

Varsity

Come on, feel the noise

Varsity meets Cambridge's singing, strumming, drumming girls and boys

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Friday November 5, 2004

Colleges invest "unethically" in arms industry

James Dacre

MANY CAMBRIDGE colleges continue to hold significant investments in companies with controversial reputations. An independent analysis of shareholder details listed at the Department of Trade and Industry's Companies House has confirmed long-held expectations that Cambridge colleges still invest heavily in companies producing armaments. This shows that the University has made no significant response to similar findings published four years ago. Tom Russon, CUSU Green Officer, claims that "it is likely that most Cambridge colleges hold up to 50 percent of their investments in companies that are considered unethical."

Amongst those controversial businesses invested in are some of the largest munitions companies in the world, including GKN and British Aerospace (BAe). Only a handful of colleges hold an ethical investment policy.

Examples of colleges' investments last year include New Hall College, which held 25,000 shares in Rolls Royce, Fitzwilliam and Trinity Hall which held 21,040 and 1,725 respectively in the Smiths Group and Sidney Sussex with 5100 in Cobham. St John's is thought to hold some of the largest college investments with links to the arms trade, including 200,000 in Rolls Royce, 10000 in GKN and 7,500 in Smiths Group.

Rolls Royce is the world's second largest military aero engine manufacturer. It produces the systems that power many of the UK's nuclear submarines. Smiths group is a huge military aerospace manufacturer that made missile trigger systems for US-made Apache attack planes supplied to Israel. Cobham produces missile components, weapons carriage and release systems, communication systems, radar and electronic warfare products. GKN provides military aircraft components and has

sold over 400 Lynx helicopters to the armed forces of 11 countries.

Wes Streeting, CUSU President called it, "completely unacceptable for colleges to invest in these very dubious companies." He continued, "the Cambridge University brand carries a lot of weight and authority, which must not be seen to endorse and financially support controversial organisations."

In an assessment of all G8 nations, Amnesty International stated that the UK arms market "authorises unparalleled levels of arms...often to those who persistently commit human rights violations." BAe has previously been criticised for selling 8,000 electric shock batons to Saudi Arabia, a country where shock torture is used routinely.

Anne Campbell MP told *Varsity* that she is "not happy about this scenario at all," urging colleges "to consult students regarding investments," as it is "these students benefiting most from such investments." A referendum at St. Andrews saw 91 percent of students voting in favour of ethical investment schemes. Ethical investment organisation *People and Planet* urges the University's investment policy to reflect the ethics of its "investor group": the students and staff.

Universities throughout the country have adopted more stringent ethical investment policies than in Cambridge. Edinburgh University recently vowed to invest with a consideration of "wider issues of social, environmental and humanitarian concern." Leeds and Oxford universities hold strong ethical investment policies.

Students campaigned in 2001 to prevent the University accepting GKN donations of £750,000 to the department of Engineering to finance a professorship. The University still holds close links to the company with...

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Bush back in power as Cambridge looks on



King's bar was one of the venues where undergraduates watched the US election unfold this week, as George W Bush won a second term in office. The Republican party also increased majorities in both Houses.

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Mumps outbreak in Cambridge

Student cases up to 38; affected colleges offered free booster jabs

Lucy Phillips

THE NUMBER of cases of mumps within the University has dramatically risen. Colleges including Jesus, Emmanuel, Pembroke, St Catharine's, Peterhouse, Corpus Christi, Churchill and Trinity Hall, have so far been affected by the outbreak.

The news comes as many universities around the country launch mass MMR vaccination programmes to stem the threat of a mumps epidemic. Dr King, of the Cambridgeshire Health Protection Agency, said, 'In previous years we've had one or two cases throughout the whole [academic] year. Mumps has been rare. With this number of cases by this time in the term we could be looking at a problem.' She added that, based on her experience, the outbreak could become a university wide problem.

After a meeting of the Advisory Group on Communicable Diseases last week the University has released a

statement to College Senior Tutors. The University's authorities emphasised that there is no need for panic. A statement released this week emphasised that 'there is no need to isolate cases, nor to send infected students home'. It urges patients who feel ill to seek professional advice and be encouraged to stay in their rooms. 'Once they begin to feel better, we are advised that there is no reason why patients should not take meals in Hall and/or mix with other students.'

Mumps is a viral infection that is transmitted through airborne droplets from the coughs and sneezes of infected people. Symptoms include fever, swollen and painful glands, headache and loss of appetite. In more serious cases in men it can lead to swollen testicles and sterility. However, Dr King said, 'for most people it is just a painful interruption to students when they are studying'.

Young people born between 1982 and 1990 are most at risk of contracting

mumps. Students in this age group would have been offered a single measles vaccine and the combined measles and rubella vaccine, but not necessarily MMR. A second MMR booster is also needed to secure good levels of protection.

Prior to the start of term Colleges sent letters to all new students advising them to check if they had been immunised, and if not, to arrange for immunisation through their GP. A spokesman said that the University is closely monitoring the situation and upon advice from the public health network there is currently no need to have a mass immunization. At present all first years and those in contact with infected people at their college have been offered the option of a free jab.

The Cambridge HPA say that they are currently in discussion with the Primary Care Trust as to which other students at the university should be given the vaccine free of charge.

News in Brief

Eatwell eats very well

Professor Lord Eatwell, chairman of the British Museum, a Royal Opera House director and President of Queens' College, was the highest claiming Cambridgeshire peer in the recent House of Lords' expenses list.

Lord Eatwell claimed expenses of £38 489 for his 122 days at Westminster in 2003/2004. This includes overnight costs of £20 648 for staying in his own property in Covent Garden which he bought in 1990, two years before he became a peer. Eatwell has defended the perk, saying it was only because of the Lords that he needed a London base away from his Cambridge home.

The other costs amounted to £7,536 for day subsistence, £7,377 for office expenses and £2,928 for travel. Taking into account the number of days his Lordship attended the Lords, Eatwell claimed the fourth highest amount of money out of 684 members.

Eatwell, who is also the author of a book chapter entitled 'Ethics and Self Interest', declined to speak to *Varsity* about the money.

Uni world ranking

Oxford outstripped Cambridge in a new World University Rankings published on November 4 by the Times Higher Education Supplement. Both English universities however lagged behind four US institutions with Harvard topping the table. This confirms the US domination of the international academic landscape, with seven American names in total in the top ten.

The ranking was based on the latest measures of research excellence and teaching, taking into account views of 1,300 academics in 88 countries.

Light up or be fined

As the hours of darkness get longer police will be targeting cyclists in a drive to remind them to wear lights and reflectors at night. £30 fines will be issued to those who do not have the minimum legal requirements. Police say that cyclists who ride in the dark without any lights are 'dicing with death'.

Language bonus

A new study has revealed that Britons who learn a foreign language are richer, happier and sexier than those who can only speak English. According to the report commissioned by Michael Thomas, a Hollywood language teacher, the average worker's lifetime earnings could be boosted by up to £145 000 by learning a second language. A survey of 270 dating agencies around Britain showed that foreign language speakers are also more attractive to the opposite sex.

Transmitter fire

FM Radio stations and mobile phone receptions in the East of England were badly affected last weekend after a transmitter caught fire. The 580 ft mast near Peterborough caught fire on Saturday leaving around 1.3 million radio listeners without an FM service. Police are investigating further.

Hackers rusticated



Courtesy of The Oxford Student

Patrick Foster, Editor of *The Oxford Student*, suspended until May 2005

Chine Mbubaegbu

TWO OXFORD student journalists have been suspended after an article they wrote made evident the security failures of the University's computer network.

Patrick Foster and Roger Waite wrote the article in a May issue of *The Oxford Student*, in which they told of the ease at which they were able to compromise CCTV cameras, view students' MSN Messenger conversations and find out email passwords using software that was free and easily obtainable from the internet. They had intended to show the worrying ease at which the privacy of students and academic staff alike could be jeopardised.

Despite handing in to the police and University all the data collected in the process of their investigation, the students found themselves subject to disciplinary action by the University authorities. Oxford University's Court of

Summary Jurisdiction charged Foster and Waite under the University's computing statutes, including statute 7(10): "gaining or attempting to gain unauthorised access to any facility or service within or outside the University, or making any attempt to disrupt or impair such a service."

The court, which was made up of three fellows, suspended Patrick Foster, the current editor of *The Oxford Student*, until the start of the summer term in May 2005 with effect from November 9th, a procedure known as rustication. In order to be able to receive his degree, Foster has to be in residence for 9 terms, which means that he will have to defer study for the whole year and return at the start of the 2005/6 academic year. Roger Waite, former news editor of the newspaper, has been suspended until January.

Foster admitted all the charges against him including using university facilities for unlawful activity, gaining unauthorised access and wasting staff time with non-academic activity. Waite, who is in his second year of a history degree, admitted to four charges against him that were related to the CCTV network. The pair, however, stated their disappointment at the court's ruling, saying: "We will be appealing. We think the punishment is too harsh. We were simply trying to expose the security failings in Oxford's IT network." The University proctors, who had originally investigated and prosecuted Foster and Waite, had suggested that the pair should be fined £150 and £120 respectively. However, the court rejected this, feeling that such a punishment would be too lenient, and decided that the two should be suspended instead.

They have until November 9th to appeal against the Court of Summary Jurisdiction's decision, after which they will be forced to leave the University.

The cost of asylum

Rumina Hassam

CAMBRIDGE COUNTY Council has seen its asylum seeker costs escalate over the past six years from £251,000 in 1998/9 to £1.283 million this year. While costs have generally increased, they have decreased from the previous year. The deputy leader of the council has said that the Council get back over 90% of the costs, though some of the cost is borne by Cambridge taxpayers.

This increase in costs has come about despite the 30% fall in asylum seekers at the Oakington Reception Centre, which was announced by the government in August. The number of applications received by the asylum processing centre has fallen from 8,360 in 2002 to 5,835 last year. This fall in applications at Oakington has followed a general trend of decline in numbers across the country.

The asylum centre at Oakington, at which fewer than one in every hundred of the applications are approved, has been at the centre of controversy this year after the South Cambridgeshire district decided to allow it to remain open for an additional two years. This decision resulted in a demonstration by the far right National Front outside the Oakington Immigration Centre, because of what it claims is an increase in asylum seekers in Britain and at centres like Oakington. This demonstration sparked a protest from the supporters of Cambridge Unite Against Fascism (CUAF) who believe that there is no place for such groups in Cambridge.

STAR, a Cambridge University soci-

ety, concerned with raising awareness of refugee issues, are disappointed that the asylum debate is focusing on the costs, and not the assets, of asylum seekers. Emma Heseltine, the Cambridge STAR co-chair, has said "far from being a cost, the Home Office statistics for 1999-2000 when asylum-seekers were allowed to work showed that migrants, including refugees and asylum-seekers, contributed in taxes 10% more to the treasury in total than they used in services, giving the UK an extra £2.5 billion pounds that year."

"Government policies are therefore not reducing the cost of asylum but increasing it, preventing asylum-seekers from supporting themselves, incarcerating ever increasing numbers of them in hugely-expensive detention centres, and turning willing contributors to the national economy into a cost for the taxpayer. Furthermore, this extremely psychologically vulnerable group of people are subjected to the social isolation and frustration that enforced unemployment brings." Since 2002, asylum-seekers have been forced to live below the poverty line on 70% of income support, which is a mere £38 a week.

Cambridge STAR is currently planning projects to help integrate refugees and asylum-seekers. They are in the process of setting up an English-language class and have occasional social events for refugees such as Cambridge college tours. They also fundraise for refugee charities, both those in the UK and those supporting refugees internationally.

Time is money

Students' voluntary work worth £3million



Courtesy of Cambridge Hands-on Science

Cambridge student volunteers help young minds blast off

Sarah Marsh

A NEW survey has revealed that staff and students from the University of Cambridge contribute almost £3 million worth of time each year to voluntary work in the local community.

"This survey shows just what a difference volunteers can make," said University of Cambridge Pro-Vice-Chancellor Dr Kate Pretty. "It also shows that a very large number of students - around one in three - do voluntary and community work, which is absolutely spectacular."

University of Cambridge Community Relations Co-ordinator Penny Wilson, who carried out the survey, confirmed: "In terms of student activity - it is just enormous. We recorded 1,345 students volunteering through University-run community schemes such as free science events and lectures, and 4,009 students volunteering through student-run activities such as Student Community Action, Pro Bono legal assistance and Engineers without Borders." It is hoped that the positive results of this survey will help dispel the perceived town/gown division.

The survey emphasized the broad and eclectic spectrum of community organisations, charities and other "good causes" contributed to by Cambridge staff and students. Second-year geography student Amanda Huskinson enthused: "over the past year I've been part of a team planning a workshop to teach Tibetans communication and enterprise skills

and I've started helping at the local shelter every fortnight."

Other organisations are distinctive of Cambridge, aiming to involve the local community in the academic sphere. President of the Cambridge Hands-on Science (CHaOS) Mudit Matanhelia explained: "We run hand-on science events mainly aimed at children. We basically have 40-50 different, fun experiments, ranging across the sciences, and we get a student to demonstrate the experiment to the kids, giving a more fun and personal approach to learning science."

This local survey follows the publication of a national survey on 28 September 2004 proving that volunteering helps combat stress and depression. This new research by ICM indicates that 63% of the 25-34 year olds interviewed said that volunteering helps them feel less stressed. Cambridge Student Community Action volunteer Susan Smith told *Varsity*: "It gives you a break from studies and a lot of the projects are actually fun. I definitely think it helps with stress."

Community Service Volunteering national "Make a Difference Day" last Saturday was the UK's biggest day of "hands-on" volunteering. Penny Wilson said: "We hope 'Make A Difference Day' will have inspired even more of our staff and students to get involved with voluntary and community work. Volunteering is great fun, incredibly rewarding and gives you a real sense of achievement."

Hawking's anti-war stance

Amy Goodwin

ON TUESDAY night Stephen Hawking, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge and Britain's most eminent scientist, became the latest public figure to make clear his opposition to the war in Iraq when he assumed a lead role in the 'Naming the Dead' demonstration in Trafalgar Square. The event had been organised by the Stop the War coalition to coincide with the US presidential elections, and hundreds of similar protests were staged all across Europe as well as in Australia and Iraq.

In London, the Mayor Ken Livingstone, playwrights Harold Pinter and David Hare, Nobel Peace Prize winner Sir Joseph Rotblat and various writers, actors, and sports stars joined with peace campaigners under a floodlit Nelson's column to read out

the names of those who have been killed in Iraq since the conflict began. The roll of 5000 included Iraqi civilians alongside British soldiers, many of whose relatives were present.

Professor Hawking recorded a personal statement last Friday which was intended to be broadcast at the beginning of the rally. However, he later contacted the Stop the War coordinators to say he wanted to be present at the reading because he felt so strongly about the issue. A coalition spokesman said, "We are ecstatic that Professor Hawking decided to appear in person. He represents something very profound in British public life".

Hawking read out the names of the Iraqi civilians who have died, saying "I apologise for my pronunciation. My speech synthesiser was not designed for Iraqi names". He then explained to the

crowds why he had felt it necessary to make the journey to London. "The war was based on two lies", he claimed, in reference to the supposed links with the September 11th attacks and Saddam Hussein's stockpiles of WMD. "It has been a tragedy for all the families. If that is not a war crime, what is?"

Last week Stop the War estimated that more than 25,000 people have already been killed in the conflict. It subsequently revised this number after the Lancet journal published a survey showing that the number of deaths attributable to the war could be as high as 100,000. Coalition convener Lindsay German said that the 'Naming the Dead' ceremony had been a 'truly unique event' which showed that 'the people of Britain will not forget the thousands of lives lost so far in the illegal war and occupation of Iraq'.

Campbell and CUSU lead criticism over arms investments

-Continued from front page

...with the Cambridge University Engineering Society sponsored by Rolls Royce and GKN and the running of an annual lecture series at Magdalene funded by GKN. The Corporate Liaison office makes much of Cambridge's business reputation, describing an association with the Cambridge brand as having "incalculable value to the private sector. Critics argue that this brand risks being tainted by relationships between the university and such companies.

College Bursars argue that, as colleges are charitable organisations, they

are obliged to concern themselves only with 'maximisation of profits.' Statutorily, however, they are required only to ensure a good return according to "standard investment criteria." The Wolfson College Bursar said that he had no knowledge of his college's investments, stating that they are "all left to investment managers." Most Colleges invest their money through fund managers, who are given the responsibility of buying and selling the shares on a day-to-day basis.

Scott McAusland, of the respected campaigning body EIRIS (Ethical

Investment Research Services) commented that "Respected educational establishments such as the Cambridge Colleges should lead by example when it comes to having an ethical investment policy. Such a policy should reflect the values of the institutions and their stakeholders; they should consider whether it is appropriate or not to have holdings in tobacco companies, arms manufacturers, needless polluters or companies with significant operations in countries with poor human rights records."

James Dacre

Philip takes the VC for a stroll



HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, Chancellor of the University, visited the Veterinary School on Monday to mark the opening of the Small Animal Surgical Suite, the Farm Animal Medicine Centre and the Equine Diagnostic Unit. He also attended a benefactor's ceremony at the University and had dinner at the Fitzwilliam Museum.

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Scared to push?

Rachel Cooper

DOCTORS ADMIT that fear of litigation over difficult births can influence the decision to perform a caesarean section, Cambridge University research has revealed.

The unpublished results of a 2001 survey have recently come to light and show that of 785 consultant obstetricians in Britain and Ireland surveyed, 67% admitted that fear of being sued if a natural birth ran into difficulties was a significant reason behind the rising caesarean section rate. This is despite the fact that recent figures show a 20% drop in the number of legal claims made against NHS Trusts by patients.

Over the past decade, the UK has witnessed a steady rise in the number of caesarean sections, with 22% of births carried out in this way in 2003.

"When we looked at the rising number of caesarean sections over the past few years, we were keen to identify what was going on and to explore the decision-making process. We wanted to find out if the notion of being 'too posh to push' was a media myth and if lack of information is an issue. We did not realise that anxieties concerning litigation were so prevalent in the medical consciousness until Jane [Weaver] began conducting the initial interviews with obstetricians. We were struck by just how much fear of litigation was spoken of," said Ms Statham

Few of the doctors questioned had ever faced legal action but they feared the 'devastating effect' such action could potentially have on their reputations and careers.

However, the research, carried out by Helen Statham, Jane Weaver and Martin Richards of the Centre for Family Research (CFR), identified clinical issues as the most common reason for performing a C-section; many, but not all, doctors argued that the wellbeing of the woman and her baby was more important than anxieties about being sued.

Media portrayal of natural births as unpredictable and risky was cited as an influence on women's concerns regarding natural birth. The research suggests that as opposed to being 'too posh to push', women are anxious about the perceived risks of a natural birth and therefore may wish to opt for a caesarean section instead. However there are no official figures confirming how many sections are performed purely because the mother requests that the procedure be carried out.

The CFR enjoys a national and international reputation for research into family life and a particularly longstanding expertise in Maternity Services Research. The 'Choice and Decision Making in Caesarean Section' research project was funded by the Nuffield Foundation.

Mighty mouse scoops top science award

THE BIOGERONTOLOGY world is agog at the news that 'Charlie' is to be honoured for his dedicated service to science at the European Congress of Biogerontology next week. Charlie has defied the laws of life-expectancy to take the accolade of being the oldest mouse in captivity that has not been genetically modified. The venerable rodent passed away last year aged 1,551 days. At four years and three months, he was almost twice the age of the average mouse.

