

New writing from Helen Oyeyemi



Obesity epidemic? *Bluesci* weighs in on the debate. *Varsity's* science magazine.

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VARSLITY

The Independent Cambridge Student Newspaper since 1947

WOMAN CHARGED IN STUDENT ATTACK ATTEMPTED MURDER



Alethea Foster giving a lecture to the Annual Diabetic Foot Conference during July 2005.



Alethea Foster pictured at an awards ceremony in 2004 with her husband John



Exclusive images taken minutes after Alethea Foster's alleged attack upon Julie Simpson. Due to the nature of allegations, certain parts of the image have been pixellated to ensure a fair trial.



John Foster outside Court on Wednesday



Alethea Foster being escorted to a police van on Monday

World renowned academic and mother of two pictured minutes after her alleged attack upon a student

Varsity News Team

A 61-year-old woman has been charged with the attempted murder of a Lucy Cavendish mature student. On Monday afternoon, undergraduate History student Julie Simpson, 44, is alleged to have been very seriously injured by retired award-winning podiatrist Alethea Foster, of Bromley, Kent. Simpson was attacked with a kitchen knife in her bedroom in college residence Warburton Hall. A medical student who spoke to the ambulance crew learned that Simpson sustained irreparable injuries to her eye, four stabs in her arms and a paralysing blow to the shoulder and chest area. Two students living on the corridor are said to have witnessed part of the attack.

A member of college described how "people were milling round on the lawn outside after the Matriculation photo",

which took place at 2.15pm. At 2.25pm a first-year student leant out of a top-floor window screaming, "You've got to get help, someone's being stabbed, I can't get any signal on my phone". A second student told of how she heard "around a minute of screaming." Those outside the building were initially "completely frozen", but after a brief pause three first-year students ran to get help in the Porters' Lodge. A student who was inside the building described how she had initially put the shouting down to "someone larking around." She was immediately instructed by Maintenance employee, Kim Atterton, to run to the porters, as he was "trying to get the perpetrator to put the knife down and was unable to phone the porter himself".

Those present at the scene have described how the porters at first reacted slowly. It is now thought that they did not realise how serious the situation was.

There was a slight delay before help was available, attributed to the fact that the room containing Simpson and her attacker was apparently locked. The porters, allegedly both new to the college, also encountered difficulties in entering the building without the required swipe card.

Police and ambulances arrived soon after and managed to disarm the suspect. She was taken directly to the police station and appeared in court on Wednesday night, where she spoke only to confirm her personal details.

Simpson remains in Addenbrookes' Hospital where she has been taken off the critical list but is still in a serious condition.

The connection between the two women has been the subject of huge media interest over the past two days, with journalists from all major papers "swarming" over the Lucy Cavendish grounds in search of information.

Students have been given strict instructions not to talk to the national press. *Varsity* has also been inundated with calls for information and requests for photographs as knowledge spread that *Varsity* was the only publication in possession of photographs of the suspect immediately after her arrest. The national press, some college students and Simpson's neighbours in Kent have all implied, however, that she was romantically involved with John Foster, the suspect's husband. According to college members, Simpson had signed in Foster as a guest an hour before the incident took place. Allegedly, she had notified a porter that she was expecting a guest at this time and had asked him to telephone her when her visitor arrived. Sometime before 1.30pm, Simpson arrived at the Porters' Lodge and took Foster to her room, where it is believed that the incident occurred.

Alethea Foster LIFE & CAREER

Lives: Warren Street, Bromley, Kent
Family: Married to John Foster, two children, Julien, 34 and William, 31
2004: Retired as Lead Clinical Specialist Podiatrist, Diabetic foot clinic, King's College Hospital.
2003: Invited to 10 Downing Street by the Prime Minister 'in recognition of the role of the Allied Healthcare Professions within the NHS'.
1991-2001: Executive Committee of the EASD Post-Graduate Study Group for the Diabetic foot
1999: Won the M Viswanathan Gold Medal "in recognition of services to diabetes"
1997: Won the Meritous Award of the Society of Chiropodists and Podiatrists
1996-7: Elected onto Chiropodists' Board
Publications: Managing the Diabetic Foot, 2005
A Practical Manual of Diabetic Foot Care, 2003 (BMA Medical Book of the Year)

news in brief

£4.5 million government campaign to attract students

The government is urging students not to be deterred by the new £3000 per year top-up fees. A large-scale TV and billboard campaign, created by the company behind the Harry Potter films, has been launched. The aim is to make students aware that payment of fees is due after graduation and that a grant for the poorest students is being introduced. This is the first time the government has publicly acknowledged that there might be confusion surrounding the new tuition fees system.

Chief Editor needed

The Mays, the renowned anthology of new creative writing by Oxbridge students, is searching for a Chief Editor for its fourteenth annual edition. If you think you can spot the next Zadie Smith, e-mail business@varsity.co.uk for an application form. Previous editions of *The Mays* are now available at 4 for £10 at Heffer's.

Clare access scheme short-listed for top award

The Clare College Tower Hamlets scheme has been short-listed for the Lord Mayor of London's 2005 Dragon Awards. The partnership between the college and the London Borough aims to raise the aspirations of students in the area. Over 1000 students have taken part in the KPMG and Clifford Chance sponsored scheme since 2001. Six students are studying in Cambridge as a result of participation in the scheme.

National Portrait Gallery wins Plath's sketch of Hughes

The unique portrait of Ted Hughes by Sylvia Plath which featured in *Varsity* last week was acquired at auction by the National Portrait Gallery for £27,600 - £2000 more than the highest estimated bid. Entitled 'Portrait of me, made by Sylvia Plath, circa 1957, Ted Hughes', it was a gift from the poet to Roy Davids, his close friend.

Alison Richards speaks to the University

In the Vice-Chancellor's annual speech on October 1, Professor Richards set out her views on the relationship between society and universities, praising the fact that "Cambridge cherishes freedom of thought and expression and gives this freedom pre-eminence among its core values". She also addressed the debate over the introduction of top-up fees in 2006.

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our policy

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Body found in city churchyard

Rachel Dival

On Monday a body was found in a churchyard in central Cambridge.

At around 8am on October 3, the body of a 27 year old man was discovered in the grounds of St Giles' Church, on the corner of Chesterton Lane and Castle Hill, an area lived in by students. A builder working on renovations at the church who discovered the body, told police it had been lying under scaffolding close to the church wall and was that of a middle-aged man.

The churchyard was immediately sealed off and students

described a strong police presence in the area. New Hall 3rd year Amy Fox told *Varsity* she had been on her way to Sainsbury's when when she saw "lots of police cars and a scientific support unit" Another student saw police ushering onlookers away from the area.

Police called forensic experts to the scene and early results of a post mortem indicate the man had died from a drug overdose. Detective Inspector Tony Ixer, who is leading the investigation, confirmed that the body was that of "a known drug user from South Cambridgeshire".

Inspector Ixer explained that, although there hadn't been any-

thing overtly suspicious about the death, police had been forced to investigate thoroughly because "with any incident like this every possibility has to be considered."

The discovery prompted mixed reactions from students and local residents. A third year undergraduate said "I often walk around here and have never seen anything unusual so it was quite shocking to hear someone had died in the open air" However a female undergraduate described the incident as "not all that hard to believe, everyone knows the church grounds are frequented by drug users."



Cambridge Scientist denies racism allegation

Molecular biologist Dr Prim Singh, 45, told a tribunal this week that race had cost him a top job. He is seeking £1 million in damages, claiming he was "never given a chance" in his application for the directorship of the Babraham Institute. But Dr David Bloxham, who sat on the panel that decided the Babraham appointment, argued that Dr Singh's CV had not been as strong as his competitors. The Babraham Institute is denying all charges and the hearing continues.

NUS cleared of anti-semitism

A report published on October 6 cleared the National Union of Students of apathy towards anti-semitism. The report was commissioned following the resignation of three committee members in April. Lack of kosher food at conference and the slow removal of an offensive leaflet caused the problems. NUS President Kat Fletcher said that she was very pleased and that the NUS remained "committed to diversity".

Guide slams Cambridge hotels

Hoteliers in Cambridge have reacted angrily to a guide published this week in which it is claimed that the city's offerings are less than up to scratch. Cambridge has not managed a single full entry in the 2006 edition of the Good Hotel Guide, despite being one of Britain's top tourist destinations, attracting around 4.5 million visitors a year. Adam Raphael, editor of the guide, called the city the "Bermuda Triangle of the hotel industry".



Jamie Marland

Blast from the Past

Jude Townend

At least four Second World War bombs have been excavated in Oakington, north of Cambridge. Around 500 homes, a primary school and an asylum seekers' centre were due to be evacuated. at 9 am today after the fourth bomb was uncovered. Two bombs were discovered at the weekend, with one detonation taking place on Wednesday. The controlled explosion left a thirty metre crater. The second bomb was made safe over the next forty eight hours. During this time, eighty residents were evacuated, but were allowed home overnight when further detonations were postponed; the Senior Tutor of St Catharine's College was confirmed to be among the residents evacuated. The Cambridge branch of the

Respect party called for an independent inquiry into allegations that the asylum seekers at Oakington Detention Centre were deliberately not included in the original evacuation. Two buses of asylum seekers were evacuated on Thursday night and it was planned that the remaining twenty three asylum seekers would be moved this morning. Detonation of the two remaining bombs is scheduled to take place today but will depend on weather conditions; the number of people likely to be affected has not been confirmed. One local farmer commented, "Who knows how many bombs there could be? There's bound to be more". The field in which the bombs were found, near Brookfields Farm, is earmarked for an 8000 home Northstowe development. It was an RAF airfield during the Second World War.

Big City Lights

The claim that Cambridge City Council was going to fail to produce christmas lighting this year, as gleefully reported by other local media, has proved to be completely unfounded. The council were in fact discussing with contractors possible placings of certain features, a spokesman said, describing the allegations as "utter rubbish"

Elocution improves at Lion Yard

Varsity is pleased to announce that the jarring transatlantic twang of the Lion Yard car park ticket machines has been replaced. The voice is now apparently more akin to the dulcet tones of Joanna Lumley. Councillor Herbert said: "It's one small step for Cambridge car parks and one giant leap for English heritage".

The view from Lucy Cav

Katherine Poole speaks in the aftermath of the week's horrific happenings

The specifics of the incident that took place this Monday at Lucy Cavendish are now the concern of the legal process and of those individuals directly involved. One thing, however, emerged on the brilliant blue October morning that followed. As the college took stock, the aftermath confirmed one fundamental reality about student life both here and in Cambridge as a whole - a college is its students.

While I meandered about, trying to be of some practical use and not really being of any, everyone kept asking if I was okay. Why wouldn't I be? I was barely involved. What I didn't realise was that the organ of communal recovery was already in action, as networks of support sprang up from nowhere, instinctively and with far more efficiency than a prescient contingency plan could ever provide.

Plentiful supplies of food, clothing, toiletries and money were gathered for those of us deprived of our beds and belongings for just over 24 hours, some having left the building with nothing but the clothes they stood in. No one was left without the sup-

port they needed, be it company, distraction, or time alone. Freshers barely four days into their new lives found their bonding experience a little accelerated, as they united behind those of their number who were directly affected: a rather abrupt introduction into the way we do things here at Lucy.

Lucy is a college that brings together women of all ages and all disciplines at all stages in their academic career. It has a wealth of experience and a certain freedom from conventional social boundaries, from which to draw strength at moments such as this. We were able to return to our accommodation the following afternoon. Keen to get back to the room I had only so recently begun to make a home, it was late before I realised that I might not be quite as 'okay' as I had been insisting throughout the day. It was at this point I realised how lucky I am to be part of this community. And it is to this community that we hope the victim will eventually be able to return.

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on fame
Lynn Barber
gets candid
with Emily
Stokes



The Week in Weather



FRI



SAT



SUN



MON



TUE



WED



THUR

Pembroke goes to the dogs: It's all over for Pub Crawl pranksters



The Anchor pub: pranksters' feeding ground Jamie Marland

News Reporter

Pembroke College's Monday night pub crawl left a bitter taste in the mouth of some freshers after they were fed dog food as a practical joke. The perpetrators are rumoured to have been members of the Junior Parlour manning the Anchor pub near Queen's Bridge.

Freshers who finished last in a well known drinking game

called the Boat Race were presented with a plate of pies, half of which contained dog food, the other containing chillies. Although it appears that the majority of groups were warned of the contents of the pies, one team were not so lucky. Pembroke Porters told *Varsity* that several freshers were seen running home visibly upset by their ordeal.

One Pembroke fresher told a *Varsity* news reporter that "one guy was virtually force fed it to

the point at which he threw up". Others concurred saying "it was pot luck as to who got the dog food and who got the chillies...afterwards it was absolute carnage".

Two members of the Pembroke Junior Parlour were seen earlier in the evening walking down Tennis Court Road with bags of shopping, shouting to a passer by "we've got dog-food!" Although contacted by *Varsity*, at the time of going to press we had received no response from the Pembroke Junior Parlour as to whether this was an approved part of the pub crawl.

The freshers were being taken round seven Cambridge pubs in groups, completing different drinking challenges at each one with forfeits afterwards for the slowest to finish. This had the full permission of Pembroke College, although the organisers were told to "avoid anything that was potentially demeaning or

humiliating". Mark Wormald, Senior Tutor at Pembroke, told *Varsity* that "It seems that one group of students, in one of the seven pubs involved, chose to ignore that very sensible advice, and in doing so may have embarrassed or offended some of our new students. We deplore this error of judgement and its consequences. The College is now working with the Junior Parlour Committee to identify those responsible and those affected; we will be apologizing to the latter, who have not made a complaint to the College, and taking appropriate steps to ensure that such an episode does not happen again."

One Pembroke second year summed up the unfortunate episode saying "it was dog-eat-dog as freshers fought to avoid the contaminated pies. I'm glad this didn't happen in my freshers' week."



Historic Market under threat

Traders will be gone within two years if nothing is done to support them

Joe Gosden

Cambridge's historic market is under threat and could be all but gone within two years if nothing is done to reinvigorate the struggling city centre. Market traders, some of whom are the third generation to work in the 900 year old market, told *Varsity* of how with rising rents, a slump in trade and a lack of interest from the city council are endangering their businesses.

David Jacobs, a trader who has worked on the market 6 days a week since the age of 15, described a complete lack of support from the city council. He said "its us that are suffering as the city council put all their money and time into the Grafton Centre and the Grand Arcade".

Kevin Murphy, proprietor of "Perfect Circle CDs," said "the Grafton centre has all but taken over...there just aren't the customers in the city centre any more", adding that "the council have done nothing to promote the market in years". His tale was backed up by many others, furniture trader Claire Molynieux told *Varsity* that "there's no locals anymore, only tourists at the weekend. We aren't even taking the rent for the stall during the week anymore".

Many traders are worried that they will have gone bankrupt within two years if nothing is done to reduce the crippling rents and to help bring customers back to the market square. The bus service that used to run into the city centre, bringing in locals who were the



Michael Derringer

trader's life blood, has been cancelled whilst the square has slipped into disrepair as funding cuts have meant the loss of a full time cleaner; leaving rubbish festering in the alleys, the stall awnings dirty and sagging and the fountain in the centre blocked up with dirt.

Audrey O'Connor, chairman of the Cambridge Market Traders Association, said that investment was sorely needed. "The market traders are paying over half a million pounds a

year in rent, but none of it is ever put back into the square." She pointed out that the council could install hard roofs, repair the cobbles and improve the aesthetic appearance of the market relatively cheaply, but were just unwilling to put in the time and effort. The was general consensus amongst the traders that they wanted to create a market fit for the 21st century, one that would bring young people back into the centre and could even have the facilities installed to

allow credit card purchases.

Annette Wilson, who manages the market for Cambridge City Council, said that they were working with the market traders to help promote the ailing market and that she thought it "was fantastic that the market traders were thinking long term". She said that a document had been put together by the council just last week on plans to regenerate the market in the long term. Support was also forthcoming from local politicians, with local councillor James Strachan telling *Varsity* that "more can be done. The Council ought to have worked out that removing 700 car parking spaces from the City centre would reduce the number of shoppers and reduce turnover in the market. They should offer a rent rebate of £200 per month per trader until the Lion Yard car park is back in operation."

Liberal Democrat Councillor Jenny Bailey, who is responsible for the market, said that "long term plans for the market will hopefully see nice new market stalls that could be wheeled away in the evening to leave a grand civic space and to give Cambridge city center a continental feel". She added "as more mainstream shops move into the Grand Arcade we hope that the City Centre shops will become more specialized, like the lanes in Brighton." She stood by the council's decision to close the Lion Yard car park and reduce its future capacity, saying "cars are an unsustainable way to travel into Cambridge...people should be using public transport or cycling instead".

Reduced chance of cocaine relapse



Hannah Fletcher

Krystyna Larkham

Science Editor

A Cambridge team have discovered a way to disassociate the memories linked with taking cocaine, from the physical craving for the drug these memories often induce. It is hoped that the breakthrough, made by Professor Barry Everitt and his team at the department of Experimental Psychology, will one day greatly reduce recovering addict's chances of relapsing whenever an old drug taking haunt, action or friend is revisited.

Cocaine is a highly addictive compound, which acts within the areas of the brain associated with 'reward'. By blocking the action of certain proteins responsible for quick up take of the neurotransmitter dopamine after a brain cell has 'fired', cocaine causes a constant stimulation of the neurons involved with feeling good, therefore inducing the 'high' craved by so many users. Unfortunately it also causes a drop in dopamine after the high has worn off, leading to feelings of depression, and even acts on our genes themselves, making the body more sensitive to the drug.

Drugs and therapies exist to combat this physical side of cocaine addiction, but until now there has been little progress made on the powerful

effects of memory. "Drug-associated stimuli are critically important in the acquisition of prolonged periods of drug seeking behaviour. Therefore the ability to disrupt retroactively the conditioned reinforcing properties of a drug cue provides a powerful and novel approach to the treatment of drug addiction by diminishing the behavioural impact of drug cues and thereby relapse" says Dr Jonathan Lee, who also worked on the project.

Professor Everitt's team worked with rats, using a combination of behavioural (lever pressing, nose poke and light based reward systems) and molecular (gene knockout) techniques to investigate the memory process "reconsolidation" whereby recalled memories can be disrupted or changed. Their results show that the association of cocaine with a particular memory can be disrupted, without harming any other aspects of memory, good news for addicts often tempted into relapse by the cravings their old hang-outs induce.

So whilst the physical and psychological aspects of cocaine addiction are often treated with a combination of counselling and medication, this new Cambridge discovery will hopefully lead to therapy for the memory too.

New chlamydia test developed

Amelia Worsley

Quick diagnosis invention will speed up treatment of chlamydia.

Cambridge's Diagnostics Development Unit (DDU) has developed an innovative Chlamydia test that gives results within 25 minutes. The straight-

forward test indicates infection by a small dipstick, similar to a pregnancy test.

Previously treatment could be delayed for up to two weeks while results were sent away for testing. The innovation is already being trialled at a family planning clinic and it is hoped that women will soon be able to

test themselves at home.

Combining testing and treatment in one clinic visit raises treatment rates. Dr Alison Swain from the Brook Advisory Service, praised the invention saying, "clients who are positive can be treated immediately without a return visit."

Chlamydia is the most com-

mon sexually transmitted infections and the biggest cause of infertility. The scientists who invented the rapid test were funded by the Wellcome Trust, WHO and the U.S National Institute of Health. Their research continues on similar tests for HIV and Hepatitis B.

On Campus

Changes to cycling

As part of an eighteen month experiment the current regulations restricting cycling on St. Mary's Street, Market Hill, Market Street and Sidney Street are to be suspended. This will provide cyclists with a direct route from the south to the north of the city. The council have stressed that the current one-way system must be observed and when cycling during busy periods cyclists must prioritise pedestrian safety. A survey will be carried out after twelve months in order to assess the scheme's success.

Music fellow for Kettle's Yard

Kettle's Yard and Kings College have appointed a new music fellow. Anton Lukoszevics will programme a series of contemporary music concerts at Kettle's Yard as well as working with student composers and local music groups. Anton, a cellist, will introduce himself to Cambridge in a concert entitled "The Art of the Curved Bow" on 20 October at 7.30. Tickets are £3 for students and can be purchased from Kettle's Yard.

Literary festival at Magdalene

Magdalene College is holding a year-long celebration of writing entitled "A Year In Literature". There are more than 50 events planned as part of the celebration, ranging from readings and performances to

talks and workshops. The events will be open to all and guests from all over the region and country are to be invited. The celebration was launched on Wednesday October 5 with a reading by Nobel Laureate Seamus Heaney. John Mole, Honorary Director of the Festival and acclaimed poet, also spoke at the opening.

Town meets gown

Cambridge City Council is organizing a series of 'Town and Gown' summits to help tackle student issues in the city. The first meeting of Liberal Democrat Councillors and representatives from Cambridge's Student Union has already taken place, and representatives from APU are being sought. It is hoped that the meetings will tackle issues such as recycling, personal safety, lighting in parks and commons, homelessness, transport and cycle theft.

Electronic cards for colleges

Robinson and New Hall have caught up with many other colleges by introducing card systems for the payment of food at hall. It is hoped that the cards will prevent lengthy queuing at mealtimes and mean students won't always have to carry around cash – something that can be inconvenient for those studying at colleges out of town. The canteens will still be accepting cash for the time being.

Cross Campus

Oxford coach 'legless' before drowning incident

An inquest on October 3 heard that the head coach of an Oxford University rowing team was 'legless' on the eve of an accident in which one of her party drowned. Maths postgraduate Leo Blockley drowned when his boat was swamped during a storm on the Ebro River near Barcelona in 2001. He had previously rowed for Downing College, Cambridge. The case was recently re-opened when evidence emerged suggesting that the coach Leila Hudson, a former Boat Race cox, had been drunk the night before the accident.

Last all-female Durham college admits men

St Mary's College, Durham has ended its 106 year tradition of single-sex education. The first male student, Christopher Arkless from Tyne and Wear, matriculated this week and was followed by 91 other boys within the hour. This leaves only four single-sex university colleges in the country, all of which are at Oxford or Cambridge.

Warwick students feeling exposed

Students at Warwick University learned this week that their IT system had been so poorly designed that it allowed "anyone with reasonable IT skills" to hack in, enabling them to intercept emails, track conversations and view photographs of all the members of the university. It also allowed hackers to obtain students' ID numbers. Although this contravenes the 2000 Data

Protection Act, the university has done nothing to rectify the situation.

