Harrassment case MEP brings debate to Bowtell

Union, UKIP and CUWRFC embroiled in row over ‘very serious’ allegations

James Dacre

GODFREY BLOOM yesterday revealed that he was planning legal action in response to Robinson under-graduate Rebecca Bowtell’s allegations of sexual harassment. ‘I shall be a complete, total 18 Carat bastard,’ he threated. ‘This young lady is going to have to learn a sharp lesson.’

Rebecca Bowtell’s accusations of sexual harassment against UKIP MEP Godfrey Bloom have caused much controversy throughout the University. Her dispute with the Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire MEP has caused divisions between The Women’s Union, CUSU, CUWRFC and the Cambridge Union. Both Bloom and Bowtell have been accused of lying about the allegations of sexual harassment.

Bowtell is standing by her story

The controversy began when a letter of complaint from Bowtell to the Club apologising for forcing them to the Club embroiled the club in a women’s rights committee in the European Parliament, and the UKIP. All politicians present at the supper in question were UKIP members, and UKIP paraphernalia was a prominent feature. The Rugby Club received around £3,000 a year from Bloom. E-mails circulating on the internal City Life Church. Initially Bloom denied involvement or knowledge of this press release, but when pushed, conceded: ‘We were trying to look for a motivation as to why she should tell these lies. We were wondering whether they came from some sort of religious belief or something.’

Talking to Varsity before his Union debate last night, he said that ‘if she goes much further, her days here are numbered. She has been very foolish and is very young. She has been used by the tabloid press and politicians who will drop her like a hot potato. She is in over her head and her whole future is at stake here, including her time at university. This is very, very serious.’

The Cambridge Women’s Rugby Club has issued a press statement, signed unanimously, distancing themselves from the claims of Miss Rebecca Bowtell, and emphasising that ‘Mr Bloom behaved impeccably for the duration of the trip and offered great hospitality. This has greatly concerned CUSU President Wes Streeting, who reported that “some things that are simply indefensible have been defended here.” The club receives around £3,000 a year from Bloom. E-mails circulating on the Cambridge Women’s Union have called into question whether Bloom supported the press release, but when pushed, conceded: ‘We were trying to look for a motivation as to why she should tell these lies. We were wondering whether they came from some sort of religious belief or something.’

Rachel Shaw, the Director of Rugby for CUWRFC, a passionate UKIP supporter and a close friend of Bloom since 1993, forcibly accused Bowtell of lying and emphasised that she was in no way associated with the club. ‘This girl is not a member of the Rugby Club and none of us had even heard of her before the trip.’ She told the Cambridge Evening News that ‘Godfrey has the hugest respect for women, and denied that

Bowtell had sat next to him at any point during the meal.

The Cambridge Women’s Union, which achieved notoriety for saying that women should stay at home to ‘clean behind the fridge,’ has been inundated with complaints from Bowtell to the Club apologising for forcing them into the public eye. It seems that the general feeling amongst players is that ‘Bloom’s support is essential and we don’t want to jeopardise that.’

The official UKIP press release on the matter states in bold type that Bowtell ‘is not a member of an obscure Christian fundamentalist sect with political ambitions.’ Bowtell is a member of the mainstream City Life Church. Initially Bloom denied involvement or knowledge of this press release, but when pushed, conceded: ‘We were trying to look for a motivation as to why she should tell these lies. We were wondering whether they came from some sort of religious belief or something.’

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**Vaccine freeze saves lives**

Laura Whittle

A CAMBRIDGE company has developed a new technique for the storage and transportation of vaccines which could save the lives of millions of children around the world.

The revolutionary technique developed by Cambridge Biostability, which is situated on Huntingdon Road, does away with the previous need to refrigerate vaccines in the cold chain process known as the ‘cold chain’ to protect them against temperature fluctuations.

The cost of the ‘cold chain’ was high. Vaccine programmes throughout the world have been forced to spend up to £112 million annually to keep perishable vaccines refrigerated.

Another problem came from contamination and accidental exposure to extreme temperatures. It is believed that up to half of all vaccines have been wasted in this way in recent years.

John Lloyd, associate director of the Children’s Vaccine Programme said that the development of a process that cancels out the dependence on the ‘cold chain’ has been the ‘Holy Grail’ of vaccine technology.

The biotechnology firm has adapted the process of anhydrobiosis, which is employed by certain animals and plants that live in extremely dry and hot areas of the world. Their cells are protected from extreme dryness by a type of sugar which eventually becomes a solid as temperatures rise. The molecules in the solid, known as a glass, are completely stabilised until they come back into contact with water. This happens when the vaccines are put into humans, where they are released from the glass by the body’s water.

The technology has the potential to protect up to two million more children in remote and impoverished parts of the world. It is estimated that up to two million children die from vaccine-preventable illnesses each year; a number that is partly sustained by the problems in keeping vaccines refrigerated all the way to the recipient. The adaptations to anhydrobiosis mastered by Cambridge Biostability will not only provide a solution to this but will also ensure that those living in some of the remotest parts of the world will no longer be the last to be served. The farm’s five years of research have now led to the manufacture of a fire in one vaccine for diphtheria, tetanus, pertussis, Hib and hepatitis B II by Panacea Biotec in Delhi, India.

Professor Jennie Blackwell, University Chair of the Cambridge Institute for Medical Research, told Varsity that ‘It is truly novel, it will have a great impact in the Third World.’ She is clearly not alone in her enthusiasm, for yesterday it was announced by Hilary Benn, the International Development Secretary, that Cambridge Biostability will receive almost £1 million over three years to help with the development of the first vaccine to be produced using anhydrobiosis.

**Plans for new housing in Cambridge cause upset**

Lucy Phillips

THE DEPUTY Prime Minister’s plans to build nearly 50,000 homes in the East of England has been hit by protests in its initial stages. Mr Prescott hopes to provide thousands of low cost homes for key workers and help cut regional house prices.

However, the Conservatives have condemned the plans as ‘a blight of England’s countryside’ and many other local groups of residents, environmentalists and officials have expressed their concern.

The controversial plans to build 478,000 houses has been supported by the East of England Regional Assembly (EERA) although their planning panel have rejected the Government’s request for an additional 18,000 houses to be built in the London – Stansted – Cambridge – Peterborough corridor.

It has also emerged that South Cambridgeshire will have to absorb more of the houses than any other council in the region. The scheme proposes 93,000 new homes in Cambridgeshire by 2021, with 23,500 earmarked for the south of the region.

It is unclear how much of the new development will take place on ‘brownfield’ sites that are already used for industry and the rest will be developed on undeveloped green field land. This has sparked concern from environmentalists and fear for the region’s wildlife and air quality.

The plans have also been criticised by those worried about the effects on water availability, flooding, traffic congestion and the pressure put upon local authorities to provide schools, health care and employment.

The proposals include building a new town called Northstowe at Longstanton, the expansion of market towns such as Ely and Huntingdon and development on the southern fringe of Cambridge and at Arbury and Chesterton. There is also a proposal for major development at Cambridge Airport, which would be relocated.

There are reports that Cambridge Borough Council would need up to £2 billion from the government to solve infrastructure problems over the development.

Mark Vigor, head of strategic planning for Cambridgeshire County Council, said that he recognised the national need for housing and emphasised that “the plan is ultimately approved by the Government”.

“Our strategy is to increase the amount of open space available by providing new countryside and improving biodiversity. There are proposals to contribute to Wicken Fen.”

“At present only 12% of housing in this area is classified as ‘affordable’ but our new target is 40%.”

“A public examination into the plans came to the conclusion that Cambridge should remain a compact city and that this expansion will bring Cambridge to its limit. The Eastern region has been designated by the Government as a ‘growth area’ and we have plans for the next 20 years but after this it is in the hands of the next generation.”

The Government has stated that in order to ease the traffic congestion created by the extra population, the “preferred option” would be the guided bus scheme. Mr Vigor agreed that “the guided bus will be a vital artery”.

Buses will run from Huntingdon to Trumpington Park and Ride, stopping at St Ives, the new town Northstowe, Cambridge Science Park, Cambridge railway station and Addenbrookes. The aim is to create a reliable, frequent form of transport that will not have to compete with traffic on the busy and often congested A14. The guide way would also provide for cyclists, pedestrians and, at certain stages, horse riders.

Mr Vigor added, “As far as the University is concerned plans for expansion in North West Cambridge have been agreed. The quality of provision and technology mean that it will also be a part of the growth phenomenon. A lot of students stay on in Cambridge.”

He added, “Cambridge is a dynamic area. We link employment, jobs and enterprises back to the University.”

Colin Pain, Environment and Transport Labour spokesman, admitted that he “gets a bit worried about density in this region” but said that the Government was committed to solving the housing crisis. “The plans will take 17 years, there are bound to be other governments in this time. Probably the north has lots of houses to spare but this is a well-off area for jobs.”

He referred to the plans as “a bit pie in the sky” and confessed that he thought it would change the ethos of the area. Mr Shaw was particularly concerned about the village of Foxton, which under the current plans would become swamped by houses extending out from Cambridge.

Mr Shaw said “There is a chance that [the ethos of] Cambridge University will be spoiled but how else will they cope with increasing numbers of students? The University itself is building new accommodation and facilities and these must be linked with public transport.”

“This is an important area to the country’s climate, technological powerhouse. However, despite the increasing population and infrastructure there has to be severe limits.”
SUNDAY EVENING saw the launch of The Ospreys’ 2005 calendar, called ‘Cambridge University Sportswomen,’ at the Michaelhouse Café, Trinity Street.

Indigo Photographic created the calendar, which features tasteful shots of some of the University’s most promising female athletes. Miss December, Sarah Pobereski, who has modelled for Olympic advertisements in Athens, described the calendar as ‘sexy and sporty.’

The Ospreys are ‘an organisation dedicated to encouraging, supporting and uniting high-flying female athletes from the University of Cambridge in the pursuit of sporting excellence’ and is open to any female who has a Blue, half-Blue or second team colours in a full-Blue sport. Not all of the women featured on the calendar are Ospreys, however.

Claire Foister, Publications Officer for the Ospreys, said that this is part of the problem that needs to be addressed. All of the females on the calendar have played University sport and are therefore eligible to be Ospreys. The relatively low profile that the Ospreys have compared to their male counterparts, the Hawks, is one of the reasons why not all of the girls in the calendar are members. Olivia Sanderson, President of the Ospreys, said that it was inevitable that men’s sport would be more popular but added: “It would be great if women’s sport in Cambridge had a better profile to make people more aware of women’s achievements in sport – both team sport and individual events.”

Anna McDonnell of Churchill college

The calendar is part of an attempt to raise the profile of the Ospreys and women’s sport in Cambridge in general. Foister highlighted the prominence of men’s sport at the University, especially with the Varsity rugby matches and the Boat Race being shown on national television.

She said: “We’re working so that people are more interested in women’s sport and want to know what’s going on. Doing high-profile things like this will make it easier for women’s teams to attract sponsorship.”

The launch of the calendar highlights the difficulty faced by women’s sports teams in Cambridge. The little money that there is in sport at the University forces teams to look for corporate sponsorship. Whilst this is easier for the male sports that have higher profiles due to TV coverage, the women are finding it increasingly difficult.

The calendar costs £7.95 and a pound from each sale will be donated to Sport Relief, a charity set up by Comic Relief and BBC Sport to ‘use the passion of sport to tackle poverty and disadvantage, both in the UK and the world’s poorest countries.’ They will be available in porters’ lodges and a few local shops around town. They can also be ordered from the website at www.cambridgecalendar.co.uk.

When asked whether there were any plans for a male calendar, Dan Barry, President of the Hawks club, replied: “We had talked about a tasteful Hawks nude calendar, but there were embarrassing issues about fencers having smaller blades than rowers.”

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Calendar girls show their true colours

Ospreys’ Calendar hopes to raise profile of women’s sport

Chine Mubaeagbu
Lucy Phillips

Views from the launch party at the Michaelhouse Cafe, Trinity Street
**Reds under the bed: King’s student defies bar makeover**

Dr. David Lane, Senior Research Associate at the Faculty of Social and Political Sciences and former fellow of Emmanuel College, has received a £45,000 grant from the Leverhulme Trust. Such grants are awarded in order to provide financial support for innovation and original research.

**Leverhulme Trust**

Dr. Lane’s research will analyse the abrupt disintegration of the worker movement, the significance of the work for other subject areas and the significance of the work for other sub-ject areas. Proposals should represent a refreshing departure from the individual’s working patterns and through the establishment of additional disciplinary boundaries.

**Sarah Marsh**

**THE CONTROVERSY** over King’s new bar continued last week when a student drew a hammer and sickle on the wall in ketchup.

“King’s College Student Union and Leverhulme Trust...”