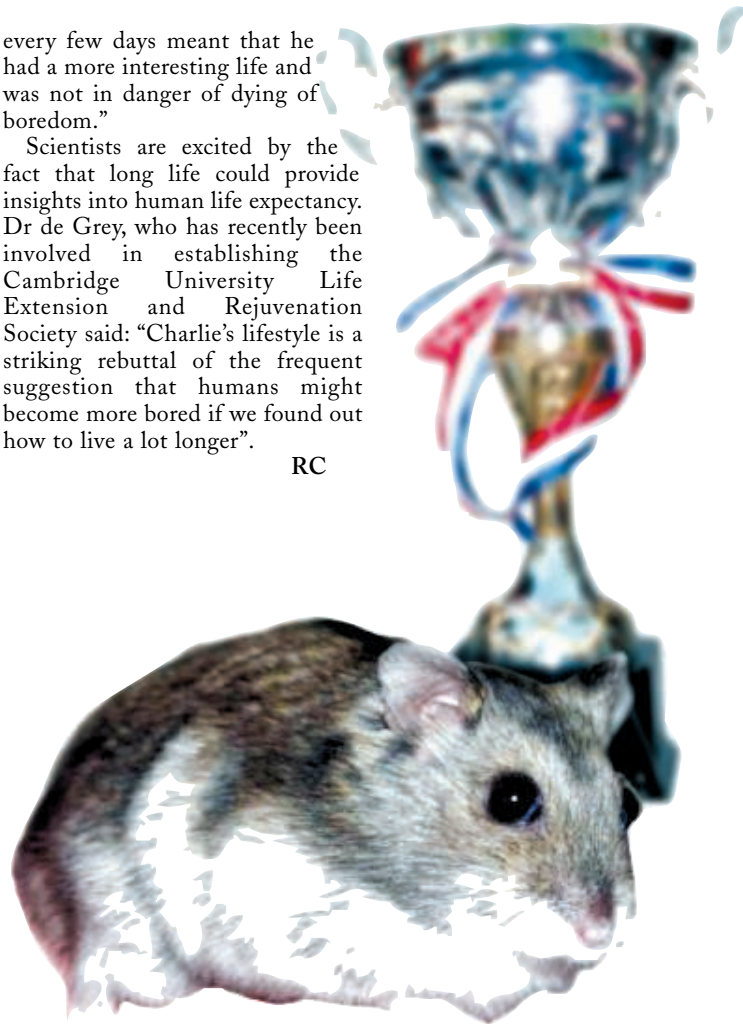
Cambridge geneticist, Aubrey de Grey has been involved in organising the Methuselah Mouse Prize, which will be awarded to Charlie's keeper, laboratory technician Sandy Keith of Newcastle University. The prestigious award will be presented at the fourth European Congress of Biogerontology, which takes place next week.

Biogerontologists, who study the biological process of aging, are intrigued by Charlie's ability to cheat death. His longevity is wholly attributed to a well-balanced diet and "environmental enrichment". Dr de Grey said: "The remarkable thing about Charlie was that he did not receive any caloric restriction, or genetic modification, nor any drugs. Having a few simple toys placed in his cage and changed

every few days meant that he had a more interesting life and was not in danger of dying of boredom."

Scientists are excited by the fact that long life could provide insights into human life expectancy. Dr de Grey, who has recently been involved in establishing the Cambridge University Life Extension and Rejuvenation Society said: "Charlie's lifestyle is a striking rebuttal of the frequent suggestion that humans might become more bored if we found out how to live a lot longer".

RC



VARSITY



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Breast cancer gene explained

Charlotte Forbes

SCIENTISTS AT Cambridge University have made an important discovery in the function of a gene thought to be crucial in causing some types of breast cancer.

The BRCA2 gene has a key function in cell division and it is thought that mutations in this gene substantially increase the chances of a person developing not only cancer of the breast, but also of the ovary, pancreas and prostate. It is thought that when this gene is mutated, incorrect numbers of chromosomes are formed in the new cell. This can then lead to erratic cell reproduction and the formation of a tumour.

Around 30-50% of breast cancers running in families are thought to occur when BRCA2 fails to function properly.

The study has been conducted jointly by the

Medical Research Council (MRC) and Cancer Research UK, and led by Prof. Ashok Venkitaraman, Deputy Director of the MRC Cancer Cell Unit and a member of the Department of Oncology.

Venkitaraman said: "Cancer cells frequently gain or lose chromosomes [in cell division] but how this happened was not known until now. We already know that cancer cells with highly abnormal numbers of chromosomes often respond poorly to therapy so it is important to understand how this comes about."

He enthused: "In future it may be possible to use the results of our study to come up with solutions that form the basis of effective new treatments for this type of tumour." Matthew Daniels, a member of the research team, added that this may also help to improve the understanding of non-hereditary cancers.

Degree classification concerns

Laura Whittle

THE TRADITIONAL university degree classification system, which awards students a first, second or third-class mark, has "outlived its usefulness" according to a recent report.

Robert Burgess, the author of the report, said: "there is an urgent need to devise an assessment system that reflects students' achievements and provides a meaningful picture of their abilities to employers." The changes recommended by the report include keeping a transcript of students' activities and academic results throughout their time at university. Burgess also suggests a switch to a US-style credit-based system.

Such changes would help differentiate between the vast numbers of students leaving university with a 2(i) degree. David Thomas, chief executive of the Careers Advisory Research Council, has called for the need to subdivide this classification to recognise the "very good but not quite first-class" students.

The current classification system, which is

believed to have originated in Oxford University in the 19th century, has come under increasing criticism in recent months.

In 2003 the Russell Group, composed of the 19 leading British universities, gave firsts to 15.5% of students compared with 11.8% in 1998. Cambridge awarded the highest number of first class degrees in 2003; 32.9% of students achieved this accolade, as opposed to 28.2% in 1998. Lord Oakeshott, who questioned the high levels, commented: "it is difficult to believe there has really been such a great leap forward in academic achievement." He added that the award of a first class degree, traditionally seen as representing the peak of academic achievement, now risked becoming a "devalued currency".

The report does not necessarily signal an immediate move towards changing the degree classification system. However, with increasing concerns regarding the large numbers of graduates applying for jobs with identical grades, this report offers an insight into the way in which university degrees will be awarded in future.

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13:00 – 15:00	Global Transaction Services Case Study OR Capital Markets Case Study.
15:30 – 17:30	Trading Game OR Investment Banking M&A Case Study.
18.00 – 20.30	Networking Event and Drinks Reception.

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UCAS targeted by fake applications

Kay Drage

AFTER A recent investigation into fake qualifications, 11 first-year foreign students have been excluded from Oxford Brookes University. Of the 480,000 applications made to UCAS this year, around 1,000 have been detected as false, making 2004 a record year with more than double the usual number of fraudulent applications.

UCAS claims it is safe from external interference, and its audit facilities have led to the cancellation of 200 fake applications from China and Pakistan. However, the authentication of individual entry qualifications is the responsibility of each university.

At this stage unqualified students are slipping through the net having paid thousands of pounds for counterfeit certificates.

Universities are more vulnerable to false applications from overseas as they fall outside the central admissions system for home students, whose A-Level results are confirmed by exam boards and passed on from UCAS automatically. Whilst original certificates have an array of high-tech security features, this does not guard against the convincing fakes that the Joint Council for Qualifications admits are in circulation.

Despite the assurances of Oxford Brookes of the rigorous checks involved

in their admissions procedure, it is evident that the fixers of these scams exploit the fact that foreign students do not have to produce their certificates until arrival at university, and that institutions do not always verify grades with exam boards. This is how "Mandi" an Oxford-based agent for Chinese students has "made it work for hundreds of students already".

The Government Education and Skills Committee has called for an official investigation. Peter Leon Quinn, for instance, was given a twelve month sentence for ignoring the injunction imposed on him in 1997 forbidding him from offering fake A-Level and degrees over the internet.

Visa fees double for foreign students

Imogen Walford

PLANS REVEALED by the Home Office this week to double application fees for international students' visas have caused great concern.

Despite Tony Blair's commitment in 1998 to encourage foreign students to study in the UK, last year the Home Office cut the time-span of a visa's validity to six months. As this is insufficient for a university course, students will now have to pay for processing another application in order to extend their stay in the country. This currently costs £155 for a postal application, taking up to seven weeks, and £250 if the visa is presented in person, with no guarantee that the application will be accepted.

Mimi Tan, a foreign student at Newnham, described the visa fees as "really unfair - and a real headache." Potentially good students could be deterred from applying to British universities. A spokesperson for the University said: "Cambridge is proud of the mixture of British and international students in our student body. We would be concerned at anything that creates the impression that Britain is not a welcoming destination for international students."

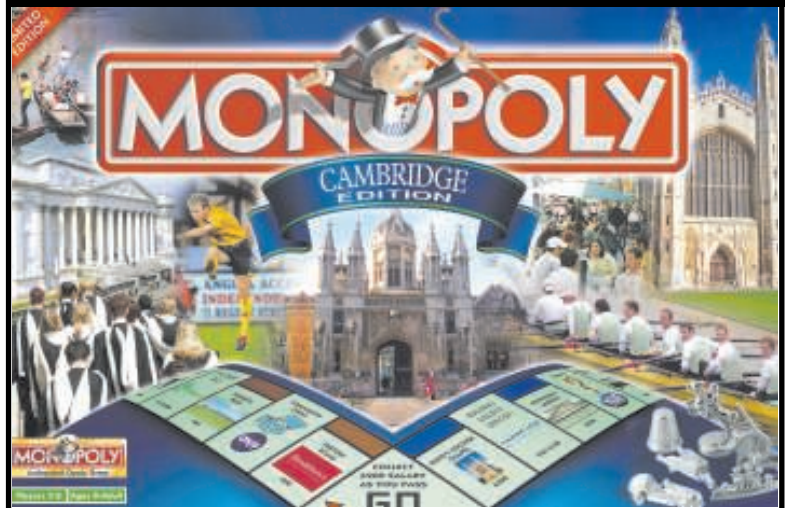
Cambridge's previous Vice-Chancellor, Sir Alec Broers, was one of the main voices calling on the government to stop what he called the 'exploitation of international students'. This week, the University confirmed that they would maintain their opposition. "We are keen

to ensure that our students do not face unwarranted or unnecessarily high charges.... The University will be replying to the current Home Office consultation on possible increases in charges for extending leave to remain in the UK."

Revenue from international students is vital to university funding. Decreasing the number of foreign students would reduce funding by about £1bn nationally every year.

Increasing visa charges "flies in the face of the Government's commitment to attract the best students from abroad," said Wes Streeter, president of CUSU. "CUSU has consistently opposed the introduction of visa charges for international students. I intend to mount a campaign with other students' unions in the Aldwych Group against the charges".

Cambridge Monopoly launch



A NEW Cambridge edition of Monopoly was launched on Friday by Winning Moves UK. The game features Cambridge landmarks and streets in place of the famous London ones. Park Lane and Mayfair, the two most expensive locations on the original board, have become King's College Chapel and the Fitzwilliam Museum. Other places featured are the Botanic Gardens, Parker's Piece, Castle Mound and Addenbrooke's Hospital.

The London version had four train stations, but Cambridge has only one, so the other three are filled by punting on The Backs, Cambridge Airport and Drummer Street bus station. Apart from these cosmetic changes, the game itself remains the same, with the same playing pieces, houses and hotels.

Monopoly, the world's best-selling board game, was first launched in Philadelphia, USA in 1934, and the London edition followed in 1935. It has spawned numerous versions since then, including a one-off version with gold houses and silver hotels, which sold for \$25,000.

Noirin McFadden

We've got six copies of the game to give away, you lucky things. If you'd like to get your hands on one answer the following incredibly easy question: Name one location on the Cambridge version of Monopoly?

Get your entries to news@varsity.co.uk by November 11.

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'Coldest winter of the century'



St John's New Court in the snow; there are 6/1 odds at Ladbrokes for a white Christmas this year

Tom Kingsley

THE FORECASTERS who predicted this year's exceptionally wet summer have announced the further bad news that Britain is set to suffer "its coldest winter of the century so far".

Andrew Bond, the senior forecaster at Metcheck.com, announced that his organisation was "confident that we will see far colder weather and a more frequent snowfall than we have experienced in recent years."

In Cambridge, the winter is always miserable, thanks to the flat countryside which offers no shelter from the winds blowing across the fens. Metcheck.com forecasts that this year these winds will be stronger and colder.

Historically, the high walls enclosing college courts were thought to be the most efficient design to keep the wind out. Unfortunately for Caians, Gonville and Caius College is the notable exception - Dr Caius designed a courtyard with the south side left open to the northerly winds so as to let fresh air blow through, clearing any 'unhealthy vapours'.

Indeed, the tradition has continued with Caius'

modern Harvey Court. One first-year complained to *Varsity* that the rooms, inefficiently designed to include a thin glass wall, are often "freezing".

Across the University, colleges usually include the costs of heating in the rent. So most students will be spared higher heating bills. However, in some purpose-built accommodation, students are unable to control the heating in their rooms independently. Many choose to bring electric heaters to help stay warm.

Winter does not agree well with a student lifestyle. The General Health Council advises students to drink less alcohol - it reduces the body's ability to generate heat.

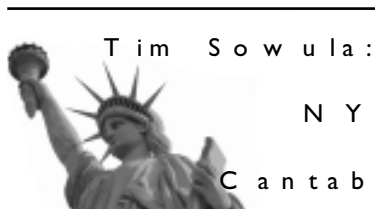
The university outfitters Ryder & Amies said that they had already received a large number of students buying College scarves.

However, the Met Office disagrees with Metcheck's predictions, doubting that it was possible to accurately predict the weather beyond ten days ahead, and adding that Metcheck's overall comments had "merely described an average winter".

Undeterred, bookmakers Ladbrokes have just cut the odds on a white Christmas from 8/1 to 6/1.

New York Blues

Giddy hope turned to despair as this Democratic city saw the nation go red



We sat open-mouthed, the sofa a steaming mound of cigarette ash, peanut shells and tension. The sound was off, but the light from the TV flickered and refracted through the beer bottles on the floor, competing against the dawn forcing its way through the windows. We'd been there all night, but for the last twenty minutes in silence. Finally my shocked, weary brain offered something. It was an English word, culturally inappropriate, but the only adequate expression I could think of. I took a deep breath. "Bollocks".

I think that roughly encapsulates the feeling of about 48 million Democrat voters on Wednesday morning as they woke up to the fact their worst fears had been realised. The office today was a sombre affair; people were putting up

signs outside their doors saying 'Do not talk to me about the election'. Everyone in New York is tired, really pissed off, and above all feeling a sense of helplessness that everything they've done over the last couple of months has been in vain.

And they've done a lot. I often overheard people saying they'd never donated so much money before; people had organised their precious-little time off to go and act as observers at polling stations all around America, most of the major press had come out starkly against Bush, and, well, his poor record spoke for itself. What more are you supposed to do?

It had started so well. Word got out that the oil price was falling, meaning traders were speculating big bucks on a Kerry victory, the mood went up. And it became clear there would be a massive turn-out, and optimism rose further, as most new voters tend to vote for a change. I walked to Times Square after work, where huge bill boards that would cover the side of King's Chapel beamed live coverage out in to the night, to an enthralled crowd below. Everyone was staring up, and the chatter came from American accents, French, German, Spanish, people talking in Japanese.

Others were on their mobiles talking to people on the internet, and news spread across the crowd; 'It's been raining in Ohio', 'huge turn-out in Florida', 'a ballot-machine broke in South Dakota'... There was a sense of it being a truly global event, everyone in touch with everyone else, swapping information, and speculating on minutia that could of course take great significance.

But by the time I got back and embedded myself on to the sofa, with the TV, radio, one laptop on the newswires and another streaming the BBC (I insisted), the mood gradually changed. More and more states declared exactly the same as in 2000, and it didn't look good enough.

Kerry won Pennsylvania, and a cheer went up. Bush won Florida, relatively comfortably, and my crowd all scowled and bit where their nails used to be. The exit-polls were proving to be over-estimating Kerry's support, and the optimistic banter had ceased as we waited and waited, replaced with a terrible dread. And you know the rest.

And today, when news spread round the office that Kerry had formally con-



Times Square on the big night - but the election express was painfully drawn out

ceded, that last glimmer of hope was stubbed out by reality. A few people wondered out loud about Canadian real-estate, or boasted that they had a Swiss great-aunt and were going to book language lessons.

At lunch time the restaurants were full of anxious post-mortems from every table. The final analysis, once people had started thinking properly, was 'It's not that we should be amazed 53 million people voted Republican. We should think about how we failed to change their mind'.

That's the problem. The voters who live a on a farm a thousand miles from the coast don't give a damn about U.S. foreign policy, and why should we be so sanctimonious as to expect them to?

The nation has been neatly classified by some pundits as Retro vs Metro, and the metropolitan Democrats whose lives in money or the media do depend on foreign affairs have tainted their campaign, and ultimately ruined it, by possessing an unconscious sense of their task being to preach to the idiots.

Long Island seems far from the mainland today. The sense of bewilderment and animosity has been overwhelming, and ultimately bodes worse for the future than four more years of Dubya. This election has opened up a scar across the country. As we cleaned up the mess in the apartment this evening, it struck me that there's a much bigger mess waiting outside. And it can't be swept under the carpet.

Watching it unfold in Cambridge

Archie Bland stayed up all night

At about half past midnight on Wednesday morning, King's bar was full to the brim, even though they'd stopped serving. It was, as expected, an avowedly Democratic crowd. A swift T-shirt count revealed the balance: one brave (American) soul could be seen in a 'W' top, the bold white lettering unmissable and a little surprising; but he was heavily outnumbered.

The Kerry fans' shirts were homemade. One late-comer, just arrived from an overrun footlights smoker, removed his outer layers to reveal KING'S FOR KERRY clumsily emblazoned on his chest. An asterisk directed the reader to his back, where the support was qualified: BECAUSE HE ISN'T BUSH.

The hubbub was too excitable, and the volume too low, for anyone to be able to hear the TV. Tenuous statistical analysis loomed large. I earnestly and repeatedly told anyone who would listen that Kerry's great unaccounted advantage lay in the heavily democratic youth vote. Pollsters call landlines for their answers; young people only have mobiles; their probable preferences and influence are accordingly under-represented. Onur gesticulated vigorously as he asserted that "you can't pretend there's any moral equivalence between voting Democrat and Republican. You just can't." There was little doubt as to which side he gave moral precedence.

A friend in London was at CNN's UK party at the same time. He phoned me at around one, reporting nervous Democrat optimism: the word was that turnout had been high, which had to be good. A few minutes later, someone earnestly told me that Kerry's numbers were even better than they looked because of the youth vote, which polls didn't take into account. I nodded. The room was an echo chamber, everyone agreeing with each other and convincing each other and never needing to listen to dissent.

All the time, state results were coming in. Every time a flash of red or blue appeared on screen, a great whoop or groan would go up. VERMONT CALLED FOR KERRY, the caption appeared: all three electoral college votes. We exulted. Briefly, by a quirk of the order results came in, Bush held a massive majority on the scorecard in the corner; then a bunch of strong Democrat states came in, and Kerry steamed back to an even keel, and we all felt like heroes again.

It was too crowded, so the group I had attached myself to headed to an upstairs TV room. Here, we could hear the commentary. Everything was going as expected so far, we were told. No surprises. Nothing was sure yet. Matt suggested we play election themed twister, and each time a new red or blue state came in, we'd have to move a limb to the corresponding colour.

I went outside to let someone in, and while I waited, called Wil, who had gone to a party at Peterhouse. It was to be hosted by a conservative, and, earlier, despite his own preference for Kerry, he had baulked at my argument that, should Bush win, the last place one would want to be would be in the company of his supporters; he accused me of treating the election like a team sport. (I dismissed his observation at the time, but it contained a kernel of truth.) The party he attended hadn't really happened, or he hadn't really made it, and instead, he and two equally cynical companions were watching it in a bedsit. I asked how he thought it was going. He umm-ed.

