

VARSITY



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CUAI launch high-profile campaign against arms

Chine Mbubaegbu

THIS WEEK saw the launch of the 'Control Arms Campaign' by Cambridge University Amnesty International (CUAI) at the Michaelhouse Café, in an attempt to make Cambridge students aware of the mounting global problems concerning the arms trade.

The Cambridge campaign is part of a worldwide movement to eradicate the "global misuse of arms." According to the organisation: "The unregulated supply of weapons makes it easy for criminals to murder, for soldiers to kill indiscriminately, and for police to arbitrarily take lives. Today's weapons are quicker and more powerful than ever before. And in the wrong hands, faster and more powerful weapons mean more abuse and more wasted lives."

Councillor John Hipkin, Deputy Mayor of Cambridge, attended the launch of the campaign, which is supported by Amnesty, Oxfam and the International Action Network on Small Arms (IANSA). He said: "I hope to be mayor in May and I am going to dedicate my mayoral year to the cause of peace and reconciliation. Cambridge's eminent history in the field of research and its eminent academics who have taken up the cause of peace need to be celebrated. Cambridge is a place where we have done a great deal of work on research into armaments and scrutinizing government treaties."

Tabassum Khandker, Co-Ordinator of the Control Arms campaign in Cambridge, highlighted the need for Cambridge students to be aware of the issue, saying: "The first aim of the campaign is to raise aware-

ness in Cambridge. Admittedly, as students we live in a Cambridge bubble. We need to get Cambridge students and the community out of the bubble because it affects Cambridge as well. There have been several instances of gun crime in Cambridge and the chances of these guns being legal is highly unlikely."

Councillor Hipkin commented on gun crime in Cambridge and the UK, saying: "What everybody is aware of is that there is an increasing ratcheting up of ordinary crime into the status of violence. There are more weapons being used and we now have governments positively telling people that it's ok to shoot burglars and the burglars will take the message from that. Where formerly they would have gone in with a hammer through a window, they'll now go in with a hammer and a gun. The escalation is frightening."

According to the Control Arms campaign: "There are around 639 million small arms and light weapons in the world today. Eight million more are produced every year."

One of the main initiatives of the campaign is the "Million Faces" petition – a visual petition that will allow people to "show concern about the spread of arms around the world." The campaign hopes to present the petition to the governments of the world at the UN conference in 2006. Cambridge students and community figures, including the Deputy Mayor, have already added their names and faces to the petition, putting them alongside such famous figures as Desmond Tutu, Michael Moore and Sir Bob Geldof.



The Scissor Sisters are amongst the major backers of the campaign launched this week by CUAI

Police called in to settle Cellar fracas

Oliver Tilley

THE KING'S Cellar Grime Night had to be prematurely shutdown early this week after it was gate-crashed by three local youths from outside the University.

In an isolated incident, the three adolescents, who looked "around the 18 year old mark", found their way into King's College at around 11.30pm on Tuesday February 11th. They subsequently entered the King's College bar where they were verbally abusive and threw beer at fellow students.

After walking up to the

Grime DJs who were present they "talked a lot of talk" and intimidated those students in the bar. Students at King's have said they "caused problem, pushing the lines of being aggressive, without being violent".

This culminated half-an-hour after their arrival in a clash between the youths and the Cellar staff at the Cellar entrance, which prompted the organisers to shut down the event immediately, at 12am, only half-an-hour before the scheduled end of the set. At this point the porters were called and repeatedly asked the intruders to leave, which

created no response, requiring them to call the police, after which the intruders left promptly.

The Cellar committee, King's College porters and the King's College authorities discussed the intrusion afterwards and have since decided to ensure constant supervision of the main King's gate by manipulating the staff shifts. They expect that the intruders entered through an unattended main gate. The new measures are expected to prevent a repeat of the incursion.

The college is usually closed after 10.30pm, while the Cellar admits people until

11.30pm. The college authorities said they were "very pleased" with the way in which the Cellar committee handled the altercations.

Concerns have been raised over the King's Cellar queuing system, where those who have already paid for admittance have at times been declined re-entry after leaving.

But plans are in place to introduce an alternative double-queuing system in which paid attendees queue in a separate line, while the toilets, closed for years are to be reopened after council officials assured the committee they would be workable.

News in brief
Animal Rights

Animals rights extremists have been accused of spreading malicious rumours about employees of Huntingdon Life Sciences and other companies linked to animal testing. Cambridgeshire police have responded by saying that officers would seize any offending literature and speak to neighbours of people falsely accused. A spokeswoman for the police said, "This type of harassment will not be tolerated."

Hawking Spaceship

A spaceship which has been flown around the solar system by Cambridge physicist Stephen Hawking has been put up for sale on eBay. The metre long vessel was built for a Specsavers commercial starring Professor Hawking in 1999 and is being auctioned on the internet until Monday 21 February. The latest bid has reached £157.

Family Planning

A new survey by the Family Planning Association has revealed that 61 per cent of 18 to 23 year olds think that new technology such as mobile phones and email makes it easier for partners to cheat on them. Text messaging in particular is used as a method of maintaining multiple relationships. Email is the new way to flirt.

Stolen bike website

Cambridgeshire Police have set up a new website to help identify stolen bikes. Pictures of recovered cycles and locks have been published on the site to help victims of bike theft. See www.cambs.police.uk/camops/rcovered/cycles.

Crowded Cam

The Cambridge University Combined Boats Club are urging rowing crews to think before they practise as the River Cam is becoming increasingly congested. The Club, which regulates and organises the University's rowers, says that the rise in the numbers of crews insisting on early morning sessions is leading to ineffective training for every team on the river.

Black card mystery

Students across Cambridge have been receiving mystery black cards, allowing them entry to an event described by sources as "of epic proportions" and which will take place on Sunday February 20, in the heart of student Cambridge. Details are sparse and scant, but the event seeks comparison to the legendary, and perhaps mythical, Black Card supposedly touted by the likes of Kanye West and Nellee Hooper; the suggestion afforded is that this expectedly humble student equivalent may have unexpected power...

Teaching first New name for Psalter

Joe Gosden

THE SCHOOLS Minister has said that recruitment of high flying graduates to work in tough inner city schools is having a "significant effect" in raising standards. In a speech to the Fabian Society on Friday, Stephen Twigg MP set out his vision for the future of urban education, announcing the extension of the Teach First scheme to include Manchester as well as London in a bid to further raise standards.

Twigg said that he was "hugely impressed" with the impact of the scheme and wanted to "explode the myth that urban schools fail their pupils". He added "the reality is remarkable progress in our cities - and in London in particular. The track record speaks for itself. In the late 1980s just 15 per cent of students got five good GCSEs in inner London. In 2004, London overtook the national average for the first time". The Teach First scheme encourages high-flying graduates to spend two years in teaching after leaving university, posting them to tough inner-city comprehensives after a fast-track teacher

training program. Graduates entered schools in 2003 and there are now around 350 such teachers working in 65 schools in 24 London boroughs. A third of the graduates are from Oxbridge or Imperial College and statistics show that the majority have stayed in teaching after their two years, with some going on to become head teachers.

A Dfes spokesperson said "The largest group of Teach First participants teach the severe shortage subjects: maths, science and modern foreign languages. Graduates are placed in the secondary schools across London that need them most; at least 30 per cent of pupils receive free school meals in participating schools".

Rosemary Sillence, who read English at Cambridge and was one of the first recruits, said that she liked the way the program enabled her to try teaching whilst "keeping her options open". She added that she enjoyed the fact that "you go straight into the classroom and learn the theory on the job...enabling you to gain not only Qualified Teacher Status but also a Foundations of Leadership, all in the same program".



Rachel Cooper

FOLLOWING THE arrival of the Macclesfield Psalter at Cambridge's Fitzwilliam Museum, experts could rename the unique Fourteenth Century illuminated manuscript.

After a nationwide campaign raised the £1.7 million necessary to save the manuscript from export to the USA, the Psalter has finally come home to East Anglia. The manuscript is on display to the public from 15 to 27 February, before being withdrawn for conservation and analysis. The Macclesfield Psalter which depicts the psalms of David

accompanied by a host of macabre and comic illuminations is considered to be one of the most important medieval artefacts in existence. Dr Stella Panayotova, Keeper of Manuscripts at the Fitzwilliam Museum described it as a "treasure of immense art-historical importance" and likened its discovery to a "major scientific breakthrough".

But little is known about its origins and history: named the Macclesfield Psalter after being discovered in the private library of the Earl of Macclesfield two years ago, the 252-page manuscript embellished with gold and pre-

cius pigments provides a unique insight into medieval life. Initial research has suggested that the 170x108mm work can be linked to a priory at Gorleston in Suffolk at a time when East Anglia was one of the foremost artistic centres in Europe. But Dr Panayotova suggests that it could be associated with a Norwich workshop. It is hoped that laser technology and pigment analysis will reveal the Psalter's history which could see it renamed according to its true origin. Dr Panayotova speculated on how the manuscript was produced, suggesting that a team of artists could have created the work over a period of one to two years during the 1320s. Heavily populated with illuminations which are an assortment of the archaic and the progressive, she has dubbed one of the artists involved "the madman" who makes a guest appearance in the creation of some of the more obscure images.

The script is currently in an unbound state due to the disintegration of its eighteenth century binding. After conservation it is hoped be ready for permanent display from December this year.

A-Levels and GCSE's are here to say, reports Liz Bradshaw

A-LEVELS AND GCSEs have been accorded a reprieve amid pre-election fears of losing middle-class votes.

The government will reject proposals put forward by Sir Mike Tomlinson, the former Chief Inspector of Schools, to replace them with a European-style diploma with more emphasis on vocational skills.

The Prime Minister is concerned that the new system may be seen as less rigorous, and

therefore give rise to accusations of declining educational standards.

In a white paper on education, the government is to announce changes that will instead take place within the current system. These include opportunities for the brightest sixth-form students to take university-level courses and to extend the range of vocational options available to the less academically-minded.

In a report published last year,

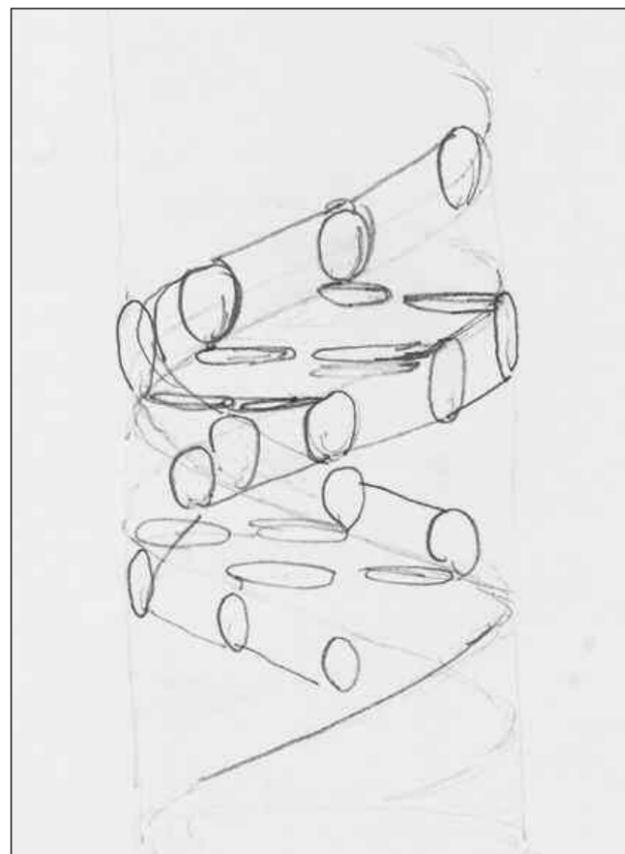
Tomlinson had advocated a ten-year reform programme that would see the creation of a four-level diploma, gained between the ages of 14 and 19, focusing on literacy, numeracy and information technology, and giving equal weighting to academic and vocational qualifications. His proposals received widespread support from teaching unions, government exams watchdogs and the former education secretary, Charles Clarke. A poll commis-

sioned by The Times newspaper found this week that 45 per cent of headteachers have lost faith in the current exams system and would rather their pupils sat something similar to the International Baccalaureate.

John Dunford, general secretary of the Secondary Heads Association, called this a "tragic waste of national resources", but a spokeswoman for the Department for Education and Skills responded: "The costs

reflect the fact that we owe it to students to have reliable and rigorous external assessment". Mr Clarke's successor, Ruth Kelly, described A-levels and GCSEs as the "gold standard" in education, saying that "We really do need to make sure that we have GCSEs and A-levels remaining in place and build upon that". Ms Kelly is expected to announce the government's proposals in a Commons statement next week.

DNA doodle on the web



Lucy Phillips

A ROUGH sketch showing Cambridge scientist Francis Crick's first impressions of the DNA molecule has been made available to view over the internet.

The pencil doodle, made on a scrap of A4 paper, shows the first hint of the famous double helix structure of DNA.

Crick, along with his colleague Dr James Watson, identified the double helix shape in 1953. He famously celebrated by going to the Eagle pub, on Bene't Street, and announcing that the two men had "found the secret of life". The breakthrough began a new era of scientific progress, revolutionising medical and forensic science.

A total of 350 text documents and images from Crick's personal archive, including the DNA sketch, can now be viewed or downloaded on the internet. They also include his original research papers on DNA and genetic codes dating from 1948 to the 1980s.

The Wellcome Trust in the UK and the United States National Library of Medicine are currently working to digitise the entire collection, which consists of over 11,000 items. The project aims to open the late scientist's life and work to the public and to act as a guide for more in depth research.

Crick himself emphasised the value of this project in 2001 when he said: "The Wellcome Trust's principle of free access to information will apply to my papers. The world's scientists and medical historians can't all make it over to my office in the States but they will soon have unlimited access to my archives at the Wellcome Library."

Crick, one of the most celebrated scientists of the last century, died in July 2004 aged 88.

Since the Wellcome Trust and the Heritage Lottery Fund bought the Crick papers in 2001 they have been housed in the Wellcome Library in London. The process of digitisation will ensure their longevity.

MHA week

Events took place across Cambridge this week to increase awareness of the issues surrounding mental health (MH) problems.

The week aimed to provide information on the support available to students and challenge the stigma associated with MH problems.

Events included a talk by Tarryn Hawley from Young Minds entitled 'Everyone has mental health', relaxation and art workshops and film viewings of *A Beautiful Mind* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

CUSU Welfare Officer Richard Reid said events "were well received."

He said "It's always difficult to determine the effectiveness of these sorts of campaigns, but I hope that simply by running the week MH issues will become a greater part of people's thinking. MHA Week has also been the driving force behind the relaunch of the CUSU mental health website, www.giveitsometought.co.uk which is currently expanding."

LP

Tsunami update

Cambridge's latest Tsunami fund-raising event, a concert organised by CUMS, will be held in King's College Chapel on Saturday 19.

Maggie Heywood, the Hon. Secretary of CUMS, is keen that the money should be donated to 'specific projects'. CUMS plans to donate the money raised to particular communities in both Sri Lanka and Africa which both present and past CUMS members have personal contacts with.

The concert will be attended by heads of houses and departments in the University as well as city dignitaries. The Vice-Chancellor is also supporting the initiative. Ticket prices range from £5 concessions to £50 for seats in the front antechapel. CUMS is extremely pleased that many of those unable to attend have given donations instead, with "donations running equal to ticket sales" at present.

The programme includes Handel's 'Zadok the Priest Chorus and Jupiter' from Holst's 'The Planets'. It will be conducted by Stephen Cleobury, Timothy Brown and Harry Blake.

A similar concert held at Great St Mary's in January raised over £10,000 for the Tsunami Relief Fund.

Amelia Worsley

Going mixed

Barney Jones

THE PRINCIPLE OF equality of opportunity has been questioned by a recent proposal from the Girls' School Association (GSA), which requested a merger with the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference (HMC). Some headmasters in the HMC have stated that such an idea is inherently hypocritical.

The main reason why the GSA schools, such as St Paul's Girls, would not be allowed to join the HMC is based on a controversial membership rule. Only schools with 40% boys are granted membership to the HMC. The HMC changed its name from the Headmasters' Conference in 1996 when it gained its first Headmistress. The acronym remains the same.

Two GSA schools in particular, Guildford High and Surbiton High, have expressed the wish for the two groups to merge. Charlotte Rendell-Short, Deputy Chief Executive of the trust to which the schools belong said: "It would be sensible for them [the HMC] to seek a legal opinion".

Legal opinion is being sought by the HMC, who say they will also hold a ballot amongst their members to decide whether they wish the

merger to go ahead. The widespread belief is that this ballot is unlikely to result in a 'yes' vote.

Members of the HMC have stated that the wish for the GSA to join forces with them is inherently hypocritical. They argue that the GSA champions single-sex education, and has stood by its assertion that girls fare worse in co-educational schools. The headmasters do not question membership of single-sex boys schools already in the HMC.

An argument against the HMC's criticism is evident in a report in the Telegraph from May 2004. The paper reported that girls schools were considering admitting boys, after figures demonstrated a fall in the popularity of single sex schools.

Cynthia Hall, the president of the Girls' Schools Association and head of St Helen & St Katharine School, in Abingdon, Oxon, is quoted as having said: "We think we may have been too rigid about excluding boys and that the time has come to open up our schools as HMC has done".

The question as to the fairness of the rules of membership to the HMC is still to be fully debated.

'Colonials and Natives' themed night at Ballare



Spot the odd one out. Students dressed in 'colonials and natives' outfits were in the minority.

A NUMBER OF Cambridge students have voiced concern over a 'Colonials and Natives' fancy dress night, held at Ballare Nightclub on Wednesday, in largely isolated protests. The themed night was put on by the Hawks Club as part of their weekly Rumbogie club night. The theme chosen was the same as that of a recent party attended by Prince Harry, which prompted a public outcry for an apology, after the prince was photographed wearing a Nazi armband.

Despite a minority of clubbers turning up in the suggested costume, several people have suggested that the theme was inappropriate. Pav Akhtar, current NUS Black Student Officer and ex-CUSU President, suggested that the theme went against the Race Relations Act. Sholto Mayne-Harvey, who organised the event, has defended his decision, saying: "The theme was not intended to cause offence, controversy, or to maintain certain myths that might exist about Cambridge's students." However, he apologised for any offence caused.

- Chine Mbubaegbu
- See 'Broadside', p.12

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Fitzwilliam nominated for Museum of the Year



Frances Sword (Head of Education at the museum), Sokari Douglas Camp (sculptor), Michael Day (Chief Executive of Historic Royal Palaces) and Margaret Greeves (Museum Assistant Director) are pictured in the courtyard of Fitzwilliam Museum. The museum's courtyard redevelopment has been short-listed along with 10 other projects around the country, for the prestigious Gulbenkian Prize for Museum of the Year, the largest arts prize for the UK, worth £100,000. Judges Michael Day and Sokari Douglas Camp visited on Thursday. The museum is now encouraging involvement and comments from the public. Four finalists for the prize will be announced 18 March and the winner on 26 May 2005.

Lucy Phillips

Channel challenge

Amelia Worsley

OXFORD AND Cambridge Boat Clubs will race across the English Channel on June 20 this year, over what has been called "one of the most challenging stretches of water in the world".

The ambitious plan, organised by LMBC, is for six to ten teams of four rowers plus a cox from both Oxford and Cambridge to race the 21-mile long route, with no swaps. The teams will begin at Shakespeare Beach in Dover Harbour and the race will finish when the first rower steps onto French sand.

The race is expected to take five hours, although it could be extended to a nine hours depending on whether crews miss the turning tides. "We expect it to be a tough race", said the organisers.

Teams will be crossing 'the busiest shipping lane in the world', and crews will have to deal with 'waves that stream off the bows of cross-channel ferries and cargo ships that are big enough to swamp or break the boat'. In addition, successful teams will have to overcome potential problems of hunger, dehydration and seasickness during the race.

So far, teams who have

expressed an interest include LMBC, Trinity Firsts and Thirds, Selwyn and Darwin, with more entries from Oxford colleges expected soon.

Lennard Lee, of LMBC, who will himself be rowing in the race, said: "The support will be there, and with enough preparation we hope that all the teams will finish."

Training will involve rowing in coastal areas, learning how to skulk as opposed to the usual technique, as well as getting used to a bigger boat. The race will raise money for the Cancer Research Campaign and the University Sports complex.

Sky-high exam costs

Lillie Weaver

A REPORT JUST published has put the total cost of exams in school at over £600m, the first study of its type.

The figure includes GCSEs, A-Levels, and their vocational equivalents, as well as the Standard Assessment Tests taken at seven, 11 and 14.

The report was released a week before the government's white paper on the future of these qualifications is due, and is seen by many as an attempt to influence ministers.

PriceWaterhouseCoopers, who were employed by the

examinations watchdog, described the system as having "a huge amount of superfluous or duplicated information", with some exam boards sending out paperwork to schools three times a week. Dr. Dunford, general secretary of the Secondary Heads Association, calls the expense a "tragic waste" of money and resources.

The Tomlinson report, released last year, suggested a broad reform of the current exam system, including introducing broader, Baccalaureate style A-level qualification, and advocated the scrapping of many of the exams at GCSE level and

below. Currently, British children are amongst the most examined in the world, according to Dunford, and the resulting system is so expensive and elaborate that it may be "on the brink of collapse".

The government is expected to add a new tier of vocational qualifications, rather than streamlining the existing system.

Critics hope the newly-published report will highlight the need to tackle the bureaucracy within the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority and also within exam boards.

CU Labour Club dispute

Amy Goodwin

CAMBRIDGE University Labour Club has emerged from its recent scandal in 'fighting form', newly-elected Chair Martin Arrowsmith declared yesterday.

This year's committee elections were delayed after former Secretary Henri Murison was accused by outgoing Chair Jane Jacks of abusing her email account. Jacks had given Murison her password to access the account on a unique occasion.

She was later tipped off by Arrowsmith that Murison had been checking her emails regularly in order to keep tabs on the inner workings of the Club in the runup to the elections.

Murison, who Arrowsmith describes as 'a careerist loose cannon' and 'fiercely New Labour', was expelled from CULC following a unanimous vote.

The meeting decided that Murison had 'broken the law to gain political advantage, broken the bond of trust between himself and the Club' and shown serious dishonesty.

Another member, Joe Powell, chose to resign from the Club after his campaign for chairmanship collapsed

when he was linked to Murison's activities.

Arrowsmith denies that CULC suffers from the factionalism which is often in evidence in student politics. Murison was 'very much on the fringe' of CULC's 'broad church', and the fact that not only was a unanimous decision made to expel him but Arrowsmith was elected Chair with equal confidence shows that this was a 'singular episode'.