It's a bit grim up North

York University Health Centre is being sued for negligence after nurses missed a patient's illness in March 2003, almost killing him. Student Stuart Rudd's spleen ruptured two weeks after he was told that he was only suffering from a viral infection and sent home. He collapsed whilst playing cricket and was rushed to hospital.

Glasgow kiss for Edinburgh's music-loving students

A band night at Edinburgh's student union was gatecrashed by drunken louts who repeatedly punched and head-butted a student in the face. Despite the University stepping up security it was the second assault in as many weeks. A spokesman for Lothian and Borders Police said they had yet to arrest anyone.

Harvard say it's ok to go

A Harvard University college has decided to repeal its policy of not funding some student research and travel in countries deemed to be unsafe by the US state department. The college had come under pressure from students and departments after it refused to fund travel to places such as Lebanon, Kenya and Israel.

Got cross-campus chums?

Send their stories to news@varsity.co.uk

Grads join the club

Lillie Weaver

The Graduate Union has overcome multiple objections to be granted a club license at the University Centre on Mill Lane. They will be able to hold up to eight live music events a year and keep their bar open until midnight. Improvements will also be made to the building's facilities, including the disabled access.

The move comes after a sustained period of campaigning of campaigning by GU president Alex Broadbent, who wants to raise the profile of the

GU within the university and improve the facilities available to graduate students. Broadbent told *Varsity* that he had not anticipated the intensity of the objections to the application, going on to add that the graduate body are "really quite a docile bunch" many of whom have "social needs which are not met by large, loud night-clubs in town". He believes that the ruling "sets an important precedent" and hopes that it will help CUSU in their quest to find a central union building.

Opposition to the application came from the university as a whole, as well as seven depart-

ments and the Cambridge University Press. Most of them have facilities in or close to the University Centre, including the Politics department, the Centre for International Studies and the School of Biological Sciences. Catherine Ashby, representing the CUP, said that despite the fact that "not more than ten students" had used the facility there was still an unacceptable level of what she termed 'detritus' outside in the alleyway that the GU shares with the CUP.

Mrs Small, who was representing the secretariat through which all university applica-

tions are to be dealt with, accused Broadbent of being 'secretive' and said that she did not consider the authorities that he had contacted to be "senior enough". The chairman quickly dismissed these disputes as "personal and irrelevant to the guidelines of the new act".

From the 24th November the GU bar will be open 7pm-Midnight in the University Centre on Mill Lane. The University still retains the power to refuse permission for certain events, but Broadbent is hopeful that any remaining issues can be resolved.

Blood Service Barred

David Marusza



Birmingham University Guild of Students cancelled the booking of a National Blood Service (NBS) stall at their Freshers' Fair, branding the NBS' policy of not allowing "men who have had sex with a man: even if it is safe sex, or those who have slept with these men" to donate blood to be "institutional homophobia". As a result, the NBS were not present at the University this week. While the President of the Guild, Richard Angell, maintained that the Guild "respect and appreciate the importance of giving blood" he was unable to sanction the 'bigotry' of the rules governing who can donate. Angell argued that such restrictions tarred gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgen-

dred individuals as 'dirty' and 'second class'.

Penny Richardson, the National Blood Service's Press Officer for the region, said that the agency, which is an offshoot of the NHS, was 'disappointed' that such a decision had been taken, and thought it unlikely that the decision to ban the stall would encounter widespread support from students. Richardson said that the NBS had received many enquiries from students at Birmingham who are still eager to donate blood.

Richardson pointed out that the NBS, and its affiliated bodies in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, are subject to blood donation guidelines drawn up by a government regulatory body based on the latest "epidemiological statistics and research". While

these regulations are "continually monitored and changed", it emerges that men who have sex with men represent the group at highest risk of contracting HIV. Sexually active homosexuals represent around 70% of those infected in the UK. The organisation maintains that the ban on homosexual men is necessary to combat the spread of the virus through transfusions.

At present, the NBS is not experiencing shortages of blood stocks. The organisation does, however, stress that is always necessary to ensure the recruitment of new blood donors, as it is unsafe to take blood from donors who are over seventy, pregnant, or beginning long-term medication. The NBS hopes to return to the Birmingham Freshers' Fair next year.



Looking Grand: Architects released stunning new projections of the new Grand Arcade mall currently under construction along St. Andrew's Street in Cambridge city centre. The project is due for completion in early 2008.

Cambridge tops the table

Joseph Heaven

Cambridge topped The Sunday Times University league for the eighth year in a row, consigning Oxford to runner-up again. Cambridge is the top-ranked university for both the quality of its teaching and research.

The University is 'pleased' to lead the field again and a spokesperson said that "Cambridge is a fantastic place to study, as well as being renowned for its research excellence".

There was no change in the top five institutions.

The table ranked each institution in eight areas: teaching quality and student satisfaction; head teachers' assessment; research quality, A/AS-level grades achieved by entrants, graduate employment and pro-

portion of students entering graduate level jobs, percentage of first and 2:1 degrees awarded, student/staff ratios and dropout rates. The table does not take into account the institution's wealth, something that has allowed Oxford to take first place in tables compiled by The Times and The Guardian through a higher level of spending.

Sir Howard Davies, Director of the London School of Economics, described the guide as "a first-rate guide to Britain's universities".

The Sunday Times Table

- 1 Cambridge
- 2 Oxford
- 3 Imperial College
- 4 LSE
- 5 UCL

Money Matters: The best banks

Amea Koziol

Making income and expenditure balance is tough, but nothing to fear if you've sussed out your bank accounts. To give you an idea of what's on offer and to choose a bank account that best suits you, I've awarded my own 'Oscars' for the following offers:

Best Interest-Free Overdraft Facility

Halifax "gives you extra" this year with an overdraft of up to £1,750 in the first year, increasing to up to £2,100 during your course of study. Although overdrafts appear to be "free money"; once it is exceeded, interest rates can vary from five to ten percent, but this only applies to the amount over the limit. Most new limits are negotiable and Barclays offers a maximum £3000 overdraft at 8.9% APR. This could prove cheaper than borrowing money on a credit card.

Best Graduation Package

Many banks are hesitant to give this information, so check out the situation for when you graduate. Barclays give the best deal with its Graduate Additions account: £3000 interest-free overdraft in the first year after university and reduces the threshold in steps down to £200 by your fifth year. This allows you to pay back what you owe gradually and costs just £5 per month. Be warned: most banks have the right to call in the overdraft and interest owed at any time.

Best Perk

Banks have wised up to student marketing and realise that tacky radios and personal organisers are of limited appeal. Although Barclays Student Additions account offers a number of discounts for restaurants and National Express travel; I feel Natwest comes up trumps with a five year Young Person's railcard

Varsity asks: "Just what makes improving access so complicated?"

The National Foundation for Educational Research has found that actual visits to Cambridge are the most effective way to dispel misconceptions. Does the new AS system leave students with less time to consider their choices and without the opportunity to visit universities?

"An already crowded lower sixth year does not lend itself to university visits, making any misconceptions about places like Oxbridge harder to dispel"

Head of Sixth Form, Bath

"The increased level of bureaucracy faced by schools seems to have resulted in fewer replies to any invitations we send inviting schools to visit."

Hatty Harris, Admissions Tutor at New Hall

Subjects like Classics and History of Art consistently receive dramatically lower numbers of applications from state school pupils. Almost 70% of applicants to the Classics Faculty are from the independent sector. Although this is a reflection of the proportion of pupils who take the A-level, is it acceptable?

"At the moment you'd be unlikely to encourage a year 12 student who has never encountered the Greek language before to apply for Classics. But I think the problem starts lower down the education system."

Matilda James, 3rd year English student

"We are committed to making our subject as accessible as possible to students from all educational backgrounds."

Dr Richard Miles, Head of Admissions at the Classics Faculty

Around 200 applicants turn down their offer from Cambridge each year. Do some state school students get so put off by their Oxbridge interview that they then reject a place?

"I turned down my place at Oxford because I didn't have a particularly great time during the interview and I didn't meet anyone I liked."

Jessica Adams, 4th year at Imperial

"Overseas applicants account for about half of our decliners and we don't have any data on what type of school the others come from."

University Press Office

Some of the University's courses are seen as inflexible and old-fashioned. For others it is the small size of the city and lack of nightlife which are off-putting. Is Cambridge too stuck in its ways?

"I had five friends who didn't apply to Cambridge because the combination of subjects they wanted wasn't available."

2nd year Historian from Downing College

"I enjoyed the interviews at Cambridge and the people seemed nice enough, but the lifestyle in London appealed to me more."

Anish Bhuva, Medic at St John's who initially turned down his place before re-applying

The University, Cusu and colleges all run their own access schemes. Would it be better to pool resources?

"Overlap in access work can and does occur but I think it's only a problem if it happens at the expense of coverage."

Zen Jelenje, CUSU Access Officer

Do stories highlighting the lack of state-schoolers at Cambridge do more harm than good?

"When Cambridge makes it into the headlines it is all too often to face accusations of elitism. This can only serve to reinforce the stereotypes access schemes are trying to dispel."

Jonny Lloyd, Trinity

Jessica Adams was just one of many students who spoke to *Varsity* passionately about the access problem. She turned down a place at Oxford in favour of Imperial because of a bad interview experience and the rival course's promise of a year abroad. She has just returned from Paris for a final year's study in London.



Downing sheds light on bulldozed bikes

Downing students have complained that bicycles have gone missing after a bike shed was bulldozed during the vacation. The college denies that the area in question could be described as a 'shed' and rejected responsibility.

A third year girl said "returning from the summer we found all the shed demolished and all the bikes gone". She said that there had been "no notification"

and that the shed had been in use "well into the summer".

Domestic Bursar, Dick Talpin denied that the 'shed' had even existed. "We allow - but do not encourage - [students] to leave bikes in a small locked yard over the summer where we also store scrapped bikes. However, any storage was at their own risk."

One of the finalists affected complained that the college had

been unforthcoming. "Initially the college claimed they knew nothing. Later it was suggested that the contractors had removed them."

Some of the bikes have now been returned, but damaged, with lights missing, seats tampered with and brakes smashed. Many are unaccounted for.

The Bursar suggested that, because the storage was near a public right of way, some of the

bikes could have been stolen before demolition. Fortunately the college says that the contractors have "generously" agreed to pay out for the lost bikes, although students wishing to claim will have to find their receipts.

The building work was part of preparatory work for a project of refurbishment and improved disabled access.



Varsity tracks down the best value bikes

Halfords - Apollo XC26 14"/17"/20" with lights and lock £96.64

Ben Hayward - Trek T10 with mudguards, no lights and no locks £199

Howes Cycles - The classic Claud Butler with mudguards and rack (no lights or lock) 209.99 (with 10% discount

available for Students)
Mike's Bikes - Unimoto Infinity with mudguards lights and locks at £90 (needs to be ordered day in advance)
Cambridge Cycle centre - Storm Optima Hybrid £115 - mixture of town and mountain bike with mudguard and rack (men's bike only)

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Tuesday 11th October 2005
6:30pm-8:30pm

Mong Hall, Sidney Sussex College

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weekdays WES STREETING

sunday

James Cameron, Selwyn JCR President, invites me to do a Freshers' Talk about NUS. This'll be my fifth Selwyn Freshers' Talk and I just can't resist. Laura Walsh arrives less than impressed that I'm crashing in on her 'gig'. Then head back home to put in a few hours work on the NUS response to the government's Youth Green Paper, which I am coordinating as part of my NUS role.

monday

Arrive in central London at 8.30am for a meeting with the National Union of Teachers. Liaising with them is another of my NUS roles, but the meeting is cancelled. Head over to NUS National Executive Committee meeting, which begins on a severe low with the resignation of my close friend and colleague James Knight, President of NUS Wales, following a period of sustained bullying and harassment within and outside the organisation. Lots of tears all round. NUS is not a nice place to work sometimes and today is a real low point.

tuesday

Am supposed to be working at my second job today – with a Labour based organisation called Progress. However, a nasty eye infection means a take the day off sick. Do a bit more work on the Youth Green Paper, but working with one eye ain't easy!

wednesday

Up in Birmingham today at Aston University for a regional campaign meeting about top-up fees on PGCE courses – a pet project I've taken from CUSU into NUS! Then drive over to Birmingham University to catch up with their sabb team and get some work done on the international students campaign, which is another of my responsibilities. Catch the train back down to London in the evening to meet with some students from Goldsmiths and UCL and round off the day for a meeting (with some much needed food!) with one of the sabbos from LSE about international student immigration issues.

thursday

Head into the new NUS HQ in Camden. It's open plan and very swanky! Except all the computers were stolen so there's not much in the way of I.T provision! Spend the morning in a Further Education Taskforce meeting from ten till one. After lunch I spend the afternoon helping to plan the education priority campaign for the year. At the back of my mind was the brilliant article by Jess Holland in last week's Varsity, which I show to colleagues. Sufficed to say that NUS needs to become the campaigning organisation it once was – always respected, but never respectable. I hope I'm playing my part in achieving that goal.

incidentally... jess holland



While wandering around New York's Lower East Side this summer, sticking to patches of shade and idly wondering whether the *Rough Guide's* map was completely out of date or if I was even worse at navigating myself around the idiot-friendly grid system of the city than I thought, I find myself at the doorstep (no, really!) of legendary feminist sex-shop Toys in Babeland. (A play on the name of 90's riot-grrrl band Babes in Toyland, but you knew that.) After the initial hovering outside like a kid about to pull a heist in a sweet shop, I walk in, feeling the mixture of embarrassment, self-consciousness and indignation (I'm a grown-up! This is the 21st Century!) that seem to accompany these sorts of situations.

It's full of those kind of hipster chicks with straight-across fringes, geek chic black-rim glasses and thrift-store clothes, engaging in radical protest mostly through the medi-

um of t-shirt slogans that, to me, are the epitome of cosmopolitan cool. The girl-transvestite behind the till comes over to cheerfully to explain the particular merits of the various brightly-coloured phallus-shaped things, mostly disguised as rabbit or dolphins or something equally cute, while I mumble that I'm just looking.

'Have a great night!' she calls out, as a customer leaves with a pink seethru vibrating unicorn, or something similar. Lining the walls are stacks of zines aimed at people with unorthodox sexualities and their feet planted in NYC's underground, and the whole place feels more like a Le Tigre gig than the kind of furtive, soiled place that you would imagine, if... hell, I'll say it... if men were involved.

The women's sex industry is booming right now – you'll even find an Ann Summers just yards from the age-old austerity of Christ's College. While it doesn't have quite the progressive attitude of Babeland – you'll be more likely to find hen-night L-plates, nurse's outfits and penis-shaped chocolates than tracts penned by transgender punks – it does mark a new level of acceptance

of female lust. Or perhaps just a new market to exploit, which now – hooray! – objectifies both genders.

Unfortunately, the difference in attitude of the British Summers (named after the male founder's secretary, with an annual turnover now at £110 million) and the American Toys in Babeland is exemplary of wider things. While there are many (ok, a few) American magazines that treat women as capable of intelligence and culture, and deal with sex, feminism and sexuality in a grown-up way (check out *Bust* and *Venus* in Borders); the British market in women's magazines is made up entirely of consumer-goods vehicles doing a strong line in 'How to please your man' and 'I love my new labi-aplasty'. Being able to pick up a Rampant Rabbit on your way to HMV is one thing but, in my book, it doesn't mean mainstream acceptance of femininity in all its forms and guises until you're sold it by a self-identifying butch dyke with a riot-grrrl haircut (...or at least in a place you're made to feel like more than the sum of your body parts.) And it looks as though that's something we British gals are going to have to wait a few years for.

Charlotte Forbes

Deliveries of beer to the Regent Street pub, the Fountain Inn, have been hampered recently after the City of Cambridge Brewery, who have been delivering to the pub for eight years, received a £30 parking ticket for using a taxi rank to unload their barrels.

The taxi rank, which is rarely used, was what brewery manager Steve Draper called the 'ideal place' to unload on the busy street to avoid either obstructing traffic or the nearby zebra crossing and bus stop. He said: 'We thought we were doing everyone a favour. We only have seven to eight barrels a week to unload and can do it in a couple of minutes there with minimum inconvenience. Now we have to park around the corner outside St Andrew's Church and roll them along the pavement. Surely this is causing more of a health and safety problem?'

The 43-yard stretch now means that the unloading lasts in excess of fifteen minutes and requires delivery man Rob [blank] to roll the barrels down the busy street. Mr Draper argues that this is the

result of new traffic wardens employed by the city council rather than the police.

Calling the situation 'farical', Steve Davis, manager of the Fountain Inn, also pointed out that during necessary drain repairs, the drainage company had received a ticket. This was later revoked when the council admitted that the sewer problems represented a health hazard and required urgent attention.

According to Mr Draper, however, lorries delivering from large breweries in Regent Street are allowed to unload in the bay with the marshals choosing to turn a blind eye. 'It seems as though the marshals are behaving very inconsistently and effectively penalising a small local company who are using only a van.'

Refusing to comment on the lorries, a spokesman from the council's parking services said that the company needed to find another way of delivering, such as a different time of day.

Although it was acknowledged that the taxi rank is not in great demand, it was emphasised that the brewery had broken the law.

Keeping mum

Rachel Dival

It was a case of life imitating art this week as an Oedipal horror story worthy of Alfred Hitchcock surfaced in the small Indian town of Siddhavtam Mandal. When Syed Abdul Gafoor passed away his neighbours discovered that he had been keeping the mummified body of his mother, who had died twenty years before, in the house with him.

Cambridge-educated Gafoor, a professor of English, was so attached to his mother that after her death he carefully preserved her body and tended to it daily. By coating the body in wax and treating it with a combination of chemicals, Gafoor was able to prevent it from decomposing. He is reported to have displayed the body in a glass coffin.

Locals said Gafoor had been married but that the relationship had ended in divorce following a fight between his wife and moth-

er. He retired in 1987 and did not re-marry, living as something of a recluse. A neighbour said no one had been allowed to enter his house other than one long-trusted maid, to whom he has left all his property.

Even after his mother's death Gafoor looked to her for help with decisions. His maid has been quoted as saying that he never did anything without her consent: "He used to keep chits on the coffin case, pick one and make a decision accordingly." However she did say that she had never been frightened by the presence of the body.

After making the gruesome discovery locals searched the rest of the house where they found some appropriately titled literature. These included 'A Mother's Love' and 'Marriage Once Only'. Gafoor's final wish came true when villagers buried him and his mother together next to a local mosque.

Fountain barrel rolling farce



CUSU provide aids for college sex

CUSU have turned to balloons and amateur dramatics in a bid to stop the spread of sexually transmitted disease. Emails circulated around welfare officers earlier this week contained a short dramatic piece to be performed for new freshers. The moving script required

students to 'gaze longingly at each other across the library' before giving each other an array of unpleasant infections. Some actors took their art very seriously, with certain colleges organizing several rehearsals before the big event.

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Achieving more together



GIVE A DOG A CLONE

Missing your favourite pet? **ZOE SMEATON** considers the possibility of reincarnation

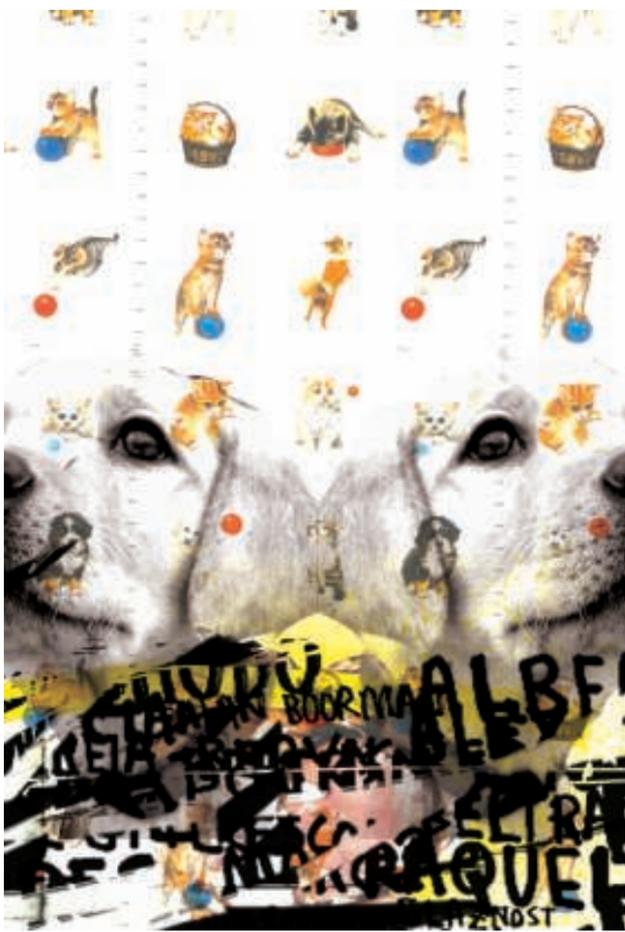


Illustration: Jon Lopez

>> Professor William 'Twink' Allen - p17

Firefighters Rescue Hamsters from Flat! 'Stand by for Feline Baby-Boom!' The blockbuster pet headlines emblazon the local news stands, and along with the photos on the mantelpiece (if you're privileged enough to possess such a commodity) serve as a constant reminder of the faithful pals we left at home.

But whilst the majority of us don't cry over our beloved animals, Margot Clarke of the Pet Bereavement Support Service said they receive thousands of calls every year from people grieving the loss of a pet.

"That could be either as the result of a death or some separation, for instance if a relationship breaks down or someone goes away, even if it's just to university.

"At that time a person will miss the love, friendship and loyalty shown to them by a pet. They may even experience feelings of depression which could at times seem overwhelming. Then they may need to seek help from us."

But what if all their problems could be solved? Ignore the minor issue that we're currently not allowed pets in our rooms, and imagine a world in which you could leave your favourite animal at home where it belongs, but also keep a virtually identical copy of your furry friend for yourself.

Just hop over to America and your dreams could come true -

Genetic Savings and Clone (GSC) is already offering pet cloning commercially. The price tag is pretty hefty at \$32,000, and unless your animal is a cat you're going to be out of luck, but it's certainly a start.