Alice arrived, and we went back inside. Before long the bar seemed the best place to be again, but things had quietened down. Amol went to bed. I got a seat. A few others played pool. The commentary was audible now. I don't know exactly what time it was when they called Florida for Bush, but it was the beginning of the end. And we all knew it.

Before much longer no-one else I knew remained. I slumped in one of the big sofas, which not long before had been completely inaccessible. Don King appeared on the screen, in a stars and stripes tie, and numerous Bush-Cheney badges. David Dimpleby suppressed a grin. I stood up and squeezed behind the projection screen to leave, walking past the hammer and sickle, tidily framed, on my way.

I went back to my college, Emmanuel, where I ate a cream cheese bagel at an election breakfast, and watched as, bleary-eyed, early risers came in to find out where things stood. One guy did a jubilant fist pump, quickly contained. John Edwards appeared, and said that his party would fight for every last vote. But the Ohio hope was receding fast. I went to bed.

When the figures emerged later, it turned out that the youth vote had been no higher than last time: so much for the landline theory. The evangelical Christian vote had been huge.

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“The archetypal royal visit: low key, dutifully ceremonial, and professionally executed”

Chavs, Slags, and the new tyranny of good taste

Trinny and Susannah be damned: I'd rather bums looked big in Burberry

The perfect pair of jeans is easy to describe. Imagine, if you will, an epic battle between the denim fabric and your backside: your backside, struggling to be free, the denim struggling to contain it. Trinny and Susannah would disapprove, of course. “Would you not, perhaps, prefer a nice boot cut to counterbalance the larger behind? With graduated colour running vertically down the front, slimming the thigh, in a size that actually fits you? They're much more flattering.”

But ‘flattering’ be damned. There is something cowardly in choosing to flatter your arse rather than follow your whims. Wearing jeans which do nothing for my bum, then, is just my small form of protest against the oppression of good taste, which, with the help of *What Not To Wear*, *Property Ladder* and other lifestyle how-to programmes, is gradually regaining its hold on Britain.

A protruding bum is just one of the many irregularities which will not be tolerated in this kingdom of good taste. Good taste is a tyrant which stamps on eccentricity, disapproves of individuality and stops us admitting we like the things we actually do. Let good taste get a foothold and before you know it, you're wearing flattering jeans, you've given up pot noodles and every single wall of your house is painted the same shade of magnolia. On the plus side, this means that those naughty little excursions into the realm of bad taste have never been so deliciously pleasurable. I suspect that there is a special circle

“It's once again acceptable to take the piss out of the working classes”



Ellen E. Jones

of hell reserved for people who listen to Whitney Houston, and if there is, I'm headed straight there. The devil has the best tunes, alright, and they're mostly rubbish 80's pop. But proud as I am of my ill-fitting wardrobe and embarrassing record collection, I can't claim to pose any real threat to the status quo. That honour goes to the most mocked and reviled section of modern Britain - the noble ‘chav.’

Considering they're our cultural saviours, you'd think working class young people would be having a better time of it. Instead they've become the victims of a full-scale media hate campaign, culminating last week in Susie Dent, author of *The Language Report*, declaring that the nasty derogative ‘chav’ is the word of 2004. The internet is foaming at the mouth with sites dedicated to anthropological-style descriptions of the habits and appearance of the ‘chav.’ “Do not be fooled by their Humanoid looks” rants one forum user: “they are of another race, mainly scum.” Another bemoans their existence in language inflammatory enough to make even Enoch Powell blush:

“Chavs, unfortunately, don't yet fall into the category of rodent and in effect cannot be bludgeoned to death under the guise of pest control.”

Meanwhile, in the papers, chav-bashing has all but replaced the more traditional sport of toff-bashing. Although, once they catch wind of the recent ‘chav’-themed bop at Catz, I've no doubt those canny journalists will find a way to combine both.

“Do not be fooled by their humanoid looks: they are of another race”

In one sense, it's inevitable that Britain's working class youth should currently be attracting so much media attention. With the average British high-street dedicated to inconspicuous consumption, they stand out like Burberry-clad, showy jewellery-laden beacons. They are walking examples of What

Not To Wear, which when you think about it, makes sense. It's no coincidence Trinny and Susannah are arbiters of taste and also implausibly posh. Good taste was invented by classes so bored by generation after generation of affluence that they could no longer be bothered to show it off. What is a little shocking is how enthusiastically everyone's banded together to shame the poor chavs into submission.

In the course of the twentieth century, many a surprising thing was declared cool at one point or another, but if there was one constant you could bet your sovereign ring on, it was that being middle class and middle-aged would never be amongst them. From their towering vantage point atop the BBC and the broadsheets, that demographic could hardly begrudge working class youth the piddling matter of popular culture.

To take exception to the suggestion they weren't cool would be petty to say the least. The under-represented groups of society - ethnic minorities, gay culture and (once upon a time) the working class always made the most exciting contributions to pop music and fashion because they were denied a voice elsewhere.

Now it's once again acceptable to take the piss out of working classes culture, and look where it's got us - we're reduced to seeking fashion advice from two posh birds pushing forty. I say, bring back reverse snobbery. It might not have been a more conciliatory approach to class warfare, but at least it represents some attempt to correct the imbalance.

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VARSLTY

Dump the munitions

It is difficult for an editorial on a theme like this to be particularly sophisticated, because this is not a particularly sophisticated issue, although it is an important one. There is only one essential point: it isn't all right for this university's colleges to invest money from weapons.

There are well-reasoned arguments which oppose this position. They would point out that ethical investment is simply much less financially viable for colleges which are in a precarious enough financial position as it is. Also, that charities ought concern themselves simply with maximization of profits for the betterment of that charity.

To all of which: it still isn't all right to invest in weapons. BAe, as our front page article reports, has previously been criticized for selling electric shock batons to Saudi Arabia, which seem difficult to use humanely. Now, it may be financially problematic to alter our investment strategies. (Though other universities like Edinburgh have managed.) But that's the trouble with principles. They're inconvenient. They can make life difficult. Sometimes it sucks. And even then, it still isn't all right to invest in weapons. It just isn't. And that's it.

Protect the hacks

Everyone hates journalists, of course, and everyone knows all those who get involved in the enterprise are self-interested, careerist mercenary bastards. This much is a given. Still, we ought all sit up and pay attention to what happened in Oxford this week, where two undergraduates who worked for one of that university's papers, *The Oxford Student*, were rusticated for considerable periods following an article which exposed serious flaws in the university's computer security.

Thank God we're at Cambridge. *Varsity*, being an enterprising and plagiaristic sort of newspaper, tried to hack into the Cambridge system this week, but met with stubborn resistance all along the line, so we can all rest assured that our Camcours accounts are (relatively) safe. The Oxford investigation, by contrast, exposed serious flaws in the systems there, which have as a result been dealt with.

There was no malicious intent in what Patrick Foster and Roger Waite did. They handed over all of their data to aid the resolution of the problem, avoided giving details in their article of how they managed to break in, and performed a valuable service in exposing a flaw and helping it be rectified. They did, in fact, precisely what good investigative journalism is meant to. And they have been punished with an extraordinarily heavy hand as a result. The only conceivable cause for this, given the total clarity of their intention and the total lack of any damage done as a result, is pour encourager les autres: the university has taken a disciplinary decision because it is angry that it has been made to look bad, and because it would rather not have to deal with this sort of inconvenience in the future. This is no basis at all. Even the proctors who brought the prosecution advocated a lesser punishment.

Varsity has written a letter to *The Oxford Student* expressing our support. This may seem like a matter of self-interest to some, but the truth is that this kind of precedent is unhealthy for all of us. Will student journalists in Oxford hold the university to account less rigorously in the future? If the same sort of situation arises, will the relevant parties hesitate as the thought of suspension enters their minds? If we had managed to hack into the network, would we have printed the story?

We hope we would have. But a degree is a big thing to potentially throw away for the sake of a story. Foster and Waite have an appeal in a few days and all should cross their fingers that these two have not thrown away theirs, and that sense prevails; if it does not, and they would like to carry out the same sort of exemplary investigative work on behalf of *Varsity*, they would be very welcome.

No lip from Pip

Ah, Philip. The Duke of Edinburgh, who has served as Chancellor of the University since 1976, visited Cambridge this week. It was, in almost every way, the archetypal royal visit: low key, dutifully ceremonial, and professionally executed. In now-distant eras a royal visit to the University would have caused excitement aplenty; editions of this newspaper from 1952-3 detail how adoring fans would queue for hours for a glimpse of this most regal man, and talk would stir weeks in advance of his impending arrival. The big day would be very big.

How times change. The most disappointing aspect of Prince Philip's visit this week was his failure to say something he ought not to have. He has shown, over several decades, a remarkable proficiency in offending people with what journalists variously describe as gaffes, cock-ups, or abuse. On Monday there was none of it. Rather, all went to plan: the prince charmingly opened three new sections of the University's veterinary school, and satisfied all rules of etiquette in munching his dinner at the Fitzwilliam museum.

Prince Philip's reputation is a reflection of the peculiar, marvelous and unmeritocratic system under which we live; and it is principally because he is, at base, a harmless fellow that this newspaper wishes he'd said something stupid again this week.

Letters

letters@varsity.co.uk

Letters may be edited for space or style

Illiberal thinking?

Dear Sir,

I was not particularly surprised to read the comments from Mark Gettleson, Chair of Cambridge Students Liberal Democrats in last week's article "MP U-Turn?" (News, 29th October), which related to Anne Campbell MP's so-called "wavering policies".

The article related to Anne Campbell asking questions of the Defence Minister, Geoff Hoon, and meeting with the Prime Minister to voice her concerns about the deployment of British troops in Iraq. This does not strike me as particularly "wavering", given that Ms Campbell resigned her governmental post in response to her concerns about Iraq.

However, Mr Gettleson does not seem to have an understanding of the realities of making difficult political decisions, perhaps because the Liberal Democrats are highly unlikely to reach a position of power whereby they need to make such decisions? Certainly it strikes me as ironic that the Liberal Democrats, famous for siding with either Labour or Conservative according to the political landscape, can accuse others of "wavering".

I would have more respect for Cambridge Liberal Democrats if they campaigned on some of the positive aspects of their own policies, rather than engaging in the negative campaigning and political backbiting that seems to be becoming their hallmark.

Yours sincerely

Jane Jacks
Chair,
Cambridge University Labour Club

Guardians of the faith

Dear Sir,

Good acts - however small - should always be encouraged rather than dismissed. Jonathan Beckman (Opinion, October 29th) is unfair to say that *The Guardian* election letter-writing initiative was about making its readers feel better about themselves.

Your writer assumes that because the paper's readership is predominantly liberal middle class, then actions they take in support of others must be for selfish reasons; i.e. the appeasing of their consciences.

If people in this country wanted to try and persuade American swing-voters not to vote Bush, then Kerry supporters such as Beckman needn't be so condemnatory and should surely have endorsed such enthusiasm.

A poor essay writer should be shown their mistakes, but also praised for decent points. The success of charities like RAG depends on the huge efforts of individual campaigners, but at the same time would be struggling without the donations of Cambridge students.

Negative criticism of other people's efforts just to make us feel better about our own inaction will get us nowhere. All of us should endeavour to do the small things.

Yours,

Luke Pearce
King's College

Beyond Bush-bashing

Sir:

I was disappointed at the reception received by the Proposition at the recent debate on George W. Bush at the Cambridge Union. It seems that some of the greatest objections to Bush were based on his dogmatism and judgemental attitude. A fair number of those present were therefore guilty of appalling hypocrisy.

A general lack of order and respect in the house was mirrored by George Galloway, summing up for the Opposition. Having condemned the Proposition for their slick but unsubstantiated rhetoric, he proceeded to commit precisely the same offence himself. His consistent discourtesy in failing to even acknowledge the majority of attempted interjections compounded his error. I particularly resented his claim that some of the House did not enjoy 'hearing the truth'; contrary to what Galloway seems to believe, delivering an argument at twice the volume does not make it twice as true.

More open-mindedness and respect for the views of others is needed if we are to rise above petty mudslinging and form well-supported and coherent views, about the American election or any other issue.

Yours,

Majeed Neky
Emmanuel College

Sporting Asides

Dear Sir,

Sam Richardson's report on the Blues' football match (Sport online, 29th October) included the rather charmless aside, 'yes, apparently there is a university at Lincoln, because the students could not spell the word "polytechnic"'. He was understandably upset by the hostility with which the Cambridge team met, but his response is pusillanimous.

Moreover, Richardson evidently does not even know the difference between 'less' and 'fewer' ('a game that saw no less than four players sent off'). When you show yourself guilty not only of the same prejudice, but also of the precise intellectual shortcomings which you seek to mock, then the joke is really on you.

Yours faithfully,

Tom Secretan
Sidney Sussex College

Atheist wanted

Dear Sir:

Christian Heritage at the Round Church is planning to put on a debate on the 'existence of God' in April 2005. The contender for God, is Dr Bill Craig from Talbot School of Theology, USA, who is a regular debater on this issue, for example he has debated with Dr Peter Atkins from Oxford.

We are looking for someone from Cambridge suitable to take up the challenge and argue the case for atheism, an academic probably. We are finding it difficult to find the right person and wonder if your readers might make some sensible suggestions. Please email us at: admin@christianheritageuk.org.uk

Many thanks,

Ian Cooper
Christian Heritage

Arts
Picture house
This week's prize winner is Luke Pearce, whose idealism wins him two tickets to the Arts Picturehouse.

VARSLTY

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Our friends electric: Varsity gets all

Ross McElwain on the prehistory and future of the internet

This essay began as a possible misunderstanding of the work of the Berlin-based organisation Bootlab. Bootlab ran a project last year called Juniradio, which was a station broadcasting on FM and over the internet. The idea behind it was to instantiate something akin to Bertolt Brecht's idea of changing the apparatus of radio transmission over 'from distribution to communication' – so that listeners could also be broadcasters. The nature of my misunderstanding was this: that Bootlab and Juniradio were aiming to make it possible to connect to the internet through the radio, so one might be able to Yahoo, Google or Wiki from almost anywhere in the world.

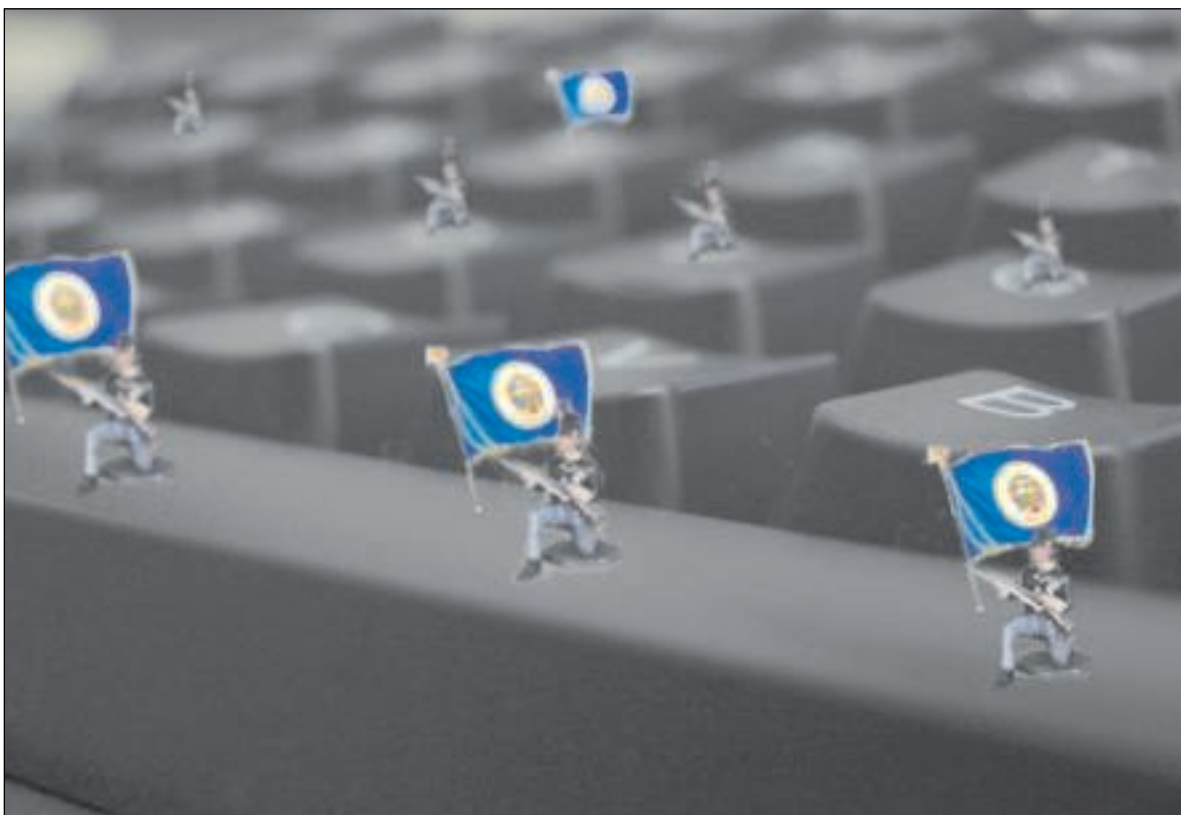
Now, this may or may not be wide of the mark – Bootlab is a utopian organisation and I'm sure that they have thought of this. However, the example of Juniradio prompts some interesting thoughts about the origins of the web and its current state, as well as the distinctions and similarities between the internet and the radio as media.

The radio as mass medium traces its roots, at the earliest, to August 1920 when the first radio news programme was broadcast in Detroit, Michigan. In 1926 Brecht noted that a few years previously the technology made available by radio was more advanced than the uses it was put to – namely, as a substitute for "theatre, opera, concerts, lectures, café music, local newspapers and so forth."

It needed to find its "object in life." This, for Brecht, lay in becoming two- rather than one-sided since "the radio would be the finest possible communication apparatus in public life, a vast network of pipes. That is to say, it would be if you knew how to receive as well as transmit, how to let the listener speak as well as hear, how to bring him into a new relationship instead of isolating him."

Sound familiar? While the radio has remained largely one-sided as a medium we now have the internet as a substitute for theatre, opera, concerts, lectures, café music, local newspapers and so forth. Well, perhaps not quite all of those things. Nowadays, yes, we can read the papers from the computer screen, we can listen again to radio programmes we have missed and we can get a helping hand with research from Dr Google. We can also create our own webpages, our own radio stations and our own encyclopaediae (note the rise of Wikipedia, an online encyclopedia contributed to by anyone who wishes).

It would be easy to aver that the internet has fulfilled Brecht's hopes. However, his discussion ends on a cautionary note. He reminds us that control of the media is predicated on the "increasing concentration of mechanical means" and "increasingly specialized training," putting it in the hands of the rich and the technically proficient. This should invite a "kind



Ross McElwain

The borders between the online community and other media like radio are under attack

of resistance by the listener" and requires "his mobilisation and redrafting as a producer."

The internet cannot avoid being governed by the same rules, nor can the degree of control exerted over it be underestimated. The military uses to which radio could be put were grasped early on, and in the first place the internet was an invention of the US Defence Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). In both cases, the state and private companies got a head start in controlling regulation and ownership.

The internet is freer than radio in that one can set up a website with fewer problems than if one were to

apply for a broadcasting licence. But these pockets of freedom of expression will remain only pockets owing to the centralisation of control effected by the actions of states and of companies such as IBM, Microsoft, AT&T and so forth. To the extent, really, that in the long run the internet can both enable new and exciting means of communication and create new and unsettling means of exclusion.