Dr. Lane, Senior Research Associate at the Faculty of Social and Political Sciences, said: “Much has been written about the end of class in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union, but little empirical work has been conducted to substantiate or refute these assertions.” He hopes that the new study will introduce a new dimension to the study of current transitions.

**Whiley from Radio 1.**

**AN ELECTRIC atmosphere circu-lated around the Cambridge University cham-ber last Thursday as members gathered for the controversial Middle East debate. This year’s proposition, This House Believes the Palestinians are the greatest stumbling block on the road to Middle East peace, prompted abusive messages aimed at President Bobby Friedman and the resignation of one Union College Exce-cutives.**

In proposition stood Shahpur Kabraji, former President of the Union, Gurian, Stellar, Liberal Democrat PPC and former aide to Charles Kennedy and Zvi Rav Nei, Israeli Minister Plenipotentiary. On the opposition bench sat Jaffar Khan, Union Senior Officer; Tim Llewellyn, former BBC Middle-East Correspondent and Salma Ayoubah, a Pakistani activist.

On the day of the debate, Israel’s activities in Gaza were on the front pages of most of the national press. On the angry reaction to the motion, Friedman commented, “It’s bizarre that people feel that by putting a motion for-ward the Union believes it to be true... a motion is merely the starting point for a discussion. The whole nature of debat-ing is that all sides of an argument are...”

**Confidence vote at GU**

The document contains detailed criticisms of Mr. Tharakan’s han-dling of his role as President. Problems highlighted in the docu-ment include criticisms of Tharakan’s engagement with the GU student body, problems in terms of teamwork and communication, direct conflict with mandated actions, lack of leadership and vision for the union, and a general lack of organisation.

**EMEP in harrassment allegations**

“...The proposal of a vote of no con-fidence motion was passed by the GU Executive when H. Christopher, the General Secretary at the time, was suspended from his post. Some members of the GU have highlighted the fact that this motion may have been passed illegally. The GU constitution states that, “If a motion of no confidence in a member of the Executive is passed by Council, it shall be deemed to have been resigned, subject to the follow-ing provisions:...” Minutes from the meeting, however, show that there were not enough voting members present at the meeting for the pro-posal to be passed. This further highlights problems with the way in which the GU is run and the gener-al way of dealing between mem-bers of the Executive. The proposal of a vote of no con-fidence motion was passed by...”

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Uni hits back at pay criticism

Sarah Marsh

FIERCE CRITICISM of the new pay and grading structure in Cambridge has provoked the University Senior Management to defend its proposals and reassure anxious staff.

In the wake of last week’s highly-charged debate at Senate House, the University moved to voice its side of the story. Last week’s meeting had heard a number of vehement speeches opposing the new scheme. But Professor Andrew Cliff, Pro-Vice-Chancellor for Personnel, responded to fears of pay cuts and a devaluation of junior and non-academic academic roles by telling Varsity that “It is not the intention of the General Board or Council that anyone will be worse off as a result of the implementation of a new pay and grading structure.” He is confident that “all staff should benefit from their transfer to a single pay spine by about one to one-and-a-half percent increase in their salaries. Moreover, approximately 75% of the expected £4M recurrent cost to the University will go to support staff; about half of this recurrent £4M will come from HEFCE funds and the remainder has already been budgeted for from University funds.” Last week, the Cambridge Association of University Teachers (AUT) had argued that the proposed system only guaranteed current levels of salary for four years.

The University has been criticised for failing to take into account the suggestions of trade unions and other representative bodies whilst elaborating the proposals for a new pay and grading structure. Dr Sylvia Martinelli, Vice-President of the AUT, last week argued that “the information transfer between the Personnel Division and the trade unions is very one-way with little notice being taken of our input”.

But Professor Cliff disputed this, claiming that the University administration was extremely attentive to staff concerns and had actually extended the “consultation period” for individuals to respond to the proposals from the end of October to November 12. Cliff maintained that these responses would be “discussed with the trade unions and institutions in order to elaborate the proposals”. A second report on the pay reforms incorporating the modified proposals will be presented before the Senate House at a later date.

Rowdy RAG pyjama party takes to the streets

RAG’s annual pyjama pub crawl was hailed as a “huge success” by the committee and a record number of pub goers. 650 students took part with all proceeds from the tickets, priced at £4 each, going towards RAG’s student-nominated charities.

First prize was awarded to the Fitzwilliam Ball Committee, who made their way round the 14 pubs in just 15 minutes.
The UKIP MEP and the CUWRFC freebie

“A long with the members of CUWRFC would like to distance ourselves from the claims of Miss Rebecca Bowtell and thoroughly believe Mr Bloom behaved impeccably for the duration of the trip and offered great hospitality. We, jointly with the CUWRFC players who went felt that it was a wonderful experience, not only to learn about the EU parliament and to see Brussels, but also to enjoy the company of Mr. Bloom at a private function in the evening. It was also fascinating to gain insight into, and to have been involved in, a press conference whilst on the visit. We would publicly like to thank Mr. Bloom and all other members of UKIP involved for all their hospitality and great generosity.”

statement by Sarah Stewart, publicity officer of the CUWRFC

TO THOSE who make a habit of reading broadsheets, Mr Bloom’s misogynist outbursts have become a regular occurrence. Perhaps this irrational, illogical behaviour stems from the fact that Bloom is a political non-entity, still basking in the reflected glow of Kilroy’s perpetrator. Whatever the reasoning behind Godfrey Bloom’s constant, egotistical attention seeking, the views which he uses these stunts to express are repugnant, outdated and offensive. Bloom’s behaviour has been a constant source of outrage in the liberal press. He’s like a child with Attention Deficit Disorder, standing in the corner of the classroom screaming “look at me!”

What is perhaps most disappointing about this whole story, and what should not be forgotten, is the behaviour of CUWRFC who allowed themselves to become a publicity stunt for Bloom’s twisted sexist agenda, and all for the lure of some shiny new Euros. This, more than Bloom’s behaviour, is a source of shame for this university, where chasing the cash has become more important even than chasing good grades.

Godfrey Bloom is a misguided, misogynist fool, and he will get his comeuppance for his actions. CUWRFC, on the other hand, have sold their souls to UKIP, and should take a long hard look at themselves, especially in light of this week’s allegations. There’s no such thing as money for nothing: surely they have an economist in the team who could have told them that.

Mark Ferguson is Robinson college men’s officer

GODFREY BLOOM’s claim that Rebecca Bowtell has ‘conned’ a story of sexual harassment and ‘is following a political agenda’ is simply the most appalling act of hypocrisy. Even to pose that Bowtell was present as some kind of political stooge, abusing Bloom’s hospitality in order to promote a radical feminist agenda, is absurd. However to suggest that Bloom’s decision to invite a group of female students to Brussels was politically motivated, does not require such a leap of the imagination.

Bloom’s actions were not just hypocritical; they were a terrible abuse of power. Individuals may find Mr. Bloom to be charming and generous, his penchant for politically incorrect banter harmless fun. While I would question their judgement (unless they enjoy cleaning behind fridges or being referred to as ‘bimbettes’) I recognize they may also believe claims of sexual harassment a gross exaggeration, and symptom of over-sensitive feminist sensibilities. Yet the fact that the Women’s University Rugby Team deny Bowtell’s claims (which is regretful and telling in itself) does not change the reality that they are being exploited: whether it is willingly, or unwittingly so. Bloom’s generous patronage, simply to good to be true, and it is.

Gemma Edgcombe is New Hall college women’s officer

A levels out, diplomas in

Lucy Phillips

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has given initial backing to a radical plan to reform the education system. The Tomlinson Report, released on Monday 18 October, calls for the abolition of both GCSE’s and A-levels in favour of a new four-tier diploma system.

In what has been described as the most radical shake-up of education for 50 years, the proposals would almost entirely scrap externally marked, end of year tests for 16 year olds but toughen up sixth-form exams to include harder questions allowing pupils to attain a new A++ grade. The diploma would also incorporate an extended project and critical thinking skills.

There is speculation from many that the system will take a minimum of ten years to be introduced with full trial of the diploma beginning in 2009-10.

Mike Tomlinson, former chief inspector of schools, has said that the present system has too many “weaknesses” to survive, but his views have clashed with David Miliband, the Schools Minister. Miliband has insisted that the trens GCSE and A-level must be kept in any form of education for 14 to 19 year olds, casting doubts over whether the Government will implement the scheme.

The Conservatives and representatives of the CBI have said that an overhaul of the exam system was unnecessary and some schools have expressed the view that the scheme is too complicated.

However, the latest poll by The National College for School Leadership, in which 705 headteachers gave their opinion, shows that 48% are in support for the new system and 46% opposed. The rest were still undecided.

Professor Melvyna McKendrick, Pro-Vice Chancellor with responsibility for Education, released a statement on behalf of the University, “We very much welcome today’s [Monday’s] proposals and believe they present constructive, well thought out solutions to the challenges currently facing 14 to 19 education.”

“We are particularly pleased by the Working Group’s proposal to introduce more intellectually challenging elements to advanced level 14-19 education, which will stretch high ability students and better prepare them for university.

“In principle, we would welcome A and A+ grades at A-level, but we would much prefer them to be awarded for exceptional performance in the late, more challenging A2 modules, rather than simply for achieving good marks in every module.”

He said that the University had long believed that the current A-level system could be improved upon and that they also welcome the proposals “to develop breadth within programmes through appropriate complementary learning, so that learners acquire a continuum of knowledge and skills.”

Professor McKendrick said that the proposals would provide all young people with the education and skills they need provided they are resourced properly.

“It would be totally unacceptable to create a situation in which diploma performance was dependent on the resources available at a student’s school or college, rather than his/her ability and efforts.” She urged the Government to bear this in mind as it prepares its much anticipated response to Tomlinson’s report.
The cult of Cambridge celebrity is simply a fantasy

Since becoming Varsity editor, I have noticed three principle changes in my lifestyle. I eat considerably more pizza (provided by the excellent Dominos in exchange for an ad); I do a lot more darting into side streets to avoid slavering supervisors; I spend more time than is healthy cooped up in a sweaty office on Trumpington Street, surrounded by pungent biodegradable backs. Also, I am developing a curious sort of twitch, which generally resides in my eye but can occasionally be observed spreading to my left cheek and even my upper lip.

Last week anyone watching me leafing through TGS might have thought this unsparing bit of physical grotesquetry had reached my eyebrows, so wildly did it strike as an article printed in those pages. The piece in question lamented the sad fate of Cambridge celebrities, suggesting that these poor deluded goldfish bowl supernovae will inevitably get their comeuppance when it’s time to stop being famous, hooting off their childish dreams into the cold, hard facts: "The wonderful image of a Cambridge celebrity is simply a fantasy."

The concept of Cambridge celebrity is utter bollocks. There are no celebrities in Cambridge. If you are interested in dramatic, you will inevitably know the names of a few actors you consider particularly talented; if you are interested in poker, the name of the Cambridge University Card Playing Society’s biggest hitter will probably be on your radar. The thing is, in a community as diverse as this one, the chances of there being enough of a consensus as to which things matter and which people are interestingly good at them is so small as to make the idea of there being a group which is bound to turn heads on King’s Parade completely laughable.

So, too, is the assertion that there’s some sort of clique of them (or, if I am inclined on the crust of superstition, us) who tend to hang out together and generally chew the fat (at La Rata) about how to deal with the paparazzi scrum who wait outside our halls. In reality, sad to say, my friends are complete nonentities, and not nearly good-looking enough to be properly famous.

The trouble is, enough people believe that there is such a thing as Cambridge celebrity to make it rather a damaging concept. Enough articles about the great and the good in the national press make reference to various public figures. A day or two on goatees. If he says magic exists, then why aren’t taking place all around us. Don’t let your distaste for man-made fabrics stand between you and a healthy relationship with the paranormal.

When ignorance of the natural environment coincides with an atmosphere of suspicion something peculiar happens

Hard Fact #3 At certain moments in the human story, and in certain places on the planet, when ignorance of the natural environment coincides with an atmosphere of suspicion something peculiar happens. Magic hasn’t proved to be any more common in the modern age than in the Middle Ages. The more natural occurrences aren’t taking place all around us. Don’t let your distaste for man-made fabrics stand between you and a healthy relationship with the paranormal.
Beautiful detectives make being murdered a thrill

CSI isn’t just great television: it’s a key index to American political life

Few of us would die for our country, but most of us would die for our television. Imagine you get a call from Channel Five. They want you to be a contestant on a new reality show. You’ll be murdered, live on air, by a randomly-selected friend or relative. Then the cast of CSI Crime Scene Investigation will be brought in to solve the case. Beautiful people will touch you all over. They will know everything about you. They will hold your lungs in their hands. No, they will not wrinkle their noses at the stench of your corpse, or of your family photos and think of a young life snatched away. All this in front of millions. Who could say no?