"I'll see you on Judgement Day," - Labour Club Secretary

The circumstances in which Murison parted company with CULC are highly ironic given that he accused Jacks of conducting a 'dirty tricks' campaign when they both ran for Chair last year.

At the time he argued that she had broken the Data Protection Act by sending her manifesto to the entire CULC mailing list.

Arrowsmith also found his candidature was far from popular with Murison when the latter threatened him and tried

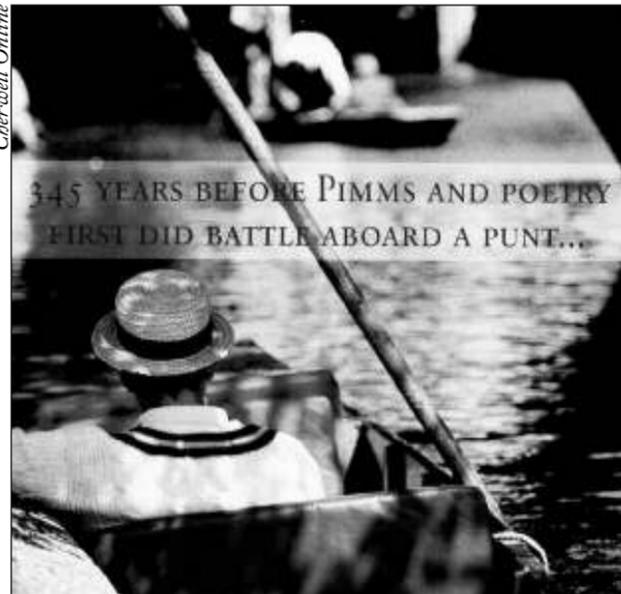
to demonstrate how the elections were stitched up for Powell by reading him an email from Jacks' account. Arrowsmith described how Murison left his room late one night before the elections with the words, 'I'll see you on Judgement Day'.

Although Arrowsmith believes that Jacks' 'excellent' chairmanship and the team he now has in place form a secure basis for CULC's work this year, he is concerned at news that Murison was elected as National Secretary of Labour Students at their conference earlier this month. Jacks withdrew her support for Murison's nomination in the wake of the email debacle.

CULC then attempted to make delegates aware of Murison's record, but the rigid structure of the conference meant that Murison was able to sidestep awkward questions.

As he was standing unopposed no serious efforts were made to attack his reputation. CULC is considering how best to deal with the situation but as its ties with Labour Students are fairly loose Arrowsmith is unsure how much impact any protest would have.

Oxford Ball blunder



Anna McIlreavy

OXFORD STUDENTS have expressed surprise at images of Cambridge being used to advertise the 450th Anniversary Ball of Trinity College, Oxford.

A range of posters, designed to advertise what will be one of the most extravagant Oxford Balls of the year, was released this week to a mixed reception because the posters have been described as "a bit Cambridgey".

One poster is dominated by an idyllic scene of punting on the Cam, with the caption sprawled across saying: "345 years before Pimms and poetry did battle aboard a punt."

Oxford students have wondered why the Ball Committee have not used scenes of the correct university.

Damian Murphy, a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, commented, "I find it strange that the Trinity Ball Committee of Oxford

should have such a low opinion of Oxford's natural charms, that they feel obliged to look to the River Cam for inspiration."

But the Ball Committee have explained that, due to the sponsorship deal they have with the advertising company, Getty Images, they are obliged to use pictures that feature in a specific area of their collection. This means they cannot choose equivalent photos of Oxford.

James Gallon, Zita Caldecott and Alice Leedale, Presidents of Trinity's Ball Committee, said the poster was intended to be "evocative, not representative, of what is elegant and refined about the social side of life at Oxford" but that "none of the images on the posters were taken in Oxford."

Students have complained that the failure to use a picture of punting on the Cherwell is at odds with the Ball's claims to be an occasion which celebrates Oxford.

The Trinity Ball Committee at Oxford has not expressed any intention to retract the posters that continue to cause mild confusion amid the Oxford student body.

Canoe club future at risk

Cambridge University Canoe Club



Rebecca Hodge

THE FUTURE of the University Canoe Club has been thrown into uncertainty as a result of being made homeless. Lacking more convenient options, the club have for the last ten years housed much of their equipment in several sheds on land owned by Caius College. The arrangement was one that suited both parties amicably, although Caius have recently announced they require

use of the land as part of their building expansion, leaving the club with nowhere to go.

The Canoe Club boasts 170 members, and caters for all levels of ability. Trips to alpine whitewater venues are interspersed with regular beginners sessions on the Cam – it is estimated that around 70 people learn to paddle with the club each year, and new members are always welcomed irrespective of previous experience. Yet despite placing a strong emphasis on

participation, the club are equally well rounded in terms of performance, displaying multiple medals from previous BUSA successes, including a bronze in the girl's river race and third overall in the team slalom. The canoe polo teams have begun competing in some of the top regional leagues, whilst the annual Varsity match has grown to include four different disciplines.

Despite competitive success, and the club's willingness to

bring novices into the sport, there has been virtually no support from the University who have been unable to provide any alternative storage space – something very much at odds with the support given to canoe clubs at most other UK universities. The collegiate nature of sports here at Cambridge has resulted in a lack of central support for non college based clubs, and as such leaves the canoeists with few options.

In order for the club to continue running, it is vital that alternative storage can be found quickly. Without easy access to the river, beginner's courses would prove too difficult to run, reducing the accessibility of the club and depleting the range of less mainstream sports available to students at Cambridge. As a result, club president Jamie Grundy has sent out an appeal asking for anybody who may be able to offer the use of a shed on the upper cam (above the mill pond), away from punts and rowers, to contact him on jg363@cam.ac.uk.

Horse rescue



A Przewalski stallion, soon to be reintroduced in Mongolia

Natasha Anders

KAYLEIGH FAWCETT, a 19 year old biological sciences student from Homerton College, is appealing to students throughout the University to take part in a fundraising bowling competition, to raise £1,200 in funds for the reintroduction of the Przewalski's Horse Project in Mongolia.

Kayleigh is taking part in the project herself this July, where she will be working in the Hastai National Project alongside rangers, research scientists and local people. This will involve following and monitoring herds of horses, tracking them in remote areas, observing herd behaviour and patterns, as well as becoming familiar with the Mongolian way of life, such as living in yurts (huts) and sampling the local dishes.

Kayleigh is an experienced rider and comments that the trip will also give her the opportunity to experience riding "Mongolian style."

The Przewalski horses are the only example of truly wild horses left in the world today and Kaleigh intends, on her 3 week trip to Mongolia in July, to gain a useful insight into a valuable research programme, which monitors the horses which are of great significance and importance to the local people.

The fundraising bowling competition will be held on March 7, at TenPin Cambridge Leisure Centre from 7pm. Tickets are £4.00 and participants will be put into teams of six, with prizes going to the winning team as well as the highest scorer. Those who are interested can e-mail Kayleigh at kf255@cam.ac.uk.

Eton help out

Mark Padley

ETON COLLEGE, one of Britain's best known public schools, is to give state school children the benefit of its facilities and educational expertise for free. Under a new government initiated partnership, which aims to help turn 'bog standard' comprehensives into state of the art 'academies', Eton will be giving Langley Academy in Slough the benefit of some of its resources. Pupils will be given master classes from Eton tutors free of charge and will also be allowed to use Eton's £10 million lake – the venue for next year's rowing world championships. Additionally, the new academy is to be sponsored by the Arbib Foundation, owner of the Henley rowing museum.

In return, Eton will be given access to some of the state school's facilities: A project manager for Langley academy stated that "The intention is that it will be a two-way process. Eton's pupils will be using Langley's indoor cricket pitches, as well as our pupils benefiting from Eton's resources".

This process of partnership is not limited to Eton either; other independent schools pledged support and expertise for the development of Tony Blair's new academies when he met them in October. Most pledged only expertise, although the King's School, Canterbury, is participating in plans for a school in Folkestone, and the United Church Schools Trust, the owner of eight private schools, already runs an academy in Manchester. Oundle School has also

pledged to assist a planned academy in Peterborough. For many schools, such as Bancroft's school Essex, who already share their facilities with the local community, this greater level of partnership is likely to be a natural step which should help further relations between independent schools and the communities they are situated in.

These developments come at a time when the charitable status of private schools such as Eton, which charges over £20,000 a year for its education, is potentially under threat from the government if they are not seen to be contributing more to their local communities.



Eton College Chapel. Eton is to help raise the standard of some UK state schools

Science Matters

Cervical cancer

Given the logistics of the procedure, smear testing is (at best) undignified, and with the threat of cervical cancer a seemingly remote one for young, healthy women, the UK's screening process is relatively unpopular.

Sadly though, cervical cancer is far more prevalent than most women imagine. Professor Margaret Stanley (OBE), Head of the Stanley Laboratory here in Cambridge, told the Scientific Society earlier this term that cervical cancer is the second most common cancer in women Worldwide, being especially rife in the Developing World.

Over 90% of cervical cancer cases are thought to be the result of infection by a group of sexually-transmitted, tumour-inducing viruses known as Human Papilloma Viruses or HPVs. The initial effects on the cervix of these viruses can be detected using the Pap smear tests which have helped make the UK's screening programme hugely successful.

Unfortunately, a regular smear testing programme would be simply unaffordable to developing countries; and impossible given the lack of infrastructure. Professor Stanley described the recently-reported studies which have offered hope for women in these countries, though, in the form a vaccine that acts against HPVs. If a single-dose vaccine could be produced, this would offer a much more feasible option than regular smear tests in these areas.

Another option could be urine-testing. Dr Nancy Kiviat reported to the American Association for Cancer Research that in a study of 143 Senegalese women with cervical cancer, urine testing for the presence of abnormal methylation in certain cancer-linked genes detected cases of invasive tumours with 90% accuracy.

Cervical cancer is likely to remain a problem in the developing world for some time, but with research ongoing there is hope that in the future women there, like us, will have help – be it through vaccines or urine-testing – in the prevention of this killer.

Monkeys watching porn

Male monkeys know what images they like, and – along with many of their human counterparts – they're willing to pay for them.

In a report published in Current Biology, researchers from Duke University of North Carolina described how male rhesus macaques "sacrificed fluid for the opportunity to view female perineum and the faces of high-status monkeys."

In the experiments, monkeys were faced with the choice of a fruit juice drink, or a different-sized beverage and the chance to look at a picture of another monkey with whom they were already familiar. The test subjects had previously only been allowed controlled measures of fluid, making them highly sensitive to the varying juice quantities.

Alternating the images and juice volumes, the researchers found that whilst the monkeys would take a slash in juice supplies to view images of female hindquarters or the faces of socially high-ranking males, they had to be 'bribed' with extra fruit juice to look at males of lower status.

Furthermore, the researchers found that the test monkeys observed female perineum for longer periods of time than the faces of any monkey. This is consistent with the notion that staring in the wild is often threatening to the monkeys – the test subjects seemed unwilling to prolong the face-to-face encounters.

Despite being hailed as proof of 'monkey pornography', the findings (in indicating that the monkeys valued visual information on the influential individuals within their society, or on female sexual receptiveness) offer an insight into primate behaviour – they provide evidence for the hypothesis that monkeys can discriminate between individuals of different social status, and will in fact seek only selected social information through their observations of other monkeys.

The report by Deane M.O, Khera A.V & Platt M.L is published and available online through Current Biology: www.current-biology.com

Zoe Smeaton

Cancer research

Experts at Cambridge University have embarked upon a two-year project to discover whether the risk of cancer can be linked to early childhood growth.

The Cambridge scientists have been awarded a grant of £123,000 by the World Cancer Research Fund in order to carry out the experiment, which will involve studying 500 babies born in Cambridge.

Professor David Dunger at Addenbrooke's Hospital is heading up the study. He said: "We will be studying 500 babies at regular intervals throughout early childhood." He added that the study "may also provide support for the concept that cancer prevention may need to start very early in life."

It has been suggested that children's early diet and weight gain may affect leg length, body weight, body mass index and the risk of cancer once the child reaches adulthood.

Each of the 500 children will be examined and measured at six months, one year and two years.

Chine Mbubaegbu

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My degree - Original Pirate Material?

Kate Ward says that we're all cheats at heart, but most of us simply don't know it

This week the SPS faculty sent an email reminding students that plagiarism "may lead to severe penalties," after new guidelines (see article, bottom right) warned universities nationally to watch out for cheats.

But it appears that many Cambridge students are not actually aware of the difference between, in the words of the SPS faculty, "a lack of professionalism," and "the deliberate and concealed submission of another's work... in order to gain unfair advantage."

69% of 100 students surveyed by *Varsity* believed they had not been guilty of plagiarism. Yet nearly half of them admitted paraphrasing or quoting material without referencing it, which the university would regard as plagiarism.

The SPS faculty guidelines refer to the "paraphrasing of sentences, paragraphs or whole arguments of another person's work," and "cutting and pasting from the internet to make a collage of online sources." In light of these criteria it appears that plagiarism (even in its more accidental forms) occurs more regularly than students are aware of or will admit.

74 percent of students do not regard omitting references to all material used as plagiarism, and a staggering 9 percent failed to recognise handing in other people's essays, para-

phrasing, or quoting without references as plagiarism. Apparently, many students do not even know they are plagiarising. One told *Varsity* "it took my supervisor actually accusing me of having reduced an academic essay I'd read for me to realise I'd done it; at the time I was so stressed out that I didn't notice how much I was using one source. I even accredited it in my essay, but apparently this still counts as plagiarism."

The survey results showed that only 9 percent had been accused of plagiarism by a supervisor. But with 74 percent saying that it was 'easy' to hand in other people's work, this is probably more a comment on whether supervisors spot or highlight plagiarised material. One St John's supervisor told *Varsity*, "People definitely plagiarise for their supervisions, but at the end of the day they are only cheating themselves."

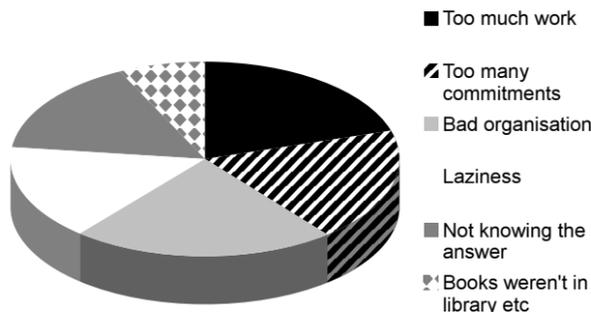
With such levels of confusion over the exact definition of plagiarism it is surprising that CUSU do not advise on the issue. As one student admitted in the survey "I wish I had more information on what plagiarism is, especially since I have to hand in coursework soon." It seems that students need further information. Despite *Varsity's* persistent attempts CUSU failed to offer a comment.



Lucy Barrowell

33% of Cambridge students surveyed admitted to plagiarism. Below left are the reasons why. But even more plagiarise without knowing it.

Reasons for plagiarism



Deterring, detecting and dealing with Plagiarism

Sam Richardson

All colleges and universities are being sent new guidelines in a bid to provide advice and support on dealing with plagiarism. The guidelines – "Deterring, Detecting and Dealing with Student Plagiarism" – were written, the authors say, because of the widely expressed concerns that "student plagiarism in the UK is common and is probably becoming more so."

The ever-growing amount of information on the Internet and the ease with which students have access to it have produced an increasing temptation for students to download Web material, possibly modify it, and hand it in as their own unaided work. Taking the words or ideas of another person and using them without proper acknowledgement is a commonly accepted definition of plagiarism.

Universities are increasingly using software like Turnitin which can spot material taken from the internet. In 2002, CAVAL, a university library consortium in Australia, used Turnitin software to screen 1,770 pieces of student work and found that 8.8% contained more than 25% of unattributed web-based material.

More worrying to the educationalist are the commercial internet sites such as papersinn.com or literaturepapers.com, which offer "customised" essays by moonlighting postgraduates on any subject, for \$8.95 a page.

But academics have disputed the scale and motivation behind the problem. Ranald Macdonald of Sheffield Hallam University,

said that there had been a "hysteria built up" over the problem of plagiarism. And he said that students sometimes did not have the research skills to recognise what is meant by plagiarism.

Frank Furedi, professor of sociology at the University of Kent, rejected this interpretation, saying that students knew when they were cheating – and that universities preferred to "turn a blind eye" rather than confront the problem. "A culture has been created which sends the message that second-hand, unoriginal work and cheating are part and parcel of university life".

The majority of plagiarism cases occur when students misunderstand or misuse academic conventions and attribution rules, but it is deliberate cheats who cause the most concern, argues the guidelines document. "Students who deliberately cheat or engage in fraudulent behaviour are characterised as threatening the values that underpin academic work, angering and discouraging other students who do not use such tactics".

To show how easy plagiarism can be, it now becomes necessary to confess that, until this paragraph, this entire article has been plagiarised from online sources. We would therefore like to credit BBC News Online (paragraph 4 and 5); *The Guardian* (paragraph 3 and 6); The JISC Report and accompanying press release (paragraph 1); Plagiarism Issues for Higher Education by Culwin and Lancaster (paragraph 2). As various embittered student writers, whose work has appeared uncredited in the nationals, are aware, not even the media is above plagiarism.



Rachel Willcock

Academia and plagiarism: what's the difference?

People frequently commit plagiarism without realising that they have. Descriptively it is a difficult act to define. The majority of people in *Varsity's* survey admitted that they had handed in essays containing unreferenced material and yet, many of them did not feel they were guilty of plagiarism. Is this symptomatic of the fact that a degree of plagiarism is accepted as not only justifiable but perhaps inescapable in academic work?

Language is limiting. We all communicate using not only the same words but often identical turns of phrases. In some sense a cliché can be considered plagiarism. Many authors' original use of language has been adopted into common English; many people are surprised at how often they unwittingly quote Shakespeare in their everyday small talk. Indeed there has always been a contention in English literature between originality and imaginative use of old sources and imagery. Most

medieval literature is a translation of adaptation of some previous work and is never seen as plagiarised as a result.

More recently in the last century, modernist writers like Eliot and Joyce were seen as so profoundly new as a direct result of their layering a wealth of literary sources. In even more contempo-

Once accepted, somebody's theory becomes fact

rary culture, 'sampling' by DJs is not considered theft. There is an idea that once an artist has released their work into the public sphere then they also lose control over it. How though, can the idea of 'the death of the author' be reconciled with stringency against plagiarism, especially if we see the essay as a creative form. In what ways is academic study different to art?

One second year natural scientist replied to her plagiarism survey 'All science is plagiarism.' On the one hand this is completely

untrue – science is surely the only field where new research allows discovery and complete originality. On the other hand, for a student, the regurgitation in essays of what is already known must feel slightly plagiarised.

There is not really room for original thought, merely knowledge. Once accepted, somebody's 'theory' becomes fact. Einstein is not referenced every time the theory of relativity is mentioned, and all science surely involves 'standing on the shoulders of giants.' This seems to lead to less guilt by scientists on the subject of plagiarism: essays are less subjective, there is often a right or wrong answer and thus to copy somebody's essay is not 'robbing' them of their thoughts.

However, it is also difficult for arts students to know the boundaries of what is allowed or acceptable. I remember being frustrated in my first year studying English, confronting criticism for the first time, as it made being original so difficult. Every time I thought of something to say in my essay I

would realise it had already been said fifty years ago – was it still my idea? Or ought I reference what was published before I had that thought?

What makes academic study so rich is its changing nature with time. Every scholar is influenced by their culture, and this includes what they have seen or read. If I suddenly see Freudian references in a poem, that isn't because I have plagiarised Freud or a psychoanalytic critic who said similar things. It's just the inevitable result of being a student in 2005 doing the Cambridge English Tripos.

Plagiarism is a moral and technical maze and can often be confusing for a student. However, it is a field in which carelessness and misunderstanding carry serious penalties. The University needs to make sure it clarifies its definition and policy, because although all academia must be to some extent plagiarised, it is also important in a pioneering institution that we protect rigid standards and the value of originality.

Peering over the Horizon: One man's mission to make theatre interactive

Image courtesy of Complicite/photographer Sebastian Hoppe



Still image from the Complicite production *Mnemonic*.

As I wait to meet Simon McBurney in the staff canteen at the National Theatre, I watch his co-stars of *A Minute Too Late*, Jozef Houben and Marcello Magni, eating their steak and chips. I am transfixed by them.

Oblivious to the busy, mumbling canteen hall around them, they tuck their napkins into their jumpers, sharpen their canteen knives against their forks and steal chips from each others' plates, exaggerating every action as if before a real audience. They are jokers on stage and off, and wonderfully incongruous in the banal setting of the canteen. I find myself studying Marcello Magni's hair; I had somehow assumed that it was a sort of stage gimmick, another detail of this high-definition stage persona with its two curly sprouts on either side of his head. But it is decidedly real.

Simon McBurney seems to belong to his proper surround-

ings rather better than his clownish counterparts; he looks a little tired from his performance, and has very normal hair. But back in his dressing room, as he talks to me sitting curled over a sandwich, I am just as entranced by his mannerisms. As on stage, he is never inert: his eyes wander around the room as if looking for an escape and his hands never cease to move. When he speaks, he contorts his face to show his concentration; it is as if he is making sense. He ruffles his hair, unwraps a chocolate, plays with a coin.

McBurney tells me of his obsession with 'the world of the child's imagination'. When I ask him about studying English at Cambridge, he tells me about his problems with the student-teacher relationship, saying: 'my brother calls me constitutionally disobedient'. Complicite is twenty-one years old this year, yet reaching 'adulthood' does not

seem to have detracted from the ensemble's rebelliousness and unpredictability. Perhaps it is McBurney's interest in 'disobedience' that has meant that, despite being branded as

"my brother calls me constitutionally disobedient"

one of the most important British theatre companies, Complicite has retained its 'underground-ness' while performing in the most establishment of establishments: the National Theatre.

Complicite's return to *A Minute Too Late*, their second ever show, is perhaps the perfect birthday celebration, as it seems to encompass that 'free and startling' quality that McBurney admires in the imagination of the child. Based on the experiences of his father dying in McBurney's third year at Cambridge, it is about what happens when a man visits his wife's grave. Yet despite the topic, most of the show is wildly funny and tackles the delicate subject with what McBurney succinctly calls 'anarchic abandon'. The visit to the grave immediately triggers an exploration of what McBurney calls the man's 'exploding internal landscapes': there is a gag about stolen flowers, before the scene degenerates into farce when McBurney accidentally knocks into another mourner and they promptly die on the spot initi-

ating a brilliantly silly sequence of resuscitation.