All eyes will be on the development of the internet over the next few decades. It has the potential to form the basis of a technocracy with the aforementioned institutions at the top and various hierarchical levels

below – from those users who know how to hack and program higher up the ladder and those who are barely computer-literate on the bottom rungs.

Let alone those who, for whatever reason, cannot even connect to the web. Let's hope that Bootlab is already at work on FM, MW and LW internet.

Links

www.bootlab.org

www.juniradio.org

www.darpa.mil (take a moment to sift through the loonier of DARPA's recent innovations)

Goggle-eyed at technology: Beth Alexander explains a new online marvel, while Tanya Flier wishes dictionaries were still in books

Ever tried returning to a file or email on your computer or the web but can't for the life of you remember where it went? Well thanks to Google's new innovative search engine, you may never need to file or bookmark again. Last month Google Inc released 'desktop search software' that can simultaneously search the internet, emails, Instant messenger and desktop files for all relevant information under the term you enter for your search.

"The goal for the application was for it to behave like a photographic memory for your computer," said Marissa Mayer, Google's director of consumer Web products. "So in addition to being able to search all of the files on your computer, it also indexes the Web pages you have seen."

The new software, which can be downloaded for free, is principally designed for heavy computer users who store many files on their computer and need help sifting through them.

BA

Dictionaries belong on shelves not online. Sad fact that it is, I am a self-confessed dictionary addict, bi-lingual versions being my particular poison. Give me a Harraps, Collins or even (G-d forbid) Oxford any day and I'll sift through it contentedly, pulling out that little-known profanity to yell at the French exchange. Being a linguist, it is not altogether a bad fetish to have, as it is easily disguised as work.

The trouble is, dictionaries and dot com seem to find each other rather agreeable and that means on-line versions in every imaginable language, dialect, pidgin and creole are springing up. Type in an English word and the computer will instantly spit it back at you in your language of choice. So why is this a problem? Simple. There's no musky smell, ripped out pages, erudite tea stains just obscuring that vital word. No strain from schlepping an oversized hardback off the shelf because that little preposition has slipped your mind. But worst of all,

gone is the chance of picking up those peculiar words that happen to be printed on the top left hand corner of the page, that never fail to catch your eye as you skim the letters for that dull translation of 'pig' or 'boat.' Honest, I didn't actually look up the French for unidirectional, riboflavin or radiotelegraph.

If you do find yourself in need, the following are impressive online dictionaries, serving a variety of European languages:

www.tv5.fr/TV5Site/1f/langue_francaise.php

– French/English resources

www.wordreference.com

– French, Spanish and Italian bi-lingual dictionaries and a monolingual English one.

dictionary.reference.com

– English dictionary

thesaurus.reference.com/

– English Thesaurus

www.jergasdehablahispana.org/

– Dictionary of Spanish regional slang

TF

Alfie Spencer on the philosophy of the Net

One view of 20th century philosophy sees it as the story of one remarkable achievement: the collapse of a dualism that lay at the centre of previous European thought. Until the 20th century, people had a soul. On the outside, lay the real world, objective and real and true. On the inside was the realm of the mind, a thing experienced only subjectively, which had feelings and was rational, that tried to get in touch with the world behind its eyes.

The extraordinary circumstances of the last century produced the ideas of, amongst others, Heidegger and Wittgenstein. These two thinkers are admittedly radically different in a multitude of respects, but are similar in their contribution to the creation of a new self-image for the European Geist, one which takes as its locus the notion of a network. Both tried to replace, in very different ways, the dualism of the subjective mind vs. the objective world. Both ended up, in doing that, falling into the idea that the way we move about our existence is a product of being locked into a system. For Heidegger, the network was our historicity. For Wittgenstein, the system was simply other people.

But how does death start to look once you instantiate this new picture?

The horizon of death becomes an interesting question. Either complete submersion in the network of reality is death, for the 'subject' has been completely removed from the picture. Consciousness does not exist. Alternatively, complete removal from the network is death, for meaning was secured by that outside the self. That without meaning is dead, and no individual can generate meaning without the system.

The idea of a network becomes, then, a charged moment in our understanding of death. The network releases meaning, the network kills the self. And what might this tell us about the internet? That it is a space of existential potency, that it is space where these existential wars may be carried out in the biggest forum imaginable. One solution may be to embrace the network, to infiltrate it with meaning and thereby colonise death. And this is what one group of artists is trying to do. The Necronauts' stated aim is "the construction of a craft that will convey us into death." By investigating and influencing the behaviour of networks in relation to death, the necronauts attempt to construct meanings strong enough to enter the realm of meaninglessness. And you can visit them on the internet at www.necronauts.org.

tangled up in the World Wide Web

Out of the closet: Ciaran Rhys Jenkins on e-mancipation of the personality

Lonely schoolteacher seeks companion for sexual experimentation involving honey, hamsters and an electric foot warmer. Discretion imperative." The writings of Freud and Sade among others have taught us that imagination and fantasy represent some of the darkest corners of humanity. Angus Deayton and his orgies aside, the world of the risqué remains a distant impossibility for the majority of the population; respectability as defined by the social status quo is deemed too great to lose. Yet, for every Stan Collymore fornicating in a dingy car park there are thousands of perfectly normal people exploring the hitherto suppressed domains of their imagination through that collective community of insecurity, otherwise known as the internet.

It is no coincidence that the most visited sites on the internet are pornographic in nature. The anonymity granted by the internet cloaks those

aspects of our character that we are most reluctant to reveal in public and acts as a mirror that reflects only what we want to see. In my case this is usually the minute-by-minute text commentary of Cardiff City football matches ("Attacking throw taken left, resulting in open play"), but for many the glare of the monitor represents a world of much more exciting possibilities.

Pubescent boys need steal glances at their next-door neighbour's daughter no longer when a simple search for "nice ladies" can adequately quench their thirsty hormones. And for the man who likes to cover himself with jam, roll around on a carpet of hundreds and thousands and urge his dog to lick him clean there is probably an international community with just the same taste (and equally perplexed pets).

The web is also fertile ground for the socially disabled. The nerd – who may in reality be an overgrown Harry Potter lookalike with bad breath and a personality the human equivalent of

a tax-return form – is free to electronically construct an alter ego which portrays him as powerful, confident and assertive. This is usually achieved either by using a surrogate identity or by expressing his existing character more freely from the haven of his PC with all the metaphorical firewalls it provides.

Thus, the natsci with bulimic wit, glasses like lab goggles and a dress sense that the 1920s would be proud of could feasibly exhibit the online credentials: "6'1, blonde hair, blue eyes; captain of college rowing team; one of the lads; enjoys musing, motorcycling and merlot (not at the same time!)", his delusion punctuated by the misguided advocacy of rowing as a social asset. However, it is the second phenomenon that is the more intriguing, because it so overtly defies the protection granted by anonymity.

Email is the empire of this peculiar subject. Where in reality they have less go than a monopoly board their emails are bold, witty and provocative. In a city that cannot operate without electronic correspondence we must all have encountered these schizophrenics of the Google age. Banter reveals in them a witty zeal; if they are timid in everyday conversation it is only because they are planning their next email, their next comedic masterpiece.

The other breed thrives on dispute. Inadequate in the world where a frown is a legitimate facial expression and not some weird combination of

colons and brackets, they channel their frustrations in a destructive array of insults and megalomaniacal delusions. The keyboard is the catalyst for their confrontational gene. The tapping of the keys drowns out all sense of reason: they forget that their slurs will inevitably be seen and judged by someone outside their subservient ego-massaging clique. We pity he whose insecurity is manifest so obviously in the horrible imbalance between the person the screen cannot reflect and that which the monitor absorbs.

The internet is a network of possibility, whether you wish to buy a bride, discover the capital of Uzbekistan (Tashkent), or watch paint dry on a live web cam 24 hours a day. But when the web becomes the safety net for a failing personality it's time to log off and slug it out in the real world where status, fantasy and self-respect are developed through our relationships with other people. The internet indulges activities that people prefer to keep secret – viewing old people porn or reading the *Daily Telegraph* – and encourages the delusional augmentation of personality. I should bear that in mind the next time I search for my name on Google.

Bored? Google yourself – the poor man's homepage:
<http://www.google.co.uk/search?hl=en&q=ISO-8859-1&q=ciaran+rhys+jenkins&meta=>

Bored? Click here

www.salon.com
www.everything2.com
www.elsewhere.org/cgi-bin/post-modern/

Archie Bland

www.yoox.com
www.uglypeople.com

Nicola Simpson

www.popbitch.com
www.imdb.com
www.steakandcheese.com
www.oed.com
www.goggle.com,
www.yahho.com, www.hotmali.com
and other para-sites.

Ross McElwain

or try
www.awfulplasticsurgery.com
www.conservativepunk.com
www.rathergood.com

Next week in Features: Bonfire Night photomathon

F.A.Q.

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Still the last line of Defence

Kate Ward has an afternoon meeting with the embattled minister Geoff Hoon, and comes away a little nervous

Interviewing Geoff Hoon at the Ministry of Defence is a very stressful experience. First you have your photo taken by an amazing aerial camera and a security badge made before being led through a door into a glass room whilst your bag is screened, then let out of a door at the other end of the room, and you are still not even anywhere near the inner sanctum of the Minister. As expected, I was asked to wait in what appeared to be an ordinary waiting room. But, after about five minutes the lights went off, and I could not see a switch. The lights operate on a movement sensor (duh) so from then on, whenever I was not frantically waving my arms in the air to create movement, I was plunged into darkness. Stressful.

My increasing anxiety was calmed immediately on meeting the Secretary of State. This, I have to say, surprised me, as he is often accused of being wooden and cold. Instead, he cracked a smile, insulted my college ("Pembroke? What a shame. You should have gone to Jesus") and settled down for what seemed like a friendly chat. Hoon told me of his years in Cambridge "playing a lot of football", and reminisced that it was a time he "enjoyed very much." He went on to lament the "gentrification" of his former watering hole the Cambridge Arms. I am having a lovely time, and I believe he is too, but we haven't started talking politics yet.

"when people say there is no exit strategy they're wrong"

Hoon made the move to politics after being called to the Bar in 1978 and lecturing in Law at Leeds University. Certainly he still has a barrister's mind; he speaks confidently and logically, repeating the key point more than once in each of his lengthy sentences. This is definitely not the product of New Labour media savvy. Indeed he cites his legal credentials with guiding him through the Hutton inquiry. He refers to the inquiry as an "unusual event" and one which was "not susceptible to the normal kind of processes that occur in a political system. As a lawyer I understood that." It appears that he also understood the Hutton inquiry as a "court case" and part of a "judicial process" rather than a political one. His dismissal of my suggestion that he may not have had the support of the Labour party during that period suggests not only that he is comfortable in his position as Secretary of State for Defence but moreover that he did not necessarily need it. He regards the inquiry's role as simply "finding facts, looking at the evi-

dence... and finding a conclusion." In his eyes it was not trial by jury at the hands of either the public or indeed the Labour party.

Describing his last five years as Defence Minister as "astonishingly busy" is something of an understatement. British troops are currently in active service in Sierra Leone, East Timor, Afghanistan and Iraq as well as being stationed in other flashpoints like Bosnia and Northern Ireland, the product of what is referred to as a "humanitarian foreign policy." Hoon admits that increasingly foreign affairs dominate his job, but forcefully argues that "if you compare the British government with any other government, we are more joined up... The modern world rightly forces government departments to work more closely together." He adds that this gives the British government a more "sophisticated" approach to defence and foreign affairs in terms of both "reconstruction issues and political issues."

Hoon speaks in collective terms rather than of individuals, describing the decision to go to war in Iraq as a "decision of government", disputing the common media position which interprets the present government as more of a Blair administration or presidency than an advert for collegiate cabinet government. With regard to that decision he is resolute. The information that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction was internationally recognised, he argues, noting that "all fifteen members of the UN security council" accepted such evidence, "including Syria, who are not always regarded as sympathetic." I suggest that this defence may not stand up to the criticism of the anti-war protesters, who would point to the death of over 100,000 Iraqi civilians. He remained rigid on the war, simply stating that due to the information the government had at the time, it was thought that weapons could be launched in "less than 45 minutes (if you really want to know)". As he put it, "Are we just supposed to ignore that?" As someone who has been anti-war from day one, I was surprised by the fact that I could not immediately answer his question. Even those who consider the war a moral and practical disaster cannot fail to be impressed with his sincerity and the power of his conviction.

Critics of the war in Iraq have made comparison to Vietnam, calling the situation a 'quagmire'. Hoon rejects this analysis immediately, just suggesting that it is a mere journalistic search for an "easy, glib headline." Instead, he sees the policy in Iraq as one that is a constant exit strategy, "when people say there is no exit strategy they're wrong". He points to the training of Iraqi "police forces, border forces, security forces, an Iraqi army as well as the handing over of power to the Iraqi govern-

ment with provisional elections in January", as evidence of the coalition helping the Iraqis "take responsibility" for their country.

There is no doubt that Hoon believes there is more to the coalition policy than military action, stating that "in the end it is necessary to follow on with engaging the people who live in these towns and villages." I intend to press the Minister on this subject. Isn't glossing over the huge death toll in Iraq (in terms of both the army and civilians) and ignoring the daily insurgent attacks far too simplistic? Just because he argues that there is more than "military response" it does not mean that it is working, and if it is not working, why not? As I begin to ask him about this, an aide walks in. Throughout our interview, Hoon has been constantly checking his beeper. I surmise he has somewhere more important to be, and I am right. Suddenly, after fifteen minutes of a half an hour interview I am asked for a final question.

Hoon is certainly apologetic, and invites me to the select committee where he is giving evidence. Again I find myself liking him, even though I feel like I shouldn't. In the final moments, I ask the Minister about 'fear culture'. We are told that everyday people are more worried about their security, and many feel that this is manipulated by governments in times of crisis. It is the government's trump card in a game of Texas hold-'em. Hoon says what I expect him to say; there is a need to "find a balance" between "unnecessarily alarming people" and "compromising" intelligence.



Defence Secretary Hoon remains defiant in the face of sustained criticism

This is the government line, and explains why they reject the US traffic light warnings; harking back to Hoon's assertion that we are more "sophisticated" in our approaches.

But then suddenly, despite myself, I get a bit scared. He looks me in the eyes, and calmly says "there are real threats to the safety and security of the people of this country." Perhaps it sounds bizarre but the reality of the situation hits me, and I realise I'm going to take the bus home rather than the tube. After all, he's

the expert. The starkness of the message has stuck with me.

My opinions of Geoff Hoon have not changed significantly. He is still immovable on his political opinions, to the point of arrogance. But, and this is the *but*, I have perhaps never before appreciated the reality of the situation that he deals with, which is often not the product of his own policy but that of 'government'. He works extremely hard, and so far his department has kept us safe from attack. And for that, I respect him.



Ministry of Defence

Reuters

VARSLITY **CAMBRIDGE**
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/guide **/stage**

FRIDAY 5

19:45	ADC	CUADC presents Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead
22:30	ADC	The Marlowe Society present Rostov's House
19:45	Arts Theatre	Henry Oguike Dance Company

SATURDAY 6

19:45	ADC	CUADC presents Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead
22:30	ADC	The Marlowe Society present Rostov's House
19:45	Arts Theatre	Henry Oquike Dance Company

TUESDAY 9

19:45	ADC	CUMTS present Merrily We Roll Along
19:30	Arts Theatre	La Boheme - Stunning Italian opera with subtitles
19:30	Corpus Playroom	BATS present Look Back in Anger
19:30	Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens'	BATS present The Spanish Tragedy

WEDNESDAY 10

19:45	ADC	CUMTS present Merrily We Roll Along
23:00	ADC	HATS present A Brief History of Stupidity
19:30	Arts Theatre	Cunning Little Vixen
19:30	Corpus Playroom	BATS present Look Back in Anger
19:30	Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens'	BATS present The Spanish Tragedy
23:00	Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens'	BATS present Night, Mother

THURSDAY 11

19:45	ADC	CUMTS present Merrily We Roll Along
23:00	ADC	HATS present A Brief History of Stupidity
19:30	Arts Theatre	La Boheme - Stunning Italian opera with subtitles
19:30	Corpus Playroom	BATS present Look Back in Anger
19:30	Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens'	BATS present The Spanish Tragedy
23:00	Fitzpatrick Hall, Queens'	BATS present Night, Mother

/clubs

FRIDAY 5

QUEENS	Carnival	Dancehall and Hip Hop
FEZ	americandeepest	A seamless blend of House and Disco
CLARE	Insatiable Bhangra	Live urban sounds from the Dohl Carte
LIFE	Boogienight	70s and 80s night

SATURDAY 6

CLARE	National DJ Contest Featuring a showcase set from DJ Tigerstyles (DMC Battle For World Supremacy Champion 2003)	
QUEENS	Disintegration	Indie/ Alternative
FEZ	Stu Banks	Chunky House
JUNCTION	Bada Bling	R'n'B & Urban flavours with Heartless Live

SUNDAY 7

COCO	Sunday Roast	Cheese and Chart
LIFE	Sunday Session	Commercial dance, party, r'n'b

MONDAY 8

FEZ	Fat Poppaddaddys Mix of Funky Grooves
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TUESDAY 9

BALLARE	Top Banana	CUSU's Best Cheese
COCO	Licked	That urban flava
LIFE	Unique	LBGT extravaganza

WEDNESDAY 10

BALLARE	Rumboogie	Sports Men and Women come out to play
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THURSDAY | I

COCO	Urbanite	C USU Hip Hop and RnB
------	----------	-----------------------

/guide
/the rest

SATURDAY 6

20:00 CUMS
Concert Hall, West Road
Janacek Jealousy Overture, Dvorak
Cello Concerto, Strauss Death &
Transfiguration, Cello Richard Birchall,
Conductor Tagbo Illozue
£11/£7(conc)/£5 student on door

SUNDAY 7

21:00 **Cambridge Mummers
Comedy Night**
Homerton College Buttery
Comedy and jazz in cabaret setting

MONDAY 8

19:45 Cambridge Mummers
School of Pythagoras, John's
Speaker event with Artistic Director of the
Tamasha Theatre

TUESDAY 9

19:45 **Cambridge Mimmers**
School of Pythagoras, John's
Speaker event with Kwame Kwei-
Armah on play-writing
16-18:00 **Cambridge Mimmers**
Keynes Hall, King's College
Stanislavsky acting workshop, 50p
19:30 **CU Baha'i Society**
Clare College, Thirkhill Rm
Discussion Forum on 'Health'

THURSDAY 11

19-20:30 Cambridge Mummers
Corpus Christi, College
Comedy workshops. email mew35
for details, 50p non-members
19:30 CU Baha'i Society
Newnham College, Old Labs
Celebration of the Birth of Baha'u'llah

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Shashlik kebab	Fillet of lamb with onions and peppers grilled over charcoal fire	£8.50
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CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS opens applications to directors for the **Spring Revue**, its Lent Term main show. Applications and queries should be emailed to etlvc2, or sent to Ed Coleman, Queens' College. The deadline for applications is midnight, **Thursday 18th November**, with a view to hold interviews during the following weekend.

FOOTLIGHTS is in the process of looking for a **Tour Manager** for the **National Tour 2005**. Anyone interested should contact mib22 for more information.

Those interested in applying as **Director** of the **National Tour** should also contact mib22.



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lateshow slots, at the Fitzpatrick Hall,
Queens'.

Please leave applications in Lydia
Wilson's pigeon hole or contact Lydia,
lw288, by 5th November. Interviews
will be arranged for week 6.

The directors of
Sophocles'
'ANTIGONE'

would like to announce auditions
for all parts to be held on Thursday
11th and Friday 12th November
in Jesus Forum from 4-7pm.

Performance scheduled for
early Lent term.