CSI, if somehow you haven’t seen it, is a drama about a team of Las Vegas detectives who use forensic science to solve murders. Sort of hyper-Real. It’s the most popular TV series in the US. They’re bringing out merchandise. You can get the CSI Facial Reconstruction Kit, ‘which allows the investigator to deduce facial features from a victim’s skull and identify the killer from a series of clues’. (I anticipate tears on Christmas morning. Little Pete wants to play with his Facial Reconstruction Kit, but he can’t because Daddy forgot to get a skull to go with it. Daddy is despatched to the snotty graveyard to dig someone up.) You can also get the CSI Forensics Lab, which includes a microscope and a fingerprinting kit, and the CSI DNA Laboratory. They are apparently all suitable for over-the-counter use. We’re all prodigiously skilled with a butcher’s knife and a noble pillar of the community, ‘Beauman got exactly what he read’. Don’t go around telling everyone, ‘I’m talking to Momentous media, you wouldn’t believe the deals they’re offering. They want you to be the Vampire Slayer in a film crew treat an age-old romance. We play at forensic science in our own way, especially when it comes to romance. We play at CSI every time we obsess over a text message, or the relative position on our girlfriend’s wall of the photo of us and the photo of her ex-boyfriend, or the worrying inclusion of Love Will Tear Us Apart on the Valentine’s Day mix CD our boyfriend made us.

These are the same analytical skills you would need to pin the crime on the caretaker from a photograph of the blood splatter. So it might be nice to be the detective. It might even be nice to be the villain. But, oh, what bliss to be the victim. To have all your life’s twists and snarls investigated, understood, and summarised in a neat report, while you have to do nothing but lie around on a slab.

CSI is changing the world. In the US, criminal lawyers complain that jurors are often unwilling to find someone guilty unless there’s fingerprint or DNA evidence linking them to the crime – which there always is on CSI, but rarely is in real life. Expectations about the powers of the police are raised impossibly high. Prosecutors often now ask each prospective juror ‘Do you watch CSI? Because they know it will affect deliberations.

Moreover, research in America has shown that viewers of detective dramas like CSI are twice as likely to report crime as being the most important problem facing the nation. They’re also more likely to judge politicians based on their handling of crime. Surely this is a political strategy in the making? In 2000, the year of the last presidential elections, Buffy the Vampire Slayer was at the height of its popularity. If Gore had promised to divert FBI resources to fighting the undead menace, he would have won easily. Is Bush hammering on about the War on Terror so much because he knows everyone watches 24? Of the twenty highest-rated TV shows in America today, a full eight are detective shows. Endless politicians have promised to put more police on the streets, but when was the last time anyone specifically promised more detectives and forensic scientists? Say that, and tens of millions of whoodunnt-junkies will vote for you. Does anyone know if Kerry reads this column?

In the light of all this, I should like to make a plea to any potential murderers. Kill me, if you must. But don’t make it easy for the police. Don’t write your name on my wall in my blood. Don’t take my head home and put it in your fridge. Don’t go around telling everyone, ‘Beauman got exactly what he deserved, whoever dued that to him is a noble pillar of the community, prodigiously skilled with a butcher’s knife, and most likely a very charming and attractive fellow’. Do your best to think of an alibi; and I shouldn’t have to say this, but, for example, if you do English, don’t try to claim to you were in the library. Make it hard for the police. Please, make it so hard they have to bring in the specialists.

Ned Beauman.

The Ospreys have hit on something revolutionary.
Calendar Girls

The Ospreys have hit on something revolutionary. You'll never guess. It's a calendar. With undergraduate sportswomen in a variety of athletic poses, the most extraordinary of which is Miss January's — a calendar. With undergraduate sportswomen in a variety of athletic poses, the most extraordinary of which is Miss January's. It's a calendar. With undergraduate sportswomen in a variety of athletic poses, the most extraordinary of which is Miss January's. It's a calendar. With undergraduate sportswomen in a variety of athletic poses, the most extraordinary of which is Miss January's.

Incompatible Truths

The whole affair is a little surreal, from the outset. The first thing which strikes the disinterested observer is the impossibility of making absolute distinctions between the different truths being offered by different performatives. It is no-one's case, although it looks as if the man from the vast number of facts, each of which is a great deal of credit. (Though that depends on who you listen to; of course.) Varsity has attempted to represent this confusion in a coterie way, without attempt at representation, in which it looks as if we're left scratching our heads.

The Cambridge University Women's Rugby Football Club may have had an agenda, because it wants to continue to receive the £3000 a year which Bloom's contributions represent. Rebecca Bowtell may have had an agenda, because several have suggested that he intended to damage the politician's reputation from the start. Godfrey Bloom may have an agenda, because he has a reputation as a politician to maintain, or at least attempt to repair, following his notorious comments about women cleaning behind the fridge. And the Union just wants to get as much attention as possible.

As an editorial on such a spider's web of allegiance and counter-allegiation ought only concern itself with the facts. The following things, then, seem undeniable: true, Godfrey Bloom is, by most modern definitions of the word, a misogynist. He has regularly and unhesitatingly displayed an utterly anarchistic understanding of the relative roles of men and women. Also true is that he is an extremely unattractive figure for a university society to be associated with, which lessens his appeal.

In the same way, and to represent all sides of the argument; in the end, though, it must be said that用来 things are somehow true: Godfrey Bloom is, by most modern definitions of the word, a misogynist. He has regularly and unhesitatingly displayed an utterly anarchistic understanding of the relative roles of men and women. Also true is that he is an extremely unattractive figure for a university society to be associated with, which lessens his appeal. Godfrey Bloom may have an agenda, because he has a reputation as a politician to maintain, or at least attempt to repair, following his notorious comments about women cleaning behind the fridge. And the Union just wants to get as much attention as possible.

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UBS invites all students interested in pursuing an exciting and rewarding career in financial services to join us at Cambridge University to meet representatives from UBS and to learn more about the opportunities we offer.

Date: 27 October 2004
Time: 7.30 pm
Venue: Ball Room at University Arms Hotel
Regent Street, Cambridge

Please register via our website: www.ubs.com/graduates


To discover more join us at The University Arms Hotel on Thursday 28 October at 6.30pm.

To confirm your attendance please email cambridge@cliffordchance.com

www.cliffordchance.com/gradsuk

Building futures
The world of Stem Cell research really did lose a Superman last week when, on Sunday October 10th, Christopher Reeve died from heart failure. The actor, best known for his role as Lois Lane’s other half, was paralysed when he was thrown from his horse during an equestrian tournament in 1995, fracturing the top two vertebrae of his neck and damaging his spinal cord. His determination to walk again led to tireless campaigning for research into the treatment of neural injury, such as damage to the spinal cord, in particular through the controversial use of stem cell technology.

The profile of stem cells has risen so dramatically in the past five years that it has become one of the main factors in the US Presidential race. Although adult stem cells have shown some degree of plasticity, in that some can be coaxed into becoming another type of tissue, it is embryonic stem cells on which the majority of hopes for therapeutic importance have pinned, and which have most polarised the debate. Bush is categorically against the use of embryonic stem cells in research, even having taken advice from Pope John Paul II in Rome on the subject, whereas Kerry, a nominal Catholic, has taken the opposing stance. He, like Reeve, whom he quarrelled as a personal friend, supports the use of leftover embryos from IVF research into medical treatments.

If the president comes down against federal funding, a black market will be created

In an interview with Reeve a month before his death, he told me how much he thought about the future of research if Bush was re-elected. ‘A really tragic thing might happen,’ he said, ‘if you have our scientists in the front line fighting against cancer, AIDS, and so many other horrific diseases, and they are not able to do that research, and if they have to go to a black market to be able to do it, then all of the advances we have made are nullified.’

Reeve himself never reached his goal of walking again, although he did develop some temperature sensitivity, and a level of control over his fingers and toes. He remained until the end ever optimistic for the future of stem cell research, and was a true ambassador for the science. I am delighted to hear from Roger Pederson that the Medical Research Council will be providing support for a Stem Cell Research Centre at Cambridge, bringing a whole world class team of scientists together under one roof. I believe that research on embryonic stem cells must be taken forward with the utmost urgency, as it is our greatest hope for curing conditions such as spinal cord injury, diabetes and Parkinson’s disease that are beyond the reach of current therapies. Stem cell research should lead to the kinds of medical advances that one day will be compared to the development of penicillin, the polio vaccine and the heart transplant.

When I was much younger I read a book about the history of space exploration, written sometime in the mid ’80s. It described how what started with little more than a bunch of guys playing with matches grew in a few decades to the reality of spaceflight, and I was hooked. At the back of the book, there were descriptions of projects currently in progress, and timelines for their completion. I was disturbed to find not only did our country apparently no longer have a space programme, but that comparing these timelines to reality, the plans of other countries too were nowhere near achievement. What had happened? Could they not afford it? Was being an astronaut not a possible career? These fears lurked in my mind until a few years later, when I found The Case for Mars.

Here, space engineer Robert Zubrin sets out his big idea, that it would be possible for humans to reach Mars quickly, safely and economically, and with existing technology.

It’s illegal in parts of Northern Thailand, hospitals and universities run on it, endurance athletes enhance their performance with it, and 300 years ago, it could be used as grounds for divorce. Only the oil industry has a greater volume of worldwide trade. As I draw my coffee cup a fourth time this evening and feel renewed strength running through my veins, I look back at the humble caffeine molecule, and what makes it so dear to our faster beating hearts.

The story goes that around 850BC, an Ethiopian goatherd, Kaldi, noticed his goats getting high on some pretty red berries, and decided to give them a taste himself. The craze soon spread, and before long coffee trees were being grown on the Arabian peninsula. The drink soon took on religious connotations, being used as a meditative drink within the Muslim tradition. It was so sacred that those caught drinking coffee in Constantinople, home of the world’s first coffee house, were beaten the first time, and if caught again, thrown into the river sewn in a leather bag to drown.

The caffeine molecule itself mimics the shape of adenosine, a neurotransmitter involved in suppressing many cell pathways. It binds to adenosine receptor molecules in the synapse, allowing chemical pathways to continue unhindered, hence caffeine’s stimulatory role. An overdose can be fatal, and even at normal (coffee) consumption, caffeine can result in reduced fine motor co-ordination, increased heart rate, insomnia, nervousness and dizziness. The blocking of adenosine receptors causes the body to manufacture extra ones to compensate, so a drop of caffeine causes over-sensitivity to the neurotransmitter. This results in a dramatic drop in blood pressure leading to the ‘give me coffee’ headache around half past three.

It’s not all bad though. A cup of coffee a day makes you significantly less likely to top yourself, and it does wonders for the sex life of the elderly. Meanwhile, a tiny espresso taken with a Gauloise and a hefty dose of French philosophy is almost certain to get you laid in certain Cambridge circles, and even the most rugby-oriented drinking society Land Economist won’t mistake the meaning behind ‘Do you fancy coming up for a coffee?’ So put the kettle on, put your feet up, and give thanks to the humble coffee bean, preamble of first dates and savourer of subjects. After all, Heroin is so passé.

Krystyna Larkham

Reeve’s controversial legacy lives on

Confessions of a caffeine junkie

Reeve (right) with co-star Richard Prior in Superman 3. His career was cut short by a riding accident in 1995

Time now for 2005: A Mars Odyssey

It’s illegal in parts of Northern Thailand, hospitals and universities run on it, endurance athletes enhance their performance with it, and 300 years ago, it could be used as grounds for divorce. Only the oil industry has a greater volume of worldwide trade. As I draw my coffee cup a fourth time this evening and feel renewed strength running through my veins, I look back at the humble caffeine molecule, and what makes it so dear to our faster beating hearts.

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Krystyna Larkham

STEM CELLS: THE FACTS

- Stem cells are undifferentiated cells, which, with the right stimulus, can develop into any kind of body tissue. There are two types of stem cell: adult and embryonic.
- Adult stem cells are the more differentiated cells, which reside in the adult body. They can produce tissue of different types, but which are usually related. For example, bone marrow tissue can differentiate into haematocytes and all the types of cells necessary to make your blood.
- Embryonic stem cells make up the developing embryo, and can also be found in blood extracted from the umbilical cord. They have been found to replace themselves without differentiating into the lab for up to a year, a quality sometimes referred to as ‘plasticity’, and which makes them so desirable for research.
- Adult stem cells are so unique because they can respond to growth factors, directing differentiation. Therefore if placed in an adult body, they will respond to local signals to turn into that specialised tissue. Experiments performed on an adult body have shown that lethal cardiac disorders can be repaired by the injection of stem cells, leading to a future baby heart debate. Other research has included the injection of stem cells into Parkinson’s patients, with varying success.
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Eight years since it was published and five since I first read it, this book still makes a good read. This is no dry textbook - it is an account of people who passionately believe in human progress, that we need to explore in order to be free - first the planets, then the stars. It is also one of the few books that can present physics to the layman without either fudging the science or spoiling the story. The calculations hold up, and it is nice to discover that rocket science really isn’t rocket science.