He explains to me why the portrayal of the pain of grief can be so very funny. 'What I've discovered doing it is that the way that we wrote it was through the process of locating where each of these feelings resided in the body. If somebody says something extremely hurtful to you, for instance, you will have a reaction, which of course will be described as an emotional reaction, but you are likely to be able to locate it in your body. Sometimes you get it in the back, or in the stomach, or as a headache: the body itself responds. Each moment of this piece is making external that place in the body which is feeling whatever it feels, so it is trying to make bodily real those physical internal locations for which we have no words but which we can locate because they are sources of pain.'

McBurney talks in perfectly formed, long sentences, yet at times leaves such long pauses that I fear his thoughts have gone elsewhere, to one of the 'internal landscapes' which he references, until he returns to the same spot thirty seconds later: '...and so I think that the externalisation of the pain becomes funny because

Simon McBurney, artistic director of theatre company Complicite, talks to Emily Stokes

everybody recognises that's what it is. Everybody recognises what it means to be out of step, what it means to make mistakes, what it feels like when you desire to express yourself and you cannot, what it feels like when you're absolutely terrified of nothing at all and it's just in your imagination...'

This representation of grief, while heightened rather than naturalistic, is grounded in the everyday and the ordinary, and in how we relate to our surroundings. McBurney wants to show 'what happens between the moment of having the flowers in your hand and putting them on the grave. That is the thing that obsessed me when I started making theatre, to see the world in a grain of sand; what is contained within a single moment; what are the internal horizons and landscapes that are being lived through when people every day sit down and have their cup of tea at six o'clock or when they wake at three o'clock in the morning.' And it was the point in *A Minute Too Late* when I watched the character played by McBurney sitting in his house, making himself a cup of tea, that my laughter turned to tears. We see his loneliness by the fact that Houben and Magni transform themselves (with breathtaking ease) into the kitchen's furniture, as if to accompany him. Houben's flickering fingers become a gas flame on a hob and his whistling the sound of the kettle, and Magni's

places a lightbulb (which then magically lights up).

It is precisely the idea that what we are watching is the 'internal horizon' that makes us invest so much of our emotion and imagination into the performance: 'Everything in the piece is real and nothing is real at the same time'. When I was ten, I went to see *A Street of Crocodiles*, and remember my delight at seeing a pile of books turning into birds in the actors' flying hands. The actors in *A Minute Too Late* play with this idea of the audience's acceptance of the imaginary; Magni and Houben introduce themselves to the audience as actors, lay out the set before the audience and then put on their costumes on stage before 'beginning'. This is a Complicite signature: at the beginning of *The Elephant Vanishes*, we are told by a beguiling Japanese lady that there has been a power-cut preventing the play from beginning, and, in *Mnemonic*, Simon McBurney, facing the audience, tells a friend on his mobile phone that he is about to watch a play. 'You are constantly telling people all the time that we're just actors, and in a curious way the more you tell people that you're actors the more they project upon what you're doing, and in so many ways it is more affective than having a piece of scenery', he explains.

The acute awareness of what it is like to be a member of the audience is a preoccupation of McBurney's, so I am not surprised when he says, 'you know I go to the theatre sometimes and I think, 'why's it so boring? Why's it going on so long? Why are they talking and talking and nothing's happening?'. 'A play is not theatre,' says McBurney, 'I would maintain that even what happens on the stage is not theatre.'

What is theatre is the act of collective

imagination, which is why the audience is crucial'. And so, as we laugh and cry, we are exhilarated by the complicity we feel with these consummate clowns on stage.

Complicite

Founded in 1983 as Theatre de Complicite by Simon McBurney, Annabel Arden, and Marcello Magni, Complicite is a constantly evolving ensemble of performers and collaborators, now led by Artistic Director Simon McBurney.

Productions include *The Street of Crocodiles* (1992), *The Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol* (1993), *Mnemonic* (1999-01), *The Elephant Vanishes* (2003) and *Measure for Measure* (2004).

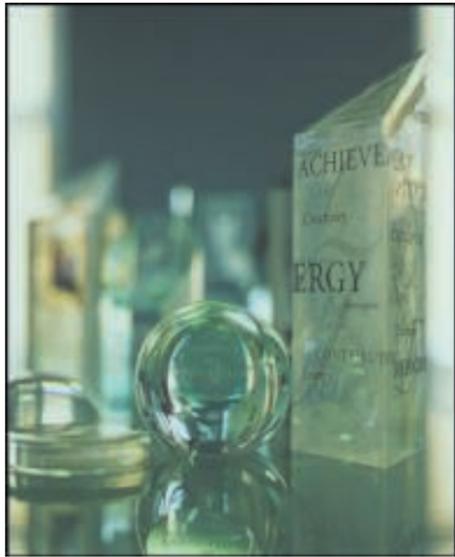
Simon McBurney studied at Cambridge and trained in Paris. As an actor, McBurney has performed extensively for theatre, radio, film and TV.



Simon McBurney in action

Complicite/Sarah Ainslie

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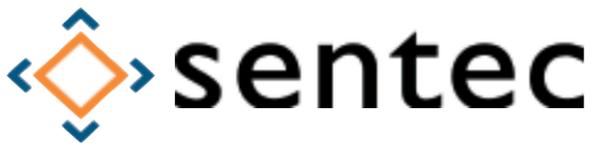
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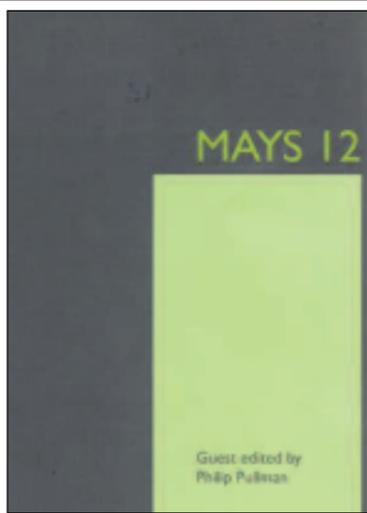
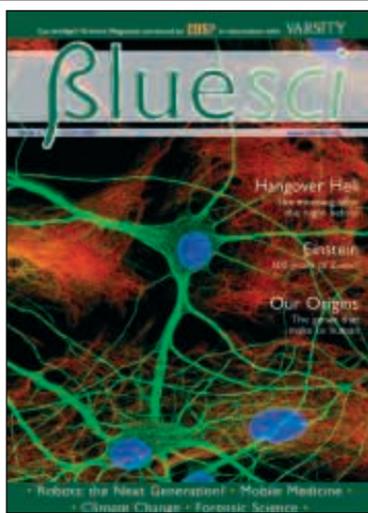
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Real People should know the importance of proper debate

Your gran's hip replacement is unfortunate, but it's not adequate grounds to re-invent the NHS

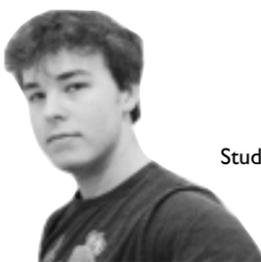
The Prime Minister had a bruising encounter with the general public on Wednesday. BLAIR MEETS REAL PEOPLE, yesterday's *Daily Mail* headline read: PR STUNT ON TV TO POLISH THE PREMIER'S IMAGE IS WRECKED BY FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT FROM VOTERS. Six of our country's stalwart Real People were pictured below: Nurse, Teacher, Mother, Student, Writer (yes, writer) and P.A. Each had appeared on Channel 5's *Talk to the Prime Minister* show the night before, as part of a day of programming devoted to giving the general public a chance to see Mr Blair answer our questions, not the media elite's.

The prime minister had been kicked in the teeth, 'battered and bruised', and been 'left floundering' when confronted with 'real questions, real passion, real anger.' It was all incredibly real, and violent.

Funnily enough, the editor of this newspaper was also on the show. (They'll let anyone on the telly these days, it seems - full story with picture to follow next week, apparently) Now, he controls whether or not I get a space in these pages each week, so obviously I'm biased, but it seemed to me that he was perhaps the best of our representatives to face Mr Blair: he was unruffled, mildly amusing, and made some serious points which the Prime Minister had a hard time dealing with. (He's not exactly telegenic, of course, but you can't have everything.)

Curiously, though, he wasn't picked as a front page star - even though Blair gave much less satisfactory answers to his questions, about faith schools, than he did to several of those whose faces are

“Me, I like statistics. You know that Disraeli line about damn lies? It's total balls”



Archie Bland

Student Columnist of the Year

on our news-stands yesterday.

If I was Amol's PR advisor - a position I'm happy to take up at a moment's notice, should I hear the call - my second piece of advice for a higher profile slot should be to take to the airwaves again, after raising the matter of his haircut, would be this: get yourself a story. It's no good being well-informed, articulate, and right: what you need is a granny who was left on a gurney naked for six

Anecdote is not a reasonable basis for formulating policy

months, or a brother who's been burgled a dozen times in the last twenty-four hours, or an auntie who has been sold to the Germans to fund illegal immigrants' yoga classes.

I jest, but only a little. This is the fetishization of personal experience. MOTHER Maria Hutchings says 'I don't care about refugees: I care about my little boy who developed autism after the MMR jab'. NURSE Marion Brown cannot live on her salary and wonders if the Prime Minister would like wiping someone's backside for £5 an hour. PERSONAL ASSISTANT Jazz Kaur barely ever sees a policeman. These are all REAL PEOPLE with

REAL LIVES, because, of course, politicians aren't real: they don't eat or sleep or shit or fuck or deal with issues of massive global importance and know far more about them than you or me or Jazz or Marion. They live in a DREAM WORLD, and holiday in CLOUD CUCKOO LAND, and Tuscany.

Beware of blaming our media for all this: it's not their fault, it's ours. We respond to stories, the personal touch, and there's something irresistible about being told about someone else's anecdotal experience when you haven't any comparable material of your own.

I firmly believe the death penalty to be a terrible idea, and I firmly believe it's right to let reformed criminals out on parole; but I wouldn't feel very comfortable discussing either of those issues with James Bulger's mother. And I'm not even Prime Minister. In the end, though, anecdote is not a reasonable basis for formulating policy, as anyone who has examined the Tories' reaction to Tony Martin will know. In the end, we need something more substantial.

Me, I like statistics. You know that Disraeli line about damn lies? It's total balls. I like statistics because they enable me to make points like, Ms Hutchings, I'm genuinely sorry that your son is autistic; but given that the

incidence of autism has been repeatedly proven to be almost exactly the same in children who haven't had the jab as in children who have, and given that there is now no credible scientist who will endorse the view that there is a link, I'm going to continue firmly to believe that the jab is an excellent idea, even though your son developed his condition subsequent to his injection.

On the other hand, also because I like statistics, if I were this Prime Minister seeking re-election, I'd bear in mind how I'm polling on compassion and how this is a strong point for me in comparison to Michael Howard, and with that in mind, instead of all that stuff about the incidence of autism in the two different groups, I'd say something like, well, let's talk about this; we'll have a chat afterwards, and I'll look into it personally and get back to you.

And the morning after I'd look at the papers and think, OK, they had a go at me; but if they can give me a good kicking now, and if I manage to nod at the right moments and coo and tut and tilt my head just so, and seem suitably humble but also manage to suggest that I'm working as hard as I can to put things right, perhaps they'll get it out of their systems before the general election.

In which case, I'd muse, perhaps Alastair was right, and this isn't the political mistake of my life after all, but merely an excellent way of selling newspapers, and further ensuring that the Tories haven't a hope of regaining power. Then I'd put the anecdotes, affecting as they might be, out of my mind; and get back to the enormous documents full of numbers in front of me, and try to concentrate on making nearly impossible decisions, and the real business of running the country.

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VARSIITY

Plugging the Plagiarisers

Original ideas are the great rascals of the history of philosophy. Those who claim ownership of them are invariably those who try to preach against a spirit of free enquiry, in which scientific knowledge is correctly seen as the property of humanity, rather than the property of a chosen few. But it is always dangerous to enter the practice of labelling one idea 'original' and another 'unoriginal'; after all, who is ever to say, with any evidence, that this or that idea has not entered the mind of another person before? Human history is rectilinear, but the history of ideas is not. Nevertheless, in an academic environment where careers are made and lost on the basis of research, it is necessary that the work of pioneers is held up for exactly what it is: pioneering. Such work deserves credit, and students who lean on pioneering research without giving it due credit are doing both themselves and their mentors a grotesque disservice. They are better off recognising their debt to the academics around them, and seeing in that debt the lively seeds of successful scholarly activity.

As Sam Richardson writes today (Analysis, page 7), lifestyle changes have affected attitudes to plagiarism. The internet, in particular, with its hastening in of the information era, has made access to research material significantly easier. It seems right and proper, therefore, that with a changing social climate Universities re-examine their attitudes toward plagiarism.

The principle, of course, is simple: plagiarism implies dishonesty, and promotes intellectual laziness, and should therefore be eradicated. The practice is harder. But with the distribution of new guidelines to all Universities and Colleges - which outline, for the first time, precisely what constitutes plagiarism in the new information age - students and academics alike should come nearer to eradicating both the need and the motivation for this most seductive of all academic activities.

Fashioning our identity

Of all the commercial art-forms, people talk most about fashion as a constantly evolving, and always progressing means of personal expression. The way that we dress is generally indicative of the person that we are, and in a place like Cambridge, it is often the only biography that we are offered by the hundreds of momentary encounters we make with one another each week. It has been noted many times before that Cambridge is a place obsessed with identity and belonging, and yes, that we do have a bizarre obsession with something called "stash."

But what this says about Cambridge is that it changes the way that so many of us look. Many amongst us choose to tick a distinct lifestyle box when here. And whichever box this is, the first indication of the context that we create for ourselves is the clothes that we (and the people that we surround ourselves with) choose to wear. So the probably pretentious significance that we have given to our fashion pages, our recent "PREP" magazine and our involvement with the Student Fashion Show is because we hold this cultural form to be important both as Vox-Pop and as a creative mode that is rarely offered by the student press. More people applied for the position of Fashion Editor than any other section this term. More people turned up at the launch party of the Fashion Show than any other we have been to this year. The way that we make ourselves look when here probably makes the rest of the world hate us, but it is clearly important to us. The *Varsity* fashion page has little to offer the world of fashion, and it's only about the clothes we wear, but we like it...

The function of Burlesque

Cambridge is an oppressive and incestuous place. Many students here find it increasingly claustrophobic as they progress through their careers here, especially if they've come from larger cities across the UK.

Escapism is therefore both necessary and defensible. Some people resort to drinking. All drugs - and alcohol is the most prevalent and socially acceptable of them all - are, ultimately, forms of escape. Scientific investigation into the field of drug addiction - a significant proportion of which has been led by Professor Barry Everitt, Master of Downing - tends to come to this one, simple conclusion: addicts prefer escaping from reality to dealing with it.

Common sense supports this conclusion. But shows like that put on by The Cardinal Club at the Union this week offer a healthier form of escape. Escapism is not their primary function - launching a few careers may warrant that accolade - but for most of the audience on Monday, the opportunity to forget about academic worries and indulge in communal humour was a refreshing respite from other commitments. One could easily get addicted to this stuff: glorious girls quivering with excitement, in a frenzy of yellow sensuality; compères incandescent with intellectual luminosity; and all the fun of the fair packed into a series of magic performances and musical extravaganzas. Such is the major, utilitarian justification of student art in Cambridge: it brings pleasure, and pleasure is a Good Thing.

The organisers of this week's event at the Union deserve credit for bringing to the Cambridge stage a vibrancy that even some of its most loyal veterans say has been lacking of late. But their two greatest successes were these: firstly, treating a crowd of largely ignorant students to some of the finest reggae and ska the Union has heard for decades (albeit through a CD system). And secondly, for making the annual, ritualised suffering of Valentine's Day singledom more bearable, by bringing lonely hearts together in a sea of rampant joy and felicity.

Letters

letters@varsity.co.uk

Letters may be edited for space or style

Credit where it's due

(The spelling and capitalisation of this letter retains that of the original, at the author's request)

Dear Sir,

I was surprised to find that the banner which was unfurled on the Jesus College Gatetower last Wednesday misattributed in your paper (February 11, p.10) to Cambridge's Chinese community. It was in fact the work of the 'Roosters' of Jesus College as part of their day of celebrations in honour of the Chinese New Year of the (Green Wooden) Rooster.

A quick examination of the banner would be repaid by the realization that the Chinese reads "Roosters wish everyone a good passing of the year".

The crack-team of Roosters who assembled that Wednesday dawn to erect the banner are confused to find themselves now members of the Chinese community, for amongst all the titles of our monochiko-oligarchik democracy and Most Antient Parliament of fowls, this has never been one of them.

Although we agree that "The professionalism and commitment of the Chinese community is to be heartily applauded" the Roosters do need some encouragement of their own from time to time. They hope that you will be more assiduous in your editorial attention to detail in twelve years time, when we celebrate the next gallinaceous New Year.

Yours Sincerely,

194th President, Old Cock.

Freedom to Choose

Dear Sir,

I know that we are (sort of) allowed freedom of expression, and that this letter is laughable (and I do regret contributing to your mirth on the whole matter).

However, the existence of Apocalypse: the Musical is deeply offensive to anyone who believes that Jesus Christ is Lord and will return one day. It is also in danger of being blasphemous against the creator of the universe.

The idea of the Apocalypse may seem absurd (the Bible does admit that the gospel is foolishness to men), but it is a future certainty. Since it is going to happen, and will not be a joke when it does, a comic musical based on it is incredibly dangerous.

Please be warned! That Jesus Christ, who those Christians keep going on about, is real and alive and reigning. We will all meet him, when we die or when he comes back: whichever happens first. We will all be accountable to him for rejecting and ignoring our creator our whole lives. We all genuinely deserve unending punishment, and that is what we will

get if we don't turn to him first.

At the very least please please please please consider it seriously: if there's anything in what I'm saying it would be a huge mistake not to.

Yours faithfully,

Susan Allister (Fitzwilliam)

Journalistic Scepticism

Sir,

Archie Bland's last political article, "The Grand Narrative and the Big Tent" featured a graphic demonstrating that journalists are trusted even less than politicians. Given that, why should we believe a word he says?

Francis Heritage

CICCU criticism

Sir,

The most damaging thing that CICCU does is to convey the impression that they are the only Christians in Cambridge and that, furthermore, one is not a 'real' Christian or not committed

enough if one is not involved with them.

Although their intentions are good, the results are not. Firstly, bad publicity for Christianity generally by the 'push it down yourthroat approach' and secondly, making non-Christians think that all Christians are like CICCU members.

Yours, etc,

Guy Willis (Jesus)

Parental Support

In response to your article about single parents in a recent edition (Analysis, Feb 04), I was informed by a Cambridge housing benefit officer this week that since Oct 2004 single parents ARE entitled to housing benefit for university accommodation.

This will certainly help me as I currently have to travel for a hour and a half daily between home, nursery and college.

Sincerely,

Kate Rayner (1st year English undergraduate, single mother to four)

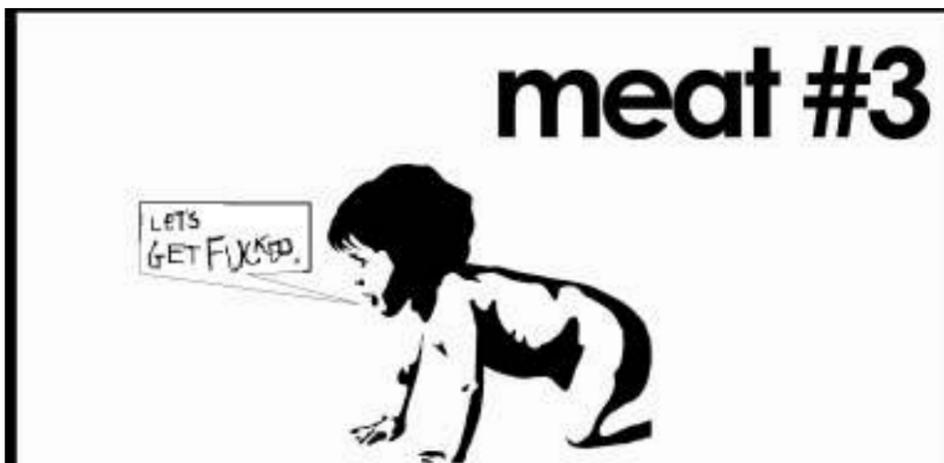
Sense and Insensitivities

Dear Sir,

I was horrified to hear that the Hawks Club hosted a 'Colonials and Natives' night at Ballare on Wednesday. I realise that a Hawks club night is unlikely ever to prove the acme of Cambridge cultural life, but members did themselves and their university the ultimate disservice by engaging in such tawdry and insensitive behaviour. I am sure that some clubgoers justified the theme as an arch post-modernist joke.

However, the fact that they belonged largely to the same social elite as those who recently found themselves in hot water after Prince Harry's fancy dress high jinks precludes it being perceived in this way. Such antics do nothing to counteract the Cambridge stereotypes perpetuated in the national press, and detract from the valuable access work which is actually being carried out. Is it too much to ask the Hawks to come up with an original and light-hearted theme instead of merely aping the prejudices of mindless Home Counties inbreds?

Yours sincerely,
Sally Cooper
Selwyn College



meat #3

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No more Victorian sexual games

Rachel Willcock on the impact of an open dating market

This week we have enjoyed (or endured) the festival of St Valentine's Day that annually brings with it attention to a supposedly 'idealised' form of romantic love. Thus gender relations were the hot topic for debate against my various disillusioned single friends. One girl bemoaned the loss of chivalry - "All women want to be treated like a lady" - whereas the retort from the other corner was "Deep down all women want to be treated like bitches." This is cause for worry amongst many men about how women actually want them to behave.

Men have had a turbulent and uncertain time in the last few post-feminist decades. They have the worry of whether settling a bill, holding open a door or carrying heavy shopping is expected or whether it will earn them accusations of misogyny.

The Victorian Gentleman led a double life in his sexual relations

The nineties witnessed the decline of traditional gender roles, as it supposedly became acceptable for men to moisturise and women to demand no-strings sex.

This left the dating scene, formulated as it is on fixed etiquette and rules, in a state of disarray and perhaps even decline. Women are just as perplexed as the men, not knowing how they are supposed to behave and wondering every time a man buys them a drink if they are betraying their bra-burning ancestors. The new *Sex and the City*-style woman is

intimidating and has thrown open to debate a lot of the characteristics that were taken to be 'female'. Suddenly females are supposed to be as sexually predatory and active as men, but does either sex want this? Cambridge men, in the face of this confusion seemed to have opted out of modernisation altogether and instead have hearkened back to the bygone era of Victoriana.