The service offers to replace a deceased pet with a genetically identical animal, and the first

“

PETS ARE PRODUCED BY MAN IN BREEDING PROGRAMMES, SO IF PEOPLE WANT TO SPEND THEIR MONEY ON CLONING PETS, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT

”

pet ever to be presented to a paying client is celebrating his first birthday next week. Julie of Texas received Little Nicky - the 'twin' of her deceased cat Nicky - last year and told the Associated Press: "He is identical. His personality is the same."

But the fairytale ending comes at a price. Professor Wolf Reik of the Babraham Institute

in Cambridge says he sees little point in cloning pets at the moment.

"To clone one pet requires so many experiments to succeed. It is hugely wasteful of animals, as huge numbers must die in order to get one embryo surviving," he said.

"Furthermore, clones are not necessarily direct copies of the originals. For instance their coat colour pattern may differ from their parents."

Professor Reik explained that in cloning experiments, a somatic cell (which is not usually used for reproduction) must act as an egg cell, so the nucleus must be reprogrammed to become dedifferentiated - ie have no specialised function. But as this would never happen to these cells in nature it seems that they simply do not know how to do it correctly.

He said: "All sorts of things can go wrong. The big challenge now is to understand better the reprogramming process, for example which enzymes and biochemical mechanisms are involved, and this is what I'm currently working on."

Genetic Savings and Clone does attempt to circumvent some of these problems by using a more advanced chromatin transfer (CT) cloning method, which it has an exclusive license to use.

In this process, the donor cell from the animal being cloned undergoes an additional pre-

treatment to make it more like a normal egg cell, before being added to the recipient cell. This increases the likelihood that a healthy clone will develop and so less embryos will be wasted.

The cloning process is now sufficiently advanced that many experts are not even opposed to its use solely for commercial reasons and would like to see it put to use elsewhere.

Professor William 'Twink' Allen, who would like to clone competition horses in Cambridge, said that he sees no real problems with offering a pet cloning service.

He said: "If people want to spend their money on cloning pets, there's nothing wrong with it."

"Pets are produced by man in breeding programmes anyway, so as long as we husband the animals correctly there is no problem."

Whatever you might think about pet cloning though, it could be only a matter of time before it's available in the UK. Maybe in the not so distant future you'll be storing Rover's DNA ready for your own personal copy or even, if you're really keen, having your personal copy of your little brother around whilst the original's still at school.

If you would like to speak to someone from the pet bereavement support service you can call their freephone helpline on 0800 096 6606

All the Answers

Ralph Fiennes by Andreas Wiseman

Was it an early start for you this morning, or have you been taking things easy now that you're not in rehearsals?

No, it was an early start, I got up at 6.30am to go to Yoga. I feel that if I have a day without exercise my energy dips and my spirit spirals. I always felt very clumsy at drama school. I thought I had two left feet. I've worked on feeling more physically at ease since then.

And before drama school you were at Chelsea Arts College?

Yes that's right - doing a foundation course. I had initially thought I was going to do a BA in Fine Art but during that course I got curious about acting. I did some work on some paintings and reduced them to 3D set

designs. I took a Velazquez's painting, Las Meninas, and did cut out figures of the different characters in the painting and broke it down into a stage set. That awoke in me my memories of acting in school plays and the excitement I had felt. Suddenly I came face to face with the fact that I actually wanted to be an actor, so I joined a local acting group.

And four of your siblings also became actors.

Well that's the way it's turned out. When we were young I don't think we all went around thinking we wanted to be actors or directors. I think we grew up in an atmosphere in which everything 'artistic' was encouraged and this in some way probably accounts for where we are now.

Throughout your career you have acted both on stage and behind the camera - which do you prefer?

I want to keep the balance if I can. I certainly don't like being away from the theatre. In fact, I love the theatre more and more as I get older. I love the risky nature of it. It's so organic too, which makes it magical. Five years ago I did seventy-five performances of Richard III and it was wonderful to see how a part can change over that amount of time. I do like film; different types of photography and editing can show you angles you cannot get as an

audience member in the theatre.

Following your recent role as Marc Antony in Deborah Warner's Julius Caesar, is which Shakespearean role would like to play in the future?

I would like to play Leontes from *A Winter's Tale*. And *Macbeth*, which as a play I see as a kind of cousin to Hamlet. When I'm older I would love to play Prospero and King Lear. Until recently I had wanted to play Hamlet again, although it has been thought of as a young man's part - I don't think we should be bound by all these naturalistic conventions.

You have been involved in numerous film adaptations of famous literary works - The English Patient, The End of the Affair, Onegin. How do you think film can enhance the experience of a literary work? And do you think the film has a responsibility to the literature it's adapting?

I think the film has to have its own energy; its own inner life. When I was contemplating adapting Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot* I was talking with Peter Greenaway. He said 'Why do you want to illustrate a perfectly good novel?' There have been great adaptations but I think Peter was right. Film can't get it all. It's a universe away in the end. I think for some people watch-

ing the film of a book is short hand for reading the original, it's a quick fix. And yet I know when I read a book I will think of it as a film. I am trying to do this less and less!

More recently you have worked with Fernando Meirelles on The Constant Gardener. How did you find his direction?

I found it invigorating. I had hoped that his high-energy editing style, although not right for every film, was right for *The Constant Gardener*. Fernando's scouring speed was great for the film. His editing style can seem abrasive but it's actually very subtle.

The Constant Gardener is a British film and deals with quite radical political issues, so have you been surprised with the large financial success of the film in America?

I was surprised and delighted. Up until recently the mainstream American media has been afraid to make any noises about the Republican regime and its obsession with corporate power. I think people are angrier now. There seems an increasing frustration at the way we've all been duped by the big corporations under the aegis of the present American and British governments. Fundamentally, the success of the film is due to it being well made though. It's not Hollywood-ised.



image.net

“

THERE SEEMS TO BE INCREASING FRUSTRATION AT THE WAY WE'VE ALL BEEN DUPED BY THE BIG CORPORATIONS UNDER THE AEGIS OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS.

”

For someone famed for their good looks and their elegant Roman nose, what was your motivation to play the noseless Voldemort in the next Harry Potter film?

Well, there you have the scoop - because not many people know that he's noseless. My nose was digitally reduced to fit the snake like description of Voldemort in the books. I'm not actually a big fan of the books but I was persuaded to do the role by Mike Newell [director] and I had a lot of fun.

What's next?

I'm doing a film with Susan Sarandon, directed by Bob Balaban, about the famous multi-millionaire Doris Duke, who leaves her fortune and estate to her butler.

Do you have any advice to the budding actors in Cambridge?

It's very difficult. There will be knocks. You have to be determined. It's a cliché but I think you really learn your skill in the theatre. I believe that with three to four years in rep you develop a real set of acting muscles. The theatre isn't dead; yes, it's hard, but that's part of it.

Ralph Fiennes stars in *Wallace and Gromit: The Curse of the Were-Rabbit* (released October 14th) and *The Constant Gardener* (release date TBC)



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TIMELESS TRENDS

Why invest in clothes that will look out of season - and out of style - in six months' time? **BENJ OHAD SEIDLER** reviews what's still on the runway, and will last until next spring.



AUTUMN-WINTER '05

A newfound laid-back attitude continues to pervade eveningwear. Dresses envelope bodies in wisps of fabric and figures are suggested by a belts and empire waists. Colours are bright and bold as fussiness is abolished.

Anna Sui shows that prints are best kept subtle and shapes should be loose to give the dresses the right amount of swing when in motion.

Underneath the layers of dark and heavy 'Russian Winter' styling are an array of breezy, voluminous smock dresses fit for a summer walk on the steppe.

The bubble skirt continues to distort the silhouette but there is a greater ease and subtler shape on the spring runways.

Luella adopts the shape the make a versatile dress suitable for both formals and a punt picnic on the Cam.

A SOVIET SALUTE
>> P17
FASHION

SPRING-SUMMER '06



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- Sun 2nd** Kenny Dope
- Fri 7th** Little Louie Vega
(Masters at work)
- Sat 8th** Movida, Roc Hunter & Herbacious
- Sun 9th** Tim Westwood
- Sat 15th** Cath Coombs and the Awesome Soul Collective
- Sat 22nd** LEFTIES SOUL CONNECTION
- Sun 23rd** Four Tet
- Sat 29th** Metis



www.soultree.co.uk

Photos: Michael Derringer

Graphic: Tom Kingsley



It's been a frantic week of bops, crawls, fayres and Tories in bikinis. Now it's all over for another year.

LUKE ROBERTS gently eases the Freshers in.

Welcome to the University hello we're sure you'll fit right in. You may well never have seen a bed and a sink in the same room before. You'll get used to it. Your bed is small and weak. You forgot to bring a pen. Well done on your A-levels.

You may well feel inferior to people around you. Identify your own strong areas and other people's weak areas, and play it like Top Trumps. The Chancellor (Prince Philip) is

only Chancellor because he did this. It's also how he won the heart of HM Elizabeth. He played 'height.' She's only little.

If you have the right air of shy inferiority, it will come across as arrogance. This makes you more attractive.

Feel secure in the knowledge that not knowing you are attractive makes you attractive. Feel insecure in the knowledge that you are attractive, because it means you're not.

Stop worrying about being attractive and do some work. If you're studying Mathematics,

do sums work. If you're studying postgraduate Mathematics, do sums work?

There are a lot of cliques and friendship groups around the University. Although largely anti-social, these are called societies. You'll probably have been to the Freshers' Fair and how many of these there are - currently one per student. There's a society out there with your name on it. Possibly literally.

People will have warned you about signing up for mailing lists, saying they signed up for too many societies at the

Freshers' Fair and have been crushed by emails they don't want ever since. Don't look at it so pessimistically. As you get these emails from societies you have nothing to do with, just think of yourself as a voyeur, not a victim.

They say the people you meet here will be your friends for the rest of your life. This is testament to the strength of many friendships made here, but it must be admitted that, statistically, it is partly due to Cambridge University's high suicide rate.

EXCLUSIVE: 'Fresher' from the frontline quizzes Freshers' Fair Great and Good

From: o_cragg@yahoo.co.uk
Sent: 04 October 2005 20:20
To: chairman@union
Subject: Membership?

Hi,
I missed the Freshers' fair because of some appointments I couldn't legitimately miss, but was quite interested in the Union so thought I'd try and get in touch. Hope this is ok? I don't know if it's the done thing?

It's a lot of money to join, so I want to make sure joining would be right for me. How frequent are your speakers? Do they just speak, or do they sometimes show off their talents a bit? Would I enjoy your speakers this term? I'm liberal leaning and like Popstars, I guess.

I also understand you do boxing every now and then!! I tried to get boxing back in my school but couldn't. I think it's really great to have boxing, especially now the government have forced hitting out of the home and the schoolyard.

Maybe you have a squash or something I can come along to? Let me know please.

Oliver Cragg

From: Jennifer Scott
Sent: 05 Oct 2005 07:43:23
To: o_cragg@yahoo.co.uk
Subject: re: Membership?

Dear Oliver,

Check out our website to see what's going on this term: www.cambridge-union.org

We generally host the boxing, but don't organise it - I'm not sure of the CU boxing clubs address.

There's a freshers debate on Thurs at 8pm (be there at 7.30), a bop on Fri (9pm) and a squash on wed 12th (7pm). Take your pick!

Also, £85 for life works out about 80p a week whilst at cam on a 3 year degree, and just look at all you get for that!

Jen

"Is the best actor the Actors' Rep or the President?"

"I'm afraid I missed the fresher's fair because I got a disease"

From: o_cragg@yahoo.co.uk
Sent: 04 October 2005 20:56
To: president@adc
Subject: Membership?

Hello!!!

I missed the Freshers' Fair... because I was too busy acting! (That's not true, but I do love to act!)

My friend went and showed me the email address, so I'm emailing to find out what I should do to act in Cambridge? I understand there's all the actresses' auditions this weekend, so when are you auditioning for men?

I think you should maybe have put them all on the same weekend - but I can see your point. I was the best actor in my school, but I don't know if I will be here. Is the best actor the Actors' Rep or the President?

But I'm really keen to get into this term's play. PLEASE! Let me know what I should do!

Thank you so much,

Oli

From: Benjamin Deery
Sent: Wed, 5 Oct 2005 02:14
To: o_cragg@yahoo.co.uk
Subject: re: Membership?

Hey Oli,

Thanks for getting in touch! It's great to hear that you're interested in getting involved.

I'm afraid though that you've been slightly misinformed - we are in fact auditioning actors of any gender (though I assume there are only two) this weekend for our Freshers' Show: information about the Freshers' Shows can be found here...

In addition, I include below tonight's actors list, which includes not only info about the Freshers' show auditions, but all the auditions which are taking place this weekend.

Finally, I've cc-ed this e-mail to our actors reps Charlie and Sarah, so please do feel free to make contact with them if you have any further questions.

Thanks,
Ben.

From: o_cragg@yahoo.co.uk
Sent: 04 October 2005 20:20
To: chairman@cuca.co.uk
Subject: Freshers' Squash?

Hello!

I'm afraid I missed the fresher's fair because I got a disease. I'm so upset about it!!! I'm really keen to get some information on the Conservative Association.

Do you have a squash sometime I heard you had a hot girl flying in a bikini top with union jacks on it!!

I'm sooooo cross I wasn't there!! How many women are there in the CUCA? Will I meet a lot if I join? What was that girl's name?

My parents are both Conservative and I guess I am too. What do you think are the CUCA's best policies? I think it's daft not to elect Ken Clarke.

Oh! I know I'm playing devil's advocate, but what do you think are the conservative's "worst" policies?

Because I know Labour have some really good ones (like the NHS) so you must fall down on that one.

Sorry for rambling, look forward to hearing from you,

Oliver Cragg

"Is this the done thing?"

From: Laurie Fitzjohn-Sykes
Sent: Wed, 5 Oct 2005 11:36
To: o_cragg@yahoo.co.uk
Subject: re: Freshers' Squash?

Hi,

Sorry you missed it, I hope you feel better. You also missed out remote control blimp which we were flying around and crashing into the Labour stand!

Most of CUCA supports Ken Clarke, so glad you do too. Our squash is Monday 10th 7pm in the Bateman room Causis college, so come along and you can discuss all the policies as much as you like.

Personally with both my parents in the NHS I don't think much of Labour's NHS policies. I think the patients passport is the only way to deliver significant improvements in the NHS.

I look forward to seeing you at the squash on Monday.

Laurie

"Will I meet lots of girls if I join?"

Oliver Cragg



buyer's guide: sparkling wine

Man, "I'm sorry, Jasper," I said. "I know it must be embarrassing for you, but I happen to like this bad set. I like getting drunk at luncheon, and though I haven't yet spent quite double my allowance, I undoubtedly shall before the end of term. I usually have a glass of champagne about this time. Will you join me?"

With this quote from Brideshead Revisited firmly embedded in some people's view of Oxbridge life, it is no wonder that the average Cambridge student blushes slightly on admitting to our university of choice! On the other hand, we do seem to get a good number of opportunities to drink bubbly, particularly in Fresher's week, so a little background might help.

Champagne comes from France's most Northerly wine growing region, an area where grapes struggle to ripen and any still wine produced tastes like concentrated lemon juice. Fortunately, a monk named Dom Perignon came to the rescue around 1700. The aforementioned monk spent his life investigating why bottles from Champagne (not a sparkling wine at this time) were in the habit of exploding. He traced it to yeast left in the wine which caused a second fermentation in the bottle (the process which now gives the fizz). Stronger bottles that could hold the pressure were introduced. The Dom also started 'degorgement' to remove the traces of yeast. This involves gradually inverting the bottle so sediment gathers in the neck. This is removed as a plug of ice by freezing the neck in brine and opening the bottle. Once this is done, all that remains is to add the dosage (sugar to sweeten the wine) and to re-cork the bottle!



£16

★★★★★
**Ridgeview Merret
Bloomsbury 2002
Waitrose**
£ 15.95

Winner of World Wide Trophy for Best Sparkling Wine at the International Wine and Spirit Competition 2005, this British bubbly has been hailed as "England's answer to Champagne" by the Sunday Times Wine Club. Relatively cheap too, it is well worth a try.



£8

★★★★★
**Jansz Brut NV
Around £8
Cambridge Wine
Merchants, Oddbins**

Sadly we need an excuse to drink Champagne but at around £8 per bottle we can probably get away with this one more regularly. Produced in Tasmania, this rich, fruity bubbly has been known to beat more expensive Champagnes when tasted blind.



£4

★★★★★
**Moscato del Piemonte
Gemma**
£4.29
Oddbins

Many people find Champagne too tart so why not try this moderately sweet and delicately sparkling wine from Italy? At 5% alcohol, you needn't worry about getting drunk at luncheon either!

Lionel Nierop & Wendy Tsang
Man Pun



VARSITY BLUES

The Varsity Restaurant - review by Anthony Marlowe

Chain restaurants exist for a reason: consistency. You know what you're going to get, even if it's not going to be that good. They typically offer better value for money, as their overall costs become lower than independent restaurants'. But that, of course, is not always the case.

However, it is possible to give a restaurant like Nando's a good review, because it delivers on its promises: roasted chicken, hot sauce and a low bill. Just down the road, however, is a different matter.

Greek food does not have the best reputation in culinary circles. England's primary gastronomic relationship with our Hellenic counterparts seems rooted in the 'nibbles' aspect of dining. While Taramasalata, humous and feta have good credentials, they do not in themselves make for a high-quality menu. Greek food itself can of course be excellent - t Britain's relationship with it just seems rather stunted.

It was, then, with high hopes that I visited the Varsity Restaurant. It has a reputation as one of a few ideal student restaurants. Supposedly, it offers consistently good-quality food and atmosphere, with a bill just about affordable for celebrations, or reasonable for when the parents come down to take their beloved to dinner. Varsity, however, unlike Nando's or McDonalds, doesn't deliver on its promises.

Generally, the food wasn't bad. The starters were boring, but tasty enough. I had an extremely good main course of confit lamb, which, when accompanied by classic Greek herbs, came togeth-

er well.

Others had the rather uninteresting looking sirloin steak, a choice generally agreed to be a good, if not great one. Prices were reasonable, although the restaurant appeared to be compensating for this by making drinks rather expensive.

Yet, I will never go back. A restaurant is far more than its food and prices, and a case can be made that the most important

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WHEN I SAY BAD, I MEAN COLIN FARRELL IN ALEXANDER BAD

”

characteristic of a good restaurant is its service. A restaurant with mediocre food can make its patrons leave having had an enjoyable time, if allowed to feel relaxed and never having to wait too long for orders. But nothing short of food poisoning is worse than bad service.

Here I would like to add that when I say bad, I mean Colin Farrell in *Alexander* bad: awful. It's forgivable when food is delayed, even forgivable when some food is forgotten, so long as apologies are made and the mistake promptly corrected. But Varsity Restaurant's service was consistently bad. Out of seven orders, one main course was forgotten, with no apology, nor explanation offered. Fearing the food simply would not arrive,

we asked a waitress, who responded with a scowl, stomping off whilst muttering what were presumably Greek swear-words under her breath.

Being British, we were at a loss what to do. If only we'd had an American ally, or someone similarly well-versed in complaining. Eventually, and to our great relief, a manager arrived. While we were anticipating a swift rectification, he insisted we must have forgotten to order the steak (not true), and informed us that it would be at least twenty minutes until our friend received his steak, as the kitchen was busy. He too scowled, offering a bowl of olives to keep our friend busy while the rest were eating. One forgotten dish is no reason to blackball a restaurant. But in Varsity's case, it is indicative of the consistently unfriendly, unprofessional service on offer, which killed with clinical precision any atmosphere that might have been permitted.

The feeling when presented with the (now rather large) bill was: don't eat at Varsity, it's more hassle than it's worth.

In a Nutshell

Open: 12-2.30 and 5.30-10.45, All day on Weekends

Contact: 01223 356060

Price: around £34 for two people, two courses without booze

Food highlight: the lamb dishes in general. Fillet steak also well done and reasonably priced.

Wine: nothing special, house drinkable but that's about it.

Ratings

Food 6/10

Value 4/10

Atmosphere 2/10

72% of ideas turn up when you least expect them. It makes you think.

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Location: Crowne Plaza

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TOP BLOKE, AND A SMOOTH KIM 'N' ALL

BENJ OHAD SEIDLER meets **KIM JONES**, the man who made Topman cool again

There is nothing unusual about the appearance of the man who introduces himself to me as Kim Jones. The designer behind the success of Topman, Kim Jones Menswear and, most recently, Umbro by Kim Jones, is an average bloke tucked comfortably into a baby blue Ralph Lauren hoodie and an old pair of jeans.

But then he speaks, and I realise that Kim Jones is about as average as the Bowery stage costumes decorating the living room of his plush Maida Vale apartment. His words drone like monastic chanting, and I feel like I am at the altar of the high priest of menswear. I am handed the book (his autumn-winter book) and listen to the gospel according to Kim.

"I was born in London and grew up all over the world, in Africa, South America and the Caribbean. I came back to England when I was sixteen and did my A-Levels. I later went to Camberwell School of Art to study graphic design, which I really didn't enjoy. It was just so boring. There were a lot of middle-aged women who were recently divorced and did the course to discover themselves. It felt like a craft fair."

"I was always into fashion, via the magazines. I was twelve when I started reading *The Face* and *i-D*. I decided to do an MA in menswear, and went to St. Martins with a sketchbook I did in two weeks. I did the interview and got in. I felt like I was finally doing the right thing. You know when something just clicks into place? It was like that. I even teach there now,

which is really nice. People are really self motivated and it's really exciting to see that energy there."

It was after a very successful graduate menswear show at Central St. Martins that Jones was offered a series of consultancies designing for other companies. It was at the behest of his fashionista friends (like *Dazed and Confused's* Nicola Formichetti) that he was finally convinced to start his own label. His ethos is that clothes must be wearable and look commercial in the showroom, but that the run-

“

CLOTHES ARE THE MOST DISPOSABLE PART OF IT ALL

”



way can allow for plays on proportion that challenge buyers. He points out a wearable pair of sweat pants and juxtaposes it with an awe-inspiring cropped hoodie. The trousers will sell, but it is the hoodie that will make the look.

When asked anything remotely philosophical about the dogma of fashion, Jones shows his mortal side. Fashion and art - what's the connection? Is fashion an art form? Do the clothes mean anything? "I don't know. I get a bit lost on things like that. It's really hard to explain sometimes because to me everything's so visual. I don't get time to analyse what I'm doing. I reference a lot of things, as everyone does, but I take the things I love, pull them together and mix them up. What's in my head just comes out."

