflection in a stream punctured by the rose petals floating on the water. Although she admires a variety of artists she says it is the medium itself which ultimately influences her work.

**LISA EVANS (APU):**

Lisa, who is doing a degree in illustration at APU, paints in what she calls a 'cathartic' manner. She creates acrylic works on heavy paper which accompany imaginary narratives. These scenarios are apparently the result of a 'riotous subconscious mind' brought on by a combination of sleep deprivation, fags, chocolate chip cookies, Pink Floyd and diet coke ! 'Tea and Cake' (pictured) took almost a month to complete and is influenced by all the above as well as a smattering of eastern philosophy.

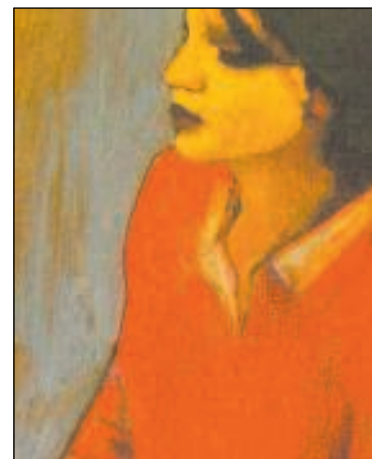


**ANTON BURDAKOV (Christ's Artist in Residence)**

Anton has been busy since his last one-man exhibition. The expanded collection that will be featured at the Levy-Plumb Visual Arts Scholar's summer show is evidence of a frenetic workrate and a maturing talent.

'Anton Burdakov is going to seduce you' - was what *Varsity* reckoned when we interviewed him a few months back and he certainly turned on the fortunate ones who went to his Michaelhouse exhibition. Drawing on Gertrude Stein-period Picasso and informed by excursions in technique, Burdakov's paintings are both fresh and moving.

**Anton Burdakov's summer exhibition runs from 12<sup>th</sup>-26<sup>th</sup> June at Christ's Art Studio.**



**Don't miss the Cambridge Student Art Exhibition, November 2004**

Ross McElwain



# International stars sink Cambridge

Blues Cricket

Adam Edelshain

**Cambridge University Cricket Club were unfortunate to lose to a host of cricketing legends that form part of the team known as Lashings, but have every reason to stay positive as the Varsity match approaches having had an impressive season.**

Coinciding with the beginning of May Week, lots of cricket fans were treated to stellar performances by several of the biggest names in World cricket. Representing Lashings were the New Zealanders, Chris Harris and Hamish Marshall, Zimbabwe stars, Henry Olonga and Grant Flower, Pakistani all-rounder Shahid Afridi and West Indian bowler, Franklin Rose among many others.

The match itself was a festival of exciting and top quality cricket. Lashings were first to bat and amassed a tidy total of 250 from their 40 overs. Hamish Marshall hit a quick fire century while Grant Flower and Sherwin Campbell both scored heavily despite the wicket being in a rather poor state, which made the bounce of the ball almost impossible to judge. One notable achievement for Cambridge was the dismissal of opening batsman, Shahid Afridi, for a third ball duck.

In reply, Cambridge made a fantastic start in the 40-over match, with Shankar scoring heavily off the bowling of Olonga and Rose, even hitting successive hook shots into the scoreboard.

However, Cambridge's success was short lived as Harris, Flower and Afridi turned the screw, stopping any partnership from blossoming for long. Even a half-century from Simon Marshall failed to spark Cambridge into life and Lashings eventually won comfortably, by 94 runs.

Despite this, the crowd were in a great mood, made all the better by beautiful, sunny conditions. With plenty of supporters picnicking and drinking at the ground at Fenners Cricket Club, Cambridge graciously accepted defeat and look forward to their last game of the season against Oxford in the Varsity match in the coming weeks.

They should approach this game full of confidence, having had a terrific season, with only one defeat blemishing an otherwise perfect record.

In the opening fixture against Cambridgeshire in the "town versus gown" fixture, great performances from Anush Newman, Simon Marshall and Vik Banerjee had bowled the opposition out for a paltry 186 runs, a total quickly surpassed by Cambridge University's batting line-up. 72 runs by captain Adrian Shankar and 63 from the impressive Rudi Singh played a key role in the 8-wicket victory.