The Victorian Gentleman was a master of disguise. He led a double life in his sexual relations. On the one hand he was the most charming company at parties, with impeccable manners and wonderful wit - all the chivalrous behaviour a woman could wish for. On the other hand, behind closed doors he had his 'bitches' and his male-only clubs. Sexual activity was rampant but kept within certain perverse and secret bounds. Essentially he found alternative avenues for venting the testosterone and brutish behaviour that was kept suppressed in public, and this seems to happen here.

Cambridge University is host to a dominant public school atmosphere which a lot of us buy into. Women are wined and dined at formal hall and suddenly the old rules seem to apply. "No, no," I am told, "A lady should never fill up her own glass." But alongside this charm there is a very different male-only culture, of binge-drinking and mass misogyny involving lewd and boorish acts.

There is a drive to get 'points' out of women, not for the actual sex but for the credibility that is earned from the lads. We foster a generally accepted culture of demeaning women who are



Valentine's Day brought around the annual 'what's-love-got-to-do-with-it' jamboree

brought in as 'dates' or sexy waitresses to club dinners. It feels sometimes as if anything is

Women want either to be taken advantage of or spoiled

acceptable behind closed doors as long as it is in the name of tradition. There is a sense that both in front of and away from females, men are no longer trying to impress their fellow men.

Unfortunately for those who desire it, women are not being treated like 'bitches' or 'ladies.' Both of these roles require men

to have a level of confidence that is lacking in today's youth. Women want to either be taken advantage of or spoiled because these two roles involve a man taking control, taking an initiative and thus relieving them of the putting themselves vulnerably on the line. Men don't ask women out any more, simply because they don't have to. Usually they can get laid without going through the formality of a dinner. They can rely on just seeing someone in the sweat of Cindy's - one Blues Rugby player vowed to me recently, "I will never ask a woman out."

With science advancing so that soon it may become physi-

cally possible for women to reproduce without men, men need to start making themselves socially and romantically necessary to women again rather than just pleasing themselves. If they don't want to be as out-dated as a penny-farthing, or other once-functional Victorian antiquities, men have to decide which age they align themselves with. Either it is the last century, with its sexual inequality and misogyny that went with making moves on and looking after women. Or it is the twenty-first century where an open market in dating means women should ask men out but are treated with the equality and respect that goes alongside that freedom.

Broadside

Sholto Mayne-Harvey

Wednesday night's theme of Colonials and Natives at Rumboogie seems to have been the source of some controversy in Cambridge this week. As the organiser of the event on behalf of the Hawks Club, I would like a few words to respond to some of the complaints which have arisen.

Firstly I would like to offer my sincerest apologies for any unintentional offence caused.

It was I who decided upon the theme, although I am not a "right wing, golden spoon up (my) arse, posh public school boy harking back to the good old days when (I) could get all dressed up in

I do not believe the theme was either inappropriate or insensitive

shiny leather and keep those filthy spear-wielding natives under control." At least I wouldn't define myself that way. The theme was not intended to cause offence, controversy, or to maintain certain myths that might exist about Cambridge Students.

To dress up is to forget oneself. The particular theme in question allows for a broad range of fabulous costume, which is perhaps its best aspect. It offers a chance to exercise your creative imagination and don clothes you never normally would; it's fun. I actually toyed with the idea of naming the night 'Princes, Colonials and Natives,' but I then came to the opinion that it was not so required to highlight the contemporary element of the post-ironic theme.

Personally I do not believe that the theme was inappropriate. But in view of the criticisms levelled I appreciate that it has been deemed by some as insensitive and offensive. The theme was in no capacity an attempt to vitiate the historical and contemporary issues connected with it. It was, however, designed to satirise the recent controversy surrounding the Prince Harry episode.

It is important to engage with the problems of society and in this way overcome them. I refuse to feel ashamed or awkward about a period of history in which I played no part. Furthermore, I believe that humour serves as a mirror in which society can see its own defects more clearly. To mock our own idiosyncrasies is to address them, and this, I believe, is a far better way of dealing with human immorality than simply trying to erase it from our collective memory.

Thus to dress up as a Colonial or a Native, or a Prince for that matter, is to mock neither, but rather provides us with a lens through which we can consider human behaviour. In this way, rather than ignore our past, we can learn from it.

Anorexia: as much a creed as a disorder



Majeed Neky

"Democracy is good, terrorists are bad, Blair and Brown aren't the best of friends - oh, and anorexia is on the increase."

This last item is no more surprising than the others. The same news resurfaces every few years, heralded by a shallow compilation of psychological soundbites. Should our interest stop here?

According to BBC Health, living with anorexia 'is a miserable, lonely experience.' The efforts of some anorexics to combat loneliness through the web hit the headlines in 2001, with graphic warnings of a sinister cult. The censorship campaign was inevitable; petitions against pro-anorexia (pro-ana) sites emerged with-

in days, and then discussion was buried.

The technological naivety of saying that "such sites should be banned from the internet" is disheartening. Upon viewing some pro-ana sites, however, we might sympathise with the censors. It is easy to imagine unstable minds being destabilised further, and difficult to ascribe to the sites the supportive aim claimed by their creators.

In past centuries, perhaps these people would have entered holy orders.

Either way, it is unwise to dismiss the issue lightly, dogmatic even to regard pro-ana as a necessary evil for free speech reasons and remain uninformed. It is not only the virtuous and the sane that harbour truths. Truth is found here beneath layers of victim

mentality, but the drive for perfection that lies below is no bad thing.

Coverage of anorexia focuses on the media, citing stick-thin models or obsessive discussion of diets. Whilst self-image is doubtless a factor in anorexia, psychologists are as likely to focus on self-control. Online experience accounts echo this, linking consumption and autonomy consciously but simplistically: "Ana is a way of controlling my life... All I have eaten today is a yoghurt (63kcal)." In past centuries, perhaps these people would have entered holy orders. Now they develop eating disorders.

I do not intend to belittle eating disorders, or deny that they are genuine illnesses - that would be to reprise a core mistake of many pro-anas, their erroneous belief that their mental illness is a choice. But let us examine pro-ana on its own terms. In a world with not enough self-discipline, the ded-

ication and co-operation of the pro-ana community is exemplary. Comparison, whilst undeniably competitive, is supportive. Those who lapse are rebuked - but can always try again.

The much-publicised, darker side of pro-ana lies in the creation of a persona for the 'lifestyle'. Most pro-ana websites include 'Ana's Creed' and 'Ana's Psalm' and some pub-

Ardent anorexics pledge to die for Ana.

lish a ruthless, contractual letter from Ana, who is transfused into life as ardent anorexics pledge to die for her. The Creed includes the affirmation, "I believe that I am the most vile, worthless, and useless person ever to have existed." Such self-degradation provoked the initial outcry, met by pro-anas with accusations of jealousy (and obesity) against censors.

More than simply a Long Walk To Freedom

Adam Swersky explores childhood memories of apartheid South Africa

The American white relegates the black to the rank of shoeshine boy; and he concludes from this that the black is good for nothing but shining shoes."

Inauspiciously, the quotation's author, George Bernard Shaw, died in 1950, the same year as the passing of the Population Registration Act in South Africa which signalled one of the greatest institutionalisations of racial discrimination in history.

Every man, woman and child was to be classified as white, black or coloured. Just like every other pre-democracy child, my birth certificate classifies me in this way. I am 'a white person'. These words were, under a white dictatorship, more important for me than ability, character or self-worth.

Being white meant that I went to a good school, got the best health treatment, suffered less crime and benefited from – for want of a better word – *lebensraum*, living space. For forty-six years, those classified otherwise were forced to endure the most oppressive and demeaning treatment conceivable and all under the innocent guise of apartheid, Afrikaans for 'separate development'.

As a kid, I thought of South Africa as a white country with a few blacks (who clearly really enjoyed being gardeners and domestic servants). My best friend, Dolly, at my (private) school was black. Surprisingly this didn't surprise me. What did I, what did anyone, know about how blacks were usually treated? We were all cooped up in our beautiful homes and marble-floored shopping centres.

As with all innocence, my naivety was eroded over time. I never dreamed that Dolly's moth-

er was the house owner's maid and that it was only by the generosity of the owner that she was able to go to my school at all, rather than a penniless black school in the townships, miles away from her mother, a sure route to a miserable life.

Yet the rhetoric was all so different. The Prime Minister and so-called 'architect of apartheid', Hendrik Verwoerd, perfected the art of toning down tyranny. In retrospect, his speeches send shivers down the spine.

Responding to Harold Macmillan's 'winds of change' address that called on South Africa to embrace equality, Verwoerd agreed with the sentiment but argued that 'we believe in balance, we believe in allowing exactly those same full opportunities to remain within the grasp of the white man who has made all this (western civilisation) possible.'

Apartheid legislation ranged from the terrifying to the absurd

White supremacist sentiment was hardly peculiar to South Africa. Yet what made Dr Verwoerd's system incomparable to almost any other (bar Hitler's, of which Verwoerd was a fan) was the complex institutional and legal framework that was developed to support it.

Following the election of the Afrikaner National Party ('the Nats') in 1948, racial prejudices became the law. The Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act, the Population Registration Act, the Group Areas Act, the Bantu Building Workers Act, and the Separate Representation of Voters

Act respectively banned sexual activity between different races, categorised all citizens into racial groups, created designated land areas for 'separate development', prohibited blacks from taking on skilled jobs and, most incredibly, disenfranchised millions of coloured voters under the guise of 'separate representation'.

This legal framework gave apartheid its air of acceptability which ensured the entrenchment of cultural perceptions that persist to the present day. Ten years after democracy came to the country, there are still far too many people – some, I should add, are members of my extended family – who talk of Kaffirs and, in Yiddish, the Shvartzers.

Apartheid legislation ranged from the terrifying to the absurd. The government forcibly removed blacks and coloureds from 'white areas' and compelled them to live in designated places. 19 million blacks were squeezed onto 13% of the country's land area while 4.5 million whites took the remaining 87%.

Resources were redirected away from the 'bantustans' (the black areas) towards white regions, resulting in white children receiving over 15 times as much money for schooling as their black counterparts. Separate development was certainly not equal development.

Unsatisfied with the targeted destruction of black communities, the obsessive regime imposed restrictions designed to prevent the mixing of races in a way that might 'contaminate' the culture of the other. Post offices built two entrances – for *blankes* and for *nie blankes* (whites and non-whites); railway stations had two waiting areas; two different



White Shame: Black South Africans survey the fallout of 1976 riots

sets of buses came into use; and, most obscene for its triviality, park benches were clearly marked – 'for *blankes*' and '*nie blankes*'.

With labour shortages across the country, the law was changed to allow blacks to live near, though not in, white cities. Townships grew up, Soweto (an abbreviation of South Western Townships) being the most famous. The black population swelled and the seeds of discontent were sown as terrible living standards were combined with close proximity to the luxurious lifestyles of white employers.

In 1976, large-scale protests began in Soweto that changed the course of South African history forever. Brutal policing escalated the violence, leaving over 300 blacks dead, schools burnt and the world shocked. Most famously, a 13-year old boy, Hector Petersen, was shot dead in cold blood by Afrikaaner police.

Suddenly, the world awoke to

the tyranny being prosecuted in South Africa. With economically crippling trade sanctions and morale-crippling sports sanctions, apartheid was running out of steam. Citizens who had for so long supported the regime in the naive belief that everything was 'in order' became aware of the truth. Floods of emigration undermined the Nationalist government.

By the time I began to have any real memories, the *blankes/nie blankes* signs had been largely taken down. Nelson Mandela was released from prison and the murmurs of democracy became a cacophony. Yet as the new South Africa came into being, my family packed up and took off to London.

Of course, my parents did not pick that particular time on purpose. They had been discussing the move for twenty two years. The old South Africa was a dying country. The new South Africa was a naive country. With

the huge expansion of freedom and reduction in police power came an explosion of crime. With a new and inexperienced government came financial instability. But most importantly, with leaders that had been unimaginably harmed by the old regime came the white fear. If we did it to them, why shouldn't they do it to us?

This is why Mandela is really one of the greatest men ever. He was in prison for twenty seven years. Four years after his release he was President. But not once did he show any inclination to avenge the old guard or white people. He called on the country to be a 'rainbow nation', not only of coloureds and blacks, but of whites too.

These days, I go back often to a country riddled with crime, poverty, unemployment, AIDS and every other problem there is. But the country has spirit. And the sun is always shining.

From the Niger to the Cam

Sarah Sackman, in conversation with Cambridge's African students, finds a group whose academic enthusiasm is matched by a determination to eradicate false stereotypes

There's more for me to do there, that's why I'm going back." Joyce Otobo, every inch the feisty South London girl, will tell you she's Nigerian. Despite having been born here, having studied here and knowing that "people are killing to get out of Nigeria" she remains adamant about returning to her mother's birthplace.

Joyce is a rarity amongst African students in Cambridge: while most have won Commonwealth scholarships for the opportunity to head out of Africa, she can think of nothing else but heading back. Studying for an MA in Technological Policy, she feels she has a real contribution to make to a nation which, despite being rich in oil, is

still "suffering the consequences of a broken empire."

African students form a small but dynamic community in Cambridge with groups including the Southern African Society, and the Nigerian Society supporting a vibrant cultural scene. The prospect of well-funded courses, unavailable to them in universities back home, attracted them here. A restricted job market, which discriminates against the academic elite, discourages them, in the short term, from going back.

The students challenge the concept of treating Africa as a monolithic whole. "I do identify with Africa but I'm from Bostwana," says Susan Keitumetse, who is studying for a PhD in Archaeology at

Downing. "I think a lot of people are ignorant. No one knows where my country is, they seem proud of being ignorant," notes Timothy Biswick, a Chemistry PhD student from Malawi.

This questioning of a continental identity underpins the students' views on the aid debate. A 'Marshall Plan for Africa' – a blanket approach to aid – cannot succeed when each region has its own particular needs.

Tim and Susan feel strongly that until African countries are allowed to trade on an equal footing with Europe and America, who currently subsidise their farmers and operate protectionist trade barriers, all modernising drives will be undercut.

The students are sceptical of any miracle cures for Africa's eco-



Left to right: Joyce Otobo, Timothy Biswick, Susan Keitumetse

nomics and health crises. "The intent is there, the implementation is not," says Joyce. "They promise a lot of money but a lot of it goes to overpaid Western specialists who do not understand the problems as locals do." Nonetheless, they welcome the New Labour initiatives over aid to Africa and its convening of the Commission for Africa.

It is educated Africans like Joyce, Susan and Tim who represent the continent's future. Joyce

is currently working with Nigeria's Ministry of Science and Technology to help provide a more economically secure future for the country. The influx of oil companies has seen a rise in employment levels but Nigeria lacks the infrastructure to support big business. Fraud, corruption and litigation are rife.

This economic colonisation has broad cultural effects. Joyce recalls that the last time she went to Nigeria she was shocked by the

young people's affected American accents. She laments that "our traditions are no good anymore. If it's Western, it's good."

For these students, Cambridge is part of this Western ideal, though all our talk of AIDS, Darfur, political corruption, is a far cry from the world of formal halls and May balls. "That's true," says Susan. "It's a shame that I'm unable to share all this with my family – they wouldn't understand."

	/ guide	stage	/ music	/ the rest
FRIDAY 18	19:00 Corpus Christi Playroom 19:30 Fitz Hall, Queens' 19:30 Pembroke New Cellars 19:45 Arts Theatre 19:45 ADC 21:30 CC Playroom 22:30 Fitz Hall, Queens' 23:00 ADC 19:30 Howard Building, Downing	Variety Week Apocalypse: The Musical Six Degrees of Separation Me and my girl Volpone Secrets every smart traveller should know Abigail's Party The Fire Raisers Scouse: The Musical	CLARE C.R.Y.P.T.I.C. Breakbeat QUEENS' Bronx Booty Party RnB and hip hop LIFE Boogienight 70s and 80s music UNION Revolution Bop FEZ Funk Star Quality funk & break beat CLARE Def Fly and Real present Taskforce	SUPPER 19:30 Cambridge University Jewish Society @ The Student Centre, Thompsons Lane POETRY 20:00 Guerilla Tapestries, Graffiti Narratives: An Evening of Poetry with Patrick Jones and Mike Jenkins CLASSICAL 20:00 TCMS welcomes The Dmitri Ensemble @ Trinity Chapel
SATURDAY 19	19:00 Corpus Christi Playroom 19:30 Fitz Hall, Queens' 19:30 Pembroke New Cellars 19:45 Arts Theatre 19:45 ADC 21:30 CC Playroom 22:30 Fitz Hall, Queens' 23:00 ADC	Variety Week Apocalypse: The Musical Six Degrees of Separation Me and my girl Volpone Secrets every smart traveller should know Abigail's Party The Fire Raisers	LIFE The Big Party Dance, 60's and club classics CLARE SCA Battle of the Bands JUNCTION Boomslang Breaks with Rennie Pilgrim FEZ Eternal Soulful American House	CLASSICAL 20:00 Tsunami Relief Concert @ King's College Chapel FILM 11:00 Palestine is still the Issue @ Keynes Hall, King's College FILM 19:00 Arna's Children @ Keynes Hall, King's College
SUNDAY 20	19:45 ADC 22:30 Fitz Hall, Queens'	24 Hour Drama Abigail's Party	LIFE The Sunday Roast Supporting CU Hockey Club FEZ Room for Xposure Open mic for local talent	CLASSICAL 19:30 Beth Goldberg Variations, Proceeds to CAMFED @ West Road Concert Hall FILM 20:00&22:30 Christ's Motorcycle Diaries FILM 20:30 Trinity Rosemary's B aby
MONDAY 21	21:30 Homerton Auditorium	Agamemnon	JUNCTION Flamenco Classes Takes you to the heart of Seville LIFE Live is Life International student night FEZ Fat Poppadaddys Funky and soulful sounds	FILM 20:30 Trinity Rosemary's B aby CLASSICAL 20:00 Machine Enhanced Improvisation @ West Road Concert Hall PHOTO The Decisive Moment Exhibition @ Union
TUESDAY 22	19:30 School of Pythagoras 19:30 St Chads Octagon 19:45 Corpus Christi Playroom 19:45 ADC Footlights 21:30 Corpus Christi Playroom 21:30 Homerton Auditorium 23:00 ADC	Titus Andronicus The Countess Killing Alex Progress Risk Everything Agamemnon Improvisation	LIFE Unique CUSU's lesbian night BALLARE Top Banana CUSU ents flagship night FEZ Ebonics Mix of hip hop, dancehall, reggae PONANA Dynamo d'n'b With Hospital's Logistics and Commix playing	AEROBICS 18:00 Christ's Kick Bo FILM 18:00 In the Interests of the State @ Keynes Hall, King's College
WEDNESDAY 23	19:30 School of Pythagoras 19:30 St Chads Octagon 19:45 Corpus Christi Playroom 19:45 ADC Footlights 21:30 Corpus Christi Playroom 21:30 Homerton Auditorium 23:00 ADC	Titus Andronicus The Countess Killing Alex Progress Risk Everything Agamemnon Wasteland	BALLARE Rumboogie Godfather of Cambridge nights FEZ Mi Casa Tu Casa International student night	
THURSDAY 24	19:30 School of Pythagoras 19:30 St Chads Octagon 19:45 Corpus Christi Playroom 19:45 ADC Footlights 21:30 Corpus Christi Playroom 23:00 ADC	Titus Andronicus The Countess Killing Alex Progress Risk Everything Wasteland	COCO Urbanite CUSU's night of hip hop & rnb FEZ Wild Style Award winning night of hip hop LIFE Lady Penelopes RnB and hip hop	

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The Executive Committee of the ADC Theatre wish to appoint a technical manager and a marketing/bar manager for the 2005/2006 academic year.

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

The deadline for written applications is twelve noon on Wednesday 9 March and interviews will be held on the morning of Thursday 11 March.



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This week

Fri 18th: Speaker: Elaine Paige
Fri 18th: Ent: Revolution Bop
Mon 21st: Ent: Pub quiz
Tues 22nd: Speaker: Michael Fish
Thurs 24th: Debate: This house
believes Britain is still
great.

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Issue 590 - specifically pages 5, 6, 19, 20

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Mad Scientists: not such a cliché?

When the men in white coats blur the boundaries of science and fiction

Sarah Walker
and Alex Steer

In terms of telling us the truth about things, science has preserved a pretty good name for itself since the 'Enlightenment', three hundred years or so ago. But every so often something goes wrong, good scientists go bad, bad scientists get caught, and the resulting scandal can be enlightening in itself. Here are some of the more notable and spectacular frauds.

In 2001, Jan Hendrik Schön was a boy wonder. Working as a physicist at the prestigious Bell Laboratories in New Jersey, his meteoric rise to fame culminated in the claim that he had created a transistor from a single molecule – effectively the Holy Grail when it comes to building powerful nano-computer.

But in 2002 investigators had gotten more than a little suspicious of his supposed breakthroughs, when they noticed exactly the same perfect graph appear as separate experimental data in a dozen different papers published in journals as esteemed

**Science should
"liberate human
beings from the
tyranny of
absolute truth"**

as *Science* and *Nature*. He was dismissed from his post after an external committee found he had fabricated data at least 16 times between 1998 and 2001.

In his defence, Schön claimed that he couldn't produce any of the evidence when questioned, as his notebooks were "lost in transit" and the hard drive on his computer too small to store them. Perhaps he really did have the world's first nano-computer.

Falsifying data is nothing new, though. The most notorious hoax, as far as Arch&Anth students are concerned at least, took place at the start of the 20th century here in Blighty. Charles Dawson claimed to have found

the 'missing link' between ape and man in a quarry near Piltdown, East Sussex.

The hominid skull appeared to feature a human-like cranium but an ape-like jaw. After further hominids were found in the 1930s, the skull of 'Piltdown man' was eventually found, in 1953 (41 years after it was brought to light), to be the skull of a medieval human, the jaw of a Sarawak Urangatan, with chimpanzee fossil teeth. The whole thing was aged by staining with iron solution and chromic acid. Dawson's name may now be mud, but there's a very good pub in Piltdown that bears the name of his 'discovery'.

In 1996 though, New York University physicist Alan Sokal took things one step further. Concerned at what he saw as the replacement of scientific rigour with fashionable concept-dropping, he published an entirely spoof article in the journal *Social Text*, incoherently argued but stuffed with an array of critical theoretical terms and designed to flatter his editors' prejudices.

"Transgressing the Boundaries: Towards a Transformative Hermeneutics of Quantum Gravity" made no sense, and thus made perfect sense, parodying the tendency for scientific writing in the mid-nineties to dispense with data to make room for analysis of the social conditions within which such data is gathered.