Talk of Jeff Koons and Andy Warhol weaves through our conversation and the idea of the factory and the spectacle loom high in Jones's work, which he says himself owes a lot to pop art. "When you start out, I don't think clothes are the most important part because now it's about creating an image. I think about the bigger scale of things. I work backwards, beginning by thinking how I want to show the collection," the designer explains. It's not about being more of a stylist than a designer, its about being a different breed of designer to the one that sweats and bleeds over a pattern at two in the morning, every morning. He speculates, "I was not really trained in making clothes and that's good because it makes you freer. But you have to look at things case by

case. I don't think you should dismiss anything."

Jones's all-encompassing mindset does not apply, however, to the 'council estate chic' label he garnered while designing for Topman. "I don't like that term at all," he protests, "I think it's because I'm British and the guys I use to model that people use that term. I think that's only ever mentioned in British press and it's poor journalism to give a label like that."

The designer acknowledges that the main obstacle in men's fashion is the idea of fashion itself, "I don't know but there's an association made that when you put men on the catwalk it looks gay." So Kim Jones the missionary is trying to make all men relate to his work by addressing the models first, "there have been loads of skinny models and realistically not everyone's really skinny. I think you have to be approachable. If you look at these guys, they're obviously in good shape, but many men will still think 'I could wear that,' because they see that shape would flatter them like it flatters the models."

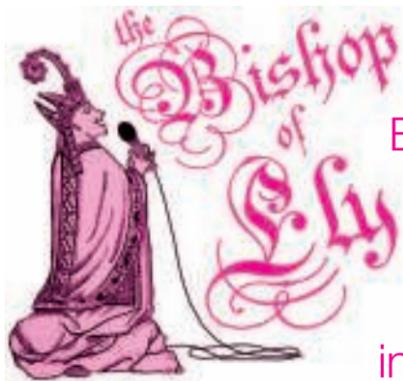
Simply looking at the spectrum of stripy sweaters you see in the streets these days, one can notice how men have accepted bold colour in a big way in the past few years. His collection may have gotten him press in *i-D*, but his work for Topman made his clothes relevant to the high street. "I loved doing Topman," he says, "they let me do what I want. With Topman I did things that I would never do with my own collection because it

was so disposable when it got to the store, but I can see people still wearing it and it still looks good." Topman is affordable and ubiquitous yet profoundly creative. It is, perhaps, the ultimate fashion pop art. Jones does not care if that stripy Topman sweater that can be found in every Cambridge boy's wardrobe is treasured as a Kim Jones creation, "if people buy it just because they really like it then that means its good." Hedi Slimane's work for Dior is cool because it's Dior, and has Pete Doherty and the eternal rock stars as its face. Kim Jones design is more anonymous and so much more desirable, or at least approachable, for that reason.

After a quick photo shoot on his roof terrace, I walk back through the apartment. I step on the "three hundred year old carpets from Kazakhstan" and past a woolly jumper that once belonged to Sid Vicious and his words chime like bells in my ear. "I just love beautiful things." It takes a glance at a photograph of a man holding an unusually large fish on my way out to remind me that Kim Jones's beauty is not always 'normal', but therein lies his particular gift: converting the extraordinary into the real and the relevant.

Kim Jones is available at Browns and Harrods in London. More information available on www.kimjones.com

Clockwise from left: Kim Jones, Umbro by Kim Jones Spring 2006, Kim Jones Spring 2006, Kim Jones Winter 2005



Benevolent missives from our man in the pulpit

There is an idea of an "Oxford Secret": a piece of gossip that you can only tell one person at a time. Then there is the idea of the "Cambridge secret": so precious that it may not be told in a College Bar or canteen, but must be bandied at will in one's own room. Or indeed, in this column. Such is the main premise of *The Bishop of Ely*.

■ Shame on the two law students disallowed from college property after telling a feminist female fellow that she was 'fit' while out celebrating the end of exams last term. A year spent buried in the books wasn't totally for nothing, though - one threatened to 'sue *Varsity* within an inch of [our] lives' if we mentioned his smutty misdemeanour.

■ Which famous fellow with high-level influence at an American Ivy league university

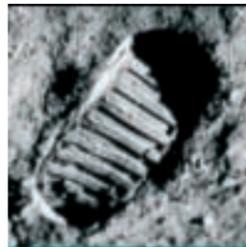
is rumoured to have lifted major chunks of a student's essay, publishing them in what another of his charges terms a 'totally rubbish' book? The plagiarised student kept from kicking up a fuss for fear of jeopardising their future academic career...at a (familiar) American Ivy League university.

“

Which famous fellow with high-level influence at an Ivy league university lifted major chunks of a student's essay?

”

■ And now to the unfortunate gaucherie of a famous ex-King's student booker-nominee (who shall remain nameless). Her inimitable, rolling display of "malodorous bohemianism" - as the *Guardian* dubbed her proclivities last year - is alleged to have reached new heights recently with one of Ely's own acolytes, and later repairing to another space, a spliff was apparently rolled. It was passed around a number of revellers, before coming to rest in the lap of our multiculturalist heroine. She proclaimed (with a laconic turn of phrase sadly missed in her recently lauded novels): "I've got to be up early tomorrow; better get to bed," and promptly smoked the final two thirds of the joint in a frenzied succession of avid mini-puffs. This is not the way in which a supposed flaneur well versed in bohemian practice should legitimately be allowed to behave. 1920s Berliners would have at least used a monkey.



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Turning on my computer brings up a screen saying 'Windows Me'. Is this some kind of self diagnosis?

No. 'Me' is an edition of the Microsoft Windows operating system. What do you mean by self-diagnosis?

It seems to be suffering from a debilitating illness that means doing even everyday tasks like opening a window can be a struggle. It didn't used to be like this.

Windows Me, like all Microsoft operating systems, is prone to infection from spyware. Even Windows XP, Microsoft's latest release, can be crippled within a few hours of internet use if precautions are not taken.

Hmm... spyware, the internet, Microsoft. I sense a conspiracy theory coming on; it involves the CIA and a covert operation to infiltrate my Cambridge Assassins cell.

Not exactly. Spyware is installed on your computer whilst you browse the internet or install (supposedly) free software. It sits on your computer monitoring the websites you visit, sending information back to its creators. They use this to target adverts at you, often making them pop up when you browse to certain pages.

But surely they want me to actually be able to use my computer in the first place, otherwise how will they find out what sites I visit?

Very insightful - that is indeed the spyware paradox. The problem is one of critical mass. If there were only one piece of spyware on a computer, it would probably function fairly normally, but because there are so many pieces that exploit the same security holes it is very rare just to find one on its own.

Right. So how are we going to get some double-agent action going on?

There are three steps to keeping your computer spyware free. First, keep Windows up-to-date by using Windows Update. Go to Start > All Programs and looking at the top of the list. The second is to install some anti spyware programs like Ad-Aware or Microsoft's AntiSpyware program. The third, and perhaps most crucial step, is to install Mozilla Firefox.

That sounds vaguely barbaric.

Quite the opposite in fact. It is a free web browser made by an online community of programmers who decided that Internet Explorer and Microsoft's monopoly had to be stopped. Not only is it almost immune to spyware it is also far more advanced than Internet Explorer. I could go on for hours about its brilliant features.

I think I'll visit the website.

Good idea. Try: www.mozilla.org www.microsoft.com and www.lavasoftusa.com/software/adaware

Doug McMahon

PLAIN MEAN

NASTY

BITCHY

BLUNT

NICE

LOVELY



THE IRREPRESSIBLE LYNN

With her blunt portrayals of interviewees, the *Observer's* **LYNN BARBER** makes no compromises. **EMILY STOKES** turns the tables over tea

Lynn Barber lives on a quiet road in North London in a large Victorian house with a pink hallway, a yellow living room, a cat and an excess of books on her coffee table.

On the top of that pile is Richard and Judy's new book on wine; she is interviewing them tomorrow. She has done before, three years ago, and heard afterwards that 'they were furiously upset because I had said something about Richard's slightly spivvy appearance. So I got word back that I was never to interview them again'. She thinks they must have either forgotten who she is or forgiven her. Either way, she will not be moved by any of Richard's complaints.

Lynn Barber's speaking voice is unmistakably upper-middle-class. Her well-spoken eloquence should not be confused with haughtiness, however, since her manner is immediately warm, and genial. She isn't mumsy (although a mother of two), but instead rather girlish, and she has a tendency to giggle at what she is about to say before she has said it.

Her giggle is very infectious, and I cannot help myself laughing at the story about Richard and Judy, but she seems more exasperated. I also titter when Lynn tells me her reaction to Helena Bonham Carter's outrage when the journalist famously commented on her moustache: 'The piece was three thousand words saying 'she's lovely, she's gorgeous,' and then she gets upset about something like that!' Lynn Barber goes on, as if excusing herself further: 'I mean, she's like Frida Kahlo or something. She's just a hairy woman.'

When she began writing for the *Independent* in 1990, Lynn Barber became known as 'Demon Barber' or 'Hatchet Woman'. It's not that she simply enjoys writing about how awful someone is (although I suspect she does take a little pleasure in it), it's rather that she writes about the things that most interviewees wouldn't touch.

For Lynn Barber, the way that someone behaves during a photo shoot, or how much they tip the waiter at lunch, is often more important than what they say about their new film or painting. She doesn't believe in things being 'off the record' because she

thinks people mostly use it to manipulate interviewees: 'They never say, 'off the record I've murdered my wife', they say 'off the record I've given millions of pounds to charity.'

She, more than most newspaper interviewees, is unafraid of making herself a part of the subject of the interview, although she doesn't like the idea of that: 'It makes it sound as though the interview is about me. I just want it to convey the transaction between us and therefore the 'me' has to be a real person, not just a generalised person.' She likes the idea of a fair business-like 'transaction' in an interview: 'They're trying to plug their book or film, I'm trying to learn something about their character.'

Lynn quickly dismisses the idea that her less favourable portrayals might somehow constitute a personal betrayal of the interviewee. 'Lots of people ask this question - it does seem weird to me. Of course it's not a betrayal because if I meet someone for the first time, they're not my dearest friend.' Lynn Barber likes interviewing celebrities - 'media-hardened people, who are used to doing zillions of interviews' - because she feels she can ask them whatever she likes, without any sense of guilt, whereas she feels that "real people" might not have the courage to say 'I'm not telling you.'

And she frequently does ask them whatever she likes: she became an 'unembarrassed interviewer', she says, at her first job at Penthouse magazine doing an interviews column about 'transvestites and transsexuals and gays (you know, when it was still illegal to be gay) and prostitutes - that sort of thing.'

Today, she still likes a challenge. 'People I get on well with are irascible, difficult, shouty, bad-tempered people. Between ourselves, I think it's because my father's like that.' She has interviewed hundreds of visual artists, and is now friends with Tracey Emin, who took her around the Venice Biennale (she has, wrote Lynn Barber, 'a truffle nose for parties.'). 'I feel very strongly that artists are under-interviewed compared with other people. I mean it seems absolutely ridiculous to me that any crappy little actor can get an interview. They're so boring!' If an artist

gives a difficult interview, she says, 'I feel at the end of it that was worth doing, whereas with an actor I just think 'bugger you.' She describes an interview with John Thaw that went so badly that she couldn't write it up: 'It really was just 'yes-no-yes-no-yes-no,' she says, rolling her eyes.

The interviewer is set on being a good interviewee for me today, and is well aware of the pleasure I am taking in her indiscretions. Almost involuntarily now, she seems to be rifling through her mental database of past interviews to find a good anecdote. She waves her cigarette in excitement: 'Ooh! I'll tell you something that's a really good exclusive. You know I did a very good interview with Marianne Faithfull. Did you read that one? That's one I'm really pleased with. She was a monster.' (I nod; the interview in question featured a description of a photo shoot with David Bailey in which Marianne 'is sprawling with her legs wide apart, her black satin crotch glinting between her scrawny 55-year-old thighs, doing sex kitten mews at the camera.')

Barber explains that she recently met an interviewer from the Irish *Independent* who had just interviewed Marianne Faithfull himself. 'Well, this interviewer said to Marianne Faithfull, 'You and Lynn Barber didn't get on, did you?' and apparently Marianne Faithfull said, 'No, because she asked me if it was true that I had ever fucked a dog.' Lynn Barber leaves a pause for dramatic effect. 'I mean, that is a real lie, it's a blatant lie and I said that if to the newspaper that if they ever print that, I would be happy to sue for libel.'

Lynn Barber is certainly giving me an easy ride, but I cannot help but feel that I am stumbling through this interview in a way that doesn't impress her very much. I am more conscious of my style of interviewing than I have ever been, despite trying to persuade myself that this is just an informal chat 'to get some advice on a career in journalism'. Barber is harsh when judging other interviewers' styles; she once called Michael Parkinson 'a

crashing bore' and she thinks that Jim Naughtie of the Today Programme talks too much.

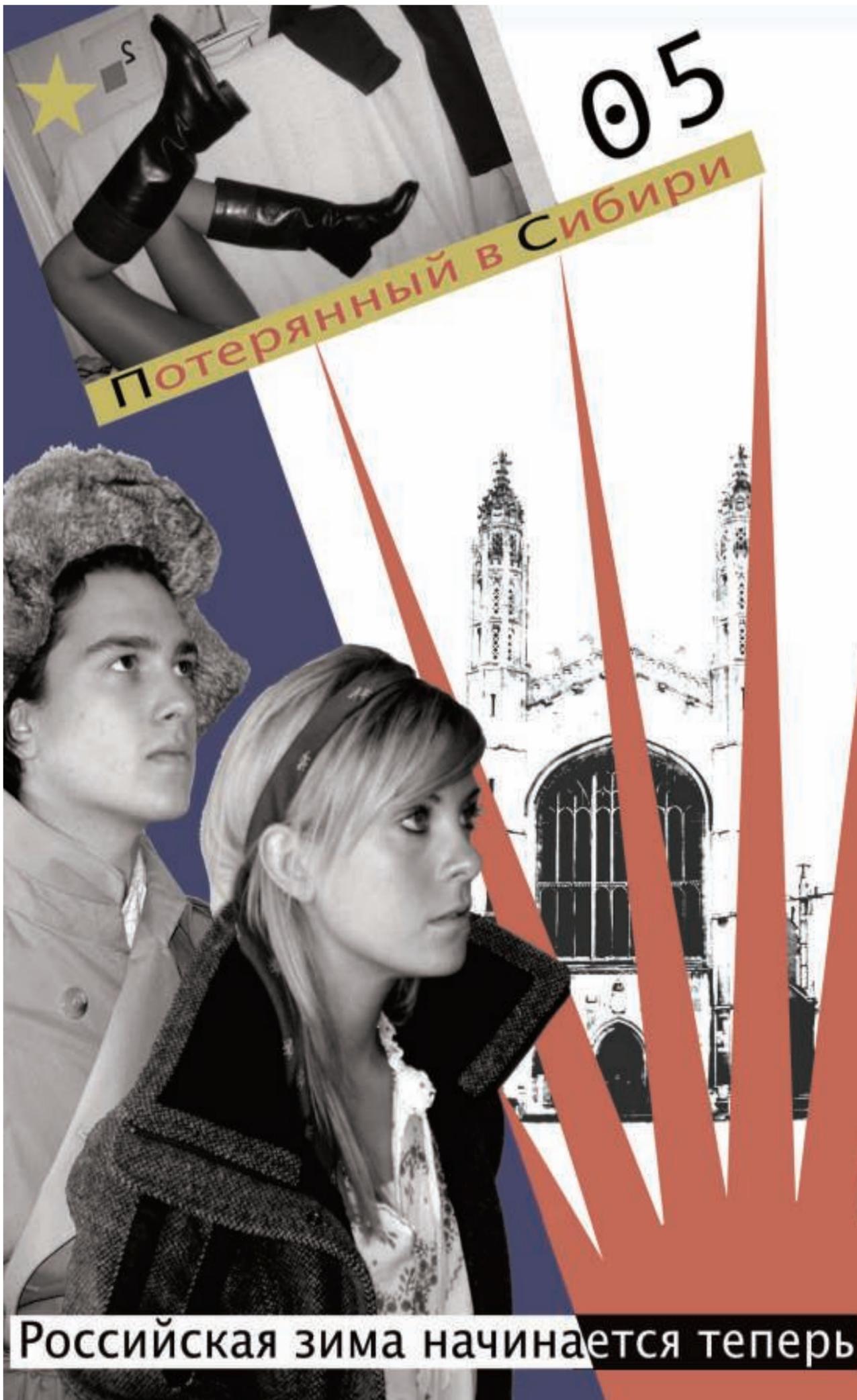
I become aware that I am rather ponderous and prone to pausing before asking my next question - usually for fear of interrupting my interviewee. Lynn Barber, on the other hand, fills every moment with words: 'I don't believe in silence. I believe in every minute counting.' In any silence lasting longer than three seconds, she will seize the initiative and ask me a question: 'So who have you interviewed so far?' she chirps.

Part of Barber's talent is her confidence in being able to interview anyone, and, more often than not, her editor decides who she interviews: 'Certainly now, when I'm so much older than the *Observer's* readership, I need someone else to say who the readers will be interested in. I quite like the idea of just being pointed at someone and getting on with it.' The result of this is occasionally hilarious; the interview with DJ Goldie is mainly focused around her initial 'complete incomprehension' at his 'ghetto' language.

But ultimately Lynn Barber's project is to write, and so the more difficult or strange the interview, the better. She has written a short piece for *Granta*, 'An Education,' which is about to be made into a film by Nick Hornby, and, she says, 'I'm meant to be writing more of a sort of memoir, but I must say I haven't made much progress. I'm terribly lazy apart from anything else.'

Really what I do is interviews because it gives me something to write,' she says. I suspect that at times her need to write a good story might, at times, add fictional elements to her interviews. I begin to wonder whether I have turned her into a fictional character by writing her down; despite her being a central character in her own interviews, I'm not sure how much she'll like other people's versions of her. And unfortunately for me, there is something terribly attractive about her that makes you want her to like you. A few days later I receive an email from her that makes me feel a little nervous: 'If you write something about me for *Varsity*, please let me see it - no screams of rage, I promise.'

IT'S
RIDICULOUS,
ANY
CRAPPY
LITTLE
ACTOR CAN
GET AN
INTERVIEW



THIS SOVIET SALUTE

WAS STYLED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUENTIN JONES.

Jenna braves the elements in a coat (£85) and tie (£7) from Rokit and a blouse (£30) from Topshop. Jackson dares to wear a fur hat (£50) and shirt (£35) from Episode and a Burberry Mac.

Mirror, Mirror



02. Skincare for beginners

Step One: You are what you eat.

Without meaning to sound like that irksome woman who loves poo, it's true. Eat five portions of fruit and veg a day, especially those bursting with antioxidants. Blueberries, strawberries and leafy greens will all do. It'll help cellular regeneration and fight free radical damage, leaving skin so radiant your girlfriends could bask in its glow.

Drink two litres of water a day for superior cellular metabolism, with the added bonus of keeping you awake in lectures because you'll really need to pee.

Step Two: Find your HGP

Jennifer Aniston was born worth it. Most mortals do need a little assistance beyond soap and water. Although spending hundreds on products may make you feel like a child at a present-receiving function, much better to spend smartly on fewer Holy Grail Products.

Step Three: Use the range

It'll take time to find your range, but once you have done, try not to mix products. They often work differently: some teen ranges (e.g. Clearasil) use chemicals (salicylic acid or benzoyl peroxide) to fight breakouts, whereas Decleor uses natural plant extracts only. The two aren't compatible and will work against each other.

Step Three: Invest, invest, invest

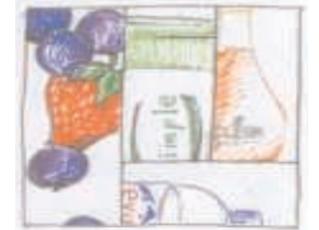
A simple cost analysis: 20 new products a month that don't work or a few, slightly more expensive ones that do. Inspired.

Step Four: Ask for samples

Try out a range before committing. The counter girl is slipping them into her handbag at the end of the day too; I'm sure she'd be happy to distribute some love.

Step Five: Regime to challenge

Mao Press a hot cloth to your face to stimulate blood vessels, open pores and encourage trapped vapours of Apple VK to surface. Apply a cleanser to...cleanse. Do your research; find one that's stalwart, but gentle enough so it doesn't do a nutty and breakout in compensation to its abuse. Toning rebalances the skin's pH, allowing moisturiser to work in its optimum environment. The best toners are Clarins, Decleor or Sisley; alcohol free and smell like a pleasant meander through Kew



Gardens since they are derived from plant extracts. Perhaps more suited to student budgets, Boots' Botanics range has a similar ethos, and does the job very well indeed. Moisturiser seals your skin, protecting it from pollution and sun. It will rehydrate and smoothe the skin, until supple and generally baby-bottom-like.

Step Six: Always, always remove make-up.

Facial wipes by Simple are good for a budget (£2.71, Boots), effective and can even be used after a particularly heavy Cindies. Follow these simple steps you too can be really, really ridiculously good looking.

Charlotte Tan

quick recipe



Toasted goats cheese & crisp bacon salad with fresh figs & walnuts

With Autumn approaching, try creating this exciting seasonal salad that serves two.

Ingredients

2 fresh figs (Market square, 5 or £1)
90g Goats Cheese (Sainsburys Deli Counter)
4 rashers smoked bacon
Honey dressing (buy this pre-made or see below)
1 bag of salad leaves
Small handful of walnuts, chopped coarsely
2 tsp oil

You will need

1 knife
Frying pan
Grill
Large Bowl

Serve with

A fresh baguette

Instructions

Salad

1-7 mins - Chop bacon into strips; fry in oil until crispy.
7-8 mins - Place salad leaves in bowl & toss with dressing.
8-12 mins - Grill cheese until it begins to melt.
12-13 mins - Chop figs into quarters.
13-15 minutes Place salad onto a plate, scatter walnuts & bacon. Place cheese & 4 fig quarters on top.