For further details contact Bella
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Addiction facts and addiction fiction

Sarah Walker speaks to Professor Barry Everitt about our advancing understanding of a problem that affects many Cambridge students

Professor Barry Everitt of the Department of Experimental Psychology is a world expert on the neural and psychological bases of drug addiction. According to Everitt, who has researched the subject for the last fifteen years, addiction occurs when “the voluntary taking of drugs transforms itself in to a compulsive habit”, becoming a need, not an option. The interesting thing about drugs as ‘rewards’, he argues, is that their administration changes the brain directly, altering structure and metabolism, exhibiting long-term effects on mental processes long after the drugs have left the system. Such changes underlie the transition from intermittent drug usage to dependency and addiction.

The methods of action of many drugs are now better understood than ever before. By the 1990s, it became clear that most abusive substances seemed to act via mechanisms involving the neurotransmitter dopamine. Dopamine, amongst other things, is associated with the brain’s ‘pleasure and reward system’. Increases in dopamine release within the brain occur in response to naturally rewarding experiences such as food and sex, and many drugs cause similar dopamine responses.

Prof. Everitt explained that there is a prevailing idea in neurobiological research that “all drugs eventually converge on a common reward system within the brain, and the embodiments of this in many people’s eyes are certain parts of the dopamine system”. It may be then that pathological alteration of these dopamine pathways is a cause of the transition to addiction. The most recent research is focused on just two or three of the five types of receptors for dopamine, and in humans evidence is emerging that sub-optimal levels of D2 dopamine receptors may cause a greater hedonic ‘hit’ when drugs are taken, indicating a potential vulnerability to addiction.

At present, according to Prof. Everitt, there are several theories on how this transition to addiction may occur: “One theory is that the intermittent taking of drugs conditions you to the stimuli and causes a sensitisation to the response, so that your reaction to the drug gets bigger and bigger, and the motivational force that initially had you taking drugs grows until it becomes a compulsion.

Another theory, almost the antithesis to the previous one, is that the more you take drugs, the less euphoric the response you get each time, so your baseline level of positive mood [when ‘normal’ dopamine concentrations are present] is decreased by a process called allostasis, so you are then taking drugs not to get a high, but to medicate for a growing and persistent low in the same way that you may take anti-depressants to ease depression or smoke to relieve anxiety. In this case the dysphoric state that is induced in the brain is purely due to drug-taking.”

An alternative view, and the area in which much of his current research is based, is “the more you take drugs, the more you engage learning mechanisms in other bits of the brain, so drug taking becomes habitual and compulsive, as the drugs may damage the part of the

brain responsible for the regulation of habit-development”. As there are strong data in support of each theory, it is most likely that the neurobiological mechanisms of sensitization, tolerance and learning may combine and contribute to addiction.

There is one view that Prof. Everitt admits he wished he knew the answer to: “whether the kind of conditioning that associates drug effects with stimuli are initially learned so much more strongly than those associated with other reward stimuli such as food, due to bigger releases of dopamine”, giving a more powerful hedonistic response. Indeed if true, it would certainly explain how re-exposure to the drug, along with drug-associated situations (i.e. a party) can act as triggers to cravings and relapse even after months of abstinence.

Much of the experimental research into drug abuse has used rats instead of human as models, and so its applicability can be contentious. However, in Prof. Everitt’s view it does provide “the best experimental model of a human psychiatric disorder possible”. Psychologists can study compulsive drug-seeking in a way they could never model other things (e.g. depression) in animals,

although it is unclear whether we could replicate the frequency and longevity of drugs abuse by humans in animals with much shorter life-spans.

We certainly cannot use it to investigate the hedonistic motivation for drug taking, nor can we assume that rats experience the same kinds of mental states as humans, and so work with human addicts is also vital. Data from ongoing studies following particular groups of people through adolescence will hopefully also be useful in identifying important prognostic indicators for addiction, that may aid early diagnosis.

Prof. Everitt believes genetic studies will play an increasing role in drugs research as genomes become more readily available, and the potential for particular genetic and allelic permutations indicating vulnerability to addictions can be looked for, though the ethics behind this are still unclear.

When asked about Cambridge in particular, Prof. Everitt maintained that he has not noticed a particular drugs problem, though has no doubt that drugs are prevalent. However, “when problems do arise, we deal with them very well, with the close interactions with students via the college and tutorial systems helping to identify problems early on”. One of his concerns is that students are not well enough educated in the dangers of drug abuse, and certainly seem oblivious to the specific dangers posed by the binge-drinking culture – the risk of long-term addiction is exacerbated by cycles of bingeing and withdrawal.

Prof. Everitt hopes that his research can aid people’s understanding, as well as developing novel treatments for addicts trying to stop, decreasing the rate of relapse. But most of all, Professor Everitt believes that in order for any treatment to be successful, drug addiction needs to be destigmatised, and to be seen for what it is: a neuropsychological disorder requiring treatment, not judgement.



Barry Everitt, Master of Downing College and Professor of Behavioural Neuroscience

The life of Barry

Professor Barry Everitt’s long academic career has spanned four decades, as many universities, and many more varied fields of research, before finally settling him in his current job, as Master of Downing College and Professor of Behavioural Neuroscience at the Department of Experimental Psychology here in Cambridge.

He studied for his first degree at Hull University, graduating in Zoology and Psychology, followed by a Ph.D at the University of Birmingham, and post-doc training both at Birmingham and the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm.

Professor Everitt first came to Cambridge in 1974, when he was appointed to the Department of Anatomy. In 1976 he was invited to become a Fellow of Downing College, where he has stayed ever since, being appointed Master on the 1st October 2003.

Since 1996, Everitt has been the recipient of grants from the Medical Research Council for his work into the Neuropsychology of drug addiction, including heroin and cocaine. Previous research has also covered Neuroanatomy, Neuroendocrinology and Behavioural Neuroscience.

Barry Everitt combines his College and University duties with his work for the Medical Research Council’s Neuroscience and Mental Health Board, and is also the Editor-in-Chief of the European Journal of Neuroscience. He lives in Downing’s impressive Master’s Lodge with his wife Dr Jane Sterling, a Consultant Dermatologist and researcher in Virology, and his daughter Jessica.

Who the hell is Charlie Babbage? asks Zoe Smeaton

The Babbage Lecture Theatre on the New Museums site, attractively built in 60’s style concrete, and located conveniently behind a whale, is the focal point of many a vetmed or natsci’s week. Given our reliance today on computing technology, it would seem likely that “The Father of Modern Computing” be a widely acknowledged individual.

It is somewhat surprising then to find that this title is in fact attributed by many to the relatively unknown Charles Babbage (1791-1871). Despite Babbage’s covetable position as namesake to the Babbage Lecture Theatre it seems that very few of its dozing students know anything of his work and achievements.

Babbage excelled in many different subject areas but perhaps his most notable achievement was his work on “automatic calculating engines”. This began in 1821, when he started to develop a mechanical method for the calculation of tables. Such tables had until then been riddled with errors despite being relied upon for calculation, all of which was performed manually.

Babbage designed two “Difference Engines” which would use the method of finite differences (allowing calculation via addition alone,

thus making the required mechanisms simpler) to both calculate without error and print results. His subsequent plans conceived in 1834 for an Analytical Engine were even more revolutionary and described a complex machine capable of finding a value for any algebraic function; effectively the first calculator.

The limitations of Victorian mechanical engineering meant that Babbage was unable to see his Engines built to completion, but his plans for the Analytical Engine remained popular amongst those pursuing the dream of automated calculation, and are echoed in the logical features of all modern computers. This prototype computer, and his proposal of “black boxes”, to record events immediately prior to railway accidents, have had an unrivalled impact on society as we now know it.

If anyone else has a similar query about a Lecture Theatre they frequent, please let us know at science@varsity and we shall find some answers on your behalf. We hope eventually to stumble across the Greatest Lecture Theatre in Cambridge (as judged by greatness of namesake) and award the owning Department not a lot aside from the honour this infers.

Space Invaders make a new assault on high art

Oliver Tilley spent his adolescence in his bedroom. And his thumbs hurt

What struck me as I was carefully crafting the parameters for a *Street Fighter II Turbo* tournament the other week, was just how many people boasted they were able to 'kick my arse' at it. This, of course, forcibly implied just how many people have, like me, wasted a glittering youth in pale-faced bedroom gaming, squandering hours of their lives in the grand *cul-de-sac* of SNES, MegaDrive or Amiga based entertainment.

However, there is still a prevalent snobbishness with regard to video gaming, and it is often beset by charges of incitement to crime or the cause of generational decline as concentration levels and general knowledge decline. Yet one need only flick through the pages of *Edge* magazine to witness what can be considered something of a renaissance in gam-

ing, as the said publication attempts to apply traditional, abstruse methods of exegesis to video games as humble as *The Sims 2*, with compelling success and acuity.

Indeed, there is a concerted attempt to take video games seriously, and now is the most apt period in which to do this, with the Playstation and its subsequent incarnation having made gaming cool and socially acceptable, while the faintly absurd console wars of yesteryear have subsided into a relative peace, allowing the industry to settle down and take stock.

Yet, though it is certainly popular, compulsive and cool, perhaps more so than ever, is it – as *Edge* would wish us to believe – art? Without wishing to delve into too profound an ontological debate, it seems, as it is a creative product, that it should rank with other more

highly regarded media. Significantly, this does not happen: despite the continual progression in graphic sophistication, the perpetual fine-tuning of gameplay (that is, the ease with which the gamer can manipulate a game) there is still a clear derision reserved for it – even taxonomically: these are 'games' and thus superficial, empty and not serious.

It should rank with other highly regarded media

Why is this? Primarily it is to do with issues of narrative, character and themes: there is not enough intellectualism in video games and mostly there is no political, emotional or philosophical relevance to them outside of their format.

The closest one gets to some kind of intriguing use of plot or characterisation is with RPGs such as the *Final Fantasy* series, which unfold an interactive story complete with death, love, human interaction and apocalyptic paranoia (hardened Japanese businessmen were famously said to weep when Aeires died in *Final Fantasy VII*).

Yet this franchise is, in the end, a fairly flimsy attempt to achieve thematic significance and empathy, borrowing from filmic and literary clichés instead of forging its own literary territory. The Marios of the gaming world will perhaps always have an ascendancy and those games such as *Final Fantasy* will become less and less marketable.

The point is, that video games are a unique medium, with an invaluable 'interactive' dimension, opening up all sorts of possibilities for the role of the receptor in art: the technology of gaming is sufficiently advanced that there are few artistic limitations and now it is

crucial that the content catches up.

Perhaps someday video games could take their place beside literature and film as a *bona fide* artistic medium: there is no reason why the devoted, talented writers we find in cinema and television should eschew video games and it is the industry's responsibility to make this as easy as possible. The fact is, art is cherished and valuable usually as an expression of the human condition or the communication of universal truths promulgated through a beautiful format: all this is unlikely to be achieved in the next *Grand Theft Auto* installment.

Nevertheless, video games are very enjoyable on their own terms and in their present state, and the unadorned enjoyment of mindless arcade games – the *Street Fighter IIs* and the *Super Mario Brothers* of the gaming world, are enough to keep me occupied. To become 'art' they need to begin saying something worthwhile. When they do, it could be very powerful indeed.

pick of the week

picking the wheat from the chaff



Palach

Christ's New Court Theatre, 7.45pm 9th - 13th November.

An experimental work, based on the theories of the theatre of the oppressed movement, inspired by the immolation of Czech student protester Jan Palach in 1969. Should be top.



The Cambridge Student Art Exhibition

Jesus College Upper Hall, 11th November, 8pm.

The Cambridge Student Art Exhibition Opens with a talk by the prominent artists Roger Hiorns and Jason Meadows.



8 1/2

Arts Picturehouse, Tuesday 1st November, 5pm.

My favourite film ever. If that's not good enough for you, then observe the critical plaudits it routinely rakes in internationally. Worth it if you only see the Strauss scene.



St Petersburg Symphony Orchestra

The Corn Exchange, 7th November, 7.30pm

Conductor Alexander Dmitriev and one of Russia's foremost pianists Igor Tchetuev perform pieces including Rachmaninov's romantic Symphony No. 2.



Student DJ Competition

Clare Cellars, 6th November, 9pm

The *Daily Telegraph* National Student DJ Competition comes to town, promising to showcase some of the finest Cambridge talent. Featuring special guest DJ Tigerstyles, the DMC World Supremacy Champion 2003.

image of the week



The Cambridge Student Art exhibition is being run upstairs at the Cambridge Union. There will be a different installation each week in St Peter's Church (above), by Kettle's Yard.

Meet the Cambridge new wave

Jessica Holland breaks down the doors of the University's practice rooms to find the best new music



Shekere

WHO? Cambridge's finest drumming and percussion troupe play West African polyrhythms and their own Latino/ Arabic/ Afro inspired compositions on jembe hand drums, and other percussion instruments.

HISTORY The band was formed 5 years ago at Cambridge; none of the founding members remain but the collective is still alive, comprised of members of Jesus, Corpus, Trinity Hall and Trinity as well as some recent graduates.

GIGS Shekere have played just about every May Ball, college ent and garden party around, as well as performing in The Greenworld Musical and playing gigs in Edinburgh and at the Suffolk percussion festival Drumcamp.

SEE THEM at Archipelago, a world music night with live bands and DJ's at the Kambur, 15th November.

FUTURE As well as continuing playing the best gigs in town, the band's 'spiritual leader' and veteran percussionist Hans "Solo" Sutton is starting a jembe class in Cambridge. Contact hans@cantab.net for details. Shekere's line-up is constantly evolving, but they hope that their kids will grow up to go to Cambridge and continue the band. Sex or drumming, which is better? 'Drumming,' Shekere almost unanimously respond. 'Well it depends on who you're having sex with. And it depends on who you're drumming with...'

Neonlove



WHO? An acoustic based trio whose integrally English sound blends the brooding menace of the late 70's Bromley scene with Nick Drake's delicate folk tunings.

GIGS Most recently seen at Newnham's Friday band night, Neonlove have played quirky venues in Islington, Soho and Whitechapel; in Brighton and Cambridge.

SEE THEM playing alongside Sleepwalker on 10th November at the Kambur

INFLUENCES PJ Harvey, Bjork, Jeff Buckley, Pearl Jam, Tool, Nick Drake, Love

Sleepwalker

WHO? 3rd year students at Queen's by day, indie five-piece by night; Sleepwalker have been described as 'Coldplay with more kick, Radiohead with less paranoia, or the Beatles with less international recognition and more living members.' In addition to the traditional rock line-up they've got a trumpet, cellist and keyboards.

INFLUENCES Jeff Buckley, Pink Floyd, Super Furry Animals, Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, Dylan

GIGS Sleepwalker played Catz and Clare May Balls last June, as well as gigs in London's hottest establishments for bands on the cusp: the Camden Barfly, the Dublin Castle and Leicester Square's SOUND club.

RELEASES Their second EP Smoke Rings came out on Halloween

SEE THEM at the Kambur on 10th November or the Dublin Castle in Camden on the 11th

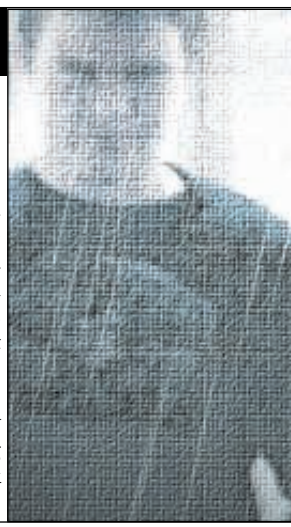


Dan Terrins

WHO? A second year at Homerton, Dan plays eloquent and quietly heart-wrenching songs on acoustic guitar

GIGS As well as playing lo-fi evening Songs in the Dark and joining Songs instigator and ex-student Jeremy Warmesley's band as a bass player, Dan has played several May Balls as a solo artist as well as supporting the Boxer Rebellion at APU and performing at the Radio Caroline Rock'n'Beer festival.

SEE HIM perform with his newly formed band at the forthcoming follow-up to indie night Rock Paper Scissors in November.



The Favourite Game



WHO? Named after the Leonard Cohen book, this Trinity-based quartet play a mix of epic indie (think Muse and Jeff Buckley) and funk-rock.

GIGS Since forming in Lent term last year, the Favourite Game have played Trinity ents, Cambridge pubs the Portland Arms and the Man on the Moon, and one gig in London. Their next gig will be at Newnham.

SIDE PROJECTS Tim and Johnny are

guitarists and vocalists for Elephant Juice, an acoustic jazz-folk collective (playing 11th November at Caius); Tim also performs as a solo singer-songwriter on the guitar, and sings for the Fitzwilliam Swing Band; Phil and Oli are in the funky Midnight Schemes, who have played in Trinity and Newnham and are part of an AIDS fundraising night at the Kambur on December 1.

WHO? A traditional Irish folk harpist (and Astrophysics student at Newnham), Una has recently played solo at college events, at a Ceilidh in Grantchester and at a poetry reading in CB1, as well as participating in the thriving Irish sessions happening elsewhere in Cambridge, where players of traditional instruments (concertinas, pennywhistles, pipes, fiddles, flutes and drums) get together weekly.

WHERE? Irish sessions happen every Thursday at the Royal Standard on Mill Road and the last Friday of every month at the Rathmore Club on Cherry Hinton Road.

HISTORY Growing up in Belfast in a household of traditional musicians Una started playing the harp at the age of 10 and won the All-Ireland championships at 18. She has toured in Norway, Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Italy and Scotland with harp orchestras and played for Mo Mowlam.

FUTURE After leaving Cambridge, Una plans to make a career as a harpist. Upcoming gigs include a concert at Newnham, details to be confirmed. Contact the Traditional Music Society (Cumann Ceol Tradisiunta) to find out about upcoming Irish folk events.

Úna Monaghan



The Homecoming

Sam Blatherwick sees Miss Black America and the Dawn Parade

It has been the end of a long week in the life of a lot of bands across the UK this week. Two of those bands, Miss Black America and the Dawn Parade, both from Cambridge, came together at the Man on the Moon on Friday and delivered a pair of excellent performances.



Sam Blatherwick

"I can't jump, so you're going to have to jump for me," announced Seymour Glass, Miss Black America's singer. His ankle, broken by his roadie, was in plaster, but he made up for his lack of movement by donning a pink floral dress and a blonde wig, although the wig was soon lost.

The ferocity of their performance really whipped up the young fans and the passion shone through in the music. A cover of Tina Turner's 'Simply the Best' went down a storm, and the finale, a new song entitled 'Dot Dot Dot', with its jump-along chorus, means the new album should be something to really look forward to.

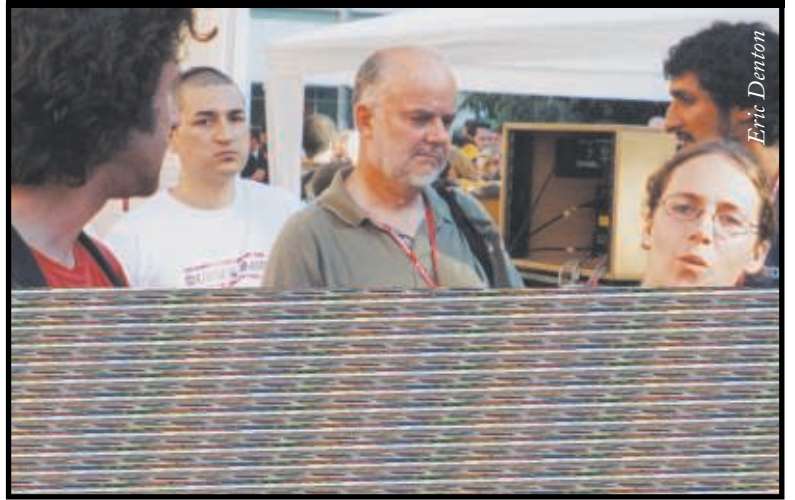
Local heroes the Dawn Parade really took me aback with awesome songs and stage presence. Repeated gigging in their hometown (they have now returned!) has obviously won them a devoted fanbase, but they deserve this through the power of their songs – both old and new. It's back to basics catchy pop songs which have won them local and national appraisal and hopefully with a new tour and single they can bring songs such as 'Hole in My Heart' and 'Caffeine Row' to a wider audience.