The following fixture was a tightly contested affair against an invitational side, comprising mostly of old Blues. After scoring 263 runs, with Richard Mann hitting 76 and David Noble scoring a tidy 70, the spinners Banerjee and Newman once again tore through the opposition's batting line-up and bowled them all out for 223, to win by

40 runs.

The Cryptics were next to face Cambridge University and were easily dismissed for 140 runs, allowing Cambridge to win easily by 7 wickets, Richard Mann once again scoring into the seventies, this time 78 not out.

The last two matches leading up to the Lashings game were both against the combined Services and Cambridge suffered their first defeat of the season by a single delivery. Having scored only 207/7 after the allotted 50 overs, the Combined Services team reached the total required with their very last ball, despite the best efforts of spinners Marshall and Newman.

However, the second fixture the following day against the same opposition saw Cambridge hit the form that saw them win their opening three fixtures, with a magnificent 89 not out from Rudi Singh. Quickly bowled out by the spinners, Cambridge had revenge for the disasters of the previous day and will now hope that they can reproduce this form to beat Oxford this summer; something not achieved since 2000.

Though Cambridge lost to Lashings, Oxford will not have players of the calibre of Grant Flower, Shahid Afridi and co. and so it is extremely promising that despite failing to win, Cambridge were still able to compete with the very best the world has to offer.

Captain of Cambridge, Shankar said "Varsity has all the prospects of a thrilling encounter and although opening batsman James Chervak is a slight injury doubt, with our powerful batting line-up and talented bowlers, we have the potential to win".



Lynden Spencer-Allen

Henry Olonga toys with the Cambridge batsmen

# Jesus spike John's to claim Volleyball cuppers



Stephen Pike

Volleyball Cuppers

Louise Walker

**Jesus pulled off a spectacular victory in Monday's volleyball cuppers, beating league champions St John's on their own territory.**

The early pool stages enjoyed a variety of standards of volleyball, but by the time the Sun started burning necks, four gladiatorial quarter finals ensued. Jesus got revenge against Emma for the defeat that cost them the league, to set up a semi-final clash with a Churchill side who had overcome considerably less taxing opposition in the form of their own second team. Jesus controlled the first set, before letting slip five match-points as the gutsy Churchill side, featuring several university players, forced the game into a decider. But it was Jesus who eventually won through, raising their play to a new level while Kristen Panfilio's normally-consistent Churchill got frustrated by the umpires (from Churchill) and missed several important spikes. A brilliant block on match-point by Matt Harwood saw Jesus over the finishing line.

The other side of the pool resulted in a semi-final clash between St John's, on whose pitches Cuppers was being played, and a 'Downing' side which featuring ringers from as far apart as Caius and New Hall. Purists were therefore delighted as Andreas Poulos's St John's side won through in three sets.

This set up the classic final: St John's, Cuppers holders and reigning League champions playing on their

own soil, against their oldest and most bitter rivals, Jesus. In case any added spice was necessary, it was added to by the fact that the league clash between the two sides had been amply sprinkled with controversy: A rule exists that female players are worth two extra points in a set. However, in the final set of the John's-Jesus league match, and contrary to the protests of the Jesus captain, Jesus's advantage was reduced to one point rather than two. With their extra point, Jesus would have won the match 15-12, but instead St John's saved three matchpoints to apparently claim victory. But after Jesus protested to league secretary Pascale Garaud, the result was overturned, and Jesus claimed victory in the replayed final set. The rule about female players being worth more is due to the fact that the college game is played across a men's net. The question arises, therefore, as to why you don't also get extra points for having short men, in a sport which features many outstanding women players. And the rule was to rear its ugly head again in the final.

The stage was set. Jesus produced some thrilling volleyball to take the first set 15-12 but, urged on by some vocal support and assisted by some awful Jesus returning, John's took the second set 15-11. At this point, Sam Richardson, the Jesus captain and former sports editor of Varsity, pulled off his masterstroke. He withdrew himself from the fray, and brought on American exchange student Marianne Chen. This cancelled out St John's' two extra points, which would have been a mountain to climb in a final set played to only eleven points with St John's serving first.