Honey Dressing

1tbsp balsamic vinegar
3tbsp Olive oil
1/2 tsp mustard
1 tsp honey
Whisk together all ingredients

Lionel Nierop

Careers Service events



*For Finalists, penultimate year undergraduates and postgraduates of all degree disciplines.
All years welcome.*

CONSULTANCY EVENT 2005 – TUESDAY 11 OCT, 1.00-6.00pm

Accenture
Analysys Mason Group
Bain & Company, Inc.
Booz Allen Hamilton
Boston Consulting Group
Burlington Consultants
Capgemini UK
Corporate Value Associates
CRA International
Credo

Deloitte
DiamondCluster International Inc.
Ernst & Young – Management
Consultancy
IBM United Kingdom Limited
L.E.K. Consulting LLP
Marakon Associates
McKinsey & Co Inc.
Mercer Oliver Wyman
Monitor Group

OC&C Strategy Consultants
Parthenon Group
PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP -
The Strategy Group
Roland Berger
Sapient Limited
Spectrum Strategy Consultants
ZS Associates

BANKING EVENT 2005 – WEDNESDAY 12 OCT, 1.00-6.00pm

ABN-AMRO
Baillie Gifford
Bank of America
Bank of England
Barclays Capital
Bear Stearns International Ltd
BNP Paribas
Capital Group of Companies
Citadel Investment Group LLC
Citigroup
Credit Suisse First Boston

D E Shaw (USA)
Deutsche Bank
Dresdner Kleinwort Wasserstein
Fidelity International
Goldman Sachs International Ltd
HSBC Corporate Investment
Banking and Markets
JPMorgan
Lazard
Lehman Brothers International
Macquarie Bank

Merrill Lynch Investment
Managers
Morgan Stanley
N M Rothschild & Sons Ltd
RBC Capital Markets
Royal Bank of Scotland Corporate
Banking & Financial Markets
Standard Life Investments
UBS
WestLB AG

FINANCIAL SERVICES EVENT 2005 – THURSDAY 13 OCT, 2.00-5.30pm

Aon Limited
Aspect Capital
Baker Tilly
Barclays Bank plc
BDO Stoy Hayward LLP
Capital One Bank (Europe) plc
CQS Management Ltd
Deloitte

Ernst & Young
Financial Services Authority
KPMG
LECG
Mercer, Marsh and Kroll
PricewaterhouseCoopers LLP
Punter Southall & Co
RSM Robson Rhodes

Saunderson House Limited
Smith & Williamson
Standard Life Assurance
Swiss Re Life & Health Ltd
Teather & Greenwood
The Actuarial Profession
Willis
Wingrave Yeats

GARDEN HOUSE HOTEL, MILL LANE

Check our website, the *Careers Service Guide* and *Diary* for full details of all our events, employers, careers, and many ideas from the conventional to the unconventional.

www.careers.cam.ac.uk





My Summer of Sudoku

Mary Bowers

Welcome back, industrious students of Cambridge! Welcome back from digging wells of fresh water for a small Thai community, planting trees to prevent soil erosion wiping out a small Peruvian village and saving young teenagers from themselves on a drug-addled estate in deepest Salford (and that was all before some of us had even picked up the phone to vote Derek out of Big Brother).

Welcome back, Lawyers everywhere, from hours in front of flickering screens in sweaty offices, peeling off crisp pin-striped suit jackets in the desperate attempt to claw your way out of the students debtors pit and onto the first rungs of the ladder to corporate heaven (the rest of us are set for dole-queue hell).

All over Cambridge, Latvian wall hangings have been cautiously unfolded from suitcases, those naughty stories you hinted over your mass emails about that lost weekend in Shanghai have been extrapolated and photos of you posing with a thousand grubby little street-child faces have been pinned up on bedroom walls.

Well, not my room. No sir. The only tangible souvenirs of my summer are a slightly itchy smoker's cough, an official document saying I've failed my driving test and the permanent scarring from seeing Kinga shove a you-know-what up her you-know-where (if you



"So that's it. No more societies. No more rehearsals. No more language seminars."

don't know what I'm talking about, go back to your Argentinean worry beads. It'll be fine). And I'm proud. Officially I am part of a Cambridge ethnic minority.

Kelsey Kerridge is the sinister training ground for little armies of the overworked. SocFair goes: did you manage to resist the email lists tempting you out to the mountain-hiking society? Were you lured by Curly

Wurlies into balancing the books for the zoological-based music society at Girton? It has happened to the best of us. But stand your ground! When they approach you smiling and full of cheer, see through to the malignant black-hole they wish to deposit in your life, and forcefully reject their advances (I hope you disregarded this, incidentally, when you walked past the *Varsity*

stand. Writing for this newspaper can only be beneficial to your health and well-being).

Who, after all, says that you must be cox of the first boat at 6am, up to your first lecture on anthropological research at 9am, presiding over your meeting as president of Polish Cubism Soc at lunchtime (get those hoodies printed), back off to pick up some books from the faculty in

the afternoon before dashing off to rehearsals for that new Alan Bennet play you're doing at the ADC and then grabbing a packet of crisps and a pint at the bar, making the cool kids erupt with laughter at some witticism from the day, before completing tomorrow's essay before 10pm, heading to Cindy's and collapsing in bed, Gardie's wrapper in hand, just in time to hit your alarm

clock ready for your 5am shower?

Not I: I fully intend to continue my summer-regime-of-slack by completing the easy Times Sudoku every day (one day I shall reach my zenith by completing the fiendish one. And I'll email it to them before noon to win champagne). I will make time to sit in the bar and continue my weekly *Lost* viewings (will the blonde one finally reveal the hair-straighteners she's been hoarding these last five weeks?). And what is more, this pleasant new timetable will leave me happy and fulfilled to the extent that I will inspire others to follow in my footsteps. The Pied Piedler of Cambridge they will call me. Thousands will flock to my banner and within the year, an extra-curricular hell mouth will have opened up (probably over Churchill) and swallowed the remaining fragments of the society army.

So that's it. No more societies. No more rehearsals. No more extra language seminars (OK, so I never did this last one). I am putting myself on a strict regime of slackness, confined to the staple diet of alternate mornings in the Seeley and the odd *Varsity* column when I feel indulgent.

As Morrissey almost said "Underachievers of the World Unite!" Just don't form a society. Though, wait. I can think of a great design for a hoodie.

CAMBRIDGE
EQUINE
FERTILITY
EXPERT



Professor William
'Twink' Allen

With a mixture of petty vindictiveness and political timidity, Caroline Flint MP, the political boss of the Animals (Scientific Procedures) Inspectorate of the Home Office, has finally banned the University's Equine Fertility Unit from attempting to clone horses by nuclear transfer.

This was after three years of constant applying, appealing and re-applying, during which Dr Xihe Li, senior embryologist at the Equine Fertility Unit, worked diligently and successfully to perfect the technique in the lab.

Ms Flint - a London-born raven-haired 'Blair babe' - stated as her reason for refusing permission that 'the potential benefits do not match or exceed the likely animal welfare costs'.

To date, though, in Italy and North America, five cloned horses and three cloned mules have been born alive and healthy since 2002 and, at the time of writing, eight pregnancies in Texas and a further ten in California are past 100 days of gestation and seem to be proceeding normally.

Some of these may be aborted, but from past results, any such abortions are likely to occur before mid-gestation and will be of little or no concern or discomfort to the mare. And half or more of the pregnancies will proceed safely to term with the birth of live and healthy foals, thereby increasing the validity and efficiency of the technique.

So why clone horses anyway? In a word, the 'gelding problem'. In the non-racehorse sporthorse world (eg showjumping) the huge majority of male horses that take part are castrated (gelded) at a young age to make them more amenable to training and to 'keep their minds on the job' (not on girls!) while they compete. Inevitably, the majority that become the true champions are therefore gelded and so cannot breed and pass on their clearly expressed superior genes.

But if the champion gelding is cloned and his clone reaches adulthood at two years of age, that perfect genetic reproduction can begin to produce the next generation of champions.

The clone will never match his father as an athlete as he will have gestated in another mare and had a vastly different birth, upbringing and training, all of which will influence markedly his phenotype and athletic potential. But, he will be genetically identical and produce exactly the same populations of spermatozoa that his 'father clone' would have done had he not been gelded.

No other domestic animal suffers this 'gelding syndrome' in the same way, so the Sporthorse breeding industry cries out for the cloning technique to be applied to it more strongly than to any other domestic species.

Cloning of Sporthorse geldings is beginning to 'take off' in equestrian countries all round the world, notably France, Italy and America. But not here in poor, super-governed Britain where this magnificent biological breakthrough was first achieved ten years ago by Professor Ian Wilmut. Yet again, we abandon British innovative science to sensible commercial exploitation in other countries around the world.

The Government needs to do its homework Why national access schemes just don't fit

Bobby Friedman



According to the government, and probably to anyone studying at LSE or Imperial, Oxford and Cambridge are just normal universities like any other. In occasional league tables one of the constituent parts of 'Oxbridge' gets shunted into third place nationally and suddenly we're told that an Oxbridge degree isn't a class above the rest.

The trouble for the proponents of this notion, though, is that however much they say otherwise, it just doesn't mean the same to go anywhere else. So much sets Oxbridge apart, and not only formal halls and beautiful buildings, but more importantly the rigorous tests that people coming here need to pass before they're even offered a place. That's why, for example, one of the girls from Cambridge, who I was travelling with this summer, found that a guy who was chatting her up decided to completely ignore her when he found out where she was studying. He said that she must be 'too clever' for him. My subject, politics, has excellent departments at places like Exeter and Essex, but

I've never heard a tanked up bloke tell a girl he's trying to pull that he won't speak to her because, "You go to Essex University, and while it's status nationally is somewhat mediocre I hear the politics department is really highly regarded...so you must be too clever for me".

Which brings me to the newest government educational initiative, announced this summer by Education Secretary Ruth Kelly, but lost amongst the bombs and hurricanes that made the expected journalistic silly season anything but frivolous. The proposal argues that less advantaged students should be able to apply to universities after their A-level results, with places being reserved especially for them, as state school pupils' grades tend to be underestimated. There's no denying that there is an admissions problem both nationally and in Cambridge itself, but it seems that in trying to apply this idea to Oxbridge the government is fitting a square peg into a very Cambridge shaped hole. There are arguments for and against the scheme for universities in general, but

actually it is vital to recognise that the situation for Oxbridge is simply different. The reason why it means so much to other people when we tell them we go to Cambridge is because they know how hard it is to get in. Oxbridge's process is unique, and it doesn't particularly rely on predicted grades. The combination of interviews, entrance exams and pre-written essays provides Cambridge and Oxford with a better basis for making a decision than any other university. So changing this one tiny aspect targets something that, for Oxbridge, has no real affect on whether someone is let in or not - and won't help those being let down by the admissions process.

But - and this is a big but - this means that our admissions problem is somewhat more complex. Cambridge should ignore the government's proposals, but must also ensure that the University's broader entrance system becomes fairer. This does include taking account of a person's schooling when looking at predicted and real grades, but more pertinently it means

making sure interviews give everyone the chance to shine, with questions directed towards identifying a candidate's potential to learn rather than his taught knowledge. The inclusion of more interviewers would also help to negate the effect of arbitrary prejudices - which can make the difference when only one or two people are conducting interviews. The suggestions put forward by our own head of admissions, Geoff Parks, which argue for open-ended questions in A-levels, designed to tell apart well taught, 'hard working sloggers' from the truly talented, should also be high on the government's priority list.

There's a reason why Oxford and Cambridge are treated differently by UCAS. The government should recognise that Oxbridge is a special case and shouldn't force measures like those they have proposed upon us, as they won't work. But in giving this dispensation they must ensure that Cambridge fulfils its own responsibility and establishes a more coherent set of access procedures.



What's my demographic? I've been writing this, as ever, with a bilingual, pipe-smoking Chilean matriarch in mind. If that's not you, could you pass it on to someone who it is? She'll enjoy it more.

Last night a child triumphed over adversity and made me sad: last night I watched an advert for potty-training nappies. Boy, was his mother proud (and healthy-looking, in her early thirties, pretty but homely, wearing a thin, colourful jumper). He ran out of the bathroom arms aloft like a footballer, exciting pop music played and he seemed the happiest a person could be. Oh to feel like that! For the life of me, I can't remember that earth-shatteringly brilliant moment in my life, and know I'll never have it again. Make you wonder what's the point in going on, nappies.

Today the TV suggested that point might be sandwiches. It said if I bought one of McDonalds' new sandwiches I'd be Manly, British, Regional, Down to Earth and, best of all, Happy. I just went and got one. I am still sad, but now full.

Loads of mothers round the country are giving their depressed children nappies with one hand and holding the Ritalin in the other, in case those nappies are too effective. As any mother knows, hitting that right balance of nappies and Ritalin is the key to good parenting.

I'm scared of people in the service industry, because sales staff seem cross and bored. Understandably. I guess if you were to spend all your time surrounded by objects not people, you'd quickly come to think of those objects as your friends, possibly lovers (celibate, though). The fickleness of those objects when someone dangles some cash in their face would be outrageous! Through the door at the drop of the hat! You thought objects were so much more reliable than people – and now you've ruled out objects and people, what is left? You'll have to have a romantic relationship with an Idea or a Concept. But even then you can't be sure of fidelity, because you don't who else is thinking it.

Buying things turns you into an adulterer. All consumers are bastards. If you want to demean those who work for you more than by calling them 'sales staff' or 'workers' or 'ants' or 'bees' or 'ant-bees*', call them 'baristas.' It's clever: superficially empowering, while ultimately a self-important sounding name which invites ridicule and jokes about lawyers.

I used to think the best way to gain a barista's respect was to say the order absolutely correctly – 'mocha, grande, with whipped cream please, to take away.' While the barista's jaw hits the counter. Then taps his friend to tell him what just happened, and can you believe it? And his friend can't, so phones head office. They can, this is all part of their plan, you're playing right into their hands.

But now I see that to show you're really not scared, you should dig your heels in, and use words like 'little,' 'big,' 'foamy,' and 'chocolatey.' They'll question their whole belief system. This tactic also works on monsters. Of course, you'll never get a monster to question his beliefs. But those words confuse them into submission.

In conclusion: Buy less stuff. You'll have more storage space, and storage space is desirable. You can still buy cupboards, mind. They help.

*A cross between an ant and a bee – basically, a bee with ant's legs. Looks like a bee, acts like a bee. A waste of the taxpayers' money.



Illustration: Tom Kingsley
Photography: Michael Derringer and www.ratemymom.com

Portrait of the Banker as a Young Man

Inverse Identity Theft: Cambridge's underground crimewave

Having something of a preference for the vintage option, I have been grumpily avoiding the 4,000 new things recently washed up on our island. I did, however, bump into one particular individual; a Mr B. Canvas.

He seemed perfectly charming, and I determined to keep an eye out for the blighter as he made his way into the Cambridge world. Seemingly unaware of how patronising an idea this was, he agreed to stop by and let me know how he was getting on.

A couple of days into his time on the Bridge, Blank (as his friends prefer to call him) popped round for some tea and we had a chat about his early experiences. A lively and confident young man, he had met hundreds of very different people, and was full of tales of sporting, drinking and artistic activity. All this was very promising and I warmed to his experimental spirit.

Not a week later, however, and my budding buddy arrived for his second visit a transformed man. His fresh-faced willingness to try anything had been mysteriously replaced by something of a narrow set of interests and friends. A little surprised, I asked him what had brought about this limiting of horizons, and he, being after all a narrative device, obliged.

It transpired that poor young Canvas had been the victim of what is known in public order circles as Inverse Identity Theft (IIT). In contrast with your standard identity theft (whereby the felon appropriates your identity to use for nefarious purposes), IIT occurs when an individual has a pre-established identity grafted on to his own.

Shock and anger at the audacity of this little known crime led me to investigate further and I am now in a position to reveal the identity conspiracy at the heart of our quiet little university.

It seems that for decades, centuries even, criminal gangs have been preying on vulnerable youngsters like our Canvas and tempting them into a horrible Faustian pact. For the truth is that such gangs, masquerading as 'drinking societies', or 'rowing clubs', are something of a one-stop-identity-shop. In exchange for your individuality and general conversational ability they will provide you with a uniform and replacement generic conversation, replete with witty playground repartee. Oarsome.

This would all be well, and understandably attractive for those seeking a hiding place from the dangers of unscripted social interaction, were it

Such groups have a distressingly stultifying impact on the successful development of what are known in the trade as 'personalities'

not that such groups have a distressingly stultifying impact on the successful development of what are known in the trade as 'personalities'.

Fresh and ready for adventure one may be on arrival in Cambridge, but the neuroses of youth, and the pressure to fit in, can make the prospect of discovering oneself daunting. It might, you see, take years and involve an inconvenient process of trial and error.

Into this niche market slide our one-stop-shops, offering the personality equivalent of ready meals. Worry not they whisper seductively in the youngster's ear, no more will you have to fret over where to spend your time, what to wear, or who to talk to.

We will provide all this, and may even codify it, so that you can carry round your identity in a little red book.

Having exposed this criminal network, other mysterious happenings started to make sense. Why do lectures start within five days of one arriving in Cambridge? In order to prevent any dangerous period of reflection or settling in that might lay the foundations for an embryonic personality? And why has there been such uproar about identity cards? Because of civil rights? Of course not. The NO2ID campaign is being secretly funded by t-shirt and hoodie manufacturers, terrified that stash will be made redundant. After all, who will need a garment declaring that its owner 'Loves Cox(ing)' when that information is recorded electronically and available in a handy credit-card size?

But back to poor Canvas, or The Mighty Vomit, as he is increasingly known. As term progressed, it became increasingly clear that the young fellow had not been permanently damaged by his experience of character violation. He was still at heart the charming fellow I first encountered, and indeed soon found himself in a similar master-slave relationship with various other of these criminal organisations. I began to worry less for him and to see in his stamp-collection approach to self-definition a viable process. Like cannabis, the practice of inverse identity theft is no-doubt illegal, but nonetheless has a role.

That being said, there is still the worry that such activity serves as a form of gateway drug. Once started on the road of identity sacrifice, it is all too easy to slip into the hard-stuff, and by the time the social services realise you might find yourself living in Surrey, working for a hedge-fund and driving young Florence (would you name your daughter Stoke?) to school in an SUV.

Olaf Henricsson-Bell



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Varsity has been Cambridge's independent student newspaper since 1947, and distributes 10,000 free copies to every Cambridge college and APU weekly. Varsity is proud to be the holder of numerous student media awards and a vast number of alumni now working in international media. Varsity also publishes BlueSci magazine and The Mays, an online edition at www.varsity.co.uk, and broadcasts weekly on CUR1350.

To be involved, contact the relevant section editor, turning up to a section meeting (right) or by coming to the Varsity squash - 7pm on Thursday, 14th October at The Soul Tree. No experience necessary.

Section Meeting Times:

News - The Munby Room, King's: 7pm, Sundays
Music - Upstairs, Clown's Cafe: 3pm, Friday
Literature - Tatties, Trinity St: 2pm, Friday
Sport - the Eagle, 5pm, Saturdays

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Unwanted Intrusion

When the subject of newspaper subscriptions was raised at a recent college AGM, the JCR president eloquently argued that all "red top," tabloids would be of far greater interest to his students than their more familiar broadsheets, as they could always be guaranteed to report upon Cambridge events before word of them got around the University. Oxbridge life has long captured the public's imagination and Cambridge scandal stories are frequently used as filler for the centre pages of a hollow newspaper. Reassuringly, these generally focus upon the salacious or the academic; on dodgy dons, dismal drinking societies, up-skirts, down shirts and "in tiaras," or access, management problems and top-up fees.

The media attention that has surrounded Monday's terrible confrontation has caused alarm across the University and shocked a sedate college into a state of anxiety. It has also proved an unpleasant fascination of the press. *Varsity* has been offered upwards of £4,000 for the photos on this week's front page and promised more for any further lurid details. "So, you want a career in journalism, son?" , "we'll mention your name however you want" , "what's her facial expression, lad?" , "so, how much blood can you see?" Just some examples of an unpleasant series of phone calls with Britain's National Press. Perhaps enough to dissuade many a *Varsity* hack from a career in journalism.

A separate, but more immediately resolvable issue that has arisen from the recent incident, is one of student safety within colleges. Whilst Lucy Cavendish have frequently re-enforced the existence of panic alarms in the college, many students have expressed concerns to *Varsity* that these are neither plentiful nor conspicuous enough. Students in other colleges have been unable to locate any at all.

It was reinforced to all Lucy Cavendish Freshers during an annual college dinner on Tuesday that "things like this never happen in Cambridge." Let us hope that this continues to be so.

Out of freshers' week into the fire

Students reduced to dressing gowns, cross-dressing and dog food, diving in and out of Cambridge's w(e)ary pubs, constantly unsure of their next mission, but always ready to accept it. Is Freshers Week no more than a desperate delay of the inevitable? When the dust settles and the streets are cleaned, then we all return to the inexorable grind of lectures, libraries and supervisions. This abridged week of manic boozing begs the question: who are you trying to kid, Kid?

Perhaps the best introduction for newly-arrived students to Cambridge might be a series of library inductions and courses in time management. It is unlikely that the freshers will pub crawl again or become active members of societies joined at the Freshers Fair, and friends furiously made in Freshers Week often vanish quicker than Lord Lucan once the real term begins. "Bah, humbug!" you might say and "but it's a tradition."

"But so is fifth-week blues," I can reply. And I bet your Freshers' Rep hasn't told you about that yet, has he?



Correspondence
email us: letters@varsity.co.uk

or write to: Varsity, 11-12 Trumpington Street, Cambridge CB2 1QA

The City's not the only route

Dear Sir,

I was pleased to read Natasha Anders's letter (*letters*, 30 September). I couldn't agree more - Cambridge is a popular place this term for visiting banks, consultants, accountants and lawyers. Why is this? Because they recruit early. Their closing dates are mostly before Christmas for an autumn 2006 intake. But with these employers all vying for your attention, it's easy to think the only careers on offer are City-based.

Look more closely, though. You'll find that from now, and increasingly over the year, the Careers Service promotes other opportunities: in the public sector, media, publishing, education, arts and heritage,

management, science and technology and the for-profit sector, and further study in the UK and abroad. More details are available on www.careers.cam.ac.uk

We're funded by the University to serve you, whatever your interests or abilities, not to get you a job in the City - unless, of course, you want one.

Gordon Chesterman
Director, Cambridge Careers Service

ID cards are worth better consideration

Dear Sir,

My own particular favourite inappropriate metaphor in the highly stirring and deeply intellectual letter by Seth Thevoz (*letters*, 30 September) was that 'ID cards are the relic of a police state'. Call me a snob, but I prefer not to read in print

something that could have been better composed by the Microsoft letter-writing wizard.