The encore, however, was special. An anecdote about the power, and their gratitude to John Peel, followed by a double rendition of 'Teenage Kicks', initially played at the wrong speed. I sang my heart out, and I think they did too.



Miss Black America

John Peel remembered



Eric Denton

John Peel at last year's Sonar festival in Barcelona

The Dawn Parade on John Peel:

'The first Dawn Parade single was called 'Good Luck Olivia', it was released on a label called Sugartown Records which I made up myself on the back of a beer mat in a pub in Cambridge. It was ignored by everybody in the world except for John who played it on his show and invited us to do two sessions, the last of which was in 2003. For a little band like us, it meant the world. Once John Peel had played you on his show, it was the moment when your grandparents never again could tell you to get a proper job. It was the moment when you could meet your old friends from school and no longer be a bit of a joke because you were in a band. Suddenly what you were doing had value and that came from this guy, who was a legend.

He gave you his support, he cared, he would phone us up and ask us how the

record was going, and I trusted his view because he was a genuine guy. When Rob left the band he was the first person on the phone and he asked what had happened and said I should keep going. He was the greatest broadcaster there has ever been. I couldn't rate the guy higher. He will be missed.'

Miss Black America on John Peel:

'We were always surprised that John Peel took an interest in what we were doing. He had no ego whatsoever, he was always surprised that I kept thanking him – John thought all he was doing was listening to music he liked and putting it on the radio. He phoned us up to tell us he'd been asked to go on *I'm A Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here!*, he couldn't understand why anyone would be interested in him. When we did a session for him, that was the moment when we felt like a proper band.'

Interviews by Sam Blatherwick

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GRANTA Bar

Renaissance of the documentary

Psychopathic corporations and a challenge to the Cambridge cliché

Harry Joll

Carrying on the documentary revolution of recent years, *The Corporation* takes a long, hard look at big business and its influence on all aspects of life. Its main thrust is that if one follows the original, legal definition of a corporation as a person, it should be classified as a conscienceless psychopath.

It is a credit that a documentary about a serious and complex subject manages to hold the attention of its audience for the duration of the film. Moreover, one cannot help but feel alternately angry and amazed as the dirt is dug.

An in-depth case study tells of how Fox News wouldn't run a story about a significant health risk after pressure from a big corporation. It gives you detail on the one hand and on the other, the various practices and ethics (if they can be made up quick enough) are exposed: sweatshops through to brainwashing advertising.

Huge scum-sucking companies that have no concern about how they maximise profits are reviewed, but both sides of the story are told – including that of a grinning get-'em-young 'Nag-factor'

market researcher and an analyst who appeared to advocate literal ownership and exploitation of every cubic inch of the universe – on principle.

A CEO that has managed to grow a conscience and advice on what remedies can be applied, provide some much needed balance (and hope). Humour is included to soften the blow, though the barrage of inter-spliced images occasionally feels slightly like manipulation.

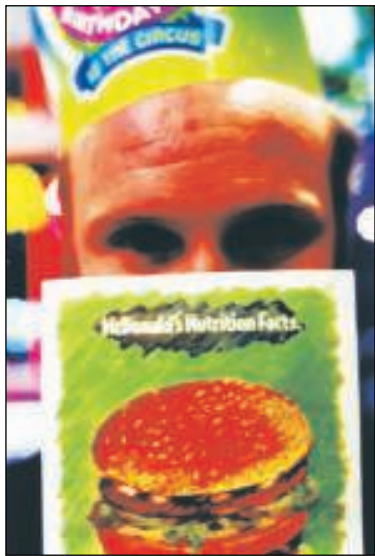
"A documentary without drive in one direction or another can come across as flat"

In a sense however, a documentary without a drive in one direction or another can come across as flat. Therefore, the talking heads (including Chomsky and Klein) explain and question the concept and reality of a huge and hugely powerful force. If you're interested in why the Nazis, IBM and Fanta were all in on it together, look no further. As vital as it is compelling.



The Corporation: not hiding its obvious bias

Document - me



Super Size Me: slashing the profits

This week sees the release of anti-globalization study *The Corporation*, set to be the latest in a long line of critical and commercial documentary successes in recent years. Though the documentary film genre is almost as old as cinema itself, 2004 has been a breakthrough year; Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11* was the first documentary ever to top the US box office charts. Never before have films had the potential to decide the outcome of an election, or slash the profits of the world's biggest food chain (*Super Size Me*). What we are seeing is truly a renaissance in documentary film making.

Clearly documentaries are no longer seen as a niche market, but why are we becoming increasingly prepared to pay for something we might perhaps expect to see on television?

In one sense, it is because there actually are not programmes of this calibre on television. With the exception of the superb *Walking With...* series, television documentaries no longer appear to be getting the audiences and financing that they need. Reality TV has ren-

dered the television documentary redundant. Why spend months, even years, filming for programmes that fail to rake in the viewers and cash like I'm A Big Brother Wife, Swap Me Out Of Here can?

Television documentaries also tend to, for whatever reason, be far too broad. Commissioners appear to want to educate the viewer in the strictly Victorian sense; as Thomas Gradgrind said in Dickens' *Hard Times*, 'Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts!'

This ignores all the smaller things in life, which can be just as informative. *Spellbound* (2003) may have only taught viewers how to spell a few words, but was an aptly titled, fascinating slice of Americana nonetheless. Conversely *Capturing The Friedmans* (2003) offered no information or solutions, just a harrowing picture of family life crumbling apart as the father is charged with child molestation. Similarly, *Etre Et Avoir* (2002) is only a window through which we can look at a year in the life of a rural school.

Perhaps more importantly, we have good old George Dubya to thank. The events and policies of his presidency have created a surge in political literary polemics by the likes of Al Franken and Michael Moore, and the desperate need for these voices to be heard. What better method than through the medium of film? Hence we have seen Moore's brilliant *Bowling For Columbine* (2002) on gun control in America and his not so good but equally important follow up *Fahrenheit 9/11*.

Recent scandals (Enron anyone?) have emphasized the true agenda of big business in the mind of the public, as dealt with in Morgan Spurlock's ingenious *Super Size Me*, where his McDiet reveals the worrying effects of fast food. And of course, *The Corporation*.

Ben Sillis

A film for the poet

Cambridge, more than most places, has its associations. To shoot a film here, then, which tries to express a specific sentiment about the place without reinforcing age-old stereotypes, is a brave undertaking. And the bravest films are often the best.

So goes the rationale behind a daring new venture by Anthea Kamalnath, a 2nd year social anthropologist from Newnham. Funded by Neemtreet Group – an independent film company set up by Kamalnath in her native New York – *The Week Begins on Thursday* is effectively seven short scenes depicting conversations of undergraduate students in Cambridge.

Sub-titled 'A Film for the Poet', Kamalnath's script (which she wrote whilst in New York this summer), reflects her anthropological instincts; indeed, she says the film is "a form of ethnography". Its peculiar challenge is not simply to depict scenes of 'the ordinary' (a phrase that Kamalnath and her team are particularly fond of) in Cambridge without reinforcing the popular prejudices or (mis)conceptions that are associated with this most pigeonholed of towns, but rather to go further, and express a particular sentiment about Cambridge. In this sense at least the film is a deeply personal one.

When I met Kamalnath I suggested that, being shot in Cambridge, and with the title she had given it, her film might struggle to overcome this challenge. "If there is a risk, it's a controlled one", she says. But how does one avoid reinforcing (mis)conceptions of a place when that very place is the focus of the action? "Each scene is an opportunity to eavesdrop on the ordinary, and this gives the language of the script primacy. That's why we've given the film its sub-title. We want what people say to matter more than where they say it".

The script is reflective of Kamalnath's experiences of Cambridge in her first year. Like many other undergraduates, she found that scattered amongst the more renowned scenes of formal halls, dinner parties, punts and Pimm's, student life – with its more mundane and less celebrated daily doings – would soldier on, with the same stamina and resilience as can be found in campuses across the country – and, of course, in Kamalnath's US.

But the film's business is not to exaggerate or inflate this conflict; rather it will recognise its existence by focusing on 'the ordinary' and understating the more celebrated aspects of an almost over-celebrated city.

Kamalnath's company has poured extensive resources into the project. Being shot on 16mm film, rather than digitally, means that though the final picture should be very high in quality, each minute of film will take twenty minutes to shoot. 20 crew members, 33 actors, and 200 extras have been drafted in for the job; all are students in Cambridge.

The filming will take place at the end of November, after which 6 weeks will be spent editing. The film will then go out to a series of International Film Festivals early in the new year.

Whether or not a film of this kind warrants such expenditure – both in terms of time and money – is neither here nor there; Kamalnath's project, which aims at "an honest representation" of the ordinary, will in fact be thoroughly extraordinary if it manages to overcome the difficult challenges ahead. But with such an extensive team, and such exhaustive ambition, Kamalnath looks well equipped to raise the profile of student film within Cambridge.

Amol Rajan



Theatre of the oppressed

Alice Harper is excited by some old-fashioned risk-taking in *Palach*

Imagine a cavernous space, a stage in each of the four corners, the audience in the middle, in purgatory. Should they look at a priest simulating a strip tease, while reciting the Lords Prayer, accompanied by a gospel-like backing group, clapping and swaying; or at a couple, man and woman, conversing animatedly in bird noises; or to a boy and a girl, in love, communicating within the parameters of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*?

In a term smattered with more avant garde theatrical offerings than is the norm (we can look forward to nudity in Sarah Kane, *The Tempest* with twelve Ariels and the *Marat de Sade*), Rachel Briscoe's production of Charles Marowitz' and Alan Burns' *Palach* surely tops the lot.

The play is in the tradition of the Theatre of the Oppressed movement, founded in the 50s and 60s by the Brazilian director, Augusto Boal. The movement's principals – that dialogue is the healthiest dynamic between humans, that we are theatre, that movement should go beyond habit – are explored in this patchwork of texts, dialogue, singing and movement.

By Briscoe's own admission, this production is an experiment. As it is her



Bella Heesom and Vincent Clay, members of the gospel-like chorus

last foray into Cambridge theatre (past successes include Sartre's *The Flies* and the Edinburgh production of *The Lunatic, the Secret Sportsman and the Woman Next Door*), the emphasis has been on the cast creating an ensemble piece, guided rather than dictated by the director. "Sometimes in Cambridge

it's obvious that actors say things that a director has made them say – that's not good," says Briscoe rather elliptically.

The rehearsal process has followed Boal's workshop techniques closely, breaking down physical barriers within the cast from an early stage by getting the actors to sculpt each other into poses.

This manifests itself in the final staging – in one section, actors are arranged into a formal family portrait, an image which doesn't necessarily relate to the dialogue.

But this play is not just something to be enjoyed through understanding the theory behind it. Already in rehearsal, there were some captivating performances. James Kinman and Renate Nyborg were hilarious as Dad and Mum when having a domestic dispute, conversing solely in advertising slogans.

The scenes between Dad and Mum are particularly good forums for exploring the conventions of dialogue: at one point, their monologues about their lives before marriage, overlap, Nyborg's voice tinkling naturalistically; Kinman's plodding and mannered, intentionally stylised.

Originally performed in a studio space in North London, with 800 eggboxes glued to the walls to improve the acoustics, it will be interesting to see how Christ's New Court Theatre will fare, being stripped of the comforts of raked seating and the convention of a proscenium arch.

At the Christ's New Court Theatre from 9th – 13th November at 7.45 pm

Reality and revenge

Director Duncan Barrett has been brave in his choice of production, *The Spanish Tragedy*, but a new interpretation of a pretty much forgotten work is always intriguing, writes Harriet Walker. The play relies heavily on monologues and set pieces, so things can get somewhat static, but these are broken up by the introduction of silhouetted dumb-shows and a commentary from the character of Revenge, played by a gravelly-voiced and suitably chilling Chris O'Rourke.

Kyd's unwieldy script is unsympathetic towards both actors and characters alike; the oratorical pyrotechnics mean that genuine emotion fizzles out, especially in the many death scenes. But a strong cast and good leads mean that a degree of upset-ness is upheld. Alexa Lamont as the unfortunate heroine Bel-Imperia brings feeling to this numbing play; a minimalist set focuses attention on the characters' emotions.

After centuries of being the object of literary piss-takes, it is good to know that Kyd's play still achieves what it sets out to do: it makes the audience wonder what on Earth those lusty papists get up to on the continent.

From the fact that *All Good Things* opens and closes in a pub, you might understandably expect a roguish, drunken gambol of a play, writes Anna Marx. Instead, we're served a sobering dose of cancer, death and widowhood.

The story is nothing new and the script, governed by the cliché of the title, sounds truistic at times. Yet the strong cast, with a particularly perceptive male-lead, sensitively thread together the thematic complexities of the play. The more shrewd audience member may remark on allusions to the Greek Moirae, the Holy Trinity and the dual nature of man's conscience, but stripped of this pretension, you can expect an intimate encounter with a man who hits rock bottom.

Whether or not we believe in freewill, McCormick succeeds in expounding man's potential for despair whilst simultaneously examining the innate human capacity for optimism. But underpinning all of this is the harsh reality: 'Sometimes you can change things, most of the time you can't'.

In this new comedy show *A Brief History of Stupidity*, director Mic Wright steers the newly formed Double Cross Committee through the history of stupidity in a host of ways, including film, commentary, rap and sketches, writes Miriam Gillinson. However, the show falls a bit flat after this promising start. The basic problem is that one witty and pithy phrase does not a good sketch make.

Some sketches are funny and, more importantly (considering the disappointing 'shock tactic' backbone that Cambridge comedy seems to be growing), they're thoughtful. The observation that dinosaurs don't appear in the Bible in all their multi-coloured glory is a good one, but this seed bears pretty bland fruit. The film excerpts are generally successful, the production really shining with the clip entitled 'Woofers: how to spot them.' This film sketch has a hint of Monty Python to it; a genre which the dry Lloyd Beecham seems perfectly suited to.

Those with a genuine interest in theatre, and how its conventions can be messed around with, please do go; just don't expect to laugh that much.

Rolling merrily

Martha Spurrier
Mathilda Imlah

The history of *Merrily We Roll Along* is a torrid one; at its birth in 1981, it was by no means a roaring success. Subsequent revisions on the part of Stephen Sondheim saw the evolution of the production into an Olivier award-winning piece, and yet the eventual product is neglected by the musical theatre scene as an embarrassment and a failure. According to director Thomas Kohut, this George Furth script has found, in the Cambridge scene, a perfect arena for revival.

If the fact that it's a musical is forgotten, then *Merrily We Roll Along* reveals the irony of its title, taken directly from the play of the same name by Hart and Kauffman. This will be a drama of tragic quality, with a little sardonic humour thrown in to keep the action in rapid motion. But it is also a carefully coordinated musical spectacle, performed backwards. This is not a musical that can be unfairly pigeonholed.

A basic narrative of idealist young adults attempting to break into the brighter lights of show business is the

premise. When followed in a linear fashion from the crashing consequences, to the initial description of these dreams, the full catharsis of the experience is supposed to be appreciated.

A certain degree of elegance is expected of the ADC mainshow, particularly when so much talent shares the stage in the form of actors and band-members. If this piece of musical theatre accomplishes its complicated task of mass choreography it will be interesting viewing even for those sceptical about the merits of this style. When we hear "musical", Lloyd Webber springs to mind unbidden. The sophistication of Sondheim's score is intended to complement, rather than distance the audience from, the plot.

The team behind *Merrily We Roll Along* is probably quite aware of an "audience divide," acknowledged by Kohut. However, it is entirely possible that the sheer determination of all involved to create a work of sensual quality as well as intellectual resonance may at least appeal to viewers on both sides of the fence.

At the ADC Theatre from 9th – 13th November at 7.45pm

Angry young man

Tom Kingsley

British theatre changed course after the original 1956 production of John Osborne's play, *Look Back in Anger*. Out went Noel Coward's laboured drawing-room comedies and in came kitchen-sink drama.

But 50 years on, this landmark play isn't just a historical curiosity – it's a blazingly brutal response to problems still troubling us today. Director Andreas Wiseman points out that *Look Back in Anger*'s issues of marital strife, political apathy and conservatism are relevant now more than ever.

Wiseman has been careful not to hide the script's powerful realism behind gimmicky stagecraft. Seeking total realism, the rehearsal period has given the cast and director time to accumulate an impressively detailed knowledge of the characters.

With his furiously glowering eyes switching between shiftiness and fury, the tremendously talented Ed Coleman captures the two sides of the endearingly terrible Jimmy Porter. Coleman shows that Jimmy is not simply a ranting misogynist: he is more of a desperate neurotic, sexually enthralled by his class enemy and forever casting sidelong

glances to see how his insults are playing.

Alison's response is to stay silent. Susannah Wharfe's engrossing performance establishes that Alison is not a vulnerable martyr but a well-matched opponent for him in their microcosm of class war. Conveying a brooding intensity even while ironing in the background, Wharfe really is distractingly brilliant.

Forced to watch this epic domestic battle, the other characters share the audience's conflicting loyalties. Helena (Rose McLaren), wants to save her friend Alison, but also loves Jimmy. Alison's aristocratic father (Richard Thomas), loves his daughter and yet sees Jimmy as a formidable opponent. And, like the audience, Rob Heaps' rather smooth manual labourer Clive has to wait awkwardly during the arguments, unable to take sides.

Throwing in everything and the kitchen sink, the cast and director have been scrupulous in their efforts to do the play justice. Evident even in rehearsals ten days before the performance, the result is both intelligently subtle and brilliantly professional.

At the Corpus Playroom from 9th – 13th November at 7pm

Losing your virginity, standing up

James Franklin

The weird thing about comedy is, it doesn't really need jokes. Even being funny isn't that important. Jason Byrne, the madcap stand-up who's one of the Edinburgh festival's most reliable draws, can regularly get through an hour-long set without ever reaching a punchline, by dint of being charming. You just have to convince them to like you: once they're laughing, you're laughing.

This week's virgin smoker, which showcased a group of comedians who haven't graced the footlights stage before, was a case in point. With

moments of real excellence and spells of toe-curling embarrassment, it was a curiously stop-start evening. Because the audience knows this is a show in which (just about) anyone who wants to can perform, there was a genuine tension when each new performer came on stage. When they were good you wanted to hug them for not making you feel guilty for not laughing; when they were bad, you just wanted the ground to swallow you, or them, up.

Much affectionate gratitude, then, to the likes of Isobel Marshall, whose performance as an excessively well-organised woman was a masterclass in physi-

cal and vocal mannerism, only slightly marred by occasional corpsing; Tommy Eccleshare and Lisa Owens, whose unhappy 24-hour-pet-shop-owning couple oscillated between the deliciously absurd and the heart-stoppingly sad; and Tiani Ghosh and Chris Barnes, who were behind what was probably the best, and cleverest, writing of the night.

The things that didn't work so well were all streaked with the same sorts of flaws, like a complacent reliance on cliché, and a failure to recognise that what's good on paper won't automatically translate to a stage act. Some of the stand-up sounded more like a rehearsed

reading. Also, most of these performers could stand to eliminate a little bit of the did-you-see-what-I-did-there winking at the audience, which manifests itself tiresomely often in Cambridge comedy, and is fast getting as old as basing all your physical ticks on Ricky Gervais, or adding uncomfortable additional words on the end of a sentence. Which you thought had finished. But hadn't. Like this. See? Nevertheless, this was a decent evening's entertainment, which may never have quite scintillated, but which certainly offered hints that the next batch of Footlights will be worth keeping an eye on.