Arguing that physical reality is "a social and linguistic construct," that "postmodern science" should "liberate human beings from the tyranny of absolute truth," and that "emancipatory mathematics" should replace set theory, with its "nineteenth-century liberal origins," Sokal took the already mystifying subject of quantum field theory and made it subtly incomprehensible.

The article was published without hesitation, and it took some time before the editors discovered that they had been had. In a spirit of postmodern inquiry, they allowed Sokal to publish an afterword explaining

his reasons for writing it.

The problem is, now nobody knows what's going on. Even without parodies like Sokal's, areas of research like quantum field theory are so speculative and difficult that (like areas of social and cultural theory) they can seem very much like nonsense and their work is no longer accessible by good old common sense and reason.

Sokal's parody and others like it have themselves become subjects of study: in 1998 Sokal wrote a chapter in a book on the philosophy of science, discussing his own article. More alarmingly, science seems to have a hard time proving (or disproving) theories these days. Extraordinary and controversial French theoretical physicists, twins and TV presenters Igor and Grichka Bogdanov published a novel theory of what happened

**Modern research
is no longer
accessible by
good old
common sense**

'before' the Big Bang in 1995.

Despite being dismissed as 'highly theoretical' even by its publishers (and others, who point to the twins' history of unusual scientific thinking and bare-minimum qualifications), their take on quantum theory is intriguing not because it's definitely a hoax, but because no-one can tell if the theory is valid or not!

Since the days of Charles Dawson, scientific scandal, it seems, has evolved: it gets harder to pin down not because the hoaxers get smarter, but because the science gets stranger. That's not to say it isn't all true. Maybe, in some strange future, Alan Sokal's feminist epistemology of the shape of the universe will be proved correct. In which case, we'll be happy to meet him for a pint in the Piltdown Man at a time of his choosing.



Space probes: more useful than their 'mentalist' Earth counterparts

Journey to the centre of the Earth

Following the tsunamis on Boxing Day, there has been much focus on the scientific methods used in predicting plate tectonic movements. One rather less documented – and, quite frankly, mentalist – suggestion is that of David Stevenson, described in his article 'A Modest Proposal: Mission to Earth's Core' published in *Nature* in May 2003.

Chances are the Earth's core really is just a load of very hot iron, but it's impossible to be sure without going there. That's why Prof Stevenson, from Caltech, proposed his "slightly tongue-in-cheek" plan to send a probe down to investigate. His ideas just go to show how weird the world of science can get; if you want to know what the centre of the earth is really made of, though, then this is the experiment for you.

Stevenson's idea is to send the probe, free floating in molten

iron, down a self-propagating crack in the earth's crust. Since the molten iron is denser than the rock it is melting, gravity should carry the probe all the way to the earth's core.

The major stumbling block for Stevenson is getting the crack started. One option is to detonate a nuclear bomb between 100 and 1000 times the size of the Hiroshima bomb, quickly filling the resulting hole with 100 million to 10 billion tonnes of molten iron. Stevenson did not disclose a possible starting location, but any suggestions would be welcome (and pointless).

On a more serious note, the whole proposal does highlight the gaps in our knowledge about the centre of the earth. At present, scientists rely on information from seismic waves which is "limited by their narrow frequency and dynamical range".

A probe such as the one sug-

gested by Stevenson could shed light on what other materials, apart from iron, contribute to the composition of the Earth's core. Such revelations, apart from being a major turn-on for geologists, would aid understanding of tectonic movement and so expand our knowledge of seismic activity. This would not only benefit science, but also go some way to preventing the loss of human life following the unexpected occurrence of seismic events all over the world.

Or, of course, the Earth could be hollow and inhabited by a superhuman race of Atlantean origin, technologically far in advance of ourselves, sucking the bacteria off rocks for survival and relying on cold fusion for all their energy needs. For more on this particular theory, visit www.space-2001.net/html/hollow_earth.html.

H Hobson & G Lynch

Famelab: WLTM beautiful boffin, GSOH, for fling with fame and fortune



Boffin Idol?

If you ever thought of yourself as the Johnny Ball, David Attenborough or Patrick Moore of your laboratory, with the ability to communicate the most irrelevant scientific fact to anybody, then you are in luck. Because the search has begun to discover the next face of science communication.

The regional heats for *FameLab*, the science world's equivalent of *Pop Idol*, begin in March. The competition, sponsored by Channel 4, *The Daily Telegraph*, the Cheltenham Science Festival, Open and Pfizer, is open to anyone in the field of science, technology, engineering or maths, and aims to find the

science ambassadors that will become the public face of science for a new generation.

Dubbed 'Boffin Idol', the competition's early stages utilise the trial-by-panel method so effectively adopted by *X-Factor* and *Pop Idol*. In the audition, contestants are given just three minutes to talk on a subject that is entertaining, exciting and scientifically accurate. To make this seemingly impossible task slightly easier, props and assistants are allowed. The three judges then decide if the contestant has engaged the audience enough to proceed to the next stage, or if they are the scientific equivalent of the Cheeky Girls and should be

sent back to the lab immediately. It may take something special to impress the judging panel, which will include leading figures from the world of science and media, such as Jim Al-Khalili, Adam Hart-Davis and Dr Mark Lythgoe.

The twelve lucky winners from the six regional heats will undergo a two-day science communication boot camp, before going up before the expert judges of Prof Kathy Sykes, Prof Robert Winston (*The Human Mind*) and Simon Andreae, Head of Science and Education at Channel 4, at the 2005 Cheltenham Science Festival. The overall winner will get broadcasting time on Channel 4 and the opportuni-

ty to present at the 2006 Cheltenham Science Festival, in addition to £2000 prize money.

Although the talent show aspect of the competition will provide good TV, the patron of the competition, Nobel Laureate Paul Nurse, hopes that *FameLab* will raise the profile of science communication, and give hope to those thinking of communicating science. The prestigious prize and the potential for a career in world of science and media are very appealing, and many a scientist dogged by lack of recognition and funding is urged to apply.

Ben Onwuegbusi



www.glampunk.org

Patrick Jones' brother Nicky Wire and Richey Edwards of the Manic Street Preachers, on whom Jones had a 'formative influence.'

pick of the week



Music: Fonda 500
Portland Arms, Fri 18,
20.00

They play shimmering skewed pop like the Beach Boys, Pavement and the Super Furry Animals, and were pronounced by *Careless Talk Costs Lives* "the best band on earth, end of story." Don't miss it.



Literature: Cambridge Series Poetry Readings
Drama Studio, English Faculty, Mon 21, 20.00

A strong line-up this week with Tom Paulin, Andrea Brady and Bernard O'Donahue, some of the best poets in Britain today.



Film: Contemporary Latin American Cinema Season
Arts Picturehouse, Sat 19 - Thur 27,

Showcasing some of the most thematically and stylistically innovative cinema to emerge from the continent in recent years.



Art: The Decisive Moment
Cambridge Union, Feb 21 - Mar 7

The University Photographic Society's exhibition, inspired by the words of the recently deceased Henri Cartier-Bresson, promises to be varied and full of talent.

Red and black posters abound across Cambridge faculties, advertising an evening of poetry with musical interludes tonight, at Fitz auditorium. This promises to be no genteel 'book at bedtime', presenting instead the "eloquent screamer" Patrick Jones and "poet for the people" Mike Jenkins. "Yet these were the colours used by the anarchist movement at the heart of the Spanish Civil War," I hear the wary tweed-jacketed SPS student pipe up from his desk... "Could this flyer I spy be the portent of Anarchy in the UL?"

One needn't worry. When I quiz the bards on their political agenda in Cambridge, they disarm my journalistic motives with polite magnanimity. This makes their fervour all the more irresistible. Patrick, critically acclaimed poet and playwright, not to mention formative influence on brother Nicky's Manic Street Preachers, answers: "I wouldn't say I have a political 'mission' exactly! No, I believe that art can transcend politics, to become more of a universal spiritual voice."

Echoing his observation that the Manics have grown from "glam hate rockers to considered poets of the human condition", he draws a parallel with himself: "A poet can get caught in a rut, and I wanted to avoid going down a ranting road. My mission has changed since I began writing at 18."

Aspiring to a universal voice: is this not a switch from political militarism to lofty spiritualism? Quite the reverse. "I'm not trying to be radical. It's more about freedom of expression. I have attacked many targets, from New Labour to the monarchy, but I write what I want to write, and in that sense I am a social anarchist!"

Poetry for the people indeed, and Mike Jenkins, founder of the Red Poets Society, also stresses his emphasis upon people as individuals rather than as metaphors for larger ideolo-

Red Poets Society

Charlotte Holden talks to self-proclaimed 'people's poets' Patrick Jones and Mike Jenkins

gies: "People come first. I am politically concerned, and I write political poetry, but the satire I use is quite specific." The Red Poets Society, with which Patrick collaborates, is no 'members only' club for the self-elected intelligentsia. Holding meetings in pubs and social clubs, the aim is to foster genuine creative reciprocity with the community.

"Poetry becomes comedy when we merely feed the masses"

With their stress on "reaching people", I ask Patrick his opinion on the current literary scene: just how inspiring is it? His tone changes from optimism to disillusionment. He describes a situation of "stagnancy", elaborating that "poetry becomes comedy when we merely feed the masses".

He also laments the mis-directed education system, with its 'same old' dusty texts, and the focus on exam preparation, so pre-emptive that it eclipses any artistic spirit. "Creative writing has been crushed out of poetry", he says with vehemence.

When I mention the connection between the poets' work and music Mike responds with zeal. He reveals that for the past ten years, music has been more of a muse than poetry; his inspirations including John Cale, Robert Wyatt, and Cambridge's very own Syd Barrett. "I am very interested

in the musicality of poetry, in the sound of words, and their composition. Assonance and rhythm are key features of my poetry."

The collaborations between Patrick and the Manics are well publicised, with James Dean Bradfield writing soundtracks for his plays, and a whole host of Welsh musicians (including Catatonia, Super Furry Animals and Manchild) feature on his 1999 CD of 'poetry to music', *Commemoration and Amnesia*.

When I ask how they hope to be received as 'red poets' in a Cambridge atmosphere both chuckle nervously, wondering what kind of an austere reception I might be alluding to. In the same vein as their community ethos, the emphasis will be on informality, fun, and of course, music.

Patrick: "Well, it's difficult to say how I'll be received. But make it known that I'm no Billy Bragg!" Mike: "Our readings are for entertainment. They aren't stuffy, as they're all about reaching out to new audiences. We don't take ourselves too seriously." Cambridge will be a new audience for the two poets, and as such worthy suppliers of contemporary poetic voice, speaking between interludes from some of Cambridge's finest unsigned musicians, how could we fail to listen?

Guerilla Tapestries, Graffiti Narratives: Friday, Fitz Auditorium, 8pm
Tickets: 4/5, proceeds to Tsunami Relief.

Varsity Arts



Tilley: Cardigan waistcoat from Wardrobe (off Mill Road), floral tie from Save the Children; Amanda: Shoes by Paul Smith from Ally Lulu, tights from M&S kids, black net skirt from Dixie's stall, polka dot skirt (curtains) from Oxfam, grey skirt from Reiss, green net skirt from Noa Noa, additional black netting from Robert Sayle.

**Varsity
Recommends**

**Virginia Woolf
by Hermione
Lee**

Lindsey Smith

Anyone undertaking to write a biography of subject as popular as Virginia Woolf begins with the knowledge that there is no such thing as starting from scratch. Any in-depth writing about Woolf's life involves finding one's way through the myriad images, traditions, and schools of thought surrounding her memory. Hermione Lee makes no secret of this difficulty; in fact her book begins by acknowledging it. Remarkably, however, Lee's biography of Woolf manages to turn this delicate and potentially tedious task of negotiation into a virtue. The reader gets both a meticulous and highly entertaining biography and a broad introduction to the ways in which Woolf's work has been read and imagined over the last century, as well as an impression of the traditions, currents, and relationships that influenced her in life.

Woolf notoriously never attended Cambridge as a student, but it was always an important presence in her life and a frequent subject of her writing. The infamous 'Bloomsbury Group' of Cambridge graduates were some of Woolf's closest friends and life-long rivals. Scenes from various colleges, along with Woolf's wry characterisations of the "very Cambridge" young people she met, form a continuous thread woven through the book.

When Saturday comes around

Ian McEwan can both baffle and amaze, as **Sophie Allen** finds out

At dawn on Saturday, 15 February 2003, a day of mass anti-war protests in London, the distinguished neurosurgeon Henry Perowne stands at his window and watches an aeroplane plummet to the ground. From this ominous start Ian McEwan leads us through Perowne's day, moving from the usual to the extraordinary, as a minor road accident has repercussions that bring his family close to tragedy.

**Saturday can
sometimes read
like Ulysses
meets 24**

Following the phenomenal success of *Atonement*, *Saturday* sees Ian McEwan turn his attention back to contemporary London after this brief flirtation with the historical novel. McEwan has always been a writer interested in violence and obsession, in dissecting the dark heart of the human condition. His latest novel places these themes on a global scale while considering the complexities of modern existence. As Perowne watches the aeroplane crash, Muslim extremism is instantly at the forefront of his mind. The extent to which fear of terrorism, however irrational, has become ingrained into the national consciousness, is just one of the novel's many preoccupations.

Its focus on a single day, along with the positioning of worldwide concerns next to the minutiae of ordinary life, means

that *Saturday* can sometimes read a little like *Ulysses* meets *24* - echoes of Leopold Bloom's metropolitan wanderings with just a hint of 21st Century paranoia thrown in for good measure. McEwan does not always seem entirely at ease with the host of modern references he crams into the novel, and often they contribute to its least convincing points, where a desire to make a comment overtakes plausibility. Also, although it's clear this specific Saturday has been chosen to add an extra layer of significance to the story, there's often a creeping feeling that he isn't describing a modern moment of history in the making but merely rehashing old news. Of course, this may be exactly the author's point - that, just like Perowne's 18-year-old son Theo, who feels he can relax when there are no news updates, we are all sometimes a little too eager to forget and move on.

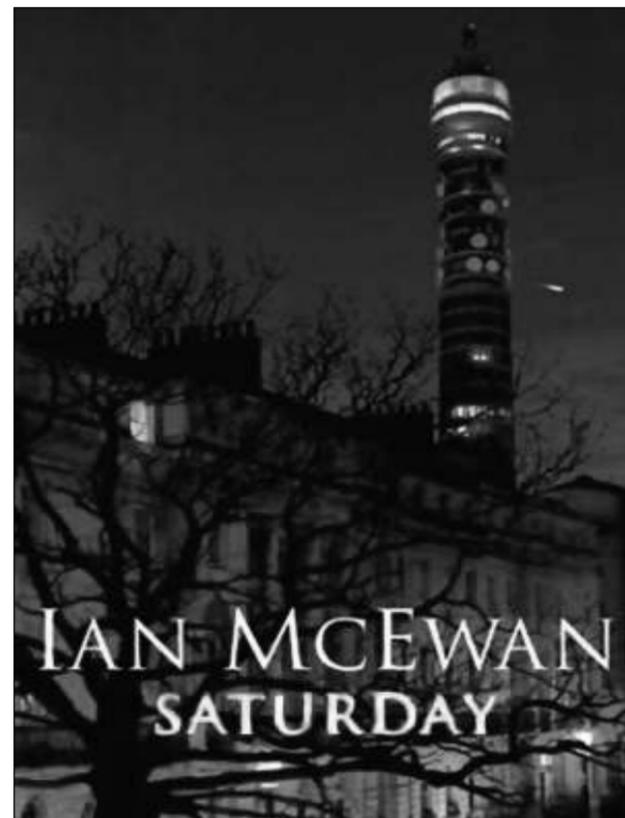
Despite this, *Saturday* is never a truly political novel. In fact, Perowne's opinions are often infuriatingly ambiguous. Although McEwan can't be considered a satirical writer, he is undoubtedly a master of observation, and the political backdrop provides plenty of scope for his sharp and inquisitive mind. At the heart of *Saturday* are a series of beautifully described set pieces, which he uses to reflect upon themes such as mortality and justice. Scenes like Perowne's fiercely competitive squash match with a colleague, in which the fight for each point is a matter for

intense pride, show McEwan's talent for placing the everyday in a fresh, new light. Even Perowne's heated debate with his daughter over Iraq is less about the pros and cons of war and more about the dynamics of those frustratingly oblique arguments we all find ourselves having with our loved ones.

If there is a message within *Saturday*, it is to cherish the small, seemingly inconsequential moments that accumulate to produce a happy life. In the early stages of the novel, Perowne's safe, middle-class existence often seems a little too cosy and detached from reality, yet McEwan's aim is to show a way of life that can be unexpectedly compromised. By the end of the day the safety of the thing he holds the most dear, his family, has been threatened. He learns not to be complacent over his own happiness: the small joys in life, especially those arising from his love for his wife that sustain him in moments of crisis, are the ones he previously took for granted.

**McEwan is
undoubtedly a
master of
observation**

There is arguably a great deal of the author in his protagonist, so Perowne's belief in literature being inherently untruthful is intriguing. Beyond the playful reference to McEwan's own *A Child in Time* in Henry's dismissal of magic realism, one can't quite help



feeling that *Saturday* is his mid-life novel, in which he feels obliged to question the usefulness of his craft.

McEwan also uses *Saturday* to explore the perennial issue of science versus art. In one notable, though rather improbable scene, a recitation of Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach* produces in one character an almost magical change of mood. In another, for all his intricate knowledge of the human brain Henry cannot penetrate the mind of his Alzheimer's-afflicted mother.

Shifts in opinion like these mean *Saturday* isn't always a comfortable read. Those who came to McEwan through

Atonement may find its relatively few moments of conventional plot a little hard to digest. But the novel's flaws are more than outweighed by its strengths: in particular, McEwan's surprising and compelling use of language suggests that, regardless of his subject matter, McEwan deserves to be classed as one of our greatest living writers.

My own Arthurian legend

Tess Riley pays tribute to the late Arthur Miller

When I got back home last Thursday and switched on the radio to catch the evening headlines, I was dismayed to hear the words "Arthur Miller, one of the greatest American dramatists, has died at his home in Connecticut."

Miller, whose most famous works include *The Crucible* and *All My Sons*, was a prolific writer throughout his life. His plays deal with the realities of human existence. The greatest success of his career, *Death of a Salesman*, opened in 1949 and remains one of the most popularly performed plays of our day. For some, Miller's name is synonymous with that of Willy Loman, the eponymous tragic hero of *Death of a Salesman*, whose life unravels onstage as audiences hold their breath, waiting to discover the outcome.

Arthur Miller's private life often sparked as much media attention as that of his working one. In 1956, a year after his divorce from his first wife Mary Slattery, he married Marilyn Monroe, a union that lasted

five years until their divorce in 1961. He and his third wife, the artist Inge Morath, had two children. Their daughter Rebecca followed in her father's footsteps to become a writer and film-maker herself.

However, this article is not about drawing dubious links between Miller's life and his writing or to probe into personal and unnecessary details that become the story of the moment. Pick up any daily newspaper and there will almost certainly be something of his private life sprawled across the page. No, to honour a man whose works have influenced the lives of so many requires more than that.

When someone you care about dies you feel the loss instantly. It may seem absurd that as I sat listening to the radio I felt this same desolation for a man I had never met. Yet Miller was my inspiration. Studying two of his plays "to an unnecessarily detailed degree if you want an A-grade in your exams" just because I wanted to, was not enough for me. If

someone could produce such powerful emotions by the way they arranged the words on a page then I wanted to try too.

Many of Miller's plays are about the things we take for granted in life - the things that matter - while we endorse unending conspicuous consumption. Although the world is not so hopeless that human relationships have been replaced entirely by material desires, Miller pointed out that

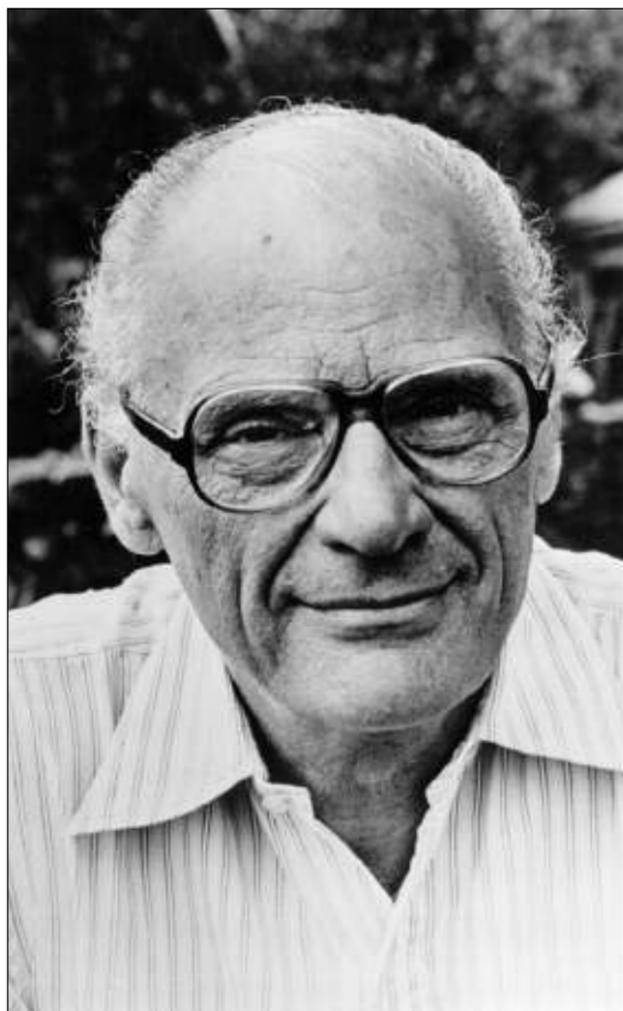
**It is all too easy to
forfeit the impor-
tant things in life**

it is all too easy to forfeit the important things in life and much harder to get them back again. In *Death of a Salesman*, after the death of Willy Loman, his son Biff sums up his father's life with the simple, sombre conclusion that he "had the wrong dreams. All, all wrong." Miller shows where humanity has strayed from the path as it spirals into the world of consumerism. What he

leaves the audience to figure out is how to get back there.

Having finished my AS levels and gained the 'inevitable' exam grade, most of my text books went back on the shelf, ready to gather dust during the summer before autumn term arrived. My English texts, however, did not. Instead I did something I had always slightly looked down on as Boyzone-teenage-fan-obsessivism: I wrote to Miller and said thank you. Thank you for voicing some of what didn't seem right in the world, thank you for putting your life into something you believe in and thank you for showing me that I wanted to do it too.