It's not as if the letter's content wasn't bad enough, never mind the metaphors. I for one don't object to the horrifying erosion of my civil liberties that is having my name, vital stats and extensive criminal record printed on a plastic card for the 'service' of making my identity less easy to defraud, consequently saving the government £1.3 billion per year. Before we bandy about patented panic-merchant phrases such as 'police state' let's not forget that not long ago and not far from here Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman were murdered by a man trusted in their community - ostensibly because his history of molestation, rape and violent assault on young girls had been wiped in Grimsby because of the

Letters

anxiety that there are too many personal records kept on file by the police.

There are undoubtedly reasons to object to ID cards, but either way it is a serious issue deserving of praise or censure written with at least equal care and attention to, say, that lavished upon picking the nose.

Rhona Brown
Jesus College

Short and Sweet

Dear Sir,

Did someone swallow the new Guardian and vomit it out over Varsity?

Love it!

Adam Lenson
Queens' College

Letters may be edited for space or style



Letter of the Week

Access: the other side of the story

Dear Sir,

A new year, and Cambridge students commence their self-flagellation over "Access". The big news this year is the 0.7% (that's right, the decimal is in the right place) drop in the number of state school students that were admitted. A 0.7% change in just about anything is not much to get excited over, and university admissions are no exception.

Universities do not exist to distribute some social good to applicants. Their purpose is to educate future doctors, lawyers, scientists and others. For universities to achieve this, they must be able to select those students that they can best educate. This selection is an imprecise science, and there is room

for improvement, but there should be no targets set by the government, which would necessarily entail selecting students that are less capable than others.

It is also commonly believed that Cambridge should be a demographic reflection of British society, but the only way to assure students are truly representative is to randomly draw out names out of a hat, offending the meritocratic ideal which is central to admissions.

A Cambridge degree is viewed positively because there is the perception that Cambridge selects the best. If selection is based on something other than ability, then the value of the degree is diminished. If the access warriors want to make themselves useful, they should argue for an admissions system that

The Answer

allows the best to demonstrate their ability while ensuring that sufficient funds are provided for those capable students who cannot afford to pay full fees.

Stan Lasic

Letter of the Week wins a specially selected bottle from our friends at Cambridge Wine Merchants, King's Parade



"As for my intelligence, I think it missed the Eurostar"

The Last Word

This Week: A Frenchman too far

With my nose pressed firmly to the Parisian grindstone for over a month now, I must admit that I am flooded with satisfaction at the thought that you have all finally hauled your reluctant frames back into Cambridge town for another year of sexy supervision antics.

Paris has so far proved itself a relentless taskmaster, callously and systematically stripping me of all linguistic faculty, beating the IQ right out of me, and cruelly confiscating any trace of dignity.

My glaring inability to express a personality in French has resulted in a distressing recourse to some other deeply-buried sub-character, long-suppressed, who has a devastatingly weak sense of humour and

is for the most part unshakeably boring. I almost shocked myself out of it the other day in fact, when I heard myself making a joke at work about my wallet, guffawing and spluttering as I spoke (well, no, but I might as well have been).

As for my intelligence, I think it missed the Eurostar. Last week, I was supposed to be meeting someone interested in a flatshare. So, approaching the metro station, I espy a small suited character bearing a large case. Naturally for anyone recently bereft of an IQ, I assume it is my man. The following ensues:

Me (grinning): Hey, what's the suitcase for? You moving in straight away? (Another one of my superb jokes)

Man: No, no, not at all.

Me: Oh, ok... So do you want to come with me, then?

Man: Er... No, thank you.

Me (increasingly bemused): What...? Then what have I come to meet you for?

Man: I have no idea, sorry.

Me (eyes widened, unspeakably confused): I really don't understand. Don't you want to see the flat?

Man: No, I'm meeting some children. I'm taking them on a trip.

I am now dizzy with imagined scenarios involving the petite man and a suitcase-full of kids. Anyway, I don't think either of us has ever been quite so disturbed by another party, and as soon as reality dawned, I excused myself to go and die a quiet death some-



Zoe Ross

where in the local area.

Another detail perhaps worth mentioning is that during a particularly arduous photocopying 'sesh' at work last week, I inadvertently overbalanced and tripped backwards into a fire extinguisher. And then tried to divert attention by asking the nearest person holding a piece of paper whether they needed to make a quick copy. The answer was no.

Such a barrage of soul-destroying experiences in so concentrated a period seem to point to the fact that France and me, well, we aren't exactly a match made in heaven. Still, it's early days... we can make this work.

Next week: Varsity gets the real deal on South Africa's top university



Varsity exclusively presents two extracts from the new novel by **Helen Oyeyemi**, a Corpus Christi undergraduate and author of *The Icarus Girl*

Something has always been the matter with my Mama – not that she is especially fragile, but that the variability of her strength is more marked than is usual in everyone else, as if she is wounded in a special way that makes her blessed. All my catechism tells me that being blessed is the same as being broken, and through the grace lent by a tubular suffering that her brain feeds her through every day, Chabella, my Mama, is lifted away from fact on ladders as pure as ice and as thin as angel's hair pasta. She tried to teach me where to look for love, and she also tried to teach me *Gelassenheit*, the longing to let go, the longing for all doors and windows to be opened and to escape, free, long before I read anything by Hans Denck. I drank *Gelassenheit* in by the litre at the kitchen table, where I sat on Mama's lap and watched her twist rice paper into graceful shapes whose petals were melded together with fine honey. The prayer flowers were ships built to sail nowhere – set aflame and unreeling a gently bitter scent as they bobbed atop water, they carried the tiny, senseless pleas scribbled on their petals only as far as the limits of the plastic bowl they died in. Mama recited letters to me; they were from her sisters and cousins in Matanzas, reminding her how lucky she was to be abroad, how lucky, *mi querida*, my darling, not to have to constantly pit yourself against *la lucha*, that struggle for life! The tone of the letters was not envious, only kind. In other news, people were getting married, being born, people were eloping with lovers to Santiago de Cuba and being caught up with for heated reprimands and grudging family blessings, people were winning street-wide cooking contests for the best *ropa vieja*, people were ripping off hapless tourists. As Mama spoke her alien litany to me, she depressed the centres of each flower with a deft thumb so that each missive could host a fire in its heart. Each petal, each prayer, read:

help

Papa didn't understand Mama. Chabella has always lovingly folded under Papa's will, which is why he always thinks she's alright. He was forty three when I was born, and Mama was twenty three; she had been one of his students at the University of Habana. I only know young-man-Papa from photographs. An idealist with a perpetually embarrassed smile, an unkempt afro and tortoiseshell spectacles, once he had finally, achingly understood that Castro's Revolution was not his, Papa eschewed America – rather, after stints at the

University of Hamburg and the Sorbonne, he arrived in London (to Tomas and I, he always says he was, 'sent abroad by Castro', as if Castro, having singled out the academics and bourgeoisie that he didn't want in his revolution, had first restricted their research possibilities, then leant over and lifted them all airborne and into England with a single puff) and he brought me and Mama with him everywhere. Mama never thanked him for it.

I was seven years old when we came to London. I've come to think that there's an age past which it is impossible to lift a child from the pervading marinade of an original country, pat them down with a paper napkin and then deep-fry them in another country, in another layer, in another language like hot oil that scalds the first language away, and I arrived in London just before that age.

So I soon outgrew Mama's evening flower ceremonies. After a while, the flowers that seemed to answer Chabella's questions in ecstasies of hush and smoke revealed themselves to be limp rice paper and only made me feel sorry for Chabella, my narrow-shouldered, café-con-leche coloured mother with her pink lipstick dotted mouth pinched, and her slanted brown eyes that always seem wet.

*
So I'm letting go.

Finally, in the lightening oak-stitched cell, jammed into a high-armed chair with a pen in my hand and the five sheets of black lined paper, the spiritual curriculum vitae, spread on my knees, I put aside my hope and begin to cry. Because I have tried. But I cannot answer to this. If I were truly being called to a vocation, the right words would be there for me, set in place like steps to lead me up and nearer. Instead, what I know is that all holy places really are dark places and that faith is acid. It's as if Mama has had her Orishas dog me, pace behind me in a mock-solemn line with their hands behind their backs to lie in wait for me, for the moment that, knees riding worn chapel-floor velvet, I close my eyes and ask to be allowed another sense of happiness –

then they take their places and strike a pose, and when I open my eyes to set my soul in sight, to find Christ, I find Him there, but I find them also, smooth onyx faces stacked behind bearded alabaster. And then I wonder who will catch me if I fall, the Orishas, or Him.

It's 4 am, and I'm still awake with five fingers splayed over the ribbed tube of my polo neck and the loop of old pain beneath it

(again and I'm at St Catherine's again and I am at the window again and I am amazed again at the way a steep hill holds growing green on its bald and unforgiving swerve when it will support nothing else.)

Is the air fine today? Can outstretched hands catch a rare tale?

Agbamurere.

We are never quite sure whether our lives are completely our own. Sometimes when we think we have found a new home, it is in fact the exact same place that we have left.

To make a beginning of it:

Once upon a time, a Yemaya Saramagua came to live in a somewherehouse,

(on being enquired after, it does not admit cartography, topography, geography, or photography, but sketches its own near-imperceptible contours on the checked gridlines between 'here' and 'over there'.)

Saramagua is not a surname.

Yemaya also answers to Aya, but no-one calls her that except for her ownself.

Whenever Aya leaves the somewherehouse, the outside-people stare as if they recognise her but are uncertain of her name. She speculates that her face must be made in a strange way that is neither beautiful nor ugly but something chiming strongly with both. Strangers do not offer smiles in return for hers, but neither do they hold entirely aloof – mainly, they let her see a set of the mouth that travels aimlessly upwards in the same direction as their brows and eyes; symptoms of misgiving.

“

WHENEVER AYA LEAVES THE SOMEWHEREHOUSE, THE OUTSIDE PEOPLE STARE AS IF THEY RECOGNISE HER BUT ARE UNCERTAIN OF HER NAME. SHE SPECULATES THAT HER FACE MUST BE MADE IN A STRANGE WAY THAT IS NEITHER BEAUTIFUL NOR UGLY BUT SOMETHING CHIMING STRONGLY WITH BOTH.

”

She does not much care; she is safe in (a somewhere house, a) brittle, rosy dessert tower cooked up out of a worn brick and cedar wood recipe and netted in a sheet of chocolate brushwood that cradles its misformed marzipan roof. Around is a hush, not the wrong quiet of woodlands when the birds are afraid, but the quiet found in a library lined with desks and people who are always about to speak but never do, and old books with cracked spines that would shout if they could. Weak yellow light trips fitfully in through the gaunt, white-bordered balcony windows of the somewherehouse, forced to limp through the maiming-sharp branches of the surrounding trees. Because of this irregularity and her way of napping in deep, unscented bathwater during the day, Yemaya finds a difficulty in telling when it is night-time and no more light will visit for hours. If she wants to know without submitting to the cluttered, sarcastic carved face of the hallway grandfather clock, she goes out onto one of the boxy balconies whose black metal vines smash against each other to give the impression of bars, and she examines the fissures between the trees until she can be certain that the sky has retreated and star-damaged blackness has come forward. Yemaya has no bedroom for and of her own; instead, for night-time she tries to find the room where the best sense of her trees can be had, and she takes her dreams with her to the bath's hoarse cavern and lets them distract her from the uneasy softening of the skin on her toes and fingers after too long a soak. Sometimes in sourceless agitation, chafed by a happiness had without deserving, she journeys the house and calls it by its name, 'Safety, safety,' –fresh out of the bath she flees barefoot down the slanting hallways shedding plump beads of water on the rusty carpet and rubbing the heel of her hand against the parting in her moisture-bejewelled hair, closest to where her scalp shudders. Then she slows and drags her towel up higher, wondering if she is indulging in something that is too easy to really be free. The next day, she forgets this, remembers again.

The beams whisper as she passes from floor to floor, rustling up staircases enveloped in a mushroom cloud of movable bedding; their hushed songs are rooted in the beauty of stability, of age – they talk about the obdurate sky, and reminisce about rich Lebanese slopes and the land patiently prostrate before the kind, killing sun. The house is made homesick by its cedar veins, which breathe out misty strands of red frankincense whenever the world of

somewhere is dipped into warm weather.

And when sunlight is a more constant guest and shaves dappled dark away from most of the houses ceilings, Yemaya thinks, yes, this house is food; it can be divided and hollowed out, what is fresh can, with an accurate cut, be daintily pared away from what is not, its taste and substance dresses the fingertips, it can surely be made to disappear into a meandering arrow of crumbs.

Other overcast mornings, when the wind bullies the branches and the green-brown leaves flee to the windows and helplessly moan *hussshhhh* against their will, Yemaya's day wakes her flat on her back on the edge of a butter-yellow fall of linen sheets. On these mornings she will find that she is clasping a handful of brown moths, their rough, fuzzy fluttering rocking her locked fingers.

Or,

her right hand is clenched with her thumb pointing east, as if she is about to let drop a string of beads for an infant's delight.

(When she opens the fist, cooling sand falls away from her clammy palm with a stutter, like long-powdered sugar leaping home to cane)

Then she wonders if she is not the food of the house.

The somewherehouse is four broad floors tall; underneath, a thin, stale biscuit of a basement, pillared with stone and streaky, blackening powder, swamped in throws and cushions and plump chairs in fir greens and heady reds. These colours float atop a feeling

(of no)

in that basement. An itch of gamine black spiders commandeers the fabric of the chairs and sofas, zigzagging the gluey summits of their giant, multi fibred meshes like nonchalant tightrope-walkers. The basement's back wall holds two stray wooden doors, both rattling evenly away from the wall in blocky 'L' shapes as if stitched in with a precise needle loaded with brown thread. One door, stepped into sideways with head lowered and knees pulled up in preparation for pantomime tip-toeing, takes Yemaya straight out into London (Holland Park) and the raggedly genteel hum held in a low-built slice of city after dark. The other door opens out onto the striped flag and cooking smell cheer of that tattered jester Surelere, in Lagos – always, the door leads to a place that is floridly day. Surelere, Surelere, whose name is a chant, and enough.



Illustration by Frank Paul

the mays

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'Maybe in a few years this lot will have me out of a job' - **Zadie Smith**



PRESCRIBED

Punk/goth/indie freshers: will they still look punk/goth/indie by the end of the term? Or will they have become, tragically, just like the rest of us?



The King Street Run: hostile metal fans guard, like trolls, the best indie jukebox in Cambridge

Dental dams: clearly the misunderstood cousin of the safe sex family, the dental dam has achieved only a



cult following. They are, however, a necessary measure to avoid reckless and risky cunnilingus. And what's more, they give them out to Freshers in every colour

Kettle's Yard Art Loan Scheme: go along on Monday between 5 and 7pm to borrow some art for the year for less than the price of a poster



Salmon stairs engineers are sometimes considerate enough to build steps up the side of their dams, so that salmon can climb up them on their way to spawn. That should be a lesson to us all

"IT'S A MUCH BIGGER IDEA THAN SAFETY-PINS"

Carly Farthing talks to punk legend Don Letts about Mohawks, accidental filmmaking and why apathy is "the greatest disease of the 21st century"

Don Letts – DJ, band member, music-video director, filmmaker – expresses his desire that his interview read like a Ramones song. "Short, fast and furious. Waffling is not punk rock. If you're talking about it, you ain't doing it."

Hard luck for now because talking is exactly what we're here to do, in the week that his new documentary *Punk:Attitude* has been screened to critical acclaim at the Raindance film festival and also released on DVD. Looking at his back-catalogue there seem few more qualified to make a documentary on the history of punk-rock; he DJ-ed at the Roxy club, hung out with The Clash, managed The Slits and is often credited with being instrumental in introducing punks to reggae back in the 70s – an impressive punk pedigree.

Punk:Attitude is more than a snappy title; for Letts, punk rock represents far more of an ethic than a musical genre; an attitude and a way of life that just happened to find its expression in music. He is evangelical about punk as an "ongoing dynamic"; the movement, he maintains, goes far deeper than the "loud fast guitars", and the "superficial imagery" of Mohawks and safety pins that emerged from the Sex Pistols scene. "It wasn't about that. It was about freedom, and that attitude did not begin and end with the 1970s. This is what my film is trying to show." His first edit, a hefty three hours, cited examples from the Surrealist art movement and the films of Bunuel. "I'm trying to widen the brief here, and not trivialise what is a much bigger idea than a safety-pin."

Yet the one of the most interesting, not to mention curious, things about *Punk:Attitude* is that it's a music documentary with a maker who insists it's not really about the music. The impression the viewer receives is one of punk as a concept that merely found a musical outlet in the 1970s, with its furiously fast songs more of a by-product than anything else. Letts says he made the documentary "for the young, the old, whoever's willing to embrace the attitude, which is sadly lacking these

days. This is a wake-up call for anyone who wants to listen and understand the punk attitude and be a part of it. Looking around at the cultural climate of today, it felt to me like punk never happened."

The film may push the view of punk as a philosophy that transcends time and music, but behind this, there's also the unavoidable fact that the do-it-yourself ethic often produced something that was, musically, a bit dodgy. Johnny Rotten proudly proclaimed, "we're not about the music, we're about chaos", and famously answered a mid-gig heckle of "you can't play!" with "so what?". Letts himself admits that during his days with the group Big Audio Dynamite, "I couldn't even play an instrument". Isn't that the punk rock ethic? "Works for me."

Letts is also frankly pessimistic about the music of today's potential to instigate a revolution. "Punk's not just music, it's an attitude that goes beyond just music, and in fact I'd go so far as to say that most of the music coming out of the West is almost the last place to find it now. I'd go so far as to say the world doesn't need any more bloody music." Letts rails against what he sees as the superficiality of the music industry today, with MTV, *Pop Idol* and the like coming in for heavy – if predictable – criticism. "It's become increasingly difficult to be radical within this format of music. I come from a time when – as my film says – the music was this anti-establishment thing. Now people get into music to be part of the establishment." Of nu-punk, or the existence of any sort of true punk scene in today's music industry, Letts is scornful. "If you're calling yourself punk you invariably ain't."

He is adamant he would never return to directing music videos, as he did so prolifically in the past for bands like The Clash, Bob Marley and Elvis Costello. "I don't want to sell egos and makeup. When I did it, it was brilliant, but now it's more about choreographers and makeup artists than it is about the band. That's not the stuff that I grew up on." I suggest that with the ubiquitous video, MTV making-ofs and,

“ IN THE NME IT SAID 'DON LETTS IS MAKING A FILM', AND I THOUGHT, 'OK, I'LL CALL IT A FILM'. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING. I WAS GOING WITH THE VIBE. IT WAS VERY DIY BUT THAT WAS WHAT PUNK WAS ABOUT ”

endless promotion to the detriment of any kind of mystique isn't such a positive thing. "We're seeing everything, and there's nothing there in the first place. I come from this time where art inspired, communicated, turned people on, and generally elevated my situation. Wanting to wave hello mum on the TV is not enough reason to occupy airspace."

Letts is just as disparaging of modern society's potential for revolution as popular music's. "Everybody's too busy wanting to be on telly." My venturing that with our world's current political instability, and Iraq as our Vietnam, this might be the right climate for change from within is met with incredulity: "What are you talking about? It's been overdue since the end of the 90s!" Apathy, or just everyone being in the queue for *The X-Factor* auditions? "Apathy's the greatest disease of the 20th century, but there's also a bit of Warhol's prophecy come to curse us, that everybody can be a star for 15 minutes. Most of these people can't justify three."

As if aware that this might make him come across as an "in-my-day" naysayer, Letts is at pains to point out that he is "an optimist", especially about the potential from the rest of the world, and "the naive, the amateur". Our Western value system may be, as he terms it, "a bit shot", but "I don't want to be a doom-monger. I actually believe that this thing we're talking about, it's like the force in *Star Wars*." I can't help laughing at this, but realise that he's serious. "Stop that! It's out there somewhere, but it's in the least expected places. Places that maybe aren't smothered by satellite dishes, or had 25 years of MTV rammed down their throats."

He may be dubious about a lot of popular culture, but praises the artistic ventures coming from "left of centre" (an area he places himself in). "I'm looking forward to Kate Bush's new album. And there's a lot of interesting independent cinema; the films I enjoy these days are coming out of the Far East, or Europe generally. It's not about body counts and boogies. Raindance's happening this week; these are people that are operating in spite of

the business, not because of the business." Again, there's the championing of the DIY punk ethic: "The whole internet thing and affordable technology has put the means of production into the hands of the people. If you've got an idea, you can get it out there, and there are people who've got good ideas out there." Followed with a pointed, "They're just not on MTV."

He credits punk's 'DIY' ethic as the reason he fell into filmmaking. "The whole point of punk rock is that it wasn't a spectator sport. The energy was such that it made you want to get involved." From his prime position at the epicentre of the London punk scene, in close quarters with the Clash and the Sex Pistols, Letts "picked up a Super 8 camera and reinvented myself as a filmmaker". The resultant "home movie" footage of the bands became, quite by accident, 1978's *The Punk Rock Movie*. "In the NME it said 'Don Letts is making a film', and I thought, 'ok, I'll call it a film'. I didn't know what I was doing. I was going with the vibe. It was very DIY but that was what punk was about."

The future, both for Letts and for his hoped-for resurgence of true punk attitude? The first one's easy; a documentary on BBC4 late this month about the avant-garde jazz artist Sun-Ra – "really weird guy, totally punk rock". And after that, uncertainty. "It's getting increasingly difficult for me to find subject matter that I can give my heart and soul to." Is this a sense of 'left-of centre' alienation from the mainstream? "Nah. Bring it on, fuck it. I'm black, I've had the negatives and the positives all my life. I was born a punk." He says he is eternally hopeful that the true punk attitude will rise up to prominence once more. "The only reason to look back is to move forward. This is an attitude that's the birthright of the young, if they're brave enough. If it happened before, and I've shown that it did, it can happen again." To this, he adds: "When you look around today, it bloody needs to."





Illustration: Tom Windley



Punk: Attitude

Punk:Attitude is the brain-child of Don Letts, friend to the Clash and other punk luminaries, and in actual fact has disappointingly little to do with the music that symbolised a generation. As the name would suggest, it concentrates more on the movement that grew up around the movement, a movement that encompassed music, fashion, photography and film. The main problem with the film's approach is the superficial view of his subject Letts seems to take at times; the ethos that galvanised a generation is reduced to a simplistic "fuck you", rather than the DIY scene that was meant to be accessible to all.