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Feed Me Eat Eat Me Anthropology

Bruce Nauman's new installation at Tate Modern is an attack on the senses, says **Emily Stokes**

In the past, walking into Tate Modern's Turbine Hall has provoked in me a feeling of hushed awe, like entering a cathedral. It is a neutral, bare space with cold, grey walls and echoing murmurs. Once inside, I forget my tube journey to Southwark, the passing of time and my lost keys. But Bruce Nauman's 'Raw Materials', the fifth in the Unilever Series of installations, brings such an atmosphere of chaos and panic into the space that I have never before been so relieved to escape into the London rush hour.

The Turbine Hall is emptier than ever; I simply don't know where to look, and the flat black speakers pressed up against the walls certainly don't grab my attention. But the space is crammed with the recorded voices of Nauman's actors (there are twenty one different recordings) so that I feel as if I have to push through the sound-waves that are crossing the width of the hall.

As I walk down the ramp I am hailed, ordered, growled at, whispered to, scolded, begged and bullied until I feel the victim of countless physical attacks. Certain sounds hover above others. These seem abstract tones of distress like the cawing of seagulls, until I walk closer to one of the speakers and hear the repeated word: 'work work work work...'. It is Nauman's achievement that everyone in the space looks desperately uneasy.

Only Nauman could create such intensity in an empty space the size of a railway station. In all his work with words, apparently 'empty' or nonsense phrases boisterously and noisily touch the untouchable: the notion of the universal truth. He



Bruce Nauman's *Double Poke in the Eye* 1985, an early example of his work with neon

reduces things to the absolute minimum: 'Feed Me Eat Me Anthropology'. Or his audience does the work, turning and complicating the chanted 'I'll talk You'll listen I'll talk They'll listen' into a political message, or the 1972 garish neon sign flashing 'Run from Fear/Fun from Rear' (1972) into a comment on the African Aids crisis. Like watching a Beckett play, we fill in the 'empty' gaps.

The idea that there is 'nothing to see' here is only partly true. In Olafur Eliasson's 'The Weather Project', an audience came to watch

beautified sepia-tinted people lying on the floor, 'bathing' in the apocalyptic sun. The listeners of 'Raw Materials' similarly complete the piece with the footstep lines they walk or 'dance' across or along the space, and also by adding the elusive 'twenty second sound' with their murmurings to each other overlaying Nauman's twenty one recordings. People would lie for an hour on the floor under Eliasson's sun; in 'Raw Materials', the audience hugs the walls' speakers, trying to isolate an individual voice and escape the awkwardness of standing in the middle

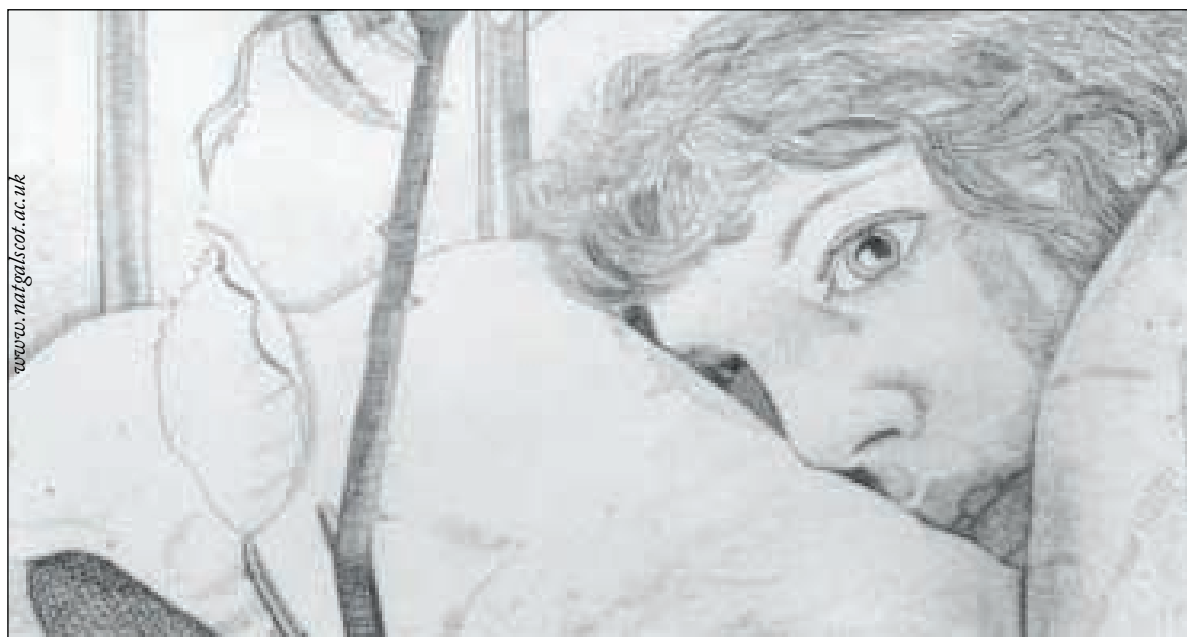
of the hall 'just listening', before rushing to a peaceful exhibition room to compose themselves.

The piece has been criticised for being an ineffective or lazy retrospective, as the sound pieces for the installation have been selected from the last forty years of Nauman's work. But perhaps this misses the point. In putting 'Raw Materials' into the Turbine Hall, a trendy but very mainstream hotspot, Nauman is being brought to some of the people who know nothing about the relevance of the conceptual 'it' artists of the 'seventies.

Nauman is the godfather of the Young British Artists of the nineties and the now, amongst the first to work with neons, video art, sound pieces, body art, resin casts of negative spaces. His work is the old reference book for new ideas, and we should listen to what he has to say.

Bruce Nauman: Raw Materials.
At Tate Modern, London SE1, until 28th March

To listen to Nauman's installation, go to <http://www.tate.org.uk/modern/exhibitions/nauman>



Lucian Freud's *Ill in Paris* 1948

Black and white directness

Alastair Gee reviews Lucian Freud's exhibition of etchings at the Fitzwilliam

I'm going to admit it. In an obviously utterly naïve way, I always thought that etchings were painting's poor younger brother - they were a practice for a later work, some kind of preparative propaedeutic, basically not really deserving of much attention. In retrospectives dedicated to single artists, I

tended only to give the etchings on show a sincere but definitely brief glance as I rushed through to the half-glimpsed paintings hung next door. These 60-odd of Lucian Freud's, I anticipated, would be a very much needed steep learning curve.

Entering the show, the Fitzwilliam's

newly-completed temporary exhibition room is certainly just the right size for a pleasant hour's wander. It's a comfortable space, one you can keep a handle on, painted a rather non-aggressive version of all-white (as modern art spaces go). The etchings on display are divided into two sections - two or

three from the beginning of Freud's career in the 1940s, the rest from the past 20 years. The two groupings feel very different: the former is suffused with panic, centring on the large overwidened eyes of the female subjects that seem to want to grab at us for help, as they hold suspense-saturated breaths deep inside their lungs.

The second, much larger group, are mostly thoroughly confrontational, in a similar way to Freud's paintings: we're squashed nose-to-nose with awkwardly-placed subjects. *Bella in her Pluto T-shirt* seems literally pinned beneath his canvas, while *Man Posing* is shoving and pushing his naked lower body into our face. Freud shows his sitters how I've convinced myself no-one really sees me when I look close-up in the harshly-lit bathroom mirror in the morning, puffy, blotchy, and dirty with sleep - *Lord Goodman in his Yellow Pyjamas* is a lumpy, misshapen mess of flesh and folds of skin that overflow the borders of his face; *Woman Sleeping* is grossly obese and positioned as if she were a freak taxonomic specimen under glass. *Woman with an Arm Tattoo* is an equally fleshy and uncompromising portrayal, but I noticed that she is wearing a very pretty ruffled strapless top.

Actually, Freud does present us with some other moments of tenderness as well. *Susanna* is a gently aging beauty (I think perhaps she's even more beautiful now than she was), with outlined cheekbones and lips parted, her hair gently brushed across her forehead,

holding our gaze. *Esther's* slightly tilted head is bovine gentleness.

My ingrained tendency to ignore etchings was revealed to me here to be a bit ridiculous, as is perhaps clear, rather rapidly. Freud's works at this

Freud shows his sitters how I hope no one sees me in the morning

exhibition are every bit as engaging and complex as their counterpart

canvases that have a bit of paint chucked on, but these etchings perhaps particularly succeed in being more direct, without the complication of colour, or backgrounds that would compete with the figures for attention. *Susanna*, at any rate, is lodged warmly somewhere inside my chest. Indeed, combined with the new Henry Moore statue outside, the Freud show makes it feel as if visitors to the Fitz are getting the most carefully and exquisitely refined savour of British modern art, like some tiny course of nouvelle cuisine (gone in a lick, still sucked off the tongue five minutes later). Lucian Freud is saying: come and take a look at my etchings - it's not like there's anything better to see here.

Lucian Freud: Etchings 1946-2004.
At the Fitzwilliam Museum until 23 December 2004.

How to choose a Booker Prize winner

Archie Bland talks to over-worked Man Booker Prize judge and Cambridge fellow, Robert Macfarlane

Robert Macfarlane looks tired. Being the father of a young daughter is bound to be pretty exhausting; to agree to judge the Booker prize in addition seems the mark of a certain psychological instability. The Emmanuel College English fellow, who sat on the jury which just awarded £50,000 booty and priceless publicity to Alan Hollinghurst's *The Line Of Beauty*, is aware of the insanity of the endeavour - it requires judges to read a book a day for 131 days: "It's crossing Antarctica meets forty days in the wilderness - it seems this weird kind of stamina exercise."

"Vernon God Little is an incompetent Tex-Mex mess"

When confronted with what seems like a duff candidate, he says, "one would usually rather pull one's own toenails out than read the rest, but you're under obligation to do so." Wryly, he reflects that "perhaps I could have read the complete works of Nietzsche, Mann and Freud in the time, and I'd probably be a better person for it."

Still, the overwhelming impression he gives, despite these acknowledgements of the slightly perverse nature of the task, is one of satisfaction - indeed, delight - at having spent his summer with such a bewildering array of modern novels. "Look: reading a novel a day is not a particularly arduous request. In fact it's a deeply pleasant request."



Alan Hollinghurst makes his acceptance speech after winning this year's award

Pleasantness aside, Macfarlane has reason to be thankful to literary prizes, having received *The Guardian* first book award last year for his memoir-cum-travelogue-cum-history-cum-essay *Mountains of the Mind*, and he is a staunch defender of their value. When I wonder whether such a concept as the best book of the year is particularly useful, he is quite firm in his response, punctuating his argument with decisive, earnestly executed hand gestures: "The existence of a prize like this is absolutely essential. I don't want to be the obituarist of contemporary fiction, or say that it's on its death bed, but it does need all the help it can get. It exists in a deeply competitive cultural environment - in a kind of Darwinian world of shortened attention spans. So anything which

drives taste is hugely helpful."

Whether the judges will always drive it in the right direction is a moot point. Macfarlane is forthright in his criticism of *Vernon God Little*, last year's controversial winner, which some critics felt was a deliberately populist choice: "I think *Vernon God Little* is an incompetent Tex-Mex mess, and should absolutely not have sold half a million copies, and should absolutely not have won." The statement looks furious on the page, but Macfarlane's manner manages to make it sound like a gentle remonstrance, a statement of an obvious fact which, presumably, everyone already knows, DBC Pierre included. (*Vernon God Little* is not the only previous winner which comes in for criticism: Ian McEwan's *Amsterdam* is "hollow, a little toy of a book," not a patch on his later "masterpiece" *Atonement*.)

But *The Line of Beauty* is, if you'll pardon the pun, a different story. Macfarlane's satisfaction at its selection is palpable, and any lingering doubts as to his commitment to the process and its ultimate result are swiftly dispelled. He is fond of the word 'masterpiece', which he uses of at least five books in the course of our conversation: this is another of them, "magnificent" but, he concedes, "flawed".

He has already spoken of his admiration for Hollinghurst's earlier novels, one of which, *The Folding Star*, was a nominee for the Booker in 1994, and only missed out by a whisker: I wonder if knowledge of an author's previous work might be a dangerous thing for a prize which is meant to have only one criteria - which novel is the best of the year. He takes the question seriously, and, whilst adamant that lifetime achieve-

ment is a Gay Book. Macfarlane is unsurprised: at the end of the last meeting, he recounts, "I said, 'I think a huge amount will be made of the gayness of this book tomorrow.' And my fellow judges generally said 'oh, no...'" and then of course every single headline contained the word gay - 'Gay Novel Wins Booker' was the standard one. The *Express* ran a typically sensitive and ambiguous headline, which read 'Booker Prize Won By Gay Sex.' And the judging meetings were not that interesting."

It occurs to me that, whilst such media characterisation is of course

"It's crossing Antarctica meets forty days in the wilderness"

dismal and reductive, if the purpose of the prize is to garner publicity for Proper Literature by harnessing the brutally simple and effective machinery of the press, it might be a bit rich to object to it operating in precisely the same way in this field as it does in every other it addresses. Still, one can hardly find fault with Macfarlane's determination to talk about the book properly. "There's a funny thing happening, which is that people are being prudish about it and prurient about it at the same time, and the problem is that this distracts from the elegance and non-sexual intelligence of the book."

One miserable aspect of the media reporting is the insidious references to Chris Smyth's sexuality, as if this somehow explained the choice. After all, he was, as *The Telegraph* inexplicably pointed out, "Britain's first openly gay cabinet minister." As well as such underhand implications - gay chairman; gay book; must be why it won - the press enjoyed the usual speculation about internal wrangling. Just how did the jury work?

Macfarlane is not totally forthcoming, and, indeed, apologises at one point for sounding like a politician; but the broad implication seemed to be that, though there was a reasonable working relationship, the group didn't have the greatest chemistry. "Voices were never raised," he is keen to point out, "and I know they have been in the past;" but a moment later he adds that "I can't say I saw eye to eye with all the judges."

The most telling point he makes is by way of comparison: he tells me that he's heard the jury of two years ago, which included David Baddiel and *The Times*' literary editor Erica Wagner, go on holiday together. "I can't imagine us going on holiday as a jury, shall we say." That 'shall we say', delivered deadpan, seems to carry a certain weight.

But there's no getting away from it: he is clearly a man well pleased with the job he has done. There are frustrations, inevitably - "I would have been extremely happy if Matt Thorne's *Cherry* and *Jonathan Strange and Mr Norrell* hadn't made the long list," he grumbles, and "The book which should have been on the shortlist instead of Sarah Hall was Ronan Bennett's *Havoc In Its Third Year*" - but the pleasing thing about



MacFarlane calls the winning novel "magnificent but flawed"

talking to Macfarlane is that the whole experience doesn't seem to have scarred him too bitterly. He thinks a wonderful book won; and in general, when he talks about literature, he seems to be excited by it.

Even Cambridge's collection of creative writing, *Mays*, gets him going: he edited it in his time at Pembroke, and remembers his contemporary Zadie Smith's contributions: "we were sitting around with empty pizza boxes at our feet with eyeballs on springs at the brilliance of this writing. It was incredible." There is still, he insists, some 'staggeringly precocious stuff.'

He politely ushers me out so that he can fulfil his next appointment, a meeting about applications for next year. Lots of well qualified candidates, endless reading matter to sift through, and inevitable complaints in the press whichever of the options you pick: judging a literary prize begins to sound like the ideal qualification for being a Director of Studies. Except with the Booker, there's a big party at the end, and you get to set the literary agenda. Reading a book a day for over four months doesn't sound so bad after all.

Booker, Man

Macfarlane's quick picks:

Won but shouldn't have
Vernon God Little. Total bubblegum.

Didn't but should've
Alan Hollinghurst's *The Folding Star* - lost to James Kelman's *How late it was, how late*

Best Booker Winner
Ishiguro's *The Remains of the Day*, or Coetzee's *Disgrace*

Dream Jury
Charles Dickens, Oscar Wilde, T S Eliot, S T Coleridge, and Christopher Marlowe as chairman.

Pre-Booker Booker winner
Moby Dick (if Americans were allowed), or *Lolita* (if Russian-Americans were allowed.)

If you were a Booker winner
Ideally, *The English Patient*. Realistically, *Last Orders*.



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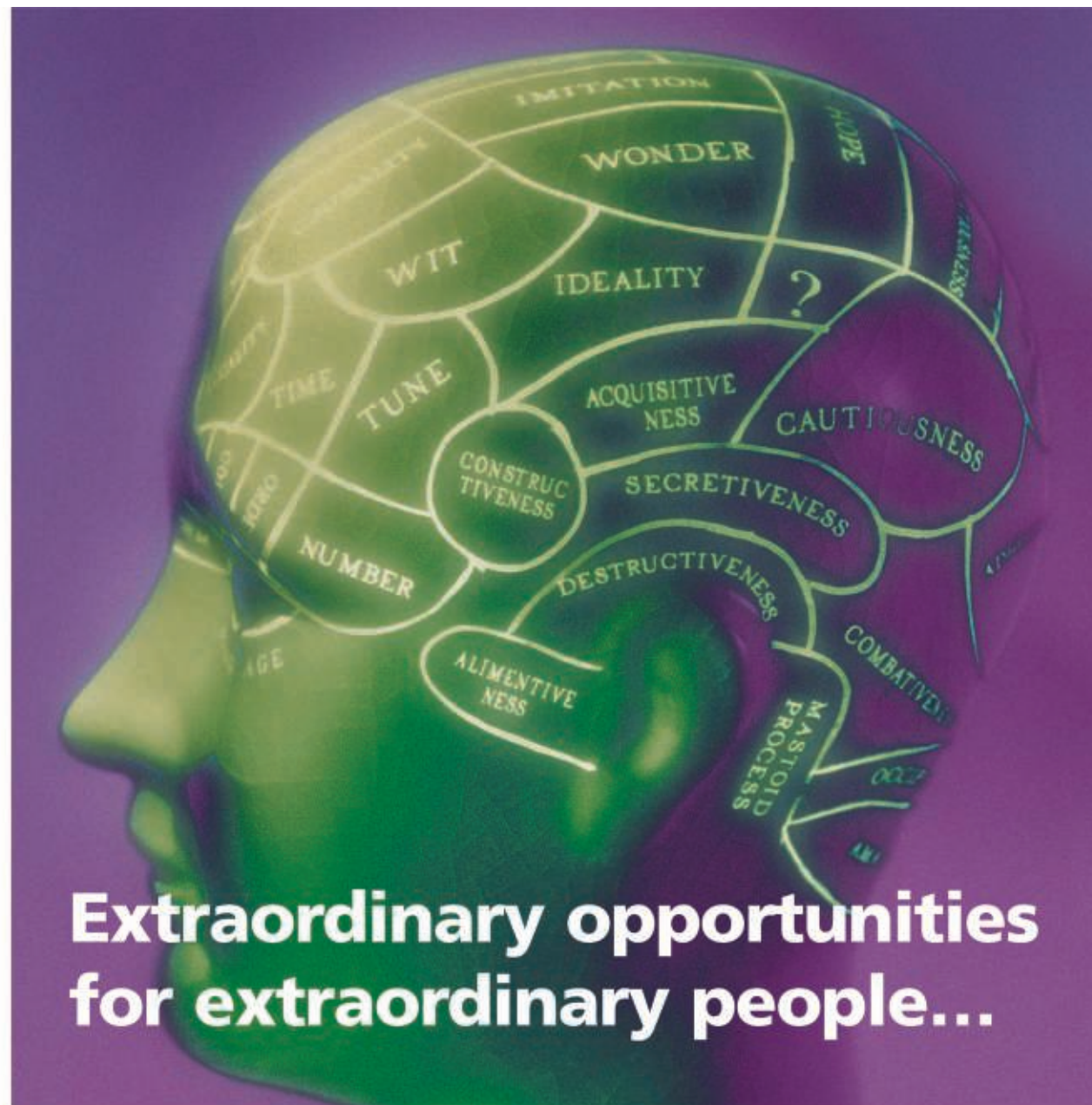


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Styling: Johanna Zetterstrom-Sharp and Sally Jennings

Managers are saving football from the devil



Adam
Edelschain

Money is the root of all evil and money in football is seemingly devilishly close to destroying the respect that the sport has held sacred for over a century. The apparent infighting over the obscene amounts of money at the top end of the sport are reminiscent of childish squabbles, while clubs in the lower leagues are struggling to survive, making losses annually. Meanwhile, top sportsmen are gambling away money they don't need and others are choosing to fight, womanise and powder their noses.