The Case for Mars seems now more relevant than ever. The sides on the American political system that seemed far fetched in ’96 now seem very real, the laws of nature haven’t changed, and we still haven’t been to Mars. However, I think we are a lot closer. Where there’s a will, there’s a way. If you get there before me, send me a postcard.

Dan Reynolds reviews ‘The Case For Mars’ by Roger Zubrin

The Case for Mars by Roger Zubrin

SCIENCE 11

VARSITY www.varsity.org

October 22, 2004
EMPLOYER PRESENTATION

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - 25 OCT 04
GRANT SUITE, GARDEN HOUSE MOAT
HOUSE HOTEL
6.30PM

Watson Wyatt has grown to become one of the world’s most influential professional services firms. We are advisers to 73% of the Fortune Global 500 companies headquartered in Britain and consulting actuaries to over 50 of the UK’s largest corporate pension schemes. What’s more, we continue to grow.

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We are recruiting for Group positions in the London Office. If offered a position, there will be opportunities to work with some of the Group companies represented in London, including corporate and marketing strategy, private equity and innovations strategy.

COMPANY PRESENTATION

Tuesday, 26th October 2004
7pm
University Centre, Cambridge

Workshop:
Saturday, 6th November
London

Applications are by C.V. and covering letter e-mailed to:
Amanda Martin
Recruitment_London@monitor.com

Finalists are welcome to attend a short information session on strategy consulting hosted by Monitor Group consultants followed by drinks and buffet.

Michelin House
81 Fulham Road
London SW3 6RD

Tel: 020 7838 6500
Fax: 020 7838 6860

First round interviews will be held on:
Tuesday, 30th November 2004

Deadline for applications:
Friday, 12th November 2004

www.monitor.com
From Washington to Kashmir: World on Fire

Hostage crises are gripping our media. But should we be scared?

Patrick Emerson investigates the reaction in Washington DC, USA

Gaining access to a war-torn nation and an internally divided government, lacking a credible mandate, is frequently difficult. It definitely was for my fellow alumnus British internships and I, as we parachuted into Washington DC to save the US legislature from our ungenerously needed office administration skills. Of course, we all know Yankistan can seem politically unshaken at times. However, a King’s College education in being ‘socio-politically supercilious’ is not to be underestimated, notwithstanding, I was still shocked by just how obsessively security-driven DC can be.

Indicatively, following the hike in national security status to the ominous ‘amber’ while we were there, my fellow British interns and I found our innocuously locked apartment block had a permanent police entry. Two cops became a mundane part of our vista for the last two weeks, recumbent below, with donuts and Starbucks in hand (honestly).

Half the city is being ripped up to build new security installations

The germinal point is that a lot of the most conservative Washingtonians really do trust the government unequivocally to secure DC—regardless of how random their actions may seem. Half the city is being ripped up to build new security installations, usually at the expensive of socio-economic decline and access and are therefore pervasively more secure than the structures that will replace them. Code amber arose on this occasion on the basis of year-old information. The markers didn’t flinch even though financial institutes were being targeted; analysts openly admitted that terrorists were perfectly capable of being flexible about targets anyway. The hike corresponded with the Democratic National Convention, from an administration which has been criticised by the Supreme Court, Congress, and the 9/11 Commission for being too reticent when it comes to sharing intelligence.

The first intern lecture I attended was about the ‘Governmental Continuity’ question—that is, what happens if all of Congress gets bumped-off at once. If the administration represents the views of the people in the US, then the US is a seriously nervous country.

Contrary to Michael Moore and the like, I do not believe we should pass damning judgement on this state of affairs. But I think it should be acknowledged that this is the state of the union, or at least the state of the administrative centre of it. Further, perhaps this suggests there should be more universal criticism of the consensus that scare-mongering in the presidential election is fair play, with both candidates effectively branding the other as liable to ‘weaken America and make the world more dangerous’ (in Bush’s words). Does this US need yet more of this anxious mantra?

I would like to think that my fellow British interns and I helped in our own little way. Although, ironicaly, no amount of security could protect the congressional I worked for, who has since I left cancelled his re-election campaign, following an alleged outing by a gay activist. God bless America.

...While Shama Naqshbandi profiles a project that bears witness to both sides of Kashmir; Southern Asia’s war-torn ‘paradise on Earth’

Last summer I returned to Kashmir after a six-year intermission in London, and a six-week retreat in Kashmir Project (TKP). TKP is a cultural and educational exchange programme, enabling British students to see and experience life in a difficult yet beautiful part of the world.

Describing Kashmir would be an impossible task and would probably involve making several contradictions. So avoiding any self-accusations I will say that if Kashmir must be placed, it rests between the soul-inspiring and the soul-destroying. Perhaps it can only be termed as surreal. "If there is Paradise on earth, it is here". In the seventeenth century, the Mughal Emperor Jehangir dedicated these dying words to the exegesis of Kashmir’s otherworldliness.

This year, nine students spent at least six weeks in Srinagar, the heart of Kashmir, working as teachers in the Tyndale Biscoe School Network. The academic exchange was an eye-opener to both the British students, to whom frequent teacher “banking” was an ironic novelty, and to the Kashmiri teachers, who found personal interaction with kids outside class a slight shock to the sanctum-sanctorum of the strollroom.

But you cannot sentimentalise Kashmir. With each day of the students’ six-week stay, there were unexpected events, though these had long since stopped being surprises to the locals: newspapers inevitably recorded deaths, accounts of missing people, tales of abuse, interrogations centres and conspiracies. During their stay, Islamia High School was burned down. There was a bomb blast at Dal Gate (where incidentally the Biscoe School rowing regattas began). And, unsurprisingly, a protest.

The students lived amid the bustle and batile of the marketplace, a few minutes dusty-walk away from the ‘world-famous’ Dal Lake. In the centre of the lake there is now a floating army checkpoint, a remnant of a bloody conflict that has nurtured development and investment. The spirit of innovation and entrepreneurism is a thing of the past. Power cuts occur almost daily. Everything looks like it could collapse and still be put back together again.

The roads of Srinagar are dusty and half-finished, almost as though the builders had been interrupted, anything which might survive the next few weeks, let alone years. Even the monumental palace behind shabby steel gates (though this is deliberate). The whole landscape of Kashmir has adopted a permanent flinch. It was really sad, but only after arriving in Srinagar did we realise to what extent the Kashmiris have been isolated from the rest of the world, and even from the rest of India’s particpants wrote. Less than a couple of hours’ drive away you confront the most glorious scenery: mountain ranges which make your heart skip a beat: thundering rivers and winding streams, magnificent glaciers, cascading waterfalls and panoramic views photographed in your mind forever. So much beauty to glut a foreign eye, and yet so few eyes to witness it.

While convoys of tanks rumble across the mountainside, nomads with their flocks of sheep wander through the hills. This is the world’s most highly militarised territorial dispute; some estimates suggest more than 50,000 people have died since 1949.

Today, village girls wear white shawls—war-kameez and laugh on their way to school, jam-packed buses white with young bodies. The previously locked gates of the patriarchal compound have opened, elders smoke hookas in shop entrances, and the city is stuffed with army bunkers, watch-points, military bases and everywhere sandbags, hanging glass bottles, barbed wire, soldiers with fingers on the triggers of their guns.

Admittedly, the paradox bewildered our participants at first, especially at school. One wrote “It is heartbreaking to see the stoic looks on the children when they talk about the atrocities visited on their land. It is all they have known...” While in England adolescents lose their innocence with movies and magazines, in Kashmir the children lose their innocence with war.

The whole landscape of Kashmir has adopted a permanent flinch

During the worst troubles, it was common knowledge that kids, barely teenagers, were coming to their schools (even the private ones) each morning with guns, rifles and hand-grenades. TKP participants were soon integrat ed into the Kashmiri way of life. Personal safety was as big, or rather as rather, a phenomenon as the securitisation is. The phenomenon of securitisation is not really a phenomenon in DC; it is an expected feature of the carefully crafted, faux-Roman urban landscape. When regattas begin. And, unsurprisingly, a phenomenon of securitisation.

Yet most people still tolerated vast and unspoken infections. Inadvertently, it also highlighted a general inclination to pass over people in conflict zones with the odd indifference with which we might bear the cumulative figure of casualties in a battle.

Assimilation of ‘The Kashmir Issue’ into daily life has been so complete that one cannot fail to be moved by the dual-fusion and sense of idle daydream that accompanies any incipient talk of peace in the region. And will there ever be peace? Fifty years of handshake has made Kashmiris sceptical. Six weeks in Kashmir, and we too parted with a crushing sense of wasted potential. But then again, I suppose, in Kashmir, the flaming Paradise, once the playground of lovers, poets and romantics, you cannot help but daydream.

TKP has no proclaimed or covert political or religious dimension. On the contrary, we encourage our participants to see Kashmir for themselves and form their own personal views accordingly. Their views, however, do not necessarily reflect the views of the Project Directors or TKP itself. For more information and contact details have a look at TKP’s website: www.thekashmirproject.com
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The rules of Magnetic attraction

Magnetic Fields auteur Stephen Merritt is responsible for some of the most original pop of the 90s. He told Ronojoy Dam about love, bubblegum pop and the ukulele.

S tephin Merritt is somewhat of a wonder. Singer, songwriter, soundtrack composer, multi-instrumentalist and producer, he has been critically acclaimed as a "genius" and "the Cole Porter of his generation". Merritt has been at the heart of the US underground music community for some time now but it was the 1999 release of his 69 Love Songs triple album with his band The Magnetic Fields that brought him mainstream success - it was hailed as a masterpiece. However his success and fame have not made it over on this side of the Atlantic to anywhere near the same extent.

Merritt makes music that spans a wide range of genres including country, folk, disco, new wave, punk, experimental and free jazz and incorporates a large variety of instruments from the ukulele to the synthesizer. He has a particularly high regard for the ukulele as well as being a collector of exotic instruments and Tiki art. "I think the ukulele is underused in pop music. People hear it and think it's a badly recorded guitar."

When I ask about the constant reference to love in his work, he replies, "Love is a very small word for a very large complex set of things". Merritt is a Harvard graduate as well as being a music critic for the New York Times and Time Out New York. He reviewed Tony Bennett's album The Playground as "a children's album perfect for paedophiles" and ABBA are often cited as his heroes. "I've listening to bubblegum pop. I've gone and arranged his songs himself. He attributes much of his singular compositional ability to his early grounding in classic Top 40 pop, notably the shimmering structural perfection of ABBA's song 'The Death of Ferdinand de Saussure' engages with the inherent artificiality of music, 'As a producer, I'm not looking for a realistic effect. I like Phil Spector and ABBA records because they aren't striving for realism. I can't hear individual instruments, just the notes.' ABBA are often cited as Merritt's favourite, "I grew up listening to ABBA's pop and I've always liked it but I like it for different reasons at different times."

Growing up with a loppy mother had its perks, such as meeting John Lennon and Yoko Ono at the age of five, when he says he was a big Beatles fan, but the religious side of this was something that did not capture the young Merritt: "My mother tried to bring me up as a Buddhist but she didn't succeed. I am not a religious person. I lack the part of the brain which makes people think they have seen God. I am not a spiritual person. Actually there's a theory that when people think they have visions of God, it's down to a sort of seizure. Perhaps I've had a reverse seizure."

Merritt has been something of a persistent purveyor of concept albums which he says is because they allow him to make a lot of different kinds of music in a coherent way. The new Magnetic Fields album i is out now on Nonesuch Records.

"I grew up listening to bubblegum pop"

"Love is a very small word for a very large complex set of things"
Who’s Next?

Who’s Next?

Who’s Next?

Who’s Next?