This is not a documentary for the uninitiated. Some of the

bands that are referenced will be totally lost on the younger generation that has precious little knowledge of 70s punk. Those who are more au-fait with the decidedly "pop-punk" stylings of Blink-182, Sum-41 or Green Day will recognise more famous names such as the Clash, the Ramones or the Sex Pistols, but perhaps be bypassed by Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains or the Slits. For fans of 70s punk though, Punk:Attitude is a goldmine – a fun, informed and informative feature with comprehensive DVD extras that are almost more worthwhile than the film

Charlotte Keane

Punk: Attitude is available to buy now on DVD at £24.99

WHAT THE BIG SCREEN OWES TO THE MUSIC VIDEO

Since John Landis made his genre-defining debut with *Thriller* in 1983, the music video platform has launched the careers of today's most avant-garde directors, The Spike Lees and Jonzes of the feature film world owe much of their cinematic success to previous work in the music video arena. Without the pressure to fill fat studio wallets and top box office ratings, the music video provides the ideal format for experimentation without the high stakes of the big screen. However, the likes of Puff Daddy spending 2.7 million dollars on his 'Victory' video and Michael Jackson spending twice that on 'Scream', have ensured that the music video earns its status as a serious art form. Here are some fine examples talent nurtured in pop promos:

David Fincher – the darker side of Hollywood

Renowned for his film noir classics, David Fincher has gathered considerable acclaim over the past three decades for works such as *Alien 3*, *Seven* and more recently *Fight Club*. However, like many of today's directing moguls, he started out directing music videos including Madonna's 'Express Yourself', 'Oh father' and 'Vogue'. Not afraid to put big bucks behind his artistry, it was here on the sets of music videos that Fincher developed his uncompromising directorial style, not to mention a lavish taste for special effects.

Derek Jarman – renaissance man

Perhaps one of the most undervalued and intriguing British filmmakers of the twentieth century, Derek Jarman earns the reputation of great art-house

director, visual artist, writer and subversive gardener. Devoted to reviving the 'Great British Culture' stifled by Thatcher's reign, his films relentlessly assault the industry for its complacency. Similarly his music videos such as the Petshop Boys' 'It's a sin' and The Smiths' 'The Queen is Dead', reflect a brutal honesty, which may owe in part to his HIV positive status. These themes were explored on the big screen in later revisionist works such as 'The Last of England' and Marlowe's *Edward II*. Jarman's commentary on the British nation was never fully realised through film due to his death in 1994. However, the depth and polemical nature of his work provide much scope for discovery in years to come.

Jonathon Glazer – making waves

Learning his craft in advertis-

ing and music videos, Jonathon Glazer's portfolio includes some of the most memorable visuals to hit the small screen over the past ten years. His commercial success includes Guinness' 'The Swimmer', the recent 'Dream Club', and several campaigns for Stella Artois. However, his multi-award winning music videos were really responsible for launching Glazer onto the international film scene, including Radiohead's 'Street Spirit', 'Karma Police' and Jamiroquai's 'Virtual Insanity'. Making his feature debut in 2001 with 'Sexy Beast', Glazer has ensured that his films are remembered, if not for their content, then for Ray Winstone's tight yellow swimming trunks.

Hannah Briggs

Make a date with us. It could be the start of a great relationship.

If you're wondering what career can possibly make the most of what your head has to offer, why not spend some time with Deloitte on campus this academic year. We have a wide range of events that you can attend where you can meet our friendly staff and find out why Deloitte is such a stimulating career choice. Here is a brief overview of the events we're planning, so keep an eye out on campus for further details.

11 October	Consulting Information Event
13 October	Financial Services Event
27 October	Maths Event
2 November	Economics Event
9 & 10 November	Careers Information Event

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Venue Guide:

Fez Club

Where is it? Down a side alley, off Market Square sandwiched between two doors no student ever seems to darken (B Bar and Ta Bouche). The welcoming warmth of Moroccan-style cavern lights is only offset by the rather scary black-suited mafia on the door.

Why Fez? It is perhaps the only bar you will find outside North Africa where you can boogie to The Clash whilst simultaneously imagining you literally are Rocking the Casbah.

What goes on? Monday nights are famed for Fat Poppadaddy's mix of Funk, Soul, Motown and Indie Old Skool and new. It can turn into a who's-who of the University self-titled 'beautiful-people', especially considering who manages to walk straight in instead of queueing all the way

to Sainsbury's. Get there early. Other nights, less famed, but worth frequenting if not wasted enough for Cindies are International night on Wednesdays and Hip Hop/RnB on Thursdays. Watch out this term for guests Scratch Perverts and Zane Lowe.

Fez kicks off about 9.30, kicks out at 2.30am. Entry £2-£3 NUS, and two-for-one cocktails on a Monday night. They're not short of clientele, so make sure you bring extra (non-student) i.d. and smile sweetly on the door. If you don't want to queue and you're organised enough, text names to 07706755235 before 9pm, you can laugh at the hoardes as you mosey on in.

www.ponana.com

the essential events of the next seven days



theatre

Bouncers

The first play by British playwright, John Godber.

APU Mumford Theatre,
7.30pm, Monday 10th -until
Wednesday 12th October, £8



Cat on a Hot Tin Roof and Suddenly Last Summer

A double-bill of Tennessee Williams, who lived for many years in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

ADC: 7.45pm, Tue 11 to Sat 15 Oct, Tue-Thurs £7/£5, Fri & Sat £8/£6, **SLS:** 11.00pm, Wed 12 to Sat 15 Oct, Wed & Thu £4/£3, Fri & Sat £5/£4



The Winter's Tale

Performed by Propeller, Britain's only all-male ensemble company. 'Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.'

Cambridge Arts Theatre,
7.45pm, Tuesday 11th until
Saturday 15th October, from
£10

book now:



Jason Byrne presents The Lovely Goat Show

The hyperactive Irish comic is now selling out the Edinburgh Fringe's biggest venues.

The Junction, 7pm, £8 NUS,
Tuesday 1st November



Blondie

Debbie Harry once had an oil painting (above) done by HR Giger, who designed the aliens from the *Alien* trilogy.

The Corn Exchange, 7:30pm,
£30, Saturday 26th November



film and music

Michael Nyman

The composer's first ever solo piano tour. He will be playing music from *The Piano*, *The End of The Affair*, *Gattaca* and *Wonderland*.

The Corn Exchange, 7:30pm,
Thursday 13th October



Britten Sinfonia

Works by Purcell, Maderna, Berio, Strauss and a world premiere of the new work by John Woolrich. Broadcast on BBC Radio 3.

West Road Concert Hall,
Tuesday 11th October 1.10pm,
£3



Serenity

A Western in space from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*-creator and awesome genius Joss Whedon, who is now writing the script for the forthcoming adaptation of *Wonder Woman*.

Vue from today

WEEK of the PICK

Martha & Matilda



Week zero: infected with the turned pages of your summer reading list and darkened by the smog of imminent academia, it feels unreal. By giving us a week of nought, Cambridge enshrines a gentle dawn to the coming term; a homecoming for the old and the new. 'Which is nice', says Mathilda with a dew in her eye and under her foot. And so the sleeping giant of the ADC shakes its gory locks (thank you Bard) once more, for the one hundred and fiftieth time in fact. But far from pestilence and war falling from its tresses (thank you Milton, blind but sensitive), we usher in the new by saying a fond farewell to the old. The ADC this week held a gluttonous court to three of its Edinburgh Festival consorts; 'Macbeth: The Hour', 'The Threepenny Opera' and 'Under the Blue, Blue Moon'. And what a feast: the physical, the poetic and the passionate, followed by the vaudeville violence of Brecht's brothels leading to the surreal hilarity of the erstwhile Footlights. The ADC certainly knows how to put on a spread. For the audience member (old and new) this is gratifying exploration of the Cambridge drama scene.

There is no point in us putting pen to page about 'Macbeth' because Martha was in it, and when Mathilda shut her in the wardrobe, she found she could not type with one hand. Smug voice from cupboard, 'Brawn without brains'.

'The Threepenny Opera' adapted admirably to their new stage and welcomed new cast members with open arms stuck to near naked bodies. The slightly incongruous all-singing, all-dancing appearance of Brecht in drag was a delight to behold. Zara Tempest-Walters' Jenny, Mack the Knife's most illustrious whore, and Thomas Kohut's performance give what is a very slick production, real flare.

Time for a quick bottle of sloe gin and a single lonely lemon (split two ways, obviously, we do have separate heads) before the Footlights Tourshow. Incidentally the extension of the ADC bar, an architectural triumph, still feels pretty squashed. However, one recent graduate named it her favourite place in Cambridge and it was good to be back, particularly as the ebb and flow of sated audience members served to fuel the sense of excitement about the new term.

Observing the bell at 11pm

we reeled in, ceilidh-stytle, to the Footlights finale. Following a day in the sleep of narcoleptic Greg (Maximilian Bennett) the sketches scamper in and out of the surreal with real dexterity. 'Under the Blue, Blue Moon' is really funny. The vast landscape of dream humour may not be an original premise but the Footlights have created an original piece of comedy. It is a joy to see a sketch show that is perfectly interwoven with its narrative particularly one that balances the classically funny with the very clever. And here lies the delight of a home-run. The Cambridge audience, after the often sparse and sometimes hard to engage Edinburgh spectators, are a pleasure to perform to and the ADC space a pleasure to perform in. As audience numbers this week illustrate, this university's theatre world challenges all the others and although it may sometimes seem a bit of a clique it is actually a real free-for-all. And so Week zero ushers in the new year and the new students, a position of privilege that these Edinburgh shows really do justice. 'Hopefully quite inspiring' says Martha, retreating back into the wardrobe at the prospect of her 28th performance of *Macbeth*.

When I was 21 Emma Thompson

In what year were you twenty-one? 1980. I think.

What were you doing? Studying English at Newnham.

How did you celebrate your twenty-first birthday?

By having a water-fight on the roof of Newnham with Hugh Laurie and a couple of other mates.

What was your favourite outfit? Blue dungarees and my dad's leather fishing jacket.

What was your most prized possession? My brain.

What were you afraid of? My body.

What made you angry? Both of the above. Plus the oppression of women, but I may have been sublimating...

Where did you spend most of your evenings? In the Footlights Clubroom, or the Baron of Beef, or Stephen Fry's rooms in Queens.

What did you eat? Carbohydrates.

What music did you listen to? Dire Straits. Undertones. Talking Heads. That sort of thing.

What was the most rebellious thing you did? Shaved my head. Actually I think I was maybe 22 by then. No. Oh God. I can't remember. But will that do?

What are you ashamed of having done? Of having split up with my boyfriend in a cruel way.

What did you believe in? Love, friendship, feminism, politics, books and reading, stories, the value of laughter - lots of things I think.

What was your most political action? Manning a barricade! I think I was rather militantly feminist so probably consistently and unnecessarily rude to men.

What made you cry? Men.

What do you wish you had known then that you know now? That it was totally unnecessary and as a result of brain-washing that I didn't like my body; that female sexuality was a lot more complicated than I had thought, and that the sexual 'revolution' was largely for the benefit of men; that people who were older and cleverer and wiser were still not necessarily right; that my opinions were expendable and that my questions were valuable. And lots of other things...



I need excitement, oh I need it bad

Sam Blatherwick gets his teenage kicks at The Junction

Is it in my nature to go to gigs with middle-aged, balding punks now? The Undertones waltz onto stage at 9pm, a ridiculous start time for a headline band, and unusual nowadays. Although I guess most of the audience had work in the morning. The band reformed in 1999, without former lead singer Fergal Sharkey, who is now working for Tony Blair as a live music tsar. He was replaced by Paul McLoon when they played their first reformed gigs. There's been next to no contact with Sharkey since.

It's not as though it makes any difference: McLoon does both the best impression ever, and possibly exceeds him vocally. He strides

onto the stage like an uncle doing karaoke – dancing like a teenager on his own in front of a mirror, cigarette in one hand and microphone in the other. Of course, this is how karaoke should always have been, standing on stage in front of adoring fans, singing with one of the best singles bands ever to come out of Ireland.

The rest of the group seem a strange bunch of ageing men. Their sibling guitarists look like punk rockin' Yoko Onos, and their drummer was playing his third show with them, as their other one 'couldn't get the time off work'.

Yeah, it's a greatest hits set – what would you expect? When they play a song off the album

they released two years ago, there is some occasional movement, but not nearly the rapturous adulation received by older hits. It was a certainty, yet such a shame – 'Thrill Me', in particular, is just as strong as material in their previous incarnation.

Their final song before the encore, 'I Don't Want to Get Over You' is unbelievably powerful, especially in comparison to 'Teenage Kicks' earlier on, which seemed subdued. But still brilliant, of course. Busted tried their best, but it's so simple; you just can't ruin 'Teenage Kicks'.

Another bizarre moment occurs in the encore, when they launch into a cover of The Black

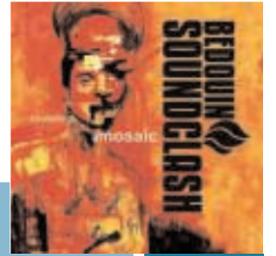
Keys' 'Have Love, Will Travel'.

I don't think people will be too offended (especially not those who read *Varsity*), when I say that most of the audience were not familiar with The Black Keys, and seemed bemused by the cover, which was none the less excellent.

The evening then took a turn for the strange, when the stage was pelted with mini-mars bars by a member of the audience, prompting the band to close with 'Mars Bar'.

A wonderfully bizarre finish to a straight up wonderful show. As reformed bands go, The Undertones' experience shines through.

album review



Three things must be said about Bedouin Soundclash: i) Two out of the three of them are white Canadian. ii) Track eleven of *Sounding A Mosaic* is titled 'Rude Boy Don't Cry'. Really. iii) Granted, nowhere on said debut can I find evidence of the words 'Jah' or 'Mon'. But I still haven't found the secret track yet, so there's still a chance...

Perhaps the personal consensus against this album was merely a product of my disappointment after the expectation set by the commendable single 'When the Night Feels my Song'. However, on subjecting it to a room full of (slightly inebriated) students, it passed the litmus test: no one commented on it at all. Which is perhaps the nicest thing I can think of to say about what is essentially samey incidental reggae-rock that makes Finley Quaye seem like the quirky one and laughs in the face of the word progressive.

Essentially described as Bob Marley produced by Rick Astley and vomited out by Fran Healy from Travis wearing one of those rasta hats you buy in Camden Market with the dreadlocks attached. Stay away.

Bedouin Soundclash
Sounding a Mosaic ★★★★★

Mary Bowers



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Art, Anthropology,

Anxiety

Jonathan Yarker wants an end to the egoism of European history of art

Bollywood was sooo last year. The moment Cherie Blair donned a sari, the cache of ethnic-chic evaporated overnight. The fleeting appearance of Mrs Blair's mid-drift is characteristic of our flirtation with non-western culture: we cherry pick styles and influences, before dropping them in favour of Sienna's boho charms. But fashion gives these cultures a better showing than art history. A slightly patronising approach to non-western art has, for the last century, dominated the discipline. Survey texts, from Wincklemann to Gombrich, have traditionally seen western art in a vacuum, only occasionally mentioning other cultures. Even in obvious cases of correspondence between the western canon and other visual traditions, like the Moors in Spain or the Byzantine-Turks in Venice, they appear merely as exotic cameos in the narrative of western art.

Well, I am being a bit dramatic, and the Cherie Blair sim-

ile was laboured, but this cultural isolationism has bred a disturbing attitude towards non-western art. We are so used to text books that tell us art began with the Greeks, got really good during the Renaissance in Italy, and then fizzled out in twentieth century France, we forget that other countries could - and did - do art. We seem to have convinced

"The big question: How do you construct a universal history of art?"

ourselves that 'art' is a preserve of Europe and North America - everywhere else has produced 'artefacts'. We have inherited a Victorian vocabulary to describe these artefacts: primitive, savage, immoral, and yet anyone who has seen Japanese ceramics and textiles, mogul miniatures, Micronesian sculpture, African bronzes, Aztec and Mayan jewellery, or even Persian armour, couldn't fail to be dazzled by their beauty and visual sophistication.

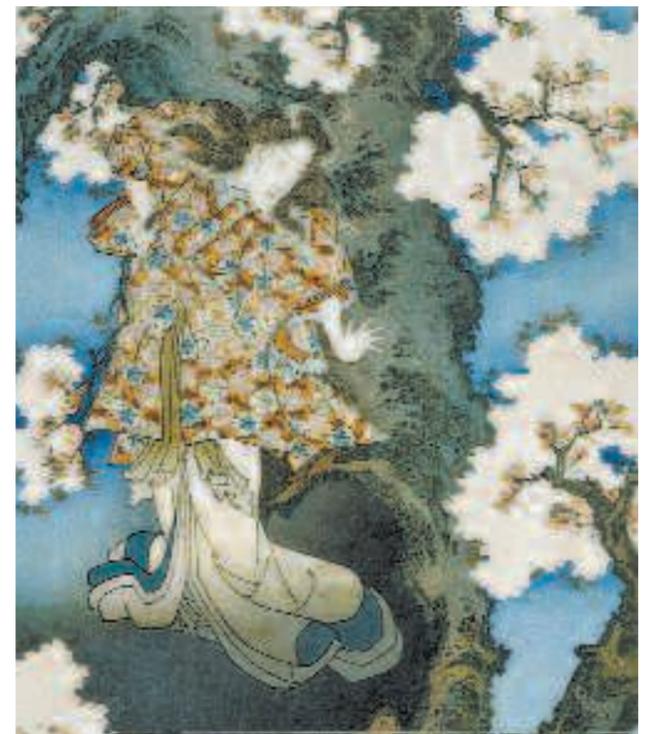
This is why modern art history faces a big question. How do you construct a universal history of art? By this I mean an art history that

encompasses art from every culture and every age. The contemporary art world has a degree of internationalism, artists are aware of each others work and exhibit all over the world. In Cambridge at the moment we have an exhibition of works by an Indian artist at New Hall and a Cuban, Slovenian, German and American at Kettle's Yard. But since this level of internationalism has never existed before, it is surely impossible and rather futile to compare two cultures separated by thousands of miles in say, the 17th century. If we examine Maswa decoration of Prowboards from Kitava Island in Papua New Guinea in relation to the contemporary Stuart portraits of Sir Peter Lely in England, we find there is no correspondence. In fact, there is nothing to be gained by a comparison. End of world theory, it lived less than a paragraph.

But surely there must be something? After all, we already have a viable system for the theory and analysis of western visual art, so why not apply it internationally? Easier said than done. Western art history requires a certain level of commonality between the various creative centres, and without this shared context, the value systems of technique and aesthetics don't work. Solutions have been provided by anthro-

pologists. Alfred Gell, for example, in his 1998 book, *Art and Agency*, written in the wake of 'methodological atheism' - that is the suspension of belief in religion - calls for 'methodological philistinism': for us to be indifferent to the aesthetic value of a work of art. So if we ignore the lack of visual similarity, we can see that both the Prowboards and portraits are symbols of power and wealth; they were objects for ostentatious show, where the artist and his technique have been subordinated to the whim of the patron.

But I still feel this comparison is tenuous. And I find Gell's strictly anthropological approach stifling. It begs the question: do we need an international art history at all? Does Gombrich's *Story of Art* of 1950, need to be re-written to include the Maswa Prowheads? I think not. But we do need to abandon the isolationist position of the discipline. We need to study non-western art in tandem with western, drawing relevant comparisons when necessary, but not forcing them when the similarities are absent. The greater level of internationalism in the contemporary art world should be reflected in art history scholarship. Non-western art shouldn't merely have a cameo role, it should have a major lead in the history of art.



More non-Western art in Cambridge

The Fitzwilliam Museum

A fascinating collection of Mughal, Rajputana and Japanese prints; Chinese bronze, stoneware and porcelain; and Egyptian figurines and Isnik pottery.

Search Out: Utagawa Kunisada's 19th century Japanese print *Snow and Love piled Up at the Seki-no-Barrier Gate* (above).

Museum of Anthropology and Archaeology

Extensive collection with exhibitions of Palaeolithic African and Asian art displayed according to geographical and cultural areas.

Search Out: The Malanggan ceremonial mask.

Read More...

Kymerly N Pinder
Face-ing Art History

Amos N Wilson
The Falsification of African Consciousness

Alfred Gell
Art and Agency



Art Around Cambridge

'Seated Buddha' 1st to 3rd centuries AD Fitzwilliam Museum

This remarkable sculpture is a small melting pot of stylistic influences. A traditionally eastern figure rendered with a powerful western influence. The historical Buddha, which literally means 'the enlightened one', was born a prince named Siddhartha Gautama in the Kingdom of the Shakyas in Northern India. The exact dates of his life are uncertain but by the mid-third century BC his ideas had become extremely influential not just

in India but also Ceylon, China and the North-west-frontier region of Gandhara (today in Pakistan). This schist stone figure was made in Gandhara between the 1st and 3rd centuries AD. The area lay on an important east-west trade route, and was well known to the Greeks by the fifth century BC. Conquered by Alexander the Great in 329-325 BC, it was subsequently ruled by Indo-Greek kings until the early first century AD. As a result of the various cultures that either passed through or settled in the area, the sculpture of Gandhara evolved a distinctive style that combined Greek, Roman, Indian, Chinese and Central Asian influences. Here the treatment of the Buddha's hair and drap-

ery can be seen to reflect the sculptural traditions of classical Greece and Rome. This is combined with a traditional pose that reflects contemporary Indian sculptures whilst the elongated ears and almond shaped eyes are ubiquitous in most eastern renderings of Buddha. Perhaps the most curious element is the cushion; the luxurious eastern swag is pinned to a rigid architectural frieze borrowed from a classical temple façade.