The football that most of us loved is fast becoming a side salad to the off-field fighting, drugs and women that seem to be making up the main course of the current fan's diet.

However, the increased popularity of football, despite having caused many of the above problems, has brought with it a saving grace, a reason to believe in a positive future for the troubled sport.

"Hello my sharks, welcome to the funeral", was the opening line of a certain Claudio Ranieri after defeat to Monaco in the champions' league. He was surely the saviour of football in England.

Football has always been about

passion, style and excitement but above all, it relies on entertainment to keep itself afloat and none have entertained in a more positive fashion, off the pitch at least, than the Italian "tinkerman".

Ranieri, now boss of Valencia in Spain again, was quite possibly the most popular manager in England of the last 10 years. Managing Chelsea is never an easy job, and Claudio still managed to secure second place for Chelsea, close to a title that they have only ever won once, in 1955.

This in itself was quite an achievement, but many managers have been successful in the past without being referred to as football's saving grace. No, it was Ranieri's character that shone through an ever-darkening sport to bring smiles to the faces of football fans across the country and reassert the belief that the heart of the sport hasn't shrivelled and died.

**"Hello my sharks,
welcome to the
funeral"**

This in part was due to his rather odd command of English. He once said "I am happy when our fans are happy, when our players are happy and our chairman is on the moon". Though I'm sure Ken Bates may not have seen the funny side quite as readily as the rest of the world, Mr Ranieri was securing his position as

the most popular after dinner speaker at football dinners up and down the country and making fans world-wide smile.

He also had a wonderful array of analogies, describing Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink as a shark, Hernan Crespo as "my new little lion" and Mutu as more "like a snake". We were left to guess whether Frank Lampard was going to be described as a rhinoceros, charging up and down the mid-field, or if Damien Duff would be likened to a cheetah or perhaps a snow leopard.

Yet it isn't simply because Ranieri made us laugh that endears him to us. It was his honesty and humanity. We could all relate to him, could understand the pressures he was under and respected the incredible dignity that he showed when his club had decided to get rid of him and kept him out of the loop for so long. All these features made him the most loveable man in English football, though Gary Lineker may claim that his squeaky clean image gives him a case as well.

It isn't just this one manager though who is helping to hide the embarrassing drug scandals and mask the more sinister sides to the game. The development of Arsene Wenger's character, from the shy, quiet individual who never saw anything to the outspoken, media friendly man he has become, has given rise to one of the most exciting and amusing rivalries in the premiership. He and Alex Ferguson seem to be fighting a mini

war against each other, much to the delight of the watching fans.

It was interesting to note that in the build up to the game at Old Trafford this season, where Arsenal lost their unbeaten run, all the pre match focus was not on the battle between Henry and Van Nistelrooy or between Campbell and Ferdinand or even injury doubts, Keane and Vieira in the middle of the park.

**"I must buy you an
espresso. But only
a little one -
I am Scottish"**

Instead, the spotlight was almost entirely on Ferguson and Wenger. Their remarks after the game seemed to justify the billing as well and though some of the banter between the two was unsavoury, most found it amusing. Wenger's moaning was pointless, Ferguson's accusations of horrendous tackles laughable and am I the only one who would like to have seen a pizza fight in the tunnel?

Meanwhile, Jose Mourinho's outrageous overconfidence is proving equally fascinating. Many will take great pleasure if he fails to deliver, but his uncanny self-assurance combined with a distinct lack of humour has intrigued fans across England, who have never seen anything quite like it.

And of course, there are the likes of Greame Souness, Big Sam Allardyce and Harry "bare bones" Redknapp who have shared their pearls of wisdom with us, for which we must be truly grateful.

The Premiership manager has without a doubt been a light at the end of a dark, pizza coated tunnel in which professional footballers are failing to hide away their illegal and rather disturbing habits. A spat between Fergie and Wenger or any interview with the wonderful Claudio will always be better to watch than any Stan Collymore story. Yet it has been persistently dogging me that while there are only 20 managers in the premiership and thus very few to share their incredible thoughts with us, there are so many different areas for the less savoury side of the game to crop up, be it in a downtown restaurant, a foreign hotel or a nightclub full of rugby players.

For the sake of football, I hope that the future of the beautiful game remains clean and fun and I feel fairly safe that the game's managers will keep me amused for several years to come. They will surely put up a brave fight before they let their starring roles fade away. Just ask Claudio. It wasn't long ago that he said "Before you kill me, you call me the 'dead man walking'. I must buy you an espresso. But only a little one - I am Scottish". What a superstar he truly was.

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Aussie star lends a coaching hand

Ed Hayles

ON SARTURDAY night Wayne Bennett masterminded Australia's last gasp victory over a talented and committed Great Britain side. On Tuesday he was in Cambridge to coach the University Rugby League side and speak at a dinner held at Trinity College.

It says much for the man himself and indeed the profile of Cambridge Rugby League that this appearance was possible. The laconic Queenslander, coach of the Brisbane Broncos for over a decade and coach of the Kangeroos, which he described as his "part time job", is wide-

ly acknowledged as the most successful head coach in the game. Typically, however, he maintains an interest in the grass roots of the game and seemed enthralled both by the Cambridge itself and the enthusiasm of the players.

Rugby league at Cambridge has seen massive resurgence in the past few years. In the 1980s Cambridge teams toured Australia but there followed lean years where it became sidelined as a distinctly minority sport. However, under the guidance of coach John Evans and a sponsorship deal with the law firm Baker and Mackenzie, the club has the financial and technical ability to compete with other university sports and has

produced players of a similar quality. Last years captain Bobby Forrest toured France with Great Britain and forced his way into the test team at loose forward, whilst Sam Gluck also represented Welsh Students.

However the club made the greatest leap forward last year playing Wigan and Warrington Academy sides home and away, the first time professional opposition has met student counterparts. Both sides have confirmed repeat fixtures for this January and are keen to maintain links with Cambridge.

These matches will serve as warm ups to the focus of the Cambridge season, the Varsity Match on March the 2nd in

Richmond. For the second year in succession the match will be covered live on Sky Sports as Cambridge look to avenge their defeat in last season's fixture.

Mr Bennett commented in his speech that he realized long ago that not all players would play for Australia and Great Britain yet could play Rugby League with the same passion and sense of teamwork that the game promotes at the level they chose. Shaun Edward, the former Wigan and Great Britain half back echoed these comments. With events such as these and the support the club enjoys, the future of Rugby League at Cambridge looks strong.



(from left to right) John Evans, Shawn Edwards, Wayne Bennett and Ed Hayles

Men's College Rugby League

Division I

Place	Team	Pl	W	D	L	F	A	PD	Pts
1	St. John's	4	4	0	0	119	12	107	16
2	Jesus	4	3	0	1	55	40	15	13
3	Downing	4	2	0	2	61	44	17	10
4	Girton	3	1	0	2	12	40	-28	6
5	St. Catherine's	3	0	0	3	16	88	-72	3
6	Trinity Hall	2	0	0	2	5	44	-39	2

www.crazyaboutsport.com

Last weeks' results:
 St. Catz 0 - 29 Downing

St. John's 27 - 6 Jesus
 Girton P - P Trinity Hall

Men's College Football League

Division I

Place	Team	Pl	W	D	L	F	A	GD	Pts
1	Fitzwilliam	3	3	0	0	8	4	4	9
2	Jesus	3	2	0	1	10	4	6	6
3	St. John's	3	2	0	1	6	4	2	6
4	Caius	3	1	1	1	3	4	-1	3
5	Downing	3	1	0	2	6	6	0	3
6	Churchill	2	1	0	1	3	3	0	3
7	Trinity	2	1	0	1	3	4	-1	3
8	St. Catharine's	3	1	0	2	3	7	-4	3
9	Darwin	2	0	1	1	2	3	-1	1
10	Girton	2	0	0	2	1	6	-5	0

Last weeks' results: Caius 1 - 0 Downing; Jesus 3 - 0 Trinity; St. Catz 1-0 Girton; St. John's 2 - 3 Fitzwilliam;

Fitz revenge as John's falter

College Football

Dan Whale

FOR MANY of the Fitzwilliam players who ran out against John's on a blustery Thursday afternoon in late October, there was a more important sub-plot to this match between Division 1's early pace-setters, an impressive looking Fitz side and an ever-strong John's side, who had beaten Fitz in last year's Cuppers final.

Fuelled by bitter memories of a cruel final defeat back at Grange Road in April, it was revenge that the Fitz players wanted more than anything. The despair of conceding a soft goal to current John's captain Mike Gun-Why was more than some could take, and the pictures of John's lifting the trophy in front of their fans at Cambridge University's equivalent of the Millennium Stadium are pinned very much to the dart boards and memories of captain James Bewley and his men. Thursday, though, was the perfect remedy for the woes of the previous season.

On the back of excellent wins away to Jesus and at home to Catz on Sunday, Fitz entered this match full of confidence, paired against a rather different looking John's side from the one that won the infamous cup final 6 months ago. Indeed, the John's team lacked the imagination and guile of last season, though they have still managed to start the season in impressive fashion with wins against Downing and Darwin.

The match couldn't have started any worse for John's. With only 7 minutes on the clock, Fitz forced a corner out on the left. An element of

luck was certainly involved in seeing the ball end up in the net direct from Dad's corner, the ball looping over the poor goalkeeper via his despairing right hand.

Fitz continued to create chances throughout the half, with the strength of Ryan and pace of Threlfall causing the John's defence endless problems. Five minutes after the goal, centre back Henderson found himself unmarked from another excellent Dad corner, but when only 6 yards out, side-footed his volley over the bar. This was a warning to John's of greater things to come, with some excellent link-up play down the left between the ever irrepressible Windley and Dad creating panic in the John's defence. A few wayward long range efforts were followed by Threlfall getting in behind to force a good save from John's 'keeper Greene.

All of Fitz's good work was undone and then re-sealed in a manic 10 minute period at the end of the first half. Initially a spell of unconvincing defending allowing John's to level the match at 1-1. Two attempted clearances on the edge of the area hit Fitz players, the latter of which fell at the feet of a John's striker who finished neatly from 15 yards. However, it only took 5 minutes to restore the lead at 2-1, a clever through ball setting Threlfall in the clear to score his 4th goal in 3 games.

Still there was time for another John's chance before half-time, when the excellent Hardy, who otherwise kept John's danger man Alex Ford extremely quiet, attempted to back-heel the ball off Ford and out for a throw in. This didn't come off, and

Ford was able to burst through, shooting wide of the far post.

Fitz then came out all guns blazing in the second half, and it only took 10 minutes before the tricky Griffiths, switching to the left wing in the second half, tucked neatly past Greene from six yards following Bewley's cross from the right.

Chances came and went for Fitz, and while John's created a few of their own, they never posed a serious threat. Reid, on for defensive stalwart Henderson, saw the best of the Fitz chances, his intelligent header dropping just over the cross bar.

At the other end, Fitz's 'keeper dealt well with a corner similar to the one that Dad had scored from in the first half, palming onto the bar as it looked to have looped over his head, and pouncing neatly on the rebound. Ford also shot over when he should have passed across goal, and only when time had nearly run down did John's manage a consolation, John's captain Mike Gun-Why curling audaciously into the bottom right hand corner from the edge of the area. Fans invaded the pitch at the final whistle, as Fitz went top of the league with a maximum nine points from their three games. Jesus and John's now sit behind them on six points, as Jesus beat dark horses, Trinity 3-0.

St Catharine's registered their first points of the season after a narrow 1-0 win over Girton. After a terrible start to the season, last year's runners up beat the champions who look in dissaray after losing so many players to injury in their opening match of the season.

Sport In Brief

ROWING - In the early rounds of University Fours, notable results included Clare beating Newnham by four lengths in the womens' 4+ on Monday, then Catz by the same distance on Tuesday. Emma II men beat Jesus III by 22seconds. The Jesus first four beat Catz by 34seconds. In the men's coxless fours, Pembroke beat LMBC by 9seconds. The final is on Thursday.

FENCING - Two wins in two weeks put the Mens Blues on top of the BUSA Premier League. Last Wednesday they defeated Southampton 135-88. This week, Oxford were humbled 135-83, with Cambridge rarely moving out of first gear. British team-mates Mark Adair and Robin Allen saw the team home in the Epee and Sabre events respectively. Meanwhile, Anna Robinson and Chris Greensides were competing in Portugal at the Junior European Championships for Great Britain Under 20s.

AND FINALLY....

FOOTBALL - Jesus won the inaugural College 5-a-side competition, beating Catz 3-0 on penalties in the final. The tournament raised over £500 for CUAFC.

Rugby League star drops by

Australian Rugby League coach trains Cambridge squad

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John's take lead in title race

College Rugby

ST. JOHN'S 27
JESUS 6

Michael Henson

IT SEEMED as certain as the clocks going back that these two college powerhouses would meet with high hopes of taking the points and going top of the table. This time, as is often the case, the game looked as if more rested on it than just drunken bragging rights over an old rival. Both teams came into the game with 100% records, locked together above the rest of the first division. Victory for either wouldn't decide the league, with plenty of rugby still left to be played. But the winner would take the destiny of the championship firmly into their own hands.

The evidently larger John's pack were intent to establish authority over their Jesus counterparts straight from the off. Jesus however steeled themselves admirably upfront and, in doing so, allowed their dangerous backs to punch holes in the John's backline. John Messer turned the defence with a scything break, ultimately let down as the ball spilled forward on its way out to the winger. The territory gained in front of their own supporters however lifted Jesus expectations. They hustled and harried, denying any decisive clearing kick and with the ball carried strongly straight back at them, John's discipline cracked. Hopkins casually slotted the resulting penalty over.

Finding themselves down early on at home seemed to sting the infamous and considerable collective pride of John's and provoked a battling response. Their forwards crashed through round the fringes and rucked with renewed vigour. The tactic imposed their physicality on Jesus who tackled valiantly, yet were forced irresistibly back towards their own posts and conceded a penalty. John's were soon level as centre Humphreys took his chance from the tee.



St John's (red and white) pile forward as Jesus try desperately to stop them from increasing their lead. The champions eventually came out comfortable winners

John's allowed Jesus to slither out of the stranglehold they seemed to be tightening as shoddy line-out work, indiscipline and a mistake fielding a kick variously found them back on their own line. The largely self-inflicted situation afforded Hopkins another chance at goal and John's were behind once more. The lively Micky Barr nearly increased the lead, popping up out wide, zipping through a gap and exciting unseemly professions of love from the far touchline. It seemed that Jesus may have found a style and tempo to cause an upset to the reigning league champions. Certainly John's seemed subdued in contrast to the verve and enthusiasm of Jesus. The particular hue of red belonging to Jesus was in the ascendance.

Then the tide turned. As a Jesus line-out throw looped comfortably

clear over their jumpers John's flanker Fraiser Thompson found himself in oceans of space in which to race upfield. The forwards continued the momentum, rumbling on as Jesus scurried back. There was a final surge from Roberts before the ball went out to Holmes who broke through some rare suspect Jesus tackling and slipped the ball inside to Tom Dye to score. The league's top scorer had inflicted a vital strike just before half-time. Jesus only had salt rubbed in the wound when shortly after the referee called a halt to the proceedings with a lineout on the John's line still to come.

Although the score stood at just 8-6, with John's leading the game had a very different complexion in the second half. An altogether more composed side emerged after the break, much more adept at containing a deflated

Jesus. The game gained a strange sense of inevitability from here on in.

Pressed into their own 22, Jesus defended stoutly, at times heroically, as John's swept back and forth searching for a chink to exploit. It couldn't last however and the simplicity of the John's try when it did come made it almost an anti-climax. With a number 8 pick up close to the line, Roberts had the ball popped back inside to him for an unchallenged dive over. With the conversion putting the score at 15-6 the game was never going to escape John's.

Where the backs flew at each other with bite in the first half, the second was characterised by a grindingly effective performance by the John's forwards. Scrimshaw shone particularly as he involved himself all over the pitch. Holmes added another score as he showed a switch to the Jesus defence

but hung on to the ball to ease through. Considering the misfiring that had occurred in the John's backs as they attempted some of the more ambitious moves in their repertoire, it was a wise decision. The game's stuttering rhythm became more pronounced with this stretching of the John's lead. Indeed it allowed Tom Dye to combine his work at centre with conducting the pitchside choir in a crowning reminder to the opposition that 'you'll never be at John's'. The victory was capped off as the tiring Jesus defence was outflanked by a long ball from Humphreys to Buxton who put in Murray.

As John's posed for pictures and Jesus tightened in a defeated huddle the scene at the final whistle seemed strongly familiar. Despite the early promise of Jesus, these groundhog days of John's dominance continue.

Cambridge get their sticks crossed as lead slips in frenzied encounter

University Hockey

CAMBRIDGE 2
CROSTYX 2

Clare Skirrow

EACH YEAR it is incredibly difficult for a University side to start the season strongly and this year has been no different for the Women's Hockey Blues. With only four players remaining from last year's Varsity winning squad, the Ladies first team have made one of the best starts to the season, sitting comfortably in mid-table.

After several disappointing performances the Blues appeared to be back on form this weekend in their match

against Crostyx. But after completely dominating the first half, scoring two goals and playing some stunning hockey, the final result left the team feeling frustrated and let down.

Cambridge started impressively, holding most of the possession and creating plenty of chances. The solid back four of Kendall, Frith, Wheeler and Skirrow looked comfortable passing the ball around whilst searching for the release up the pitch. With incredible on and off ball movement, an energised Cambridge pushed forward and it was clear the University side were intent on victory.

A new formation seemed to be paying off, the opposition defence struggling to contain the slick close range

passing of the right hand side. Halfway through the first half Rachel Sissons received the ball and with a lightning strike and a slight deflection from the 'keeper the University side had their first goal.

A Cambridge goal was disallowed shortly afterwards but the relentless attacks put increasing pressure on the Crostyx defence. A defensive error gave Cambridge the ball and an unstoppable break ensued, culminating in a goal from captain Rachel Wheeler.

The second half saw a change in the University side. Their composure vanished and they looked tired. Crostyx attacked again and again, forcing short corner after short corner, which inevitably resulted in Cambridge con-

ceding twice. Cambridge did show moments of flair and occasionally threatened to score again, but failure to convert short corners left them to settle for a draw. Despite this, the team should not be too disheartened; it is clear the ability and skills are present. It will take

a little time for the hard work to pay off and for play to flow smoothly.

Having been promoted into the East league at the end of the last season the Nomads are having a brilliant season. This week taking on Wisbech away, they were unlucky to lose 2-0.



The Nomads in their Varsity match at the end of last season