Strong serving from the diminutive

but deadly Sushi Tateno, and university player Martin Weber saw St John's 7-4 down, as the rotation brought three-times Blue Jean Jacquet to the net. Jacquet's brilliant play had dragged Sam Richardson's men kicking and screaming into the final, and his standard did not diminish. 10-7 up, Jesus avoided the match-point jitters they suffered against Churchill by not noticing that they were a single shot from victory. The celebration that followed was well-deserved for a Jesus side which set out determined to play stylish three-ball volleyball. Dave Kierney and Joseph Bae had played an important role early on, before the team settled into a consistent line-up with Sushi Tateno and Phil Hewinson providing consistent setting, with Jacquet, Weber, Harwood, and Richardson or Chen filling the remaining spots.

It was very much the last hurrah for a Jesus side most of whom graduate this year. Captain Sam Richardson told Varsity, 'It was a fantastic win, and we really deserved it for our team spirit, the way we played throughout the season, and our performances on the day. Beating the scum in the final was the best possible way to finish it.'

College volleyball this season has proved to be of an exceptional standard, and as league secretary Pascale Garaud (who won the beach volleyball competition with Jacquet on the previous day) moves on to more temperate climes after doing a superb job at the helm, one can only hope for the continued success of the volleyball league. With the low profile of college cricket, and the dubious standard of college rowing, it is important to remember that Summer term is about more than exams and May Balls.



## Sam Richardson

WHY WE LOVE SPORT  
AND HATE POLITICS



**For the England football team, last Sunday proved to be Suicide Sunday. But I'm not going to focus on that too much, because I don't want my May Week column to put anyone on Prozac. What I found particularly interesting about Sunday was the fact that the European Elections, the results of which were announced that same evening, were largely ignored in favour of the European Championships.**

How can we explain this? After all, anyone of my generation should have realised by now that watching England results only in a massive hangover of grief, bitterness, disappointment and frustration. Compared to this, the total apathy demanded by the results of an election for an irrelevant talk-shop seems positively appealing. The answer lies deep within our national psyche. We love to compete with the Europeans rather than work together with them.

What has now become the EU was set up at the behest of Winston Churchill (who coined the term 'United States of Europe') in an attempt to get the nations of Europe working together, and thereby prevent another war. This EEC was formed in 1957. The European

Championships started just three years later. One of them fulfils the need for European peace. The other fulfils the need for European war. It's just like Cambridge: CUSU elections demand our apathy; Cuppers demands our passion; and we know which one we prefer.

In order for politics to become more interesting, it has to become more like sport. A football match last Saturday (sponsored, with brilliant irony, by that paragon of sporting excellence McDonald's) saw British MPs take on those of Europe. The Euro elections should be more like this. The amount of seats a country gets in the European Parliament should be decided by the

**"Neil Kinnock and Sven Goran Eriksson are in fact the same person"**

countries' performance in the European Championships.

In fact, a closer examination shows that (with a few Gerrard-like inaccuracies that I have chosen to ignore) European countries have attitudes to politics which are surprisingly reminiscent of their respective football teams. The French tend to dominate

proceedings, but have a habit of going on strike (such as when they hilariously lost to Senegal in the 2002 World Cup). The Italians provide some flair, but have a preoccupation with unnecessarily tinkering with their team (Claudio Ranieri's initials are the same as the Italian for Proportional Representation). The Germans tend to dominate, but they go about it so quietly that you don't actually notice. The Czech Republic are perennially considered 'Dark Horses', mainly because no-one knows who they are, where they are from, and how to spell their name. And Scotland seems to be mysteriously absent both from the Euro Election system and the European Championships.

And as for the English? Well, we sit there thinking we should be more important, but not knowing how actually to achieve this. After all, football, like the EU, was our idea in the first place. But we seem (like David James) to have taken our eyes off the ball. England's capitulation on Sunday reminded me of the collapse of Neil Kinnock's Labour party in 1992. Thinking that they were destined for victory simply because it was about time ('thirty years of hurt', anyone?) they spectacularly threw away victory courtesy of a suicidally triumphalist Sheffield Rally that makes the introduction of a free-kick-conceding Emile Heskey look positively sensible.