He wrote back. I didn't think it would happen but a few weeks later, handwritten, on four sides of beautiful, thick, A5 paper he wrote back. What he said, like his private life, doesn't need to be excruciatingly analysed here. Nor do I want to let a part of him go that I feel belongs to me in some way. One humbling last point, though: he said "thank you" back.



Arthur Miller: deconstructing the American dream



NEW IN 2005
#5 Apartment

This London four-piece are heading down a well trodden path to indie 'stardom', with debut single on Fierce Panda *Everyone Says I'm Paranoid* barely hitting shelves before being coldly hunted out of existence by scenester hounds. Recent support slots for the Killers and the Bravery suggest a penchant for stylish suits and 80s bandwagon jumping, but the twitchy basslines and complex guitar riffs of tracks like 'Patience is Proving' suggest a more angsty, less disposable sound than the cheaply ironic 80s pastiches currently en vogue. The mesmerising swoop of David Caggiari's vocals evokes a gloomy romanticism redolent of early Roxy Music and John Foxx-era Ultravox, as well as the traditional staples of Echo and the Bunnymen and The Cure. Think imaginary soundtrack to *La Dolce Vita*, soaked in lens-flare for added drama and you're close(ish). Visit their site for free tracks, or catch them at Downing Ball in March.

Was Yaqoob
www.wereapartment.com

Towers are just an eyeful

Towers of London
APU Bar - 10 Feb
Review by Mic Wright & Lloyd Beecham

With trousers so tight they were cutting off the circulation to their brains, Towers of London imposed themselves upon APU bar like an inebriated, bouffant-aired panzer attack. But, like my Nan's crochet pattern, they were dull and predictable. On record, they make a passable attempt at exciting, old-school punk with attitude; this insane four-piece are intent on bringing hair metal back into our lives, along with a host of venereal diseases and huge, backcombed haircuts.

Three songs into their set, goggle-eyed munchkin Donny Tourette insisted on ripping down part of the ceiling and destroying a lighting rig above it. He had to do something - the turgid riffs and sub-Johnny Rotten wail were about to send the crowd into catatonic spasm.

This was less about music and more about a show - the sort they put on Men And Motors: tedious and hugely unsatisfying. While the bassist tried to pretend he was in a real band, the guitarist dreamt of being Slash and the drummer hid behind his ridiculous kit.

Throwing his mic stand into the crowd, gobbing and

mouthed 'boring' at a less than enthusiastic crowd, Donny was sadly not interested in entertaining. Speaking to him after the show he commented, "I think we played better as a band

last night...but I had more fun tonight." I nearly gagged, though this may have been on the fumes from his gravity defying barnet. Give me rock 'n' roll rebellion, but weld a tune to it.



Donny Tourette: Probably saying a really bad swear word

Take away their ridiculously tight strides, bizarre hairdos and Mötley Crüe-lite attitude and you are left with little more than McFly - and they do harmonies.

Their tour t-shirts read "Drink, Fuck, Fight", and that seems to be their mission, no different to any bunch of semi-literate numpties you'll find in Wetherspoons of a Saturday night. You had to feel sorry for the support bands - who succeeded in warming up the crowd - and also for the promoter, whose long-standing relationship with APU has now been marred by the appearance of several paddy wagons and the presence of more police than you'd find at a Millwall game.

This wasn't the first time that the band had caused wanton damage to a venue. Early in the tour, Southampton's Joiner's Arms had half its ceiling ripped down by the delightful Tourette indulging in his favourite party piece. I would be more than willing to teach him how to make a balloon giraffe: he may find this trick receives a better reception. The £500 fine following the incident does not seem to have deterred him from this kind of behaviour.

With seventeen-year-olds burning posters outside the venue following Tourette's assault on those terribly threatening lighting rigs and

very polite, slightly red-faced security staff, it seems that most people saw straight through their pantomime act.

Support band Suffrajets should have been headlining. The all-girl four-piece from North London were tight, visually arresting and exuded confidence. They are a talented band and were able to project attitude and excitement without recourse to property damage - Donny might also ask them about their hair care regime.

Towers of London's latest single *On A Noose* is not a bad song, but is remarkably similar to all the others in their set. It is much better on disc than live, mainly because you don't have to stare into their vacuous faces or listen to Donny's torrent of abuse.

With any luck, you won't ever have the misfortune to see Towers of London, as they seem to be playing a game of Monopoly with a deck of Go To Jail cards. After the fracas at APU, Mr Tourette found himself in the luxury accommodation at Parkside Police station.

Thanks to them, APU have stated that they will never host punk bands at the venue again. A reminder of the 70s when punk bands were regularly banned, throwbacks like Towers of London will love this. The music-starved student population of Cambridge will not.

www.towersoflondon.net

John's, Coltrane

Jazz @ John's
St John's College - 11 Feb
Review by Hywel Carver

The Jazz @ John's website promised big things for this gig, and both The George Crowley Quartet and Funk Shui lived up to the hype.

The former opened with a mixture of sub-genres, from more mellow tunes to hard-hitting Coltrane numbers.

Throughout, saxophonist Crowley played in the virtuosic, lyrical way that has earned him a reputation as one of the hottest new talents in the Cambridge jazz scene, backed by Kit Downes on keys, Johnny Brierley on string bass and Jim Hart on drums. The band had a tremendous sense of move-

ment, both physical and musical, and were clearly having as much fun as the audience.

Throughout, they struck a balance between music both incredible to watch, and cool and enjoyable.

The second band of the night was the interestingly-named Funk Shui, featuring Jamie Castell on sax, Justin Salomon on guitar, Shaul Tor on electric bass, Andras Nagy on keys and Tom Barrie on drums. Their first piece was Pastorius' 'The Chicken', which seemed to get the band in the right mood for the rest of the set. A particular highlight was 'Upside Downstairs', an incredibly funky tune written by guitarist Justin. Also of note was their version of 'Cantaloupe Island',

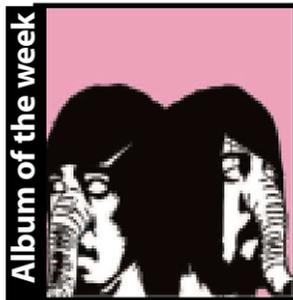
which began in homage to the original, but soon changed to a more interesting, funkier take on this Herbie Hancock tune. The band showed incredible stamina, dancing and playing at an intense level throughout, and could maybe even have played something a bit slower to give both them and the audience a break. What was clear was that this is a fantastic band who really know how to engage an audience.

Once again, Jazz @ John's has proved itself one of the finest jazz nights at the university, and we look forward to their next showcase.

Jazz @ John's returns on 25th February.



Funk Shui's Jamie Castell and Justin Salomon slip into something smooth

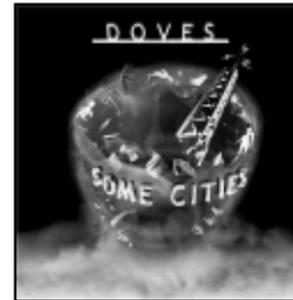


Album of the week
Death From Above 1979
You're A Woman, I'm A Machine

'FUCK JAMES MURPHY... If I had the resources I would fly a plane into his skull'. DFA 1979 posted this on their former website when asked to change their name by DFA records. It exemplifies the visceral, sexual energy that splurges from each of this record's orifices. Noise-terrorists deride them as the "chart-friendly Lightning Bolt," with their 'accessibility' and 'tunes', but the H-bomb-in-your-ear of 'Turn It Out' and the visceral 'Cold War', featuring Sebastien's animal scream and the the sonic equivalent of a hospital full of animals being blown up, should silence doubts raised by the perversely sweet power pop of 'Black History Month'. This record makes you want to slam-dance and shoot people in the face, but, for once, in a good way.

Was Yaqoob

Released on February 21st through 679 Recordings



Doves
Some Cities

Since the Gwynnies of the world have Coldplay and the rest of us Elbow, I'm not sure what business Doves have anymore. *Some Cities* opens with a triple-whammy of songs led by rolling drums, crunchy guitars and mid-song bursts of reverberated strings padding out the songs to their outer limits. But while 'Black & White Town' is an obvious single, others such as 'Almost Forgot Myself' are ironically unmemorable. But, any momentum gained is negated by the catastrophic second half. Doves show themselves to be in limbo between the rousing joy that Coldplay evoke and the risky experiments in sound Elbow have achieved. To address such a divide by adding a few arpeggiated bleeps from a Casiotone isn't enough. *Some Cities* is essentially cheese-on-toast experimentalism.

Simon Brown

Released on February 21st through Heavenly



Tori Amos
The Beekeeper

After the mid-nineties' *Boys for Pele* and *From the Choir Girl Hotel*, I was initially disappointed on hearing *The Beekeeper's* toned-down, softened Tori. Unlike past albums, it often hums conventionality. No longer fluctuating between dirty growl and screeching banshee, it relies on more poppy melodies. The harmonies are sometimes annoying and the beats monotonous; the straight style can be grating in its conformity but does yield some catchy tunes and good lyrics, notably in 'Cars and Guitars', where our heroine moves on to disclose glimmers of the sensuous breathy and passionate Amos. Fortunately, the title track finally reveals that missing darker tone; its pared down use of a grinding bass and spacey keyboard hits a contemplative note.

Truly Johnston

Released on February 21st through Epic

Not just Eiffel 65 and Eurovision

Alex Lambeth tells us what the German music scene has to offer



In this time of supposed European unity there is still one nation that remains to many as something of a joke in the modern music scene: Germany. Yes, the nation that set onto the earth 'Neunundneunzig Luftballons' is largely restricted to selling records to themselves, the Swiss and the Austrians.

This may appear to be quite a good thing - the German language is hardly the most attractive in Europe. However, I have decided to make a stand. I want you to listen to German music. You may ask why. Well, because frankly, no European nation does heavy music quite like the Germans, and with Rammstein's tour about to grace our shores, the hopefully imminent UK release of Munich industrialists Megahertz's new album 5, and the

coming onslaught of Alec Empire's "Futurist" in March you should take note.

I presume some of you may have already begun laughing - the idea of German metal or industrial to most respectable Brits is quite comical. Rammstein on stage do indeed resemble guitar thrashing bratwursts playing with fireworks. However, this is precisely what drives me to admire them, the unashamed Germaness of everything they do is refreshing. Most of Europe at some time or another has not particularly liked the ol' Gerries, yet Rammstein embrace and exaggerate stereotypes in a way is both knowing and artful. This arguably explains their position as the most successful German band ever after the huge success of 2004's *Reise Reise* (Journey, Journey)

Megahertz are a more recent discovery of mine, even though their debut *Wer bist du?* (Who are you?) came in as long ago as 1997. Their fusion of metallic riffs and electronica and guttural

German vocals are similar to those of Rammstein, yet they come across as far more serious and philosophical. The 1997 single 'Gott Sein' (Being God) hits the listener with a stunning mix of beauty and aggression through the fusion of spooky chanting and driving guitars.

Megahertz have found relative success in Germany, Austria and Switzerland and are currently attempting to break the UK and the US markets with re-releases of their work between 1997 and 2002. The new album 5, is undoubtedly one of the best things I have heard within recent months.

After the recent departure of singer Alexx Wesselsky Megahertz looked in trouble, but they found a more than adequate replacement in Mathias Elsholz, whose voice ranges from spectacularly terrifying to truly beautiful. You need only listen to the opening track of 5, 'Dein Herz schlägt' (Your Heart is Beating), to realise this. Although the

album has no set release date in the UK it is available through amazon.de or megahertz.com. Any fan of industrial metal must look into this band.

The coming release of the former Atari Teenage Riot frontman Alec Empire's new album follows the sonic head-fuck that was 2002's *Intelligence and Sacrifice* (see the electro stomp that is 'The Ride' and the gabba-infused metal madness 'Everything starts with a fuck'). Although Mr Empire has moved his base from Berlin to London, and now mainly sings in English, there is still a wonderfully Germanic edge to his music.

Alec Empire's career has seen him range from techno-punk poster boy of Atari Teenage Riot, to a masterful DJ and producer and currently to the position of leather-clad electro tinged metal overlord. Although Empire has worked with people as famous as Bjork, Dave Grohl and Rage Against the Machine guitarist Tom Morello, he has still not quite hit the big time,



Rammstein have helped eradicate German music's folkly stereotype

and his label Digital Hardcore remains proudly independent. If you like darker music and do not own *Intelligence and Sacrifice* go and buy it now; if you do, then await the February 28 release of new single 'Gotta Get Out' with baited breath.

I'm guessing there are still people reeling at the suggestion that these Teutonic musicians may be able to offer the UK scene something that no other nation can, but I warn you, slowly but surely the Germans are coming...

Music for the cause

Niccie Simpson

If you're still feeling guilty for not buying the Big Issue from the guy outside Sainsbury's, there are two musical events this week you can attend to ease your conscience and do the world some good.

The first is a piano concert this coming Sunday in aid of a local charity called CAMFED International, which supports girls through school in rural parts of sub-Saharan Africa.

The concert will feature the internationally renowned Zhu Xiao-Mei performing the Bach Goldberg Variations. Described as "beautifully unego-centric" by *The Independent* on Sunday, Xiao-Mei suffered persecution for playing Western music in her native China during the Cultural Revolution. In 1985,



she finally left China for Paris, where her internationally acclaimed career began.

The second event takes place at The Junction on Wednesday 23rd, and is a fund-raising event for the tsunami-affected regions in Asia. Called 'Sama-Sama', from the Indonesian word for 'togetherness', it is headlined by Amy Winehouse,

and will bring together cutting-edge Asian DJs with the best in UK Hip-Hop and soul. All ticket proceeds will go to DEC, providing funds for Tsunami and other disaster-affected areas. Get involved.

CAMFED

Sunday 20th February
7:30 pm at West Road
Concert Hall.
Tickets: £15 and £12 (concessions £6).
Cambridge Arts Theatre Box
Office: 01223 503333, or buy on the door.

SAMA-SAMA

Wednesday 23rd February
7pm at The Junction.
Tickets: £10
Junction box office: 01223 511 511, or buy on the door.

Brits 2005 - did they get it right or wrong?

Right: Scissor Sisters

The Brit Kings, winning all three awards for which they were nominated. You have to hand it to them, while still feeling that Outkast were unfairly over-looked for 'Best International Album' - 'Hey Ya!...need I say more?'

So Right: Bob Geldof

Hairy, but charitable. While we hate him for inflicting 'Feed the World' on us twice in the space of twenty years, we have to admit he was a deserving and obvious candidate for the award of Outstanding Contribution to British Music.

Half and Half: Joss Stone

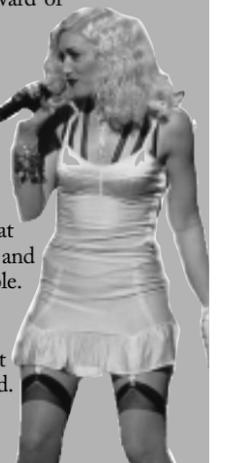
The right choice for British Female Solo Artist she may be (if you ignore the fact that Amy Winehouse is basically better), but best British Urban Act? She's about as urban as my nan. Should have been Dizzee Rascal.

Right: Gwen Stefani

Could have won the Best International Female Solo Artist it solely for that fact that she performed in 8-inch heels, but aside from that, her music is original, unique and utterly unlike anything anyone else is doing at the moment. She is simply inimitable.

All wrong: McFly

Because they should never win an award for anything. Even if they are up against such shite as Avril Lavigne and Westlife - there was still Natasha Bedingfield. CD:UK/Sun Bizarre column readers/O2 and Samsung mobile owners (the scoundrels responsible for voting for this award), hang your heads in shame.



The Boss. And he knows it.

The legend that is... Bruce Springsteen?

Jacqui Tedd reveals the skeleton in her closet, and finds some reasons to be unashamed

In this world of 'cool' and 'uncool', there are some of us harbouring dirty little secrets; as we go about our daily music listening business we are trying desperately to conceal them. Secrets that if exposed could make or break the reputations we have steadily been building for ourselves since the days our mums first allowed to choose our own clothes.

Behind closed doors, and preferably soundproofed ones, we hesitantly go to our CD racks and pick from the shelves a CD ingeniously disguised as something obscure and respected. However, we know that if someone were to walk in on us,

months of teasing and taunting would be sure to follow.

My clandestine music love is Bruce Springsteen; yes, that's right, 'The Boss', 'Bruce Babe', the authentic anthem genius of

Some of us are harbouring dirty little secrets

the late 70s and 80s. Thinking of Bruce means thinking of tight denim jeans, the American flag, stadiums and of course, that now infamous video in which he dances with Courtney Cox.

Bruce is much more than these things; but as a true fan one must not despise his popular rock, in

the same way hip-hop fans mutter that the Black Eyed Peas were far better before 'that' girl joined. One must embrace the rock as whole heartedly as his more soulful tunes and love both equally.

Behind my adoration for Bruce lies an almost mythical tale of joyous days when I would emphatically jump up and bounce around continuously for the duration of *Born In The USA* every time my dad played it. Bruce's music was apparently the inspiration for me to walk and dance for the first time. After hearing this story how could I not revisit the music that so obviously brought me delight in my baby years?

Now, as I revisit Bruce's music as a fully-fledged adult, I get the same pleasure as I apparently did in the past. There's nothing like lifting your mood through feeling that he 'understands' you as

The authentic anthem genius of the late 70s and 80s

he belts out, often accompanied by my own honeyed tones, "tramps like us baby we were born to run".

Bruce's music has a diversity to it which makes him perfect listening, his combination of the blues, his gravelly voice, meaningful lyrics and the legendary guitar

and saxophone solos all add to make him one of the few people I listen to that I am guaranteed to always enjoy.

A man who brings people joy is a man worth listening to, he's also not bad to look at, and, let's be honest, that is always a bonus.

So if any of you out there are also true, yet closet Bruce fans I feel that now is the time for him to experience a major revival. We must stop just listening to him in our rooms and start singing him and playing him wherever we go. We must no longer be ashamed of our love for 'The Boss' but let everyone know that we need Bruce in our lives, and that is most definitely not a bad thing.

Stage Whisper



Kate rehearsing Utopia in Cornwall with Sam Goodyear in 2004

Taking theatre back to basics

Kate Merriam graduated from Cambridge last year and has returned to direct the CUMTS Show 'Me and My Girl' at the Arts Theatre. During her time at university she directed nine plays and was involved in over 20 shows.

Why direct? Why is it important?

It is a bigger question than that really. Why do theatre at all? For me, it's about entertainment, a unique form of entertainment. It is as important as concerts or film or television as a form of communication. I like to go for the maximum entertainment and popular appeal.

What makes you start each new show?

I direct because I feel lost without it and I feel like I am in my natural state in rehearsals. It is not just the idea of the show but the whole process that I enjoy. And the buzz comes from sitting

in an audience at the end.

How do you see actors?

They are very talented individuals doing a very different job from the director. Ultimately it lies in their power to bring a show alive. The director is at best an honest mirror, and that is why every actor needs a director.

How has Cambridge theatre changed in your time here?

It has got much bigger. For example there are four musicals on this week, which has meant that we [Me and My Girl] have a relatively small cast for an Arts Theatre musical. This quantity has also lowered standards because everyone wants to make their mark and have their show put on. There is no more room for experimentation in the rehearsal room because everyone is short on time. It becomes about getting the show done and covering the basics.

What is your basic approach?

I try to give the actors as much

freedom as possible to experiment. In Me and My Girl I have encouraged the actors to compete by continually upstaging each other. It is right for the show because it requires constant energy and humour.

The cast can be too accommodating and supportive of each other, whereas I want to ensure that they are all significant individuals on stage. It also reduces my stamp on each character and ensures that they take responsibility for the spontaneity of their performance.

How visual is your approach?

Me and My Girl is not a concept show so there is little room for interpretation. Most of my work with the designer was about characterisation, not themes.

For Utopia at the Minack Theatre in Cornwall on the other hand we significantly adapted the script, so I spent a lot of time working on the show's visual conception. The most important

thing about the creative process is to give your mind the time to wander over all the possibilities.

What was the most fruitful experience you had at Cambridge?

Definitely conducting the ADC interviews. During my three years on the committee, as director's rep then president, I must have interviewed over 250 people, most of whom were other directors. Some interviews became very technical conversations about directing techniques. I quickly learnt what was straight out of the theory books and how to spot instinct.

It is important to know the theory, but it only supports a good director's instinct. Some people enthuse you and others just can't.

Directors talk a lot about ideas but you have to challenge yourself to know when an idea is really an idea and not just an obvious conclusion.

Now entering: A world of pain

Still Standing

Review by Dan Benton
Pembroke New Cellars,
15th - 19th of February

When he says, "Self deprecation - the easiest card in the comedy pack", Joe Swarbrick is setting himself up for a world of hurt. And the first Eddie Izzard-y skit of his set has the mind wandering in queasily familiar directions. His stylistic influences show up all over the set; from skittish delivery, to one liners: "I'm not saying Superman is better than God... but I would like to see it settled in the ring."

While his set is usually expansive and lively enough to cover the gaps, and to avoid getting too

deep into any one routine, at times it can feel more like freestyle impersonation than stand up. Technical points aside, Swarbrick largely gets away with it: his one liners are tight and well delivered, and the stand out section is his take on the forthcoming Lord of the Rings musical, with a cynically effortless series of Broadway parodies, and a suitably acerbic running commentary.

Picking holes in student performances may be cheap and lazy, but then so am I; Joe Swarbrick is clearly not. His undoubted charm and presence need to be backed up by stronger material to cut it as a stand up. All of which begs the question: "what could this guy do if he concentrated on just the one thing?"

Secrets Every Smart Traveller Should Know

Review by Tess Riley
Corpus Playroom 15 - 19 Feb

This is an action-packed musical that will appeal to anyone who's ever been away from home.

This cautionary tale for travellers takes its audience on a hilarious tour of the possible - no, inevitable - pitfalls that materialize as soon as "passport" is even uttered. An extremely versatile cast performs numerous roles, the scenes effortlessly sliding from the tourist who became just that little bit too intimate with her Mexican tour guide, to the man whose suitcases are spinning thousands of miles away in the Dantean Carousel Hell to which all lost luggage is doomed.

The singing is the real treat, with witty cabaret-style tunes

being energetically belted out. Some initial wavering notes betrayed a few inevitable first-night butterflies but they had all flown away by the end of the first five minutes. Special mention should go to the pianist and the bassist, who both performed non-stop. Several special touches turned it into a veritable Cambridge performance; a semi-naked male, reference to Bill Clinton's extra-curricular activities and brilliant outfits. The garish Hawaiian shirts help you forget the Kings Parade winds waiting outside.