The VARSITY Talent List

www.varsity.co.uk for more details
**FRIDAY 22**

23:00 ADC Top Quark Productions present Oxygen - Premiere tour of this romantic comedy

19:45 ADC Arts Theatre

**SATURDAY 23**

23:00 ADC Top Quark Productions present Oxygen - Premiere tour of this romantic comedy

19:45 ADC Arts Theatre

**MONDAY 25**

23:00 ADC CUADC present Nick Mohammad's Diagnosis - Premiere tour of this romantic comedy

19:45 ADC Arts Theatre

**TUESDAY 26**

23:00 ADC CUADC present Nick Mohammad's Diagnosis - Premiere tour of this romantic comedy

19:45 ADC Arts Theatre

**WEDNESDAY 27**

23:00 ADC CUADC present Nick Mohammad's Diagnosis - Premiere tour of this romantic comedy

19:45 ADC Arts Theatre

**THURSDAY 28**

23:00 ADC CUADC present Nick Mohammad's Diagnosis - Premiere tour of this romantic comedy

19:45 ADC Arts Theatre

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**FRIDAY 22**

**CLARE**

- Inner Essence DnB - DJ Fluid & MC Fearless

- Rip It Up

- Zav

- JUNCTION Pop Art

- LIFE Boogienight

**QUEENS**

- Return to the 80s

- American House

**FEZ**

- Martin & Michael

**SUNDAY 24**

**COCO**

- Sunday Roast

- Funky Affairs

- Sunday Session

**FEZ**

- Mix of Funky Grooves

**FRIDAY 22**

13:10 The Solstice Quartet Amongst the permanent collection at Kettle's Yard. Admission is free. Concerts will be over by 2pm.

**TUESDAY 26**

19:30 Raja Yoga Soc - Meditation, Art, Philosophy, Music, Film @ Inner Space, Kings Parade

19:30 CU Bahai society - ‘Freedom from Terrorism’ @ King’s College: Chetwynd Rm

**WEDNESDAY 27**

20:00 Transcendental Meditation. Introductory Lecture @ Senior Parlour, Caius College

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The Marlowe Society invites crew applications for THE COMEDY OF ERRORS Cambridge Arts Theatre Show Lent 2005
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ASSISTANT PUBLICIST
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ASSISTANT DESIGNERS
COMPANY PRODUCTION MANAGER (TD)
COSTUME MANAGER
PROPS MANAGER
COMPANY STAGE MANAGER
DEPUTY STAGE MANAGER
ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGERS
LX
SX
Contact Lauren (lac43) to apply.

Footlights welcomes all new comers to:
Virgin Smoker: 2nd Nov, 11pm: ADC.
Auditions as a formality on Saturday 30th Oct, 12-2: ADC dressing room.
Workshop for those who don’t have anything: 26th Oct, 7-9: Old Kitchens, Queens’.
Please contact ras81 for details.

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Majorca direct and new: Vienna direct

The Marlowe Society invites applications for THE COMEDY OF ERRORS Cambridge Arts Theatre Show Lent 2005
Saturday 23rd October: 10-1, 1.30-5
Sunday 24th October: 10-1, 1.30-5
Room N7, Pembroke College
Contact lac43

Interested in voluntary work in Africa?
Want to work to improve rural secondaries?
Find out more about the CU Kenya Project Partnership: 26th October, By: Bateman auditorium, Caius.

Orpheus in the Underworld
The Cambridge University G & S Society invites applications for PRODUCER, DIRECTOR, PUBLICITY MANAGER, EDUCATION OFFICER, TECHNICAL DIRECTOR, LIGHTING DESIGNER, SOUND DESIGNER, COSTUME DESIGNER, SET DESIGNER...
for its Lent Term production of the Cambridge Arts Theatre, Orpheus in the Underworld by Offenbach.

To apply, please send a letter stating why the project/position interests you, and a cv of relevant experience, to Claire (cwp2@cam.ac.uk)

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Human Nature and World Order
22nd October: 10.30 till 4pm 24th October: 10.00 till 3.30pm
Lauterpacht Research Centre for International Law
2 Cranmer Road, Cambridge
CU Baha’i Society, in collaboration with the Association of Baha’i Studies, present a week end conference for reflecting on International Law, Gender, Migration and International Institutions.
More details can be found at www.srcf.ucam.org/bahai/

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Room N7, Pembroke College
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invites applications for tour managers / producers forthe 2005 tour of the USA.
Deadline for applications is 1st November.
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This above all: to thine own self be true, mate

AC Berwick wonders why Neighbours is getting above itself

Few people have noticed the modernist bent Neighbours has taken of late. Like that moment on Tuesday when Summer name-checked Natalie Imbruglia, a former resident of the Street (incidentally, did you know that Ramsay Street is actually a cul-de-sac? Jeeps!), the audience was of course reminded of that moment in Hamlet when Polonius mutters inaudibly about his abortive singing career.

Summer’s not the only one fucking up with people’s heads: Max keeps on attempting to cast himself as mental Prince Hamlet. ‘When I was twenty, I didn’t know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw,’ he claimed on Monday, implausibly. Hearing this lamentation, I was inspired upon the moment to stroke my chin and smile sagely, ‘Hamlet, don’t you know?’ – imagine the arched eyebrows, the know- ing glint in the eye – before returning to downsing my pint of lager. I love beer.

Upon reflection, however, the ben- efits of noting Max’s verbal symme- try with poopy Prince Hamlet seem dismal, merely a momentary feeling of wanky self-gratification. Surely it was there to be noted, but why? Was it a desperate message in a bottle, a hope that some lager-swilling English finalist with too much time on his hands would feel illuminated by Max’s erudition?

Did you know that Ramsay Street is actually a cul-de-sac?

Perhaps not. I suspect it was actually the work of some poopy work experi- ence goon with an unhealthy obsession with The White Land. Yet the socially inept fool has proved little: adopting the idiom of a poet/band/artist rarely allows you any insight; rather, the impression of familiarity simply masks contempt for whatever you might be saying at the time. A working knowl- edge of The Iliad becomes another tool for pulling some Classics bird at formal, something else that will be discarded, along with any pretence of dignity, once you’ve completely mashed on 20 bottles of VK Watermelon in Coco’s. Great night though: I was proper battered.

Topically, this artistic prostitution seems to have been epitomised by Sutherland’s auction of the contents of Damien Hirst’s Pharmacy restaurant earlier this week, where two Martinis glasses sold for £4,000. Even in its most despised Hirst’s restaurant remains a bit of wanky self-gratification. Surely it was there to be noted, but why? Was it a desperate message in a bottle, a hope that some lager-swilling English finalist with too much time on his hands would feel illuminated by Max’s erudition?

Pick of the week

Andrei Rublev
Arts, Saturday 23rd - Monday 25th, 12 noon.
Andrei Tarkovsky’s masterpiece, this is a haunting exploration of 15th century Russia and its religious obsessions. Seriously good. Not just black and white and weird.

David Mamet: Scenes
Playroom, till Saturday 23rd October, 9.30pm
If you’re a fan of the American playwright’s terse conversational style, these bits and pieces are bound to be a treat. And it’s short, which is always a bonus.

The Magnetic Fields
Corn Exchange, Wednesday 27th, 7.30pm, £15
Our interviewee Stephen Merritt brings his unique brand of ABBA inspired ukelele pop to Cambridge. Melodies haunting or catchy and killer lyrics to boot.

Pure Garage
Coco, Monday 25th October
It’s not often you get something alternative in a sweaty student club, but for one night only you get some of the cream of UK Garage and Grime. Don’t miss this rare treat.

Breaking the waves
Trinity, Sunday 24th and 26th, 8.30pm
Vintage Dogme kicking off Trinity Film Society’s worthy season (see page 26). Awarded 4 stars in Halliwell’s film guide - there’s no better cinematic accolade really.

Image of the week

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Is poetry worth the paper it’s written on?

After last week’s poetry reading at the English Faculty, English student Rachel Willcock defends the value of verse...

I have always been slightly puzzled by the status of poetry readings. Poetry is meant to be seen as words on a page with shape and form being as important as delivery. On the other hand it is a lyrical form and the sound of poetry being spoken can bring a very different feeling to the words. Traditionally, poetry was read out in order to expand its ‘readership’ – a way to communicate to the illiterate masses. A poetry reading at the English Faculty of Cambridge University is symptomatic of how far in the other direction poetry reading has gone. It is now the reserve only of the learned middle classes.

I fervently believe that literature and particularly poetry should be accessible to more people. As an English student, I clearly think that study enlightens the reading of a poem. Nevertheless, good poetry, even at its most incomprehensible, can be appreciated in some way – even if it is the sound of a turn of phrase or indeed a realisation that there are further depths that remain elusive to the reader. Speaking poetry is a good way to accentuate the best in poetry, with me in order to have a contrast I took Olly, an engineer who has no previous interest in poetry readings. Poets were appreciated by other members of the audience and I am uncertain about whether I am connected with the most, but it certainly did not add to his credentials. He read didn’t greatly add to his credentials. He read

I have the feeling that sometimes Milne’s poetry was deadpan and could verge on being some of his older poems and a new one that hadn't been heard before.

In hindsight, Drew Milne was the poet that I connected with the most, but it certainly did not feel like that at the time. To say that I understood any of the poems, or indeed appreciated any of their subtleties and clever meanings would be an out and out lie. However, I did manage to scribble down furiously some lines that I thought stood out. Beforehand we were told that Milne’s poetry was deadpan and could verge on being stupid and I certainly got this impression, both from his occasionally forced delivery and from the violent language that he used.

The second poet was a PhD student, Emily Critchley, who started out in an unpromising subject of Critchley’s PhD. I noticed that the audience had thinned, presumably succumbing to the pull of the out-and-out cheese at Cindy’s. The parallels between Critchley and Scalapino were obvious; both using fragmented phrases rather than traditional flowing poetry. The main subject matter of Scalapino’s poetry was both of the Gulf Wars and night. In particular, she was keen on trying to convey the idea of language destroying night – whatever the means. By this stage I’m afraid that my mind was definitely elsewhere, and I only got to grips with this reading marginally better than I did with Critchley’s.

Generally I would question the value of these sorts of events, as I’m not convinced that contemporary poetry is a performance art. Despite this I’m extremely glad that I attended – to see how the “other half” live more than anything else.

The Readers:

Dr. Drew Milne is Director of Studies for English at Trinity Hall.

Emily Critchley is a PhD student at Darwin College, studying the poetry of Leslie Scalapino.

Leslie Scalapino is a poet from the east coast of the USA.

Poetry readings are held at the English Faculty throughout Michaelmas term on a Tuesday at 8pm.

...While Olly Buxton, a second year engineer, explores how the mechanisms of poetry add up for a science student
LOOK BEYOND THE OBVIOUS.

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What began with a whisper is now a wave

Ellen E. Jones on rules which were made to be broken

The world-shaking, revolutionary schemes of most men live and die in one night of heavy-drinking, but Lars Von Trier threw thousands of red leaflets from a balcony at the Odéon - Théâtre de L’Europe in Paris (a key location in the 1968 uprisings). With the same combination of the attractivity and puritanism, which was to become the movement’s trade-mark, these leaflets detailed the ‘Vow of Chastity’. That ‘indisputable set of rules’ was intended to counter certain trends in mainstream cinema and provide a kind of artistic detox for film-makers immersed in illusion-creating techniques. The Dogme founders (Von Trier, Vinterberg, Søren Krag Jacobsen and Kristian Levring) had been to meet each time a new film was released, in order to judge whether or not it complied with the ‘Vow of Chastity’. This soon became logically impossible and it was decided that, instead, Dogme certificates would simply be awarded to whoever applied. By the time Lone Scherberg’s Italian for Beginners was released in 2003 it was apparent that the movement’s own success had brought about its dilution and by 2002 all of the original directors were working in non-Dogme projects. Despite Von Trier’s insistence that Dogme was intended as a purification process for experienced directors, the movement contributed momentum to a generation of first-time, low-budget directors worldwide, who welcomed a way to disguise necessity as artistic intention.ilan: Donkey Boy, the work of enfant terrible and Kids scriber Harmony Korine, became a controvertsial Dogme #6 in 1999, and from there the movement grew into an international phenomenon, including films from France, Korea, Argentina, Italy and Switzerland.

The original intention of the Dogme founders (Von Trier, Vinterberg, Søren Krag Jacobsen and Kristian Levring) had been to meet each time a new film was released, in order to judge whether or not it complied with the ‘Vow of Chastity’. This soon became logically impossible and it was decided that, instead, Dogme certificates would simply be awarded to whoever applied. By the time Lone Scherberg’s Italian for Beginners was released in 2003 (a thoroughly charming but, nonetheless, rule-breaking addition to the Dogme cannon) it was apparent that the movement’s own success had brought about its dilution and by 2002 all of the original directors were working in non-Dogme projects. Far from accepting failure, Vinterberg is quick to stress the naturalness of the movement’s demise, “It was always meant to be a wave, and they don’t go on forever.” In the same way that dieters only detox so they can go back to eating lard with renewed relish, putting aside their vows has allowed Von Trier et al. to return to film-making with a renewed energy. This much was always their intention.

What’s more surprising is how the energy of the Dogme manifesto and its exposure of the inherent contradictions of cinema – an art form which tells the truth from a patchwork of lies – continues to pose a challenge to film-makers in Europe and beyond.