The conclusion to draw is obvious: Neil Kinnock and Sven Goran Eriksson are in fact the same person. After all, have you ever seen them in the same place at the same time? And if Sven is our favourite ginger-haired Welshman (sorry John

Hartson), then John Major must equate to France's unlikely saviour, Fabian Barthez. Edwina Currie could do a lot worse.

In fact, a number of figures in British political history can equate to football managers. Labour's legendarily daft leader Michael Foot is of

**"Tony Blair should manage England. He could start a war if we were losing"**

course none other than Graham "Turnip" Taylor: Both figures led their troops blindly to disaster whilst attempting to play left-wingers all over the pitch. Kevin Keegan can be likened to Suez PM Anthony Eden, because his overly aggressive tactics resulted in national humiliation. Perhaps he should have modelled himself on the 1920s prime minister Stanley Baldwin, who stood for elec-

in. Either that or they need a Third Way: A third way between the suicidally defensive tactics against the French, and the suicidally attacking tactics of Keegan.

The solution to England's problems is blindingly obvious. Tony Blair should take over as manager. His ambitions are clear to see: after all, it was he who forced Glenn Hoddle's resignation with his statement that the manager's position was untenable. He clearly wants the job. And what's more he could do it well. England's main problem for the last eight years has been the lack of a left winger. Blair, on the other hand, seems to have managed perfectly well without such distractions.

Even if Blair's tactics don't work, he can at least start a war. Perhaps he could invade Iraq, as it's the nearest place that's not currently full of Ingerland football 'fans' getting drunk and fighting with police. Indeed, the fact that Europe is currently full of

## How to kick political footballs into touch

tion with the motto "safety first". Bobby Robson is of course William Gladstone, the "Grand old man" of British politics.

So is there any hope for Sven's men? I think their main chance lies in the Swiss football team reflecting their nations politics, by refusing to turn up and instead hiding in some mountains eating cheese with holes

English football fans starting fights is indeed the conclusive evidence for my hypothesis that football is our outlet for aggression while politics is our outlet for peace. However, I'm not yet sure how John "Two jags, one punch" Prescott fits into that scheme. But as long as he doesn't appear in football shorts in the near future, that's good enough for me.

## Careers Service



UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE

## Summer Recruitment Event

Wednesday 23 June

2.00 pm - 5.00 pm



HOWARD BUILDING  
DOWNING COLLEGE

Meet 24 employers who still have vacancies for their Autumn 2004 intake, while enjoying a glass of Pimms and some strawberries

Also take the opportunity to speak to one of our Careers Advisers, on hand for brief consultations all afternoon





CAIUS STILL KING OF THE RIVER



JET Photographic

Caius open doors. From left: Becky Willis, Matthias Kleinz, James Local, Seb Mayer, Tom Edwards, Oli de Groot, Mark Thompson, Dan Barry, Will Hoppitt.

Rowing - May Bumps

Adam Edelshain

Caius once again rowed over on all 4 days to remain head of the river for the 4th year running as they continue to dominate in the Men's Bumps while Emma bumped Newnham to take the Women's prize.

Despite rather unpleasant and depressing weather on the last day, Caius never looked under threat as St Catherine's failed to catch the reigning kings of the river.

Among the star men in the Caius boat was German Seb Mayer who, when asked whether winning May Bumps was better than winning the Boat Race, replied "Zak Boom". Tom Edwards at five looks like an excellent prospect to take Mayer's place in the Blues Boat next year, so that even with the likes of Mayer and Mark Thompson moving on, Caius should be well placed to continue their dominance next year.

In Division 1, Trinity Hall finished in third place having finished 2nd last year while both Churchill and Pembroke (up from Division 2) bumped every day to get "blades". Emmanuel were not quite so lucky however, as they were bumped on all four days. This rather less impressive achievement meant that they were in line to receive "spoons".

However, Emma's women's boat more than made up for the disappointing finish of their male counterparts by finishing head of the

river, up from second last year. Newnham, winners from last year's competition, were left with spoons as Caius, Pembroke and Jesus all bumped them to finish 2nd, 3rd, 4th respectively. Both Girton and Magdalene achieved "blades" in Division 1 much to the delight of their fans, peering through their rain jackets in a last ditch attempt to avoid getting soaked by the downpour. They failed miserably, but the success of their boats offered much in the way of compensation.