One final point; to get me to laugh is a challenge. I can giggle, I smile quite a bit, but rarely do I laugh out loud. On this occasion, however, the quips were quick and the laughs were plenty. And not just from me. So, here's a secret every smart student should know: there's a musical on at the Playroom - and I truly think you should go.



This was a musical that will appeal to all senses of humour

Lucy Barwell

Bravely unorthodox

Volpone: sex, lies and videotape

Review by Lottie Oram, ADC
19 - 22 Jan, 19.30

What attracted the director, Libby Penn to Volpone was its "preoccupation with power, wealth and sex" but any audience of this week's production was presented with much more.

The script was almost entirely rewritten in a modern political context with excerpts of the Jonson text occasionally laid over the top. Penn takes the darkest parts of Volpone, namely the rape of Celia and the corruption of the Venetian court, and extends it to the rest of the play. The primitive superstition that sleeping with a virgin can cure you of HIV is mentioned throughout, with the rape of 14 year old girls reported on the

projected news screen behind the stage (fed live from the bar). However there are some pleasing touches from the squabbling news reporters who provide an effective lick of media sycophancy that compliments Volpone's own superficial lifestyle and the duplicitous greed of his servant Mosca.

After a clunky first half, the various ambitious elements of the direction and stage management start to gel and the plot veers sharply away from the original. Mosca and Volpone (engagingly played by James Norton and Will Featherstone respectively) hold it together throughout with an excellent scene straight after the rape of Celia. The illness he initially began as a clever media ruse becomes a genuine case of AIDS and lends the play an

almost biblical sense of self fulfilling prophecy.

The rewritten dialogue often sounds awkward next to Jonson's original prose but in the second half, the new lines come into their own. Lines from Sylvia Plath's juvenile poem Never Try To Trick Me With A Kiss repeated chorus are hypnotic, and the well written interpretation of a section of Paradise Lost describes Mosca's malevolent role perfectly. It is impossible to shake the feeling however, that the director tried to do too much. There are numerous topical references, such as to the Hutton enquiry but the motivation behind this is unclear. Anyone who did not know Volpone well may leave a little confused, although this is certainly a brave attempt to be different.

Fuming comedians win stagefight

Footlights Smoker
Review by Chris Clarke
ADC, 15th February

Last Tuesday's Footlights Smoker was shit. Or, at least, that was how it was intended. Enraged by the review of the previous smoker in *Varsity*, the Footlights team decided to strike back in the only way they knew how: insults and mockery. "Comedy is my life" said Simon Bird before ceremoniously removing the kid gloves and challenging the audience, who (the review demanded) ought to participate more, to a game of slinging mud.

Insult was traded for insult, and, hilariously but not surprisingly, the Footlights side won. In another feat of piss-taking, Ed Coleman held a two-minute getting-to-know you conversa-

tion with the audience front row, before asking for a volunteer who was subsequently mauled on stage by a veloceraptor. Coleman kindly provided colouring pencils and party poppers to accompany his bid to clamber across the audience. The reaction was as much fear as laughter, and the stunt was brilliantly entertaining.

The rest of the smoker displayed similarly creative moments. A sick child (Thomas Eccleshare), whose mother seems to prefer the pets than him, tells his story of being beaten up by the cool kids at school. That he is so sweetly accepting of such harsh treatment reduces the audience to a rare moment of pity and the laughter is sympathetic and embarrassed. Equally different was the lecturer's self-referential monolog, combining a very erudite style with the

absurd and the down-right facial. "What is style without substance" seemed to be more a discussion on how to be funny than part of the sketch, and the Cambridge audience responded to the more subtle levels of self-reference with great delight. Particularly delightful was the experimentation with new ways of telling stories, where several actors would stand with their backs to the audience and take turns at turning around to continue the narrative from their perspective.

The sketch, about a cheating chess champion, was ended by a side-splitting "chess-dance" where the actors mechanically danced as chess-pieces. The rest of the sketches were of a very high standard, and Luke Roberts gave a very assured performance, proving that stand-up is not dead.

My Girl got me

Wil James is inspired by an excellent production

In Cambridge there are few spectacles quite like the annual CU Musical Theatre Society (CUMTS) Musical. This year, once again, the society has presented its loyal audience with a romp of high kicks, high spirits and even higher notes.

Me and My Girl tells the age-old tale of the poor barrow boy, Bill Snibson, plucked from obscurity to inherit a fortune and an Earldom. But in the process, he must choose whether he is willing to give up his roots and the girl he loves in order to rise through the classes and assume his rightful place amidst the nobility. It won't be giving too much away to reassure you that eventually he gets to keep his girl and his title in a finale full of wedding bells and professions of undying love.

But the plot is really secondary in a show that is principally a showcase for the talents of the cast, who really pull out all the stops. Originally devised in the 1930s as a star vehicle for the now largely forgotten Lupino Lane, the show was revived by Stephen Fry and Mike Ockrent in 1984, giving the original interwar song and dance number a witty, knowing new libretto that adds some

quirky extras, including surreal tap-dancing ancestors and numerous historical references.

Still, this is a musical in a classic mould that succeeds through its charming combination of memorable tunes and snappy tap dancing. From the opening scene the cleverly crafted ensemble grab the audience's attention and

The choreography is strong and captures the spirit of the age wonderfully

draw us into a prewar world of garden parties, croquet, hunt balls and rigid etiquette.

But don't be put off: this isn't Noel Coward; Bill's arrival at the family pile, Hareford Hall brings the more colourful tones of Lambeth to the sedate Hampshire estate. Fresher James Smoker shines in the lead role, combining a clear singing talent, some nifty footwork and a face that will win over an army of grandmothers.

The show relies heavily upon a strong and versatile lead, and Smoker easily succeeds with wicked comic timing and an ability to hold the stage without uttering a single

word. He is ably supported by another strong singing talent in the shape of Tammy Harvey as his sweetheart Sally, who brings a touching tenderness, as well as plenty of guts, to her role. Comedy is provided in spades in the form of the stalwart Oli Robinson, whose drunken yet hopelessly romantic Sir John Tremayne will undoubtedly have set heart aflutter.

Meanwhile, the all-singing, all-dancing Tom Leonard succeeded in taking the role of the ineffectual Gerald Bolingbroke to another level with a lisp that really deserves a show all of its own. Amongst the other principles, Emma Brown stands out in the role of the domineering Duchess, managing to capture her character's age without sacrificing her brilliant ringing soprano.

Indeed, director Kate Merriam must receive full credit for her casting across the board. Audience members I spoke to were particularly impressed by the strength of the chorus, which although relatively small showed great versatility. This was needed in a show that often calls on its cast to sing and dance simultaneously. And for a show set in the

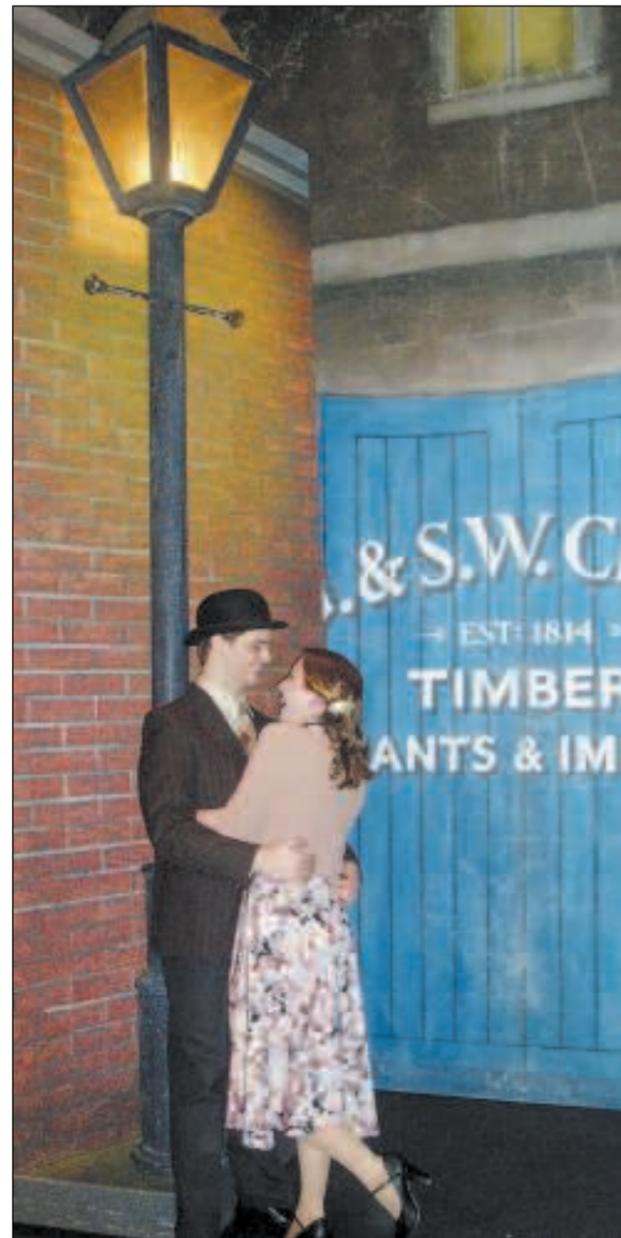
sedate setting of the Hampshire countryside there is a lot of very lively dancing to be done – including a particularly memorable 'Lambeth Walk' that had audience members on their feet the night I attended. With a very few exceptions, the choreography is strong and captures the spirit of the age wonderfully.

The production also benefits greatly from a lavish budget, enabling them to use a professional set that helps immensely to set off the production. On the first night

The show relies heavily upon a strong and versatile lead

the show was not without its technical hitches and in the large auditorium of the Arts Theatre it was occasionally difficult to hear the singers. Any problems were in any case more than made up for by a spirited band led by Musical Director Candida Caldicot-Bull.

Me and My Girl really is a great romp, skilfully staged by this talented cast. It combines slapstick cockney comedy with a tender story of enduring love. It may be soppy, but it is great fun. So get down those apples and pairs and make your way down to the Arts Theatre for a barrel of laughs and some great performances.



Allegra Galvin

Almost the wild wild west

Oliver Tilley and Lucy Phillips at Churchill ball

Sipping mulled wine in the rain-lashed queue, we immediately began to wonder whether a 'Showdown' theme in a spring ball could really be pulled off. And, despite the impressive horse-riders who paraded around the entrance, we were not sure it entirely did.

After entering through the innovative (if bedraggled) wagon-style tunnel, the limits of the décor became immediately apparent: Churchill looked just like Churchill, but with some ill-arranged 'Wanted' posters and the odd saloon door to interrupt the brown brick. Though the designers had a challenging prospect due to the college's un-ball-like setting, previous committees have succeeded comfortably, even impressively, making it the biggest disappointment of the night.

Never mind, we thought, and pushed straight on to the buffet deli after quaffing a few glasses of well chilled Champagne. It became an apt introduction to an array of excellent food and good wine, including a chocolate fountain, hog roast, fajita bar and potato wedge hut. The buffet was the culinary highlight, with artichoke hearts, sundried tomatoes and a good selection of cheeses.

The entertainment was gen-



Lucy Phillips

One wet reveller kisses Winston's adorned bust in the relatively poorly attended ball.

erally well handled with an excellent venue replete with steel girders and luminescent lighting. It was, perhaps, a little heavy on the cheese, with the Dampness – a Darkness pastiche – proving to be the biggest crowd puller and the evening ending in a Chesney Hawkes fest in the outside tent. The Dampness created a mosh-

pit and the tent DJ received a rapturous reception, despite a food and drink drought at the crucial 2am point.

There were no dodgems this year but a bucking bronco almost sufficed and the swings were a good touch; while the firing range, though wickedly difficult, was a refreshing addition and a

good extension of the theme.

By the end, though we had an excellent time and each constituent part of the ball seemed to work well on its own, there was not enough cohesion throughout and the theme, though potentially effective, was never worked through consistently. And we never did locate that elusive caricaturist.



Central Park: a new vision in orange

Monstrosity or masterpiece? asks Claire Hart

It is luminous shiny. When the sun is in the back it will be golden yellow." This was how Christo described his new work *The Gates* which consists of 7,500 orange gates, each covered in three hanging panels of saffron coloured muslin, stretching across Central Park for twenty-three miles. Other words have also been used to describe it, not all of which are quite so glowing.

The Gates does, however, undoubtedly represent the embracing of Christo and his partner Jean-Claude by New

Travelling far and wide to wrap cover and, arguably, obstruct landmarks

York, one of the most influential centres in the world when it comes to art, and the place that they have made their home after nearly forty-five years travelling far and wide to wrap, cover and, arguably, obstruct, a whole host of landmarks.

Christo and Jean-Claude make Tracy Emin look conventional and Damien Hirst seem unimaginative. They are the Madonna of the art world. Too famous to feel the need to use their surnames, not ones to shy away from controversy and showing no signs of packing it all in to live the quiet life after decades of artistic output.

Their biographies have become practically apocryphal in their own lifetimes. Christo has apparently had seven dif-



Christo and Jean-Claude's latest work *The Gates* has attracted excitement and controversy in equal measure

ferent birth places incorrectly attributed to him, but was officially born in Bulgaria. Jean-Claude, with her fluffy orange hair, was, spookily enough, born on exactly the same day as her beloved husband seventy years ago in the exotic setting of Casablanca. Christo works on average seventeen hours a day, seven days

a week, whilst Jean-Claude puts in a mere 12-13 hours a day at the artistic grindstone. The word eccentric barely seems to cover it.

Last Saturday, Christo and Jean-Claude "unfurled", as they like to put it, their latest creation, *The Gates*, in Central Park, New York. They made headline news around the

world, disgruntled a few Greenwich Village joggers and provoked cries of "But is it

They are the Madonna of the art world

art?" The perennial question: "monstrosity or masterpiece?" has been dusted off and

brought out to play yet again.

If your idea of art is one of painstakingly painted frescoes and carefully crafted portraiture, then Christo's work clearly isn't art at all.

If, on the other hand, you take the view that art is anything, any object or image, which provokes some kind of significant human response

amongst those who come into contact with it, then you cannot deny the inclusion of this installation within that category. Regardless of whether the opinion you form of *The Gates* is a favourable or a scornful one, the work nonetheless provokes a response and most likely quite a strongly-felt one.

The changing faces of a single painting

Sam Rose at an exhibition on the development of the artistic process

Unless you want to carry an X-radiograph machine into the gallery, it's pretty much impossible to understand or indeed appreciate the progressive stages of layering which lead to a final piece.

'Altered States' at the Charrington Print Room in the Fitzwilliam does however give us a brief insight to this process by looking at the impression left after a print is reworked showing us a number of earlier versions, or states, of the piece in question. Through this the exhibition attempts to show how the meaning or content of a painting can be changed during the process leading to its completion.

The Charrington Room itself seems a rather small space to explore such a broad subject, but by showing only two to four versions of each work the exhibition is able to touch on a number of ideas.

Meaning or content can be changed in the process leading to completion

Picasso's etching, for example, shows how a mood can affect the work, with versions of a print etched before and after *Guernica*. The later version is far more raw and emotional, with the subtlety of the

earlier imagery being replaced with frenzied scratching.

Stark changes in mood are also apparent in the works by Blake and Rembrandt where the later versions sacrifice realism for a more intense religious atmosphere heightened by a choice of darker colour tones.

Between these is an image of the 'headless horseman', a portrait of Oliver Cromwell whose head was altered in later versions to become Louis XIV and then, ironically, Charles I. Surrounded by such emotional works, this is an amusing example of 'art' as cynical money-making exercise.

Craig McPherson's 'Chop Shop Series' is a modern example of changing just a

small part of each image, as only the cars in the top right hand corner are varied.

A small change can affect an entire work of art

Depending on your point of view, this could be either a fascinating example of how a small change can affect an entire work of art, or a lazy artist trying to produce as many saleable prints as possible without having new ideas, or even doing much work.

Although fascinating, the exhibition does lack direction. This is where the real problem lies: whilst the individual

examples are interesting, and in some cases very beautiful, many of the prints have a greater number of 'states' than are represented. The Rembrandt print, for example, is only shown by states three and four when there are five in total, meaning that we don't see a true picture of the work's progression.

It is nonetheless an interesting (if brief) look at the possibilities of printmaking, and as a free exhibition even students have no excuse not to wander around for ten minutes. It is well worth a visit, and the only drawback is that there is not the gallery space to explore such an interesting theme in more detail.

Ones to watch

Gerald Laing responds to the war in Iraq using a combination of Powerful photography and Pop Art. King's Art Centre Saturday 19th February to 3rd March Weekdays 1.30pm to 4pm, Saturday and Sunday 11am to 5pm. He will be giving a talk to the Visual Arts Society tonight at 8pm in King's Art Centre.

Yoshitoshi Japanese 19th Century woodcuts. Fitzwilliam Museum, until the end of February. Free entry

The Hispanic inquisition

Daniel Igra speaks to Professor Paul Julian Smith, and unveils the reality of the Latin American renaissance

These days it seems there are a disproportionate number of people - especially amongst the Arts Picturehouse-loving Cambridge community - who include a name of one of the recent Latin American films within their all-time favourites list. Certainly, *Amores perros* and *Y tu mamá también* have reached near cult status. And if these Mexican features don't particularly float your boat, no doubt the Brazilian *City of God* will. But why is it that these films have resonated with British audiences?

Cambridge's very own Spanish and Latin American film expert, Professor Paul Julian Smith, explains that they have avoided the political didacticism of earlier efforts. Moreover, they now seem less foreign to an audience brought up on Hollywood. "In the past, Latin American films made a virtue of having poor visual style in order to distinguish themselves from Hollywood - whereas the directors of *Amores perros* and *Y tu mamá también* worked in the US and

drew on Hollywood and North American modes of storytelling, telling their stories through exciting pictures. At the same time they remain very Mexican."

Hispanic culture, comprising both Latin America and Spain, is certainly converging more and more with that of

"Recent Latin American directors have drawn on Hollywood modes"

the West. Latinos, as the biggest and fastest-growing minority in the US, now have a more obvious input into North American popular culture. Spain holds an increasingly important position in Europe and its economy has boomed over the last few years. In terms of cinema, it has a figurehead unlike any other non-English speaking country in the form of Pedro Almodóvar. Indeed, it is not only South American films that have been showered with

praise. Recent Almodóvar films, most notably *Talk to Her* and *Bad Education*, were met with great excitement by the British film-going public, and Professor Smith's enthusiasm for the Spanish filmmaker goes back nearly twenty years. "The first Almodóvar film I saw - I was bowled over by it. I had never seen a Spanish film like it before." In some ways it seems that Almodóvar's films appeal to a British audience for the same reasons as the Mexican ones. "Similar to the Latin American directors, he has a very distinct aesthetic which is always recognizable. He has a unique way of telling stories - they are quite complicated but he makes them appear transparent somehow."

Spanish films, especially those produced towards or after the end of General Franco's dictatorship, were dark and tragic. Almodóvar injected colour and comedy. I ask Professor Smith whether he thinks Spanish language cinema will build on its success and continue to grow.

He replies that *Sight and Sound*, the magazine of the British Film Institute that he writes for, is "running out of space to include reviews of all the Spanish-language films that are released in the UK. A few years ago I would do two or three every year - now it's pretty much one a month."

Yet he is quick to point out that this does not necessarily mean that we, the common movie-goers, are aware of any more films being released.

"The so-called Hispanic renaissance only refers to two or three films"

"Every now and then there is a Spanish or Latin American film renaissance but it is dependent on very few titles. So the so-called Latin American renaissance simply refers to two or three films that are widely known outside the countries in which they are made."

Professor Smith tells me that the Spanish press laments the



In 2000, Latin American cinema bit back with *Amores Perros*

crisis of the Spanish film industry. Spain has more films distributed than Germany or Italy. Yet the films at the heart of its 'renaissance' are not representative of the nation's industry. Almodóvar, for example, has not been recognized by the film-making establishment in Spain because he has his own production company and sets himself apart from the filmmaking mainstream. The situation is the same in Mexico. The two 'renaissance' films were unusually funded by foreign investment, and Latin American cinema is

nearly always publicly funded.

Recent Latin American and Spanish films may be more accessible to the British spectator, but as Professor Smith has argued, we should not necessarily expect to see more Spanish language blockbusters in the cinemas. If you want to see more than the two or three that might figure in people's all-time favourite film list, watching them on DVD or at the one-off Latin American cinema season at the Arts Picturehouse this weekend would probably be your only bet.



Javier Bardem seeks dignity through death in *The Sea Inside*

The Sea Inside

Showing now at the Arts Picturehouse
Review by Daniel Igra

At this year's Goya film awards, the Spanish equivalent of the Baftas, for once Pedro Almodóvar was usurped as king of Spanish cinema. Instead it was Alejandro Amenábar, director of *The Others*, whose film *The Sea Inside* took the spoils with a record 14 of the 15 possible awards. Based on a true story, it recounts the final months of the life of Ramón Sampedro (Javier Bardem), a man in his mid-50s who has been confined to his bed for the last 28 years after being left paralysed from the neck down by a diving accident. Avoiding the predictability of a 'disease-of-the-week' film, it focuses on Sampedro's desire to end his 'undignified' life and reopens the contentious debate about euthanasia.

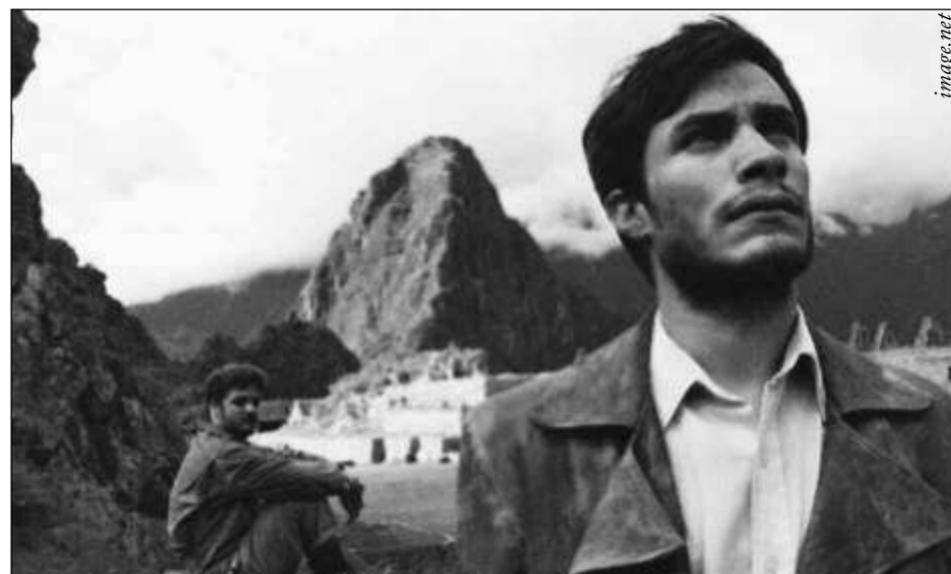
Amenábar, however, is quite explicit as to which side he wishes us to stand. Sampedro is the articulate, quietly compassionate hero loved by all around him. In opposition stand two caricatures: his coarse, farmer brother (who seems to be the only character to insist on speaking provincial Galician) and the seemingly irrational, staunchly Catholic priest whose tetraplegia appears demeaning rather than ennobling as in Sampedro's case.