A lonely young woman, Karen befriends a mentally handicapped man and his carer in a restaurant; gently she liberates their ‘inner idiot’, using any sound produced separately from the image and addressing any subject-matter other than the here and now. In other words, the Dogme film must approximate reality as closely as possible. While it remains a moot point how far Von Trier’s personal reality of “spurring” and “Brazing” and musicals corresponds to everyone else’s, the artistic potential of the Dogme doctrine was confirmed in 1998, when Vinterberg’s film Festen won the Jury Award at Cannes.

Von Trier: central Dogme figure

Despite Von Trier’s insistence that Dogme was intended as a purification process for experienced directors, the movement contributed momentum to a generation of first-time, low-budget directors worldwide, who welcomed a way to disguise necessity as artistic intention.ilan: Donkey Boy, the work of enfant terrible and Kids scriber Harmony Korine, became a controversiatsial Dogme #6 in 1999, and from there the movement grew into an international phenomenon, including films from France, Korea, Argentina, Italy and Switzerland.

The original intention of the Dogme founders (Von Trier, Vinterberg, Søren Krag Jacobsen and Kristian Levring) had been to meet each time a new film was released, in order to judge whether or not it complied with the ‘Vow of Chastity’. This soon became logically impossible and it was decided that, instead, Dogme certificates would simply be awarded to whoever applied. By the time Lone Scherberg’s Italian for Beginners was released in 2003 (a thoroughly charming but, nonetheless, rule-breaking addition to the Dogme cannon) it was apparent that the movement’s own success had brought about its dilution and by 2002 all of the original directors were working in non-Dogme projects. Far from accepting failure, Vinterberg is quick to stress the naturalness of the movement’s demise, “It was always meant to be a wave, and they don’t go on forever.” In the same way that dieters only detox so they can go back to eating lard with renewed relish, putting aside their vows has allowed Von Trier et al. to return to film-making with a renewed energy. This much was always their intention.

What’s more surprising is how the energy of the Dogme manifesto and its exposure of the inherent contradictions of cinema – an art form which tells the truth from a patchwork of lies – continues to pose a challenge to film-makers in Europe and beyond.

A Danish patriarch invites his relatives and friends to a celebration of his 60th birthday. The guests are welcomed by a younger brother; dinner and there is plenty of muna. politie, petits parties. It is quietly apparent, however, that something is very wrong with this family. The eldest son, Christian, is stranger, spelling, bringing you might say, when a disturbing message is found from his dead twin sister. Christian’s friend displays an astonishing range and depth of feeling without apparently moving a muscle. The Dogme movement is in essence about honesty, simplicity and a lack of directorial ego. Whilst it remains to be proven that unsteady camera-work and murky lighting are essential to attain those goals, the rev-elation here is that the slick cinema jiggery-pokery we normally expect is so unnecessary. The director’s self-effacement is also a surprising success, as it is the fabulous acting, writing and photography which stand out.

You cannot like Festen. it is too disturbing, too dark. This film has, how-ever, a relentless momentum, authentic and force. Watch it and you will realise that Hollywood only plays at cinema.

Jerry King

A dogmatic slice of Danish life

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Casual classiness is the order of the day. The trick to track the Bloomsbury trend - be natural and imagine that you've just stepped out of a Virginia Woolf novel. Prints are essential, be it on dresses, skirts or blouses, art-deco or floral. The colours are organic, or should at least be found in the garden, earthy browns, rosy reds, moss greens, plum and berry, even buttercup yellows; artifical is out this season, get back to nature. A-line skirts, pleated skirts, delicate blouses, mohair cardigans, v-neck tea-dresses, refined and tasteful, are what you should be looking for on the shelves.

As for accessories, think cloche hats and berets, printed silk scarves and scarf bows, maybe even some piped leather gloves. Pearls are back with a vengeance, mainly two or three strings, but don't overdo it on the jewellery this season. And for the shoes to complete your ensemble, rid your mind of last year's elf-toed obsession, and make a return to good-old round toed shoes, brogues and faux-animal; the best are tasselled and chocolate.

Bloomsbury is to be found in most fashion retailers in Cambridge, whether in the generic high street giants or obscure boutiques, so go for it: urbane yet rural, bold yet muted, sophisticated but not overdressed.

Michael Talbot

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Max (1) wears: brown patterned shirt (£7.99) Oxfam, brown pinstriped trousers (£30) and brown cord trilby (£20) both from Topman. Shoes, model’s own.

Clare (1) wears: blue knitted jumper (£25), tweed skirt (£25), and gold beret (£12), all from Topshop, necklace (£3.99) and belt (£5.99) from Oxfam. Shoes, stylist’s own.

Clare (2) wears: pink sequined cardigan (£20) from Dixie’s stall, beret, skirt and necklace as before. Shoes, stylist’s own.

Max (2) wears: green t-shirt (£28) and brown Nike jacket (£58), both from Dogfish. Trousers and shoes as before.

Clare (3) wears: white cashmere poloneck (£20) and fur wrap (£45), both from Dixie’s stall, black velvet skirt (£9.99) H&M, pearl brooch (£3.99) Oxfam. Shoes, as before.

Models: Max Bennett, Clare McLaughlin - Symon
Stylists: Sally Jennings, Johanna Zetterstrom-Sharp
The Soulwax Riots

Ned Beauman talks boogie with Soulwax's bassist

No, you don't know who he is. You probably thought Soulwax was no more than Stephen and David Kwietniewski, or that he was the guy who made the beat for Felix Da Housecat. Soulwax themselves have done some great remixes: look for their versions of Ladytron's 'Seventeen', the Sugababes' 'Round Round', and Kylie's 'Can't Get You Out of My Head'. The last one, an 'inside joke' for DJ sets and friends of the band, is uncensored and only available as an MP3 of a bootleg recording off Belgian radio.

‘So we're doing a live set together for the tour. The band will play, then the brothers will play some records, it should be a fun night.’ What about the next album? ‘It won't take as long as the last one. We might just go into the studio and make it in fourteen days. And it will be completely different again.’ The last album was a big flop, so the band want to ask Van Leuven if he's been even more determined to tear up DJ sets like the Dawaele brothers ever since.

‘I tried once. But Steph and Dave are such naturals, there's just no way for me to compete; these days I just keep an eye from the decks.’

Shameless dance-floor atom bombs

what you're paying? ‘We had to convince the record company it was worth while sending Steph off to New York to record these vocals,’ says Van Leuven. ‘He really just wanted to see Nancy, his girlfriend!‘ Wang is the keyboardist for LCD Soundsystem, who are going to be huge very soon. (check out ‘Losing My Edge’ to see what I mean). Are Steph and Nancy still together? ‘Yes. Arwa, disco love.

What does the future hold for Soulwax? ‘We're recording B-sides, I'm busy in the studio mixing B-sides, I interviewed him. Soulwax were big around 1999 because of Mad About Everyone's Advice. Then At Heard On Radio Soulwax Volume 1 came out and the Dawaele brothers became the only DJs in the world big enough to headline a rock festival (and made that 'nameless famous Belgians' game a lot easier). These days they play a lot of techno but back then they were DJs and the bootleg scene (Christina/Strokes, Destiny's Child/Nuvra, Salt'n'Pepa, The Streets etc). ‘So everyone forgot about Soulwax the band until this year's Any Minute Now. The new album is very different to the one before,’ says Van Leuven. ‘It's more groovy. There's an element of the 2manydjs that slipped in, which made it more dance-oriented.’

The most shameless dancefloor atom bomb on the album is ‘NY Excuse’, with its simple electro bass riff, synth-tom-tom breakdowns, and shouty vocals by Nancy Wang. This is the excuse that we're making! It is good enough for

Premature death can seriously skew the critical hindsight. Nirvana weren't that good; Hendrix was just annoying; maybe Leo Fury could have imagined no possessions if he'd taken his fur collection out of its purpose-built, mink-lined chest. ‘The Posthumously-Released Last Record,’ is hard to come by. But the…

All Killah No Filler

Aflobili Oliver rates Ghostface at the Junction's Rawganics

Ghostface Killah got the crowd bubbling despite the lack of familiar material. Rawgans. One of the biggest Hip Hop nights in the country. Back in business at the newly refurbished Junction and bigger than ever. With Pharoa Monche and Skinnymix performing in September, the stakes were raised even higher this month.

The first time I encountered Ghostface Killah was in the infancy of my relationship with hip hop. Sometimes in the early '90s I watched the nine rappers comprising the Wu Tang Clan intimate my living room for four minutes from their video set, dad in black boddies and equipped with machetes that made you believe 'Wu-Tang Clant ain nutter a fuck wit'. One group member made a particular impact by living up to his moniker with the aid of a soulless white mask and upturned hood. This is indicative of the individualism and rogue thought process that dominates the music of Ghostface Killah.

Klashnekoff was soon followed by the deecious talents of MOBO-award wining Shortie Blitz, who justified his reputation as one of the very best hip-hop DJs in the country, impressively cutting a refreshing selection of records that managed to engage the crowd while deftly sliding from the often-heard tunes in constant rotation.

The Dirty Stop Out hosts then took the stage to announce the arrival of the man of the hour. Emerging with pants sagging, hat askew and no gimmicks, Cambridge was finally introduced to the nonchalant, witty lyricist previously confined to a CD player. He rolled through classic material including the feel-good 'We Made It' and the soulful 'Be That Way'.

But few of the songs triggered recollection for the majority of the capacity audience and his set was mostly made up of album tracks. Ghostface's chemistry with the audi…
Shake the Goom
Jon Swaine explores the French experimental label Goom

When laptop-wielding IDM geeks have left you cold once too many times, or you reach a seven-year-long midlife crisis of *Always Outnumbered, Never Outgunned* has just left you cold once too many times, it's hard to know where to turn. When Jet have been allowed to reign as a fake, arguably racist monopoly on passion and feeling in music since their debut, punk-rock without resistance, it is hard to know if there is anywhere to turn at all.

There is Paris. The roster of Goom Disques is the cavalry. At its head: Anthony Gonzalez and Nicholas Fournier from M83, trade in the massive, lush soundscapes peppered with ethereal, chantwic wisp fill the head and drow the eye in ways not heard since My Bloody Valentine almost bankrupted Alan McGee. Taking cues from the theatrical re-constitution of shockegore, last year's *Dead Cities, Red States & Lost Ghosts* is an absolute must, a chance to partake in their rarely-offered live experience even more so.

Behind and steadfast are Cyann & Ben, setting swirling loops of pianos against droneing, aching synths to a cathartic effect. Layering Air-talking hushed vocals over these pieces of pure energy, both 'Spring' and 'Happy Like an Autumn Tree' (from last year and this respectively) call on Grandaddy, Björk, Radiohead for their references, yet drench them in something unmistakably Gallic. Fans manifold the above or of Pink Floyd, Kraftwerk or Godspeed! You Black Emperor will not be disappointed.

For a collective initially stereotyped as dogmatic Marxist, the ironically titled *Entertainment!* follows up *Solid Gold*, far from being stilted his- tory-lesson twee. Gonzalez and Fournier express powerful lobbying of their generation, creating affecting, highly emotive soundscapes, underpinning society, while venting spleen at the forces that manipulate them.

They soundtrack the story of some- one who realises that the things he does, the sex (*Tell me I'm beautiful*), the joy (*The rubbers in your pockets*), the job, the acceptance of the symbols of a good life, are a substitute for the liberty that first attracted their cause. The message is direct, but the music is not: *Return the Gift* (Repackaged sex keeps your interest); the shame of dependency, as on 'Aruther', their only song 'about love' where King mummurs of feeling 'like a beetle on its back', and on the killing, of a 'delightingly danceable, 'Damaged Goods', ('Sometimes I'm thinking that I love you more than I'm lovers') all portray the rage at being blinded by the fog of what is societally 'natural'. Sometimes this leads to rebellion and anger, as on the biding 'I Found That Essence Rare', but the strongest emo- tions expressed are isolation, despera- tion and self-loathing - more Joy Division than Pratek Fredinand. The irony of soundtrackng this with some of the catchiest punk written is unlikely to have been lost on the band.

Sometimes perhaps a little crass in their sloganizing (songs like 'What We All Want' don't exactly pull punches with its title), Gang of Four's music and intelligence elevated them far above current wannabe 'ouster punk-funk and obscure art rock like the Liars. Even though they degenerated into self-parody by their third album, any band that could casually spit out satires of the outsider culture aesthetic with lines like 'Happy Letter' with its reference to a fake New entertainment' is worth a hun- dred art-poser imitators.

Student musician? Email music@varsity.co.uk to be included in an upcoming feature on Cambrige's hottest hidden talent

Gang of our
Was Yagoo goes back to the 70's

When legions of youths flock to see the latest piece of Moore bootstrap, listen to the music conditions the pop of Green Day's *American Idiot*. The sound becomes too tame, not tough enough, to home to touch themselves to Britney, it is tempting to write off Gang of Four. Either as an relic from a time before politics in music became like, but beyond the choppy rhythms and brute-rock chug. They are in this for the long-haul, get on board before it becomes the best bandwagon in town.