The rain failed to keep many away on the final day of the May Bumps, with the races themselves only a part of the attraction. Sandwiches and Strawberries had many students and townsfolk out in force though they were completely soaked by the end of the day. Previous days had been much drier though and all four days drew large crowds, with many of the students carrying banners and cheering their college crews.

The crowd were suitably impressed by Caius' performances and their recent domination of the event. However, in the history of May bumps, it has been Trinity that has dominated, right back to 1827, when the first bumps competition was run. With the Cam too narrow to have crews jostling for position next to each other, it was decided to have boats one and a half lengths apart racing for places in what has now become known as "Bumps".

Caius' present domination continues and seems likely to continue, yet as one rather wet bystander was heard to scream through the rain, "its still really exciting and so much fun". Enough said.

"It's really exciting and so much fun"

Men

Caius	Caius
Trinity Hall	St. Catharine's
Downing	Trinity Hall
Robinson	Downing
St. Catharine's	LMBC
LMBC	Robinson
1st and 3rd	1st and 3rd
Emmanuel	Queens'
Queens'	Churchill
Jesus	Magdalene
Magdalene	Jesus
Clare	Emmanuel
Churchill	Clare
Selwyn	Christ's
Christ's	Pembroke
Caius II	Selwyn
Fitzwilliam	Peterhouse
Peterhouse	Caius II
Downing II	1st and 3rd II
Pembroke	Fitzwilliam
1st and 3rd II	Sidney Sussex
Sidney Sussex	Downing II
LMBC II	Wolfson
Emmanuel II	LMBC II
Wolfson	Corpus Christi
Corpus Christi	CCAT
CCAT	St. Catharine's II
Girton	Emmanuel II
Jesus II	King's
St. Catharine's II	Queens' II
King's	Girton
Clare II	Churchill II
Queens' II	Jesus II
Trinity Hall II	Robinson II
Churchill II	Trinity Hall II
Darwin	Clare II
Homerton	Darwin
Robinson II	St. Edmund's
Christ's II	Selwyn II
Selwyn II	Homerton
St. Edmund's	Girton II
Pembroke II	Christ's II
Girton II	Downing III
Magdalene II	Magdalene II
LMBC III	Pembroke II
1st and 3rd III	Trinity Hall III
Downing III	LMBC III
Fitzwilliam II	1st and 3rd III
Peterhouse II	Emmanuel III
Emmanuel III	Peterhouse II
Sidney Sussex II	Fitzwilliam II

Women

Newnham	Emmanuel
Emmanuel	Caius
Pembroke	Pembroke
Caius	Jesus
Downing	Newnham
LMBC	LMBC
Jesus	Clare
Trinity Hall	Downing
Clare	Girton
Churchill	Trinity Hall
New Hall	Churchill
St. Catharine's	Magdalene
Girton	New Hall
Christ's	St. Catharine's
Selwyn	Christ's
Magdalene	Selwyn
Queens'	Darwin
Peterhouse	1st and 3rd
Darwin	Queens'
1st and 3rd	Emmanuel II
CCAT	King's
Emmanuel II	Peterhouse
Robinson	Fitzwilliam
King's	Robinson
Sidney Sussex	CCAT
Fitzwilliam	Sidney Sussex
Jesus II	Jesus II
Caius II	Pembroke II
Wolfson	Wolfson
LMBC II	Caius II
Pembroke II	LMBC II
Homerton	Trinity Hall II
Newnham II	Newnham II
Girton II	Homerton
Downing II	Girton II
Trinity Hall II	Clare II
Clare II	Downing II
New Hall II	New Hall II
Churchill II	Churchill II
LMBC III	St. Catharine's II
Queens' II	Queens' II
Corpus Christi II	Jesus III
St. Catharine's II	1st and 3rd II
Vet School	LMBC III
Jesus III	Clare Hall
Clare Hall	Corpus Christi II
Darwin II	Homerton II
Addenbrooke's	Darwin II
1st and 3rd II	Addenbrooke's
CCAT II	Vet School
Homerton II	Magdalene II

Right: the 2004 May Bumps charts, Men's and women's divisions 1-3