This disparity is at first convincing. However, a rather negative message could be interpreted here. Life is only worth living when you have absolute 'freedom' to do so; that is, when you are able to move. For those with serious disabilities who struggle through life but enjoy its privileges, the glorification of Sampedro's wish to die could very well be offensive. On the other hand, Amenábar's emphasis on these privileges -

Sampedro's loving family and the tender relationships he develops with Rosa and Julia - could equally be seen as oddly life-affirming.

Whichever side of the moral divide you stand, *The Sea Inside* is certainly worth watching. Aesthetically it is a striking film, most notably in the sweeping shots of the Galician landscape and the sea when Sampedro dreams that he can fly. In such scenes, effective editing and cinematography brilliantly blur fantasy and reality, leaving us wishing and almost believing that he can walk over to his window.

And above all, Bardem delivers a truly remarkable performance as Sampedro. Playing a part over 20 years his senior, he underwent 5 hours of make-up every day as well as learning to speak Galician and write with a pen in his mouth. The unrecognizable Bardem stretches the boundaries of acting.



Gael Garcia Bernal, talkin' about a revolution

The Motorcycle Diaries

Christ's College Films
Sun 20 Feb,
20.00 & 22.30

Review by Ben Irving

On the face of it, Walter Salles' *The Motorcycle Diaries* could be just another road movie. The film sees two young Argentinians travelling thousands of miles from Buenos Aires to the Guajira peninsula in Venezuela on a leaky 1939 Norton 500 motorcycle, one of them aiming to sleep with women in every country of South America. The film could also be added to the long list of coming-of-age movies; movies of trite self-discovery. However, rarely do these sorts of films deal with such a historically significant figure - one whose true nature has been lost behind the myth, trapped behind the T-shirts of teenagers for decades.

The Motorcycle Diaries is based on a description in the journals of Ernesto 'Che' Guevara of a journey which he undertook with his friend Alberto Granada in 1952, and shows how influential the experience was in shaping the worldview that was to propel him into the midst of the Cuban Revolution. Indeed, although there are many touching and hilarious moments in the film that stand independent from the biographical content, it can only be fully appreciated with a knowledge of the lead character's political importance. Guevara (played brilliantly by Gael Garcia Bernal) is seen as a naive 23-year old middle-class asthmatic, growing naturally into a man of principle over the course of an 8-month trip free from the epiphanic moment of clarity which tends to haunt films of this genre. Experiencing the plight of indigenous South Americans at the hands of large

capitalist corporations, Ernesto becomes gradually more aware of, and more angered by, the divisions in society.

The organic alteration of character is part of a general strive towards realism by Salles and cinematographer Eric Gautier. Shot with a mixture of Super 16mm and 35mm stock, the film was made very flexibly with a small crew who completed the two protagonists' actual journey. The film provides a portrait of South America, honestly and beautifully capturing both its society and its panoramic landscapes from the Patagonian Andes to the Atacama desert, from Buenos Aires to the Amazon rainforest. Interspersing the political evolution of such a significant figure with light-hearted humour and touching celebrations of friendship, this film is a tender and uplifting balanced whole which does not allow itself to be sucked into the myth.

Football's coming home to Cambridge

Nico Leslie explains the history of the beautiful game

Bizarrely for such a proud institution, we have forgotten one of the University's greatest successes. It seems crazy that while Nobel prizes and Bloomsbury novels are fêted, we appear to have ignored a breakthrough that might be considered more influential than almost any other. As Colin Weir asserts in his new history of CUAFC, 'it would be hard to exaggerate the influence that the University footballers of Cambridge have had on the game in England and subsequently all over the world.'

It was on a cold, damp morning in 1846 that HC Malden of Trinity set down the first ever rules of football, posting them on the trees around our very own Parker's Piece; few realise that this humble patch of turf is almost certainly the birthplace of the most popular game on the planet. The laws, known as 'The Cambridge Rules', were then unanimously adopted by the original Football Association in 1863, a decision made over a hearty meal and a pint of ale at the Freemasons' Tavern in Central London. From these inauspicious beginnings the game was to grow rapidly, and it was the action of Cambridge men to set up new clubs such as Hallam FC in the north and The Forest

Club down in Essex. By 1874, indeed, there was talk of a Varsity match, and on March 30 the two Universities first met. Although the Light Blues succumbed 1-0, they were to dominate their Oxford counterparts until the end of the century.

However, even if Cambridge supremacy might seem familiar, the game itself would have been

This humble patch of turf is almost certainly the birthplace of football

hard to recognise for a modern fan. For a start, passing forward was prohibited, the emphasis being placed rather on individual dribbling or energetic hacking, and there were a variety of 'touch-downs' and kick-ons which have now been abandoned. Moreover, the pitch was 150 yards in length – almost twice the size of some college pitches – while goals were an inviting 15 feet across. To help defenders, the last rule judged that 'All charging is fair', a law, as you will know, that has been interestingly retained in College football. Nonetheless, perhaps the greatest difference was the absence of a referee or linesman, meaning that all disputes were

left to the honour of the captains and other players. There are many remarkable stories attached to this tradition; for instance the refusal of the Corinthians footballers ever to take penalties, since they believed their opponents to be gentlemen and could not imagine them wishing to foul a Corinthian near the goal.

Still, having developed as a hybrid of the sports played at public schools throughout the country, the rules required substantial alteration down the years. Again Cambridge was at the forefront of the innovations. Slowly, the notion of passing began to supersede dribbling, while the formation of two full-backs, three halfbacks and five forwards was introduced in the Varsity matches (it was to be widespread until the 1960s). The forwards also evolved, dividing into centre-halves and out-and-out strikers, an idea adopted simultaneously by the Light Blues and the legendary Preston North End team. In fact, so strong was the Cambridge side that it was able to drop an established Welsh international who refused to adopt the new approach – the decision to leave out Giggs in College football would certainly raise eyebrows now.

Despite initially trying to ban football for its excessive violence, the University authorities finally relented and instigated an Inter-Collegiate Cup competition in 1877, first won by Jesus. By 1900, a league had been started, and football began to flourish to the widest degree throughout the University. Having already been anointed as a full Blue sport in 1885, despite the firm opposition of the Boat, Athletics and Cricket clubs, Cambridge footballers went on to represent England 105 times at senior level and 135 times at amateur level, with others being capped for Wales, Scotland and Egypt. Many players also went on to sign for professional clubs, most recently Steve Palmer, a Blue

The pitch was 150 yards in length while the goals were 15 feet wide

1986-9, who captained QPR and is now at the Milton Keynes Dons. What's more, there are now 105 teams involved in the College leagues, made up of both men and women, and four fully fledged University squads, making it by far the most played sport in Cambridge.



Parker's Piece, the unlikely home of football

All these achievements make it doubly strange that football has been condemned to a peripheral role in the University – perhaps a symptom of its demotic image and the staggeringly high standard of the professional game. Though the Blues team is picked from a pool of players vastly larger than that which regularly produced internationals a century ago, students cannot compete with modern players on multi-million pound contracts. Nevertheless, as Colin Weir contends, 'the part played by Cambridge in soccer's development should not be forgotten', and we should all feel pride that the greatest sport on earth orig-

inated on the fields and in the hearts of our University.

The 2005 Varsity match is the 131st fixture between the two sides, Oxford being narrowly ahead with 47 victories to Cambridge's 46, 27 games having been drawn (the games from 1911-14 and 1939-45 are not counted). After a successful season competing at the top of the British Universities league, Cambridge still has a reputation as a formidable footballing institution. With Oxford languishing in the league below, the Light Blues have the best chance in years of squaring the series and inflicting a Varsity Day massacre.

Careers Service event



UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

Keen to stay in Cambridge?

CAM CONNECT 2005

A careers event for undergraduates, postgraduates, MBAs and post-docs

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22 local organisations attending, details on the Careers Service website

www.careers.cam.ac.uk

Blues have a Varsity net-ball

Netball

CAMBRIDGE 46
OXFORD 32

Katie Tween



Goalkeeper Cathy Cucknell was outstanding, with consistent interceptions.

Last Saturday saw the Cambridge University netball squad confidently defeat their Oxford opponents in both the first and second team matches, marking the blues' third consecutive double Varsity victory.

Oxford and Cambridge had actually already met on the netball court three weeks prior to the varsity match at a mini tournament in London with their joint sponsors KPMG. In this instance Oxford were the winners, a result which perhaps fostered complacency amongst the squad, for as the two teams met again last Saturday at Kelsey Kerridge sports hall for the Varsity clash, Cambridge were clearly the more focussed and determined side.

As the squads began to warm up, it was clear that Oxford had selected a great quantity of players with over twenty girls on court, whilst Cambridge with a slimmed down squad of just eighteen had strived for quality. The contrast in warm up was also revealing, whilst the Oxford

drills seemed frantic, Cambridge executed their synchronised runs and stretches with calm precision.

The first team match began with Oxford in front after some missed shooting opportunities. However Cambridge quickly regained their rhythm and by the first quarter were seven goals ahead. From this

point on Oxford could not seem to regain their composure, with their set plays and shooting style totally disrupted by some brilliant Cambridge defence. Captain Georgie Powell as GD and GK Cathy Cucknell totally dominated their area, intercepting and tipping the Oxford feeds to the circle and forcing the Oxford

shooters into error.

Likewise centre court players Victoria Jones and Claire Leonard outmanoeuvred their markers and caused such confusion and frustration amongst the losing Oxford side that their centre received a disciplinary warning from the umpire. By half time Cambridge were confidently in the lead as the

shooters relaxed into their game. First year blue Becky Gwilliam won man of the match for her excellent performance as GA. The final whistle blew with Cambridge on 46 and Oxford on 32.

Georgie Powell was delighted with the triumph commenting after the game: "We won because all the girls put in 100% and played as a team, supporting one another. By keeping a calm head and utilising our superior fitness we were able to dominate throughout."

After a fairly even start in the seconds match, nerves resulted in some scrappy play and Cambridge pulled ahead. Fluid play in the centre third fed the ball quickly into attackers Kate Yateman-Smith and Eimar Neeson to exhibit some superbly accurate shooting. Amy Scolah as centre put in a great performance in spite of a season dogged by injury and worked particularly well with wing attack Penny Anderson to bring the ball up from defence into the circle.

By half time it was clear that an Oxford comeback was impossible, the remaining two quarters saw some confident play by Cambridge, with their gruelling fitness training regime clearly paying dividends as they outpaced and outperformed the Oxford girls, with the match ending in a final score of 45 points to 32.

Sport In Brief

CROSS-COUNTRY

Cambridge A recorded a fantastic third place in Saturday's 'Euro Student Relay Race' at Hyde Park, London.

Gaelic Football

Cambridge's Gaelic football team were unlucky to exit the BUSA championships in the league stages. Despite an emphatic 12 point victory against Whittle University, a final minute Aston goal prevented further progress.

Fencing

Cambridge Men and Women Blues combined to annihilate their Oxford counterparts in the 108th Varsity match. Ultimately, the main competition was which gender would record the most spectacular victory, with the men just edging it with a 135-93 scoreline surpassing the women's 126-88 triumph.

AND FINALLY...

LACROSSE

A weakened Blues side lost out 9-12 to Spencer. Nonetheless, a spirited display provided good practice for the upcoming Varsity tie.

Late Fitz blitz seals win

Cup Football

FITZ 4
ST. JOHN'S 2

Sam Lardley

Clichéd as it may be, anyone present at Oxford Road on Sunday afternoon will tell you that there really is something magic about cuppers. Two touchlines full of fans, six goals, goalmouth scrambles, bad tackles, great saves, passion and pride in abundance: this game had everything. No player or supporter would argue with the statement that it really could have gone either way, particularly when Johns equalised late in the second half to make the score 2-2. The game was won on the foundation of a never-say-die attitude that saw Fitz ultimately inflict sweet revenge on their cuppers conquerors from last season, earning themselves a place in the semi-finals of the competition along the way.

Both sides were clearly buoyed by the arrival of two Blues each in their sides, and this was a key factor in making this game more of a spectacle than the league meeting earlier in the season, where Fitz had triumphed more

comfortably than the 3-2 score line suggested.

As in the previous clash it was Fitz who took the initiative, their positive start seeing Jonny Hughes force a save from John's keeper Greene following a mazy run into the area, and Tristan Windley shooting just wide following a rare sight of goal. The crowd didn't have to wait long for the breakthrough either, a wonderfully weighted through ball allowing the excellent Danny Griffiths to burst through and slot the ball into the bottom right hand corner, much to the delight of the noisy Fitz contingent, who totalled in the region of one hundred. Moments later, Greene was called into action to save well when one on one with Brendan Threlfall, the destroyer of many a college defence this season.

The second half was less one-sided and consequently hugely entertaining, the Fitz defence not dealing well with the strong breeze blowing into their faces, resulting in Adams getting the better of them on numerous occasions. It was fresher Nick Bell who forced the equaliser however, rising highest in the six yard box to head into the top corner and confirming in the

process that Johns were well and truly still in the game.

To Fitz's credit, they refused to buckle under mounting pressure, and were thankful to their Blues influence for their next two goals, scored in almost identical circumstances. It was Clamp who was the unlikely scorer to put Fitz back in front at 2-1, towering above Greene to head into the empty net.

Again Johns refused to lie down, and with quarter of an hour remaining the inevitable happened. A well judged through ball bounced between the Fitz centre backs and into the path of Adams, who sprinted away from Hardy to lift the ball past the onrushing Whale and into the net, sparking mass celebrations from the John's players.

At this stage, it was Johns who looked the more likely, the crowd forced to witness some nery defending from Fitz as John's sought to turn the screw. But as the game appeared to be heading for extra time, it was Fitz who came good, the irrepressible Jonny Hughes using incredible hang time to hover above Greene and head in another inch perfect cross, putting Fitz into the lead for the third time in the game. Incidentally, Fitz have never

been behind in a league or cuppers game this season, and as John's heads dropped, Threlfall was able to add his twenty-first goal of the season, hooking home Griffiths' low cross to make the game safe and sparking scenes of jubilation amongst the impressive Fitz support.

James Bewley and the Fitz side were clearly delighted with the result, the captain emphasising the pride his team demonstrated to overcome a resilient John's outfit in what were difficult conditions. 'I thought John's had the better of the second half, but we created the clear cut chances throughout and took them', he said. 'I would like to thank the fans for their excellent support once again. It makes a huge difference to the way we play'.

Nothing should be taken away from the attitude of the St Johns team, committed and inventive throughout and gracious in defeat, their faces a picture of pure disappointment at the final whistle. Fitz, meanwhile, will hope to continue their run of victories that has lasted for the whole of the season thus far, when they take on Trinity next week at Oxford Road in what could potentially be the league decider.

Uni football

Uni Football

WARWICK 2
CAMBRIDGE 2

Glen Amaux

continued from back page

post and goal line clearance in succession, this after Jonny Hughes' header had cannoned off the crossbar.

No Cambridge player could claim that optimum performance was reached in any of these games, yet it would surely not have been too much to ask of fate to help nudge a ball over the goal line, or to correct the prescription of an ageing official's spectacles.

Whilst fortune played an important part in the De Montfort defence on Friday, the Blues' draw with Warwick can only be attributed to a poor performance. The side looked jaded from the journey, and were second best before taking the lead against the run of play through a piece of individual class by Mike Adams. His turn and 18 yard strike stunned the home side, giving the Blues the narrowest of leads. Cambridge failed to lift their performance however, and missing

several key players, lacked cohesion and shape. Warwick scored twice to go ahead before Adams appeared again eight minutes from time to seal a point from close range, silencing the Warwick supporters in the process.

So whilst performances in BUSA have not always met expectations, had the rub of the green been Blue, a second consecutive league title would not have been out of the question. The Blues will have to hope that if luck acts randomly, and if only so much can be made, that they are due to get some in the season's remaining fixtures.

Despite a couple of tired performances in the last week, this is an exciting side full of quality, and expectations are high ahead of the clash with Oxford. Although it doesn't mean very much, if you asked Darby whether he would take a win at Upton Park courtesy of an own goal off an Oxford defender's backside, you get the feeling he might say yes. Having said that, any luck would do.

The Varsity match takes place at Upton Park on the 12th March. Tickets are £5, and available from college reps, or by emailing jmd62@cam.ac.uk for more details.

Cambridge women win Varsity netball

The blues prove too strong for their opposition at Kelsey Kerridge - page 27



Wanderers destroy slack Occasionals with ruthless performance

Varsity Hockey

CAMBRIDGE 6
OXFORD 0

Tim Blanchard

LAST MONDAY, the Wanderers stepped out onto the pitch for their annual Varsity Match against the Oxford Occasionals. Confidence was high within the squad and the colourful array of bespoke sweat management systems and spirit bands ensured that the team was not only set to play well, but also to look good while doing so.

The Wanderers started at a high tempo, setting out to impress their mark upon the game. Slick, simple passing and disciplined structure in the midfield and defensive back four quickly allowed the Cambridge to set up camp in the Oxford half.

The first ten minutes brought a plethora of chances for the Wanderers as Oxford looked like a rabbit caught in the headlights. The unstoppable running power of Mike Palmer, later named man of the match, tore open the Oxford defence on countless occasions as he ran rampant down the right wing. Melvin Hibberd, vice-captain, dominated in midfield, spreading the play well and being an instrumental part of many Cambridge attacks.

With such sustained pressure, it was only a matter of time before the first goal for the Wanderers came. Pushing forward, Mike Palmer sent a rocketing hit into the D, which was tipped over the keeper by the diving reverse-stick effort of Sam Grimshaw. The goal celebration was equally as extravagant.

Defensively, the Wanderers were looking sharper than

ever, with Romito keeping the back four organised - though with little in the way of an Oxford offensive, they were not tested too hard. Effective tackling by Blanchard and Mackenney cleaned up any attempts, and awesome distribution from Guy Foxell formed the foundation for many an offensive. The two Oxford short corners of the game, representing their best chances of scoring, were both charged down by the Cambridge defence.

With little defensive worries, Cambridge went hunting for a second goal. A disguised pass from Rees Alun found Mark Rushton inside the D. Although contemplating the reverse stick shot, Rushton instead picked out the late lead of Tim Blanchard, captain of the side, into the D for him to slot home a clinical finish into the bottom left corner, leaving the keeper no chance at all.

The Wanderers went into half time two goals up and clearly the dominant side. However, rather than easing off the pressure, Cambridge came out just as hard at the start of the second half. A short way into the second half, having won a free hit on the top of the D, Hibberd dummied the pass for Mackenney to step up and slap the ball to an unmarked Graham Shaw in front of goal. 'Points' made sure of his shot, slotting the ball past the flailing arms of the Occasionals' keeper.

Assertive play by Stuart Penman down the left flank kept the Oxford right side pinned back, as he effortlessly took the ball off any advancing Occasional. Switching the ball to the right side of the pitch, space opened up for Mike Palmer to get in behind



Claude Schneider

The Wanderers outplayed their opponents from start to finish to record the largest victory by any CUHC team in over five years

the Oxford defence. Hitting the by-line, Palmer slipped the ball inside to Mark Rushton whose shot found the bottom corner of the goal. 4-0 Cambridge, and yet the Wanderers kept on pressing for more.

Ten minutes before the end, the final goal flurry came, on a swift break from a defensive short corner, the ball found its way from the left flank to Mark Rushton on the opposition's 25. Beating the last defender and steaming into the D, Rushton drew the keeper, only to slot a precision pass to Gareth Collins who smashed the ball home for Cambridge's fifth. With 5 minutes to go, Rees Alun decided that 5-0 simply wasn't enough and having picked up the ball just inside the 25, drove into the D and slotted the ball into the bottom corner of the goal, leaving the Oxford defence stunned.

With Oxford fully humiliated, the final whistle blew and the celebrations could begin. Recording one of the largest victories the Wanderers had ever had, and the largest victory by any CUHC team in over 5 years, the Wanderers will no doubt look back on this day with great pride.

Blues lack cutting edge

University Football

BEDFORD 1
CAMBRIDGE 1

Glen Amax

A PAIR OF lacklustre draws last week brought an anticlimactic end to a promising BUSA campaign for the Blues. Last year's promotion and subsequent exodus of players set a tough task ahead of this year's squad, and had Blues supremo Darby been offered a solid, yet unspectacular 4th place finish ahead of the first match, he might well have been tempted to accept.

Yet despite the popularity of such suggestions, offers like that are never made, and well it would have seemed for the Blues. After decent early results were earned by performances that hinted of more to come from a capable Cambridge outfit, the team's aspirations were lifted and sights were set upon a first place finish.

However, despite a visible increase in the quality of the

side over the year so far, and a string of impressive results in the traditional fixtures which usually serve as indicators for the Varsity match, the BUSA promise has not been fully fulfilled. Through a mixture of average performances and less than average luck, Cambridge find themselves now wondering what might have been, rather than looking forward to the national knock-out championships later this year.

The match against De Montfort Bedford epitomised this ultimately disappointing season, as Cambridge came away with a 1-1 draw courtesy of a Matt Clamp header, when it was clear that three points and a significant margin of victory could have been had.

The Blues were a markedly stronger side, capable of free flowing counter attacking, and incisive play that at times set them a class above their opponents. Yet it was that combination of not really clicking into top gear, mixed with hideous ill luck and some wasteful finishing that denied Cambridge victory once again.

In the end they made do

with a single point, though the game should have been over long before the final whistle.

Coach Dave Robertson later remarked, "I believe you make your own luck, but we've just been so unbelievably unlucky lately, it's difficult to see exactly how that works."

Robertson raises an interesting point. Looking back from the Bedford game, there have been numerous occasions this year when, regardless of the boldness of this attacking Blues side, fortune has favoured everyone else. Take the draw against Warwick in Michaelmas term, when a dubious penalty given against Alan Spanos for handball cost the Blues two points.

On that occasion, Spanos clearly did not handle, unlike the Lincoln goalkeeper at the end of January, who twice caught the ball outside his own box, yet went unpunished. Such decisions have been difficult for the Blues to stomach, and Bedford saw more of the same, with Alex Mugan denied once by an errant linesman, and once by keeper...

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