Le Tigre
This Island

Le Lylien pride, hate songs to sex abuse, then set 'Bush sound collages' Kathleen Hanna's girl gang is back, and they're still seething. Luckily the righteousness is joined with a vicious sense of fun and the pop and the beats and the shouting in union are as infectious as ever, but there are now no judders in the 'High-speed' voice hits you like a punch. For latercomers, Hannah fought feminist punk heroes Bikini Kill back in the early nineties, commanders of the Olympia-based 'riot grrl' scene. When it all fell apart, she hooked up with zine editor Johanna and (later, crass observational politics) Le Tigre, who share vocal duties, guitar-attacking and buttton-pushing as democratically as you might expect.

Highlights include the aforemen- tioned 'Viz', about lesbian visibility, which has them calling joyously 'You call it way too rowdy, I call it finally free,' the bubblegum rap of 'Nasty Nancy Boo' and an electro-reggae version of 'I'm so excited' that will have you dancing round your bedroom like Elvis reborn.

Rich Taylor

Album Reviews

Le Tigre
This Island

Le Tigre's first album is impressively unoriginal. Not only are they another Detroit-based garage rock band, but they also write none of their own songs. But, please don't be put off just yet. The Cobras select lesser-known Motown and 50s rock'n'roll originals and add to them their own modern, albeit distinctly Detroit-esque, flavour. The energy that they create can be felt throughout their new album, *Baby*, from riff-laden 'Stepping Around' to Blondie-esque 'Emergency'. 'Baby's' rhythm section, 'Dance Wild', and Absolutely; the aptly titled 'Weak Spot', is undoubtedly 'The Real Thing', all the Cobras' momentum does not suffer massively and swiftly finds its course again.

The band save their best till last, though, with the magnificent 'Cha Cha Twist', the forthcoming first sin- gle from 'Baby'. And it is with this sin- gle, the help of a Diet Coke television advert and a Red Riding hood-clad Meg White bonging around in the accompanying video that the Cobras look to possess the charts on both sides of the Atlantic.

Milanese
1 Up

"Your move, punk." During his very first DJ set, a young jingle/dancehall/electro producer is gunned down by a gang of clubbers demanding funky Britian house. The doctors and scientists at Warp Records manage to rebuild his shattered body into something more macho than man. His name? Milanese. His prime directoris? "Serve the public trust. Protect the innocent. Uphold the law. And wrong the original had busy junkiest masterful.

Armed with distorted ragga vox, machine-gun breaks, mindfuck rhythms, and even the occasional Aphex Twin-style pizzicato melody, Milanese drags dark experimental electronics back into the club. Although when DJs do play this out, they imagine half the people in the club will flee in terror. This is the future of dance enforcement. It shows Warp Records haven't gone soft just because they've signed artists like Home Video (New Order meets Radiohead) and Gravenhurst (Simon meet, um, Garfunkle). Let's hope he never turns against his creators. Dead or alive, you're coming with me."

Ned Beauman

Meet our people and find out about how to start your career with DiamondCluster
The University Centre
Granta Place
Mill Lane
Cambridge
Wednesday 3rd November
6:15pm

a fast moving career in management consulting
Opportunities for undergraduates and postgraduates.
Come and meet us at Downing College
on Monday 25th October at 7.15pm
Advertising & Marketing Communications Event

Tuesday 26 October 3.30 – 6.00pm
Howard Building, Downing College

Meet agencies in the creative, commercial world of advertising and marketing communications. Find out what they look for in their recruits and what the jobs are really about.

• Bartle Bogle Hegarty • Das (Omnicom) • DDB London
• J Walter Thompson • The Value Engineers • WPP

(Subject to change/addition)

Essential Overview of the Advertising Industry

Monday 25 October 6.30 – 8.00pm

In preparation for the event on Tuesday, get a birds eye view of the constantly evolving communications industry. This talk will be given by an Account Director and Senior Planner from DDB London.

Careers Service event

Careers for Mathematicians

Thursday 28th October 4.30 – 7.00pm
Centre for Mathematical Sciences, Clarkson Road

This event is not just for those currently reading maths, but is open to all Cambridge undergraduates, postgraduates and staff with a good mathematical background.

Employers Attending


The employers attending all have graduate opportunities that have mathematical or statistical content sufficiently challenging to attract able mathematicians or physicists, with roles in actuarial work, cryptography, complex modelling, meteorology, signal processing and computational fluid dynamics.

Cambridge University Careers Service, Stuart House, Mill Lane, Cambridge www.careers.cam.ac.uk
Coming up for air

Lisa Owens on an attempt to fuse the disparate worlds of theatre and science

Carl Djerassi’s play about the discovery of oxygen may appear a little daunting to the average arts student who has scanty scientific knowledge and no burning passion for Chemistry. However, the aim of this piece of theatre is not simply to inform its audience on the history of the discovery that catalysed the Chemical Revolution, but also to question the nature of science, the ethics surrounding its practises, and the way we shape history.

Aims to question the way we shape history

Top Quark Productions, the body behind Oxygen specialises in theatre relating to science. This may initially seem rather specific and narrow as a genre, but when discussing its aims with the director of Oxygen, Ingrid Jendrzewski, its appeal became more apparent. The chasm between arts and science is not so stark as it does at Cambridge, with separate lecture sites and admissions processes, but as Jendrzewski is a Physics student, (with a degree in English) points out, we have everything at our disposal to begin to bridge the gap. With a world-class science department and a celebrated theatre tradition, there is no reason not to unite what have become – unnecessarily – binary opposites.

So why is theatre the chosen medium? As scientific developments become more precise and complicated, it is easy to forget that historically science took a long time to make sense of the world around us, and the relationships between those who strive for the same goals in an established patronage system.

Do not be put off by the jargon and difficult concepts this play will inevitably present. Before each performance, a talk will be given on the more specific scientific issues, which offers an entertaining, as well as an informative background to the production for laypeople and scientists alike. Oxygen promises to be a probing, dynamic and interesting production, tackling philosophical questions about the discovery of science, and the art of understanding.

At the ADC Theatre from 26th – 30th October at 7.45 pm

There is a reading of Calculus on 30th October at 2.30 pm

The debate over Titan's Triple Portrait gives the play its name

The theme is continued in the use of projected images throughout the play, blurring the distinction between the real and the surreal as Blunt continually evades the questions of his interrogator.

Toni Leggett asserts the legitimate belief that Bennett is underrated and underperformed as a casualty of the Tjon Stoppad phenomenon. Leggett shows understanding of the text when he highlights the comedy and the intimacy of Bennett's work. A passion for Bennett and sympathy for the persecuted Blunt, whose knighthood was revoked under the Thatcher government, promises an absorbing portrayal. In short, it seems likely that A Question of Attribution will run, and run (and run).

At the Corpus Playrooms from 26th – 30th October at 7.45 pm

The show was kicked off well by Simon Bird with an intro-cum-poem about Wayne Rooney and why he would be a better dad than Tony Blair. This was followed up strongly by a dialogue with Jesus, performed by Jonny Sweet. Like many of the sketches, it trod the line between comedy and controversy relatively well, even if a joke about Mary Magdalene and Christ knocked the wind out of some of the audience.

Indeed, one of the worst Dead Baby moments came from Nick Mohammed, Simon Bird and Zack Simmons. In a sketch dedicated to promoting their new show, Diagnosis, they traded a few racist slurs. Even if they were meant as ironic, and even though the people involved are not actually dead (I doubt they are), it still seemed a bit too close to the bone in a university where there seems to be such an under-representation of ethnic minorities.

For the most part though, the show produced a good selection of laughs. Some of the best moments came with the finely detailed observational humour of the Sports Commentator, whose name I cannot seem to find for love or money, ran several sporting clichés to their logical limits and left them there for dead on the other side of the pain barrier.

Another highlight was Ed Coleman’s attack on the stereotypes that come with being fat (he was 16 stone at the age of 18 and had the photos to prove it!). It sounds preachy, but it was, in fact, hilarious, bringing in both the horrors of the school sports day, Santa Claus and Jazzy Jeff.

Unfortunately, there were too few moments of such hilarity. It’s not as if every other sketch fell on its face. Only once, a dialogue between a New York cop and an informer, really floundered about without a punchline or direction.

But overall, it was a little too far too many quiet moments where the material didn’t quite hit the spot and left the audience feeling they had got less than the sum of the joke’s parts.

Next week sees the opening of a double-bill of two contemporary European playwrights, Nathalie Sarracau and Harold Pinter. Produced by ADCONT, a theatre company which turned out A Streetcar Named Desire last year and Racine’s Andromaque this term, promises to be a packed theatrical hour – the styles of the two playwrights are markedly different. Landscape/Elle Est Là is at the ADC Theatre from 26th – 30th October at 11pm.

Burning out

Alex Dawson on this week’s Smoker

Following their Edinburgh run of Beyond A Joke, the Footlights were back for their first Smoker of the term. As a Fresher, this was my first experience of the Cambridge institution that has produced Stephen Fry, Hugh Laurie, John Cleese, Graham Chapman et cetera, et cetera. Indeed, the only blemish on their record seems to be Nick Hancock.

But I suppose someone’s got to present They Think It’s All Over, even if we don’t have to watch it.

Thankfully, this evening was a bit more Friday Night With Jonathan Ross, than the aforementioned programme – although it was by no means Have I Got News For You.

The show has kicked off well by Simon Bird with an intro-cum-poem about Wayne Rooney and why he would be a better dad than Tony Blair. This was followed up strongly by a dialogue with Jesus, performed by Jonny Sweet. Like many of the sketches, it trod the line between comedy and controversy relatively well, even if a joke about Mary Magdalene and Christ knocked the wind out of some of the audience.

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A Question of Attribution

Martha Spurrer
Matilda Ilmah

Alan Bennett is best remembered for the brilliant post-modern success of Talking Heads, but he is also a prolific contemporary dramatist. A Question of Attribution considers the later life of Cambridge spy Anthony Blunt. Homosexual, art critic, family man, spy, aristocrat, Communist and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Blunt’s life is the stuff of drama. The always witty, perceptive and self-effacing writing of Alan Bennett is ideal for Blunt’s Jekyll and Hyde character.

The empathy that director Toni Leggett feels for Bennett’s creations was evident in the extract of the play that we saw – an understanding that is echoed by the sensitive casting of Oliver Ward and Aidan Harris as the spy Blunt and government inspector Chubb respectively.

The interaction of these two is extreme – unnecessarily binary, and the relationship that evolves between the two promises to be a probing, dynamic and interesting production, tackling philosophical questions about the discovery of science, and the art of understanding.

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There is a reading of Calculus on 30th October at 2.30 pm

The show has kicked off well by Simon Bird with an intro-cum-poem about Wayne Rooney and why he would be a better dad than Tony Blair. This was followed up strongly by a dialogue with Jesus, performed by Jonny Sweet. Like many of the sketches, it trod the line between comedy and controversy relatively well, even if a joke about Mary Magdalene and Christ knocked the wind out of some of the audience.

Indeed, one of the worst Dead Baby moments came from Nick Mohammed, Simon Bird and Zack Simmons. In a sketch dedicated to promoting their new show, Diagnosis, they traded a few racist slurs. Even if they were meant as ironic, and even though the people involved are not actually dead (I doubt they are), it still seemed a bit too close to the bone in a university where there seems to be such an under-representation of ethnic minorities.

For the most part though, the show produced a good selection of laughs. Some of the best moments came with the finely detailed observational humour of the Sports Commentator, whose name I cannot seem to find for love or money, ran several sporting clichés to their logical limits and left them there for dead on the other side of the pain barrier.

Another highlight was Ed Coleman’s attack on the stereotypes that come with being fat (he was 16 stone at the age of 18 and had the photos to prove it!). It sounds preachy, but it was, in fact, hilarious, bringing in both the horrors of the school sports day, Santa Claus and Jazzy Jeff.

Unfortunately, there were too few moments of such hilarity. It’s not as if every other sketch fell on its face. Only once, a dialogue between a New York cop and an informer, really floundered about without a punchline or direction.

But overall, it was a little too far too many quiet moments where the material didn’t quite hit the spot and left the audience feeling they had got less than the sum of the joke’s parts.

Next week sees the opening of a double-bill of two contemporary European playwrights, Nathalie Sarracau and Harold Pinter. Produced by ADCONT, a theatre company which turned out A Streetcar Named Desire last year and Racine’s Andromaque this term, promises to be a packed theatrical hour – the styles of the two playwrights are markedly different. Landscape/Elle Est Là is at the ADC Theatre from 26th – 30th October at 11pm.
### Heavenly Double Trouble

**Kay Drage**

We have all have a friend who brings out the wild side of us; that person who, having caught us up in their tornado personality, can persuade us to do pretty much anything: the extra drink, the dare... your dual invincibility. This is the premise on which *Folie à Deux* has been devised; the recognition of the contagious madness of an obsessively co-dependent friendship.

The brutal murder of Mrs. Roasper of Christchurch by her fifteen year old daughter and best friend induced the same reaction from the people of New Zealand in 1954 as did that of Jame Bulger in England, 1993; anger, shock, and, moreover, absolute terror. In both cases, blame was assigned and the perpetrators of the crime similarly punished.

Yet the violation of childhood innocence in ways so utterly unnatural has left a lasting impression on both nations, an enduringly unwavering question of ‘why?’. Our minds cannot be reconciled to a reasonable defence of these unspeakable atrocity, though more disturbing is that we will leave Folie à Deux convinced of the plausibility of the antecedent chain of events. The enrapturing ‘inanity of time’ introduces the onlooker, and with all subtlety, a shadow of their own possible culpability will innociously seep into the minds of the audience.

In this respect the play takes a wholly contrasting angle on the story in comparison with Peter Jackson's film adaptation, *Heavenly Creatures* (1994). To focus on what was most believably ‘logical and real’, director Lucy Barwell hypnotises the audience by immersing them in the psychology of Juliet (Rachel MacDonald) and Pauline (Lucy Bond). The action is chronological, set entirely within the four walls of one or other girl’s bedroom. The script has been re-written since it was short-listed as a finalist in the National Student Drama Competition; the dialogue is wholly original, and interspersed by the girls’ trial.

Simple lighting effects serve as sufficient scene division, and the entirety of the dialogue is spoken by the two protagonists alone. It is upon this near blank tableau that the distinction in the girls’ personalities is so striking. Imaginative, wealthy, exuberant Juliet is the object of poor, dowdy Pauline’s fantasy, and their new-found attachment to each other is a welcome relief from the intense isolation of both. In explores from conventional doctrines of religion and morality, in the course of their game-playing the girls create a fourth world, accessible only to them. However, their minds are infected by the hypnotism of their fantasies, leading to a fatal blurring of the real and the imagined.

The possibilities of representing the girls’ excessive escapism are somewhat limited on the stage, yet Barwell’s approach intelligently combines the sense of spatial and mental enclosure. The advantage of this is the challenge it sets for the audience, trapped as we are by the bias that arises from a complete lack of external judgement into making a forced individual verdict on what occurs in the climactic final scene. *Folie à Deux* explores the darker latent aspects of human nature, and promises not just to entertain but to bewitch its audience. Participation will be unavoidable, and most certainly uncomfortable.

At the Corpus Playroom from 26th - 30th October at 7.00pm

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The Cambridge Greek Play is the dramatic event of the term, and this year’s production met with wide acclaim; but Ross McElwain begs to differ.

The Greek play happens only once every three years and has tremendous resources. It ought to be great. But I did not like this year’s production, I find no fault with the actors, who acquitted themselves admirably, and I especially applaud the chorus for its performance.

The decisionselectively to replace male actors with female ones, for example, added nothing to this tragedy. If the director had wanted to make her point she could at least worked with an entirely female cast. This aspect of the production, also the decision to allow a kind of Shakespearean comic acting onto the stage at times, ultimately served to undermine the unity of tone required of Shakespearean comic acting onto the stage at times, ultimately served to undermine the unity of tone required of the original play, rather than producing an average piece of Modern Drama.

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Tragic?

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**THEATRE**

October 22, 2004

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**Heavenly Double Trouble**

Lucy Bond (left) and Lucy Barwell playing a scene

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**THEATRE**

October 22, 2004
Late Oxford go home early

Cambridge 15
Oxford 2

Tom Burrell

IT SEEMED poignant that the Cambridge University Table Tennis Team’s inaugural match in the Premier South Division should be against their old adversary, Oxford University. Less ceremonious and fitting was that 8 of the 17 games would be forfeited by Oxford, resulting in a final score of 15-2.

The forfeiting was on account of the fact that Oxford Table Tennis team arrived one and a quarter hours late, and thus the allotted 2 hours, which is normally ample time to complete a fixture, expired as the 9th game was completed. Despite protesting with the excuse that every under-motivated worker loves to provide, the traffic was horrendous, Oxford captain Rob Hansell conceded that BUSA rules state that opponents must account for traffic and any games not played due to a late arrival will be forfeited.

Cambridge captain Steve Jones tactically rested himself and deployed the four troopers who destroyed Oxford so comfortably defeat Oxford’s no.4 seed, and edge out his no.1 counterpart in a sparkling tussle and display of attacking table tennis. Fred Pasquar’s energy and aggression were too much for his opponents, and he bagged a hat-trick of games before time was called on the fixture. Meanwhile, Glyn Eggar’s attacking prowess and Andy Sims’ defensive proficiency and dexterity saw them each win one of their two games, to make the score 7-2. Captain Steve Jones was candid in his summary of the afternoon’s event, stating that “whilst the 15-2 final score was very pleasing, it’s a shame that the games had to be forfeited”. Digesting the scoreboard and fixtures played, he added that “he doubted the result would have been any different if the games had taken place”.

Oxford trudged off disconsolately, recognising that after two and half hours stuck in traffic they had only managed 45 minutes of a table tennis match before having to embark on the journey home. Whilst Jones was unquestionably magnanimous towards his opponents, the recognition that this had been a fantastic score was unmissable from his expression. This result sets us up excellently for the season, and with Stanley and Fred overwhelming opposition so emphatically, I think we are really well placed to make an impact on this division.” And if today’s luck and fortune continues, you wouldn’t disagree with him.

Rugby boys run riot continued from back page

The abrupt, illegal end that was brought to the play by Cambridge dragging the match down was ruthless-ly punished by the referee. As the penalty try conversion sailed over, it seemed there was a long, hard evening’s work to come. The potential for the Blues to overcome this brute force through guile and cohesion however became obvious. A crisp lineout drill preceded a delightful move by new man, Ed Carter, who stepped inside his man, releasing Abiola into the corner for a score to had back the Blues almost immediately. This was the start of a dominance over his opposite number that Carter was to maintain the entire game. He proved too much for former Wales Under-21 Scott Williams in terms of both power and pace throughout.

Whilst Jones was candid in, whilst a shuddering tackle on Donnies, as he attempted to run the ball back from deep, served as a reminder of the physicality of the Blue’s, the Blues appeared to be close to discovering a fluidity that would decide the game.

As the occasional nervy pass gradually disappeared from their play, the opportunities for Abiola and Desmond to raise expectations multiplied. Ties for both and the final part of the back three trio, the lively Hughes, saw a healthy 23-7 lead open up. The unshinng of the Blues’ number 8 for the same offence that had been the source of his team’s only points seemed to sum up, in a rather ironic fashion, the conclusive shift in fortunes. Even a swift breakaway score, coming 2 minutes from the restart, failed to galvanise them as the Blues ran in a try moments before the break.

The second half proved a scrappy, disjointed affair. The slick passing and penetrative running that the crowd were afforded glimpses of earlier had largely gone missing in action. The two Cambridge tries were the only highlights of particular note. The precise execution of a move culminating in Hughes’ second try highlighted the team’s proficiency in set-piece play. This followed Carter’s swatting aside tackles on a rampaging run to the line within a minute of emerging from the dressing room.

The play lost much of its shape as the Blues, a man down after Wheeler was sent to the touchline, were forced into solid defence rather than thrilling bursts. This was breached only once by the Bee’s half fly half as the game limped to an end.

There had been more than enough in the display to suggest that an attractive, and more importantly winning, combination of skill and team work would be seen together this season. The result left the Blues in a more upbeat mood, whilst for the Bee’s the added publicity secured for their backer might prove the most valuable thing to take from the evening.

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WE are told that part of the beauty of being a football fan is that regard- less of your team's league position, at any time, any match could be a land- mark occasion, each season commences with the same hopes and aspirations of suc- cess, adulation and grandeur. This concept could not be better embodied by the Cambridge University Association Football League. The David Beckham-like superstars who brought glory in yesteryear may graduate with lesser sheen but there will always be new blood, and with each new year, the concept could not be better embodied by the Girton team. In recent years, they have been the poster boys of the league, with several of their players going on to have successful careers in the professional game.

The highlight of this season so far has been the performance of Tom Dye, who has been a revelation for the team. His accuracy and distribution have been key to Girton's success, and his ability to put the ball into dangerous areas has been a joy to watch.

In the most recent match against Caius, Girton came from behind to win 25-13, thanks to a hat-trick from Tom Dye and two精彩的表现 from winger Jonno Rusling. Girton's defence has also been solid, with skipper Matt Smith leading the way.

Despite the joy of romanticising football, there are always the downsides of the game, such as injuries and loss of key players. However, Girton has managed to deal with these challenges with aplomb, and the team spirit has been key to their success.

The Girton team is determined to continue their winning streak and secure their place at the top of the league. With several games left to play, Girton fans will be hoping for more of the same in the coming weeks.

The team's success is due in no small part to the leadership of skipper Matt Smith. His experience and tactical awareness have been crucial to Girton's success, and he is always looking for ways to improve the team's performance.

In conclusion, Girton is a team on the rise, and their fans will be hoping for many more successful seasons to come. With a strong squad and great support, they are sure to be a force to be reckoned with in the future.
Cambridge give Navy the Blues

University Football
CAMBRIDGE 2
ROYAL NAVY 1

Sam Richardson

THE BLUES bounced back from a horrible defeat to sink the Royal Navy. A professional performance earned the deserved 2-1 victory, in a tense and hard-fought encounter. Captain Jon Darby had rightly described the 7-1 away defeat to the Prison Service as ‘disgraceful’. In a fiery post-match dressing down, he told the players, ‘We will become a team that wins games. Whatever it takes. We will become a team that plays football. Whatever it takes. We won’t back down from a challenge.’

With seven positions filled by different players, Darby was as good as his word, and the re-jigged line-up with the captain at centre-back seemed to do the trick. He responded, ‘After last week’s disappointing performance and result it was extremely important to get a positive result today. I was pleased with the work rate and commitment from the lads for the first 70 minutes or so. I thought that the last twenty minutes we began to look a little bit jaded but we held out for the victory.’

Following some unexplained delays, the sailors had eventually surfaced for the match half an hour late. Even before you could say ‘in the Navy’, the servicemen were left fuming by bruising tackles from Chris Turnbull and Alan Spanos, that made them look more like Navy squeals than Navy SEALs.

Striker Rich Payne reved roles with winger Jonny Hughes to deliver a teasing cross that the irrepressible Shaka Khan and Todd Sweetney patrolled the channels up front and helped the Navy come from behind on the half hour. Khan latched onto a high ball to cut inside the defence, forcing a brilliant one-handed save from Duncan Heath, only for Sweetney to stab in the rebound.

Having conceded an equaliser against the run of play, Darby’s men showed their character. A series of corners forced the Navy to put all hands on deck, but eventually it was a howitzer diagonal cross by the skipper himself that caused the breakthrough. As the Blues continued to flood the box, a goal seemed inevitable, and so it proved. Payne, whose strength troubled the Navy throughout the game, picked up the loose ball on the penalty spot, with his back to goal. Taking advantage of a defender with the turning circle of an aircraft carrier, he spun and slid a right-foot shot under the advancing keeper, to give the Blues a deserved lead on twenty minutes.

The Navy then gradually built up steam, proving themselves an assured team on the deck, while the pacy Shaka Khan and Todd Sweetney patrolled the channels up front and helped the Navy come from behind on the half hour. Khan latched onto a high ball to cut inside the defence, forcing a brilliant one-handed save from Duncan Heath, only for Sweetney to stab in the rebound.

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The Navy’s keeper is left stranded as the Blues miss a golden chance to extend their lead

As the ball bobbled around in the box, Hughes brilliantly made himself space but mis-hit his shot. Fortunately, the ball still found its way in off the post. The Navy seemed dead in the water, and only made it through to half-time courtesy of some dubious refereeing when the last defender hauled down Payne with a dubious refereeing when the last defender hauled down Payne with a cynical challenge.

At half-time the Blues’ team talk emphasised the need to score again to put some clear water between the teams, but any hopes that the second half would be plain sailing were thwarted. The Navy sealed their leaky defence with a strong performance and result it was inevitable, and so it proved. Payne, whose strength troubled the Navy throughout the game, picked up the loose ball on the penalty spot, with his back to goal. Taking advantage of a defender with the turning circle of an aircraft carrier, he spun and slid a right-foot shot under the advancing keeper, to give the Blues a deserved lead on twenty minutes.

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