Each week we highlight an object of aesthetic interest in Cambridge. Send suggestions to letters@varsity.co.uk

album reviews

Franz Ferdinand You Could Have It So Much Better ★★★★★

They had me at hello: 'The Fallen', opener of Franz Ferdinand's second album, is their finest moment yet. Lyrically sublime ('And the Kunst won't talk to you') and packing a wonderful rolling voodoo bridge, it ushers in a sly album of inventive wit. Those who have witnessed the band's economical live sound will know that their strength lies in beats. The louche fills of the opener, along with the choppy toms of closer 'Outsiders', book-end a disc that sees 'Take Me Out's' 4/4 stomp

blossom. Whilst it is tempting to linger on the fresh acoustic strains of 'Fade Together' and 'Eleanor...', these tracks' novelty is contingent upon the heights of the album's more familiar up-tempo tunes. With 'Do You Want To', the band has distinguished itself. The reflexivity of the song's wit might grate with the heathens, but I cannot deny the virtues of blending Golden Earring and Debbie Harry. This said, the muted apocalyptic kitsch of 'Walk Away' still clearly stands out, and



Sam Blathernwick

eschews Franz's trademark swagger. It is, in fact, these exceptions that keep the album bolted to the CD player. The sonic extremes of the record render it a sure fire singles collection, replacing what it lacks in high concept with an adroit blend of witty lyricism and dancefloor marketability. 'I'm Your Villain' perhaps sounds as old as it is, but when even Franz Ferdinand's retreads sound as far ahead of their jangly, angly competitors as this, it's hard to go far wrong.

Ms Dynamite

Judgement Days ★★★★★

Once again, Ms Dynamite returns to lyrics which deal with rejection, love, war and gun crime. Unfortunately, this time the ideas and the songs seem somewhat worn and weary. 'Judgement Days', the opening track, comes across as contrived and preachy whilst

Here lies the problem: *Judgement Days'* lyrics are cliched and unimaginative. This type of blandness seems to be a running theme throughout the album. Unlike some of her contemporaries, Ms Dynamite seems to deliberately avoid witty, humorous lines, and as a consequence some of the songs come across as rather dour and laden. For someone who boasts of having never lost in an mc battle, she seems content to stick to simple lyrics even when dealing with complex issues. Slick, and well-produced it may be, but *Judgement Days* disappoints.



Natascha Anders



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'An explosion of energy, light and noise.'

Isabel Morrison
reviews
*Macbeth: The
Hour* at the
ADC



Toil and trouble

From its opening orgasmic scream to its dying gasp, *Macbeth: The Hour* plunges the audience into a barrage of 'sound and fury'; a courageous choice from director, Sam Yates, and his cast and crew. The production avowedly strains the limits of the play to breaking point, offering an explosion of energy, light and noise.

What makes *Macbeth: The Hour* so impressive is that it avoids the pitfalls of incoherence and excess. Deft constraints, such as the sparse setting, ensure that the staging is endlessly, at times almost wryly, inventive. Wooden planks metamorphose from doors to trees to shields, becoming drawbridges, stairways and banquet tables in ever-shifting

configurations. Members of the cast itself become mirrors, wardrobes and tangled undergrowth.

However, it is the strength and intelligence of the acting that ensure the production is never self-indulgent. Sophie Middlemiss is particularly mesmerising as Lady Macbeth. Ben Deery, Thomas Eccleshare, Jenny Lee, Brigid Von Preussen and Joanna Benecke also deserve acclaim for their powerful portrayals. Though it may leave both cast and audience a little breathless, *Macbeth: The Hour* undoubtedly delivers on its commitment to breathe new life into Shakespeare's tragedy.

ADC, 7.30pm, Tuesday 4th - Saturday 8th October



The fury of passion - Ben Deery and Sophie Middlemiss

Ways of Living Kettle's Yard

On Friday evening a new exhibition opened at Kettle's Yard. *Ways of Living* is an exciting event showcasing the work of four different artists, the young Cuban Jorge Pardo, Slovenian Marjetica Potrc alongside the more established the German Tobias Rehberger and American Andrea Zittel. The concept of the exhibition, artistic responses to domestic settings seems tenuous since each artist is creating fantastically different art works in wildly differing media, lamps, beds, textiles and video installations, but as you move from space to space, it feels less and less like a Habitat show home. The most visual striking and provocative work is Potrc's Barefoot College: A House 2002. The contrast of the highly colourful vernacular building sitting in the mute architectural sophistication of Kettle's Yard was extremely powerful. So, too, were Pardo's lights, which hang next to a series of prints, the organic shapes of the glass reflecting the lines on the wall. The A-Z Comfort Unit 1994, by Andrea Zittel, which was described as making visible the 'fetishistic aspects of lifestyle culture' seemed slightly dated and lost its impact when compared with Rehberger's striking Lying Around Lazy, Not Even Moving for Coke, Sweets, TV or Vaseline 1999. This is a changing installation which has been created to record shifts in taste. This exhibition sits interestingly next to Ede's own 'way of living' and is a fantastic opportunity to see important, international contemporary art.



'Slapstick with a capital "S"'

A camp cupid, slapstick routine, improbable twists of fate; *Much Ado About Nothing* is more Shakespearian farce than it is Shakespearian comedy. Having spent September touring America, CAST return to the home turf with a slick show that aims to do nothing more than entertain.

Much Ado is one of those Shakespeare plays that merges easily with the plots of *As You Like It*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and such. Drunken fools, amorous aristocrats, bawdy hoi polloi, cross-dressing - it's all in there somewhere. Beatrice and Benedick snipe, Hero and Claudio fall in love, there are plenty of plot surprises and all end up married.

This production bubbles over with energy and enthu-

siasm. The actors tackle their roles with vim and vigour and are careful to provide a clear rendering of the text. Ellena Spyrides' Beatrice is particularly impressive.

Yet CAST's version is all head and no heart. Beatrice and Benedick spar, yet there's a fatal lack of chemistry. Emotions like 'love' and 'hate' are dug a rather shallow grave. And the darker undertones of grief are, for the most, ignored. Instead, the humour value of every scene is drained dry; this is slapstick with a capital 'S'.

The production also fails to escape the lengthy shadow of - whisper it - the 'Ken and Em' version, the sumptuous Branagh film. When a student play mirrors a professional production so closely, it does itself no favours by the com-

parison, though it does have the slightly surreal upside of providing Cambridge's best take-off of Keanu Reeves in the shape of Phil Cleaves.

But to criticise this production for seeking nothing more than laughter is to judge it with values that it doesn't aim for. CAST look like they're having huge amounts of fun on that stage. And they're certainly desperate for the audience to enjoy it too. The proof is in the pudding, and people in the first audience were roaring with laughter. So if you feel like seeing a light, fluffy version of a well-loved play, venture to the Playroom this week.

The Corpus Playroom, 7.45pm, Tuesday 4th - Saturday 8th October



Phil Cleaves playing Don Jon

Imogen Walford reviews *Much Ado*

About Nothing at The Corpus Playroom

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THIS WAY UP FESTIVAL

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The Junction, £8/3 (NUS) 13th - 22nd October



'The auditorium was at least half full'

As another term of theatre reviews begin Varsity's Redland Flettons takes a light-hearted look at the art of theatre criticism

They say all that is needed for evil to flourish is for the good people not to say something to someone who could do something about it, and this is the message you leave with when you leave *Stability, My Brother!* (My Brother?), the new play by Cambridge Graduate Rew Coulton. The auditorium was at least half full on the day I went, which Rew said was average. Stuart Robson gives the stand out performance.

It's hard to articulate anything about this play, because the play very articulately attacks the very idea of articulation, and shows you how redundant it is to talk about things much at all really. In fact the only thing I could think to say when I left was not to say anything, which shows you how successful it is, I think. And the play does still allow you to think, which is typical of Rew's generosity. Everything about the production - the first class lighting (by Ed Forton) which covered the whole stage, choreography (Su Mill), and the excellent program (Susie Mill) - really shone out, and highlighted the redundancy of the actors,

and so acting. Rew is currently working in advertising for a company which is his dad's.

As an actor, it's hard to act knowing the play you're in is making you look rubbish, but it is achingly worthwhile. The actors all carried it off with aplomb. Thoroughly entertaining. In particular, Vladimir, (the eponymous 'Brother') was played well and stubbornly by Adam Harris, bravely capturing the right air of ennui, so unfashionable nowadays (why?!). The only exception was the lithe Stuart Robson, who really stole the show as the other Brother of the title of the play, Kent, a gargantuan hotelier with a mysterious past and diabetes. Robson really stood all over that stage. Truly a tremendous actor - end of story. Some say it's his malleable physicality which really makes Robson quite so good, but I think it's his generosity of character which makes him such a talented actor, and such a very good friend.

Fiona Rigelli's set was astonishingly stylish - almost like fashion. And being stylish is what plays ought to be about - Amen. You would wear this set

if you had the right shoes to match. Angular lines and smooth white surfaces, with shots of red - 'Is it blood? Perhaps it used to be fruit? Is it 'Stop'? Does it represent fruit?' - which really danced well with Forton's light (which Rew pointed out had varying colours and intensities) and certainly did nothing to help the action we were watching on stage.

So, was Tom Portly's (the director) daring fusion of physical theatre with a script written before rehearsals successful? Physical theatre is achingly cool at the moment and in the past year we've seen some fantastic moving on and across the ADC stage. But what does the phrase 'physical theatre' actually mean? Well, don't go to Coulton's play if you're looking for answers. *S, MB!* (MB?) was an unmitigated triumph of style over substance. Last night Rew Coulton, who works in advertising, killed theatre. It was boring. I was sad to see it bleed. If his next play is even half as good as this one, you should all go.

Stuart Robson will next be appearing in 'The Lick Unwanted (Unwanted?)' in Week 5



A Nightmare Before Christmas: Special Edition An extras-loaded version of Tim Burton's 1993 stop-motion gothic comedy at a low price. RRP £12.99

dvd
of the
week

ADC the Tennessee

“emotive portrayal of people living in deteriorating circumstances, commonly in a context of hysteria and violence.”

At a time when the American deep South has come abruptly into focus, it is perhaps apt that next week the ADC will be showcasing a double bill of the South's greatest playwright, Tennessee Williams. The Pulitzer-prize winning *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is the main show and will commemorate the 50th Anniversary of its Broadway debut. This will be followed by the late show, *Suddenly Last Summer*, which is set in New Orleans itself and is regarded as Williams' darkest work.

There will be a collection at the end of each performance to be donated to the Red Cross in America which has been heavily involved in the aid efforts in New Orleans.

Tennessee Williams is acclaimed primarily for his emotive portrayal of people living in deteriorating circumstances, commonly in a context of hysteria and violence. His writings offer a critique on human weakness in general, often affected by autobiographical elements.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof is one of William's most popular plays, in which a southern family's secrets are brought to the surface at the birthday party of their dying Big Daddy. Due to the iconic lead female, Maggie, this play is commonly misconceived as a romance. In directing this play, Olaf Henricson-Bell has tried to steer away

from this approach, highlighting its darker quality. “*Cat* is Romantic **not** romantic”, he argues, adding that they are using the original script, not the sentimentalized versions devised for the Broadway debut or the film. The main character, Maggie, has come from a poor background approaching life on a material level in pursuit of her dreams. As a student she met Brick, who, with his successful sporting career and wealthy heritage, fulfilled these ideals for her. But dreams can't last forever, and it becomes clear that theirs have long since died by the time the play takes place. Maggie expresses this directly: “Life has got to be allowed to continue even after the dream of life is all over.” In Maggie's effort to overcome life's obstacles after the said dream has dissolved, practicality prevails over her natural tenderness and she resorts to dissolute tactics for the sake of survival. In this way, Williams depicts the characters as products of a society that denies them moral purity. So the heroine becomes flawed and exposed as fundamentally no better than her mercenary sister-in-law.

In this production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* the design supports the actors in conveying the hyper-realism that is characteristic of Williams and so appeals to Olaf. Walls are represented only by their frames



Simon Evans and Zara Tempest-Walters rehearse for *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

to produce an oppressive atmosphere in which the characters are denied their private space, and backed by gauze creating an illusory impression. Costumes are a weird combination of black and white, skewing the audience's perception of 'moral juxtaposition', flavoured by a third colour, auburn, the 'colour of longing'.

It is Williams' ethical ambiguity that links the two productions. In many of his plays there are characters with whom the audience naturally empathise or admire, and those who we are led to despise. Yet ultimately none are morally superior. Lydia Wilson, directing *Suddenly Last Summer*, explains that it “wraps racism, homophobia, sexism and even cannibalism in a hazy blend of seeming moral ambivalence.” The murdered Sebastian, who is at the core of the play, is initially perceived to be a victim. But as the play unfolds, so the true story of his life and the events leading up to his death are revealed, and our image of him is progressively tarred until it is a totally

distorted version of its former self. In spite of the evil quality of *Suddenly Last Summer*, Lydia explains that its power lies in its “projection of emotional truth that is hysterical and huge... more truthful because of its unabashed theatricality.” It is indeed sinister, but it is essentially honest.

In developing this production of *Suddenly Last Summer*, the team used “actor-centricity as their first principle”, meaning that the actors were given the space to develop their own performances before designs were conceived. The cast were encouraged to “enjoy the voluptuousness of the characters”, searching for physical as well as mental ways of expressing their characters. It has been a collaborative process in which the costumes, lighting and sound have grown out of an understanding of the characterization of the actors.

These are two very different examples of the work of Tennessee Williams, with distinct approaches. And if you see them both on Wednesday or Thursday, there's a £1 discount.

Laura Draper talks to the directors of *Suddenly Last Summer* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* at the ADC



Jessica Brookes and Benjamin Deery rehearse *Suddenly Last Summer*

“racism, homophobia, sexism and even cannibalism in a hazy blend of seeming moral ambivalence.”

Jamie Cullum

Catching Tales ★★★★★



Jamie Cullum, the man of Britain's less-than-edgy sector and, the public school girl. Or so his record company like to think: a recent PR initiative saw every head girl in the country receive a copy of *Catching Tales*. So I decided to put it through the SAS training of reviews and

asked every head girls' pressing question: ‘can I use this album as my ‘getting ready’ music before a night out?’

I can't. It is not for Cullum's lack of trying. Like the school kid who desperately wants to be remembered as the ‘weird one’ this album tries too hard but doesn't quite work. Reverberating guitars, disjointed piano, vocals laden with effects and gritty lyrics show that Cullum is trying to do something new, his own

tracks talking of sex, Iraq and drugs. While it's pseudo jazz, pop and r'n'b ways didn't prepare my feet for a night of dancing, his cutting ‘useless, selfish prick’ and ‘stupid twat’ lines did get me thinking about the unassuming victim I could unleash upon during the night. The album is clumsy. Cullum may be slowly shaking off his darling-of-middle-England image but he remains more back of the mic than pump up the volume.

Lame Academy

Mary Bowers is expelled from the school of jazz-lite

This month sees the release of two albums which might make you imagine that Mother's Day is imminent rather than a twinkle in March's eye (as a hint for the typical student): yes, WH Smith will be cashing in on the cunning placement of Jamie Cullum's ‘Catching Tales’ and Gemma Hayes' ‘The Roads Don't Love You’ next to the *Radio Times* and the *Daily Mail*. So, in celebration of this happy coincidence, and the fact that you have finally escaped your summer of being subjected to Radio 2 in the back of your mum's car, *Varsity* music take you on a tour of the School of Jazzlite, where all pupils are the kind of friends your mum will ask you to invite back home again.

The Head Boy: Jamie Cullum.. He's a lad's lad, patting the back of all the popular boys (with his cover version/massacre of Radiohead's ‘High and Dry’) whilst shining a twinkling row of teeth at your mum and insisting on calling her ‘Mrs Roberts’ despite being introduced to her by her first name. Be warned: in her dreams he calls her ‘Sandra’...

The Senior Prefect: Katie Melua. 2003's *Call Off the Search* heralded her as yet another suspiciously over-talented young upstart that Sony could hire and fire and make a mint out of. Despite Terry Wogan's best efforts, her latest album *Piece by Piece* was still a flop. Your mum can't understand why you don't want to be her friend.

The quiet studious one at the back of the classroom: Gemma Hayes, she might have tried twice now to have a hit, her offerings haven't been bad at all (at least they were well thought out) but she doesn't make enough of a fuss for anyone to remember her name. Even your mum will describe her as ‘the pretty one with the brown hair’.

Your older brother's more sophisticated girlfriend: Madeleine Peyroux. She writes her own music. She might be a bit French. She sounds like Billie Holiday (although doesn't quite carry the same degree of sophistication) but she's far too good to hang around with you. Secretly you want to be her. But

you don't fit into her frou frou dresses.

Your younger sister's annoying best friend: Joss Stone. She's younger than you, and prettier too. She apparently bosses around her manager but you can't help but secretly admire her for having the audacity to record her own version of the White Stripes' ‘Fell in Love with a Girl’. And she gets all the best parts in the school productions for sucking up to Mr Geldof (see Live8).

The girl smoking behind the Bike Shed: Amy Winehouse. The parental advisory sticker on the front of 2003's debut *Frank* says it all. Goodness knows why she hasn't been expelled: but the Head of English probably fancies her and so does your Dad. Famed and admired for hanging out with Kanye West. And laughing in Sex Education. See also the nursery of opera voices using popular folk tunes (Charlotte Church, G4) and the college of folk singers using opera voices (Damien Rice, James Blunt). Of course, Jamie Oliver will be providing the school dinners.

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Squash

Monday 10 October 5-7pm - free

Ways of Living is on at Kettle's Yard until 20th November, free entry.

NO MORE BLACKING UP

As **BLACK HISTORY MONTH** celebrates the contribution of black citizens to Britain's cultural life, *Varsity* looks at cultural life at a university where there are FEWER BLACK STUDENTS THAN STUDENTS WITH THE SURNAME WHITE. EMMA PATERSON discovers a serious lack of black student involvement in our cultural scene.

Throughout my life, despite my African-English heritage, people have told me that they think of me as culturally white. Why? Because I spent seven years at an independent school, and I am now in my final year at Cambridge. To some, maybe I'm a traitor, to others, even a symbol of emancipation. To all, perhaps, I have stepped away from the tribe, and entered a white man's world.

Fellows have been fighting with this description of Cambridge for years, but, as CUSU President Laura Walsh told *Varsity*, the percentage of black students in the university remains "pitifully poor". It is no secret that there exists an under-representation of black students at the university. Chine Mbubaegbu was absolutely right when she commented in *Varsity* that this is "an issue that becomes increasingly tiresome the more and more it is brought up." We know that there are more people with the surname White than there are black undergraduates, and that despite the efforts of access officers to attract ethnic minority students, the number of black students has only increased by two in the past two years. These are all damning and inexcusable statistics. Yet they are accepted. What goes unmentioned, however, is how those black students who are here are being forced to stand on the periphery of the university's cultural scene.

This month the nation begins to celebrate Black History Month, an occasion designed to promote the knowledge of black historical experience, and to observe and pay tribute to the positive cultural contributions of black people to British society. David Adjaye and Malcolm Purkey, interviewed for this spread, provide two examples of black professionals at the top of their respective fields yet still artistically aware of their ethnicity. The past few months have witnessed countless events held in honour of the occasion; the exhibition 'Back to Black' at the Whitechapel Art Gallery offered us a broad survey of the Black Arts Movement during the 1960s and '70s; the British Film Institute presented 'Black World' exploring the history, evolution and cultural impact of black cinema; and Renaissance One, an independent agency in London set up to promote poets and novelists, is currently leading the 'Bittersweet Tour', which brings together the finest

contemporary female black poets. The city of Cambridge itself celebrates the month with a high profile programme of events. That such a celebration exists is a refreshing and stimulating mark of progression, acceptance and open-mindedness. But in a modern, multinational society – and one that the Labour government has proclaimed as just and integrated, 'where diversity is valued' – it is also surely to be expected. I, for one, would not expect anything less. And yet, at my university, I have grown to do so.

It is hard to defend your university against accusations of being a microcosm of a white man's world when it is rare to see a black face within its arts community. No one that I know can remember seeing any black actors in an Amateur Dramatic Club production for years. Neither has there recently been a black playwright represented by an ADC theatre production. No black writers were published in last year's Mays anthology. One out of the twenty members of the Cambridge University Jazz Orchestra is black, and for the two years before this there have been no black members at all. It would be irresponsible to separate these figures from the minute proportion of black students in the university as a whole, but it would be even more so to use this alone as a justification for them. That the university rugby club boasts over half a dozen black players emphasises this artistic dearth by comparison. What is most evidently an admissions issue is also inextricably bound up with a collective mindset that is passively accepting of the status quo and undemanding of change. The President of the ADC, Benjamin Deery, whilst acknowledging the absence of artistic diversity, declared that he was unwilling for the Club to employ methods of positive discrimination in order to deal with this void. He told *Varsity* that "hope for a broader spectrum of theatrical diversity is totally understandable and justifiable...the theatre societies of Cambridge are totally receptive to those who would effect this change", comfortably recognising the need for progression but distancing the responsibility to enact it from his own hands.

It seems fair then that Robin Sivalapan, an enthusiastic actor while studying at Cambridge, explained to *Varsity* what he felt was a "vicious cycle" of inaction within the world of Cambridge theatre:



"I DON'T NEED TO GAZE UP AT A BLACK FACE EVERY TIME I VISIT THE ADC SIMPLY BECAUSE I AM HALF BLACK."

"People say 'There aren't enough black actors so you can't cast it, so you can't put it on.' But the fewer plays there are with roles for black actors, the less confident the black actors in Cambridge become – because confidence comes from performance – and the less willing they are to audition when there is a role for them, and the roles just gradually disappear because you can't cast them'. And he's right. Identification is central to both a sense of acceptance, and of self-belief. If an African student sees only English names upon a newspaper page, is there not the implicit message that African names are not meant for, and will never be seen on, that page? What is created is a chain of inferiority in which the black student sees only white success, and becomes alienated from extracurricular life.

But how far is it merely passivity that contributes to this alienation? Posted upon the CUSU forum board is the quotation: "I've been in Cambridge for nearly four years now, and when I'm out in the city, I definitely get more racist abuse shouted at me now than I did four years ago. I find Cambridge to be an increasingly hostile

place to live. The university has its share of vocally racist students."

One actor tells me that, when faced with the problem of finding a black actor for a lead role, it was suggested to the director of the play by the ADC that she blacken a white actor's face. Stacey Gregg, who directed *Six Degrees of Separation* for the Pembroke Players last year described to *Varsity* the difficulties she faced trying to cast for the Caribbean male lead: "I had to audition for over a month, no one was coming forward and it reached the point when I was being advised to cast an Indian actor instead." Stacey ignored these suggestions and ultimately persuaded a black student to make his debut on the stage in her production. Similarly, a director was told at a European Theatre Group interview that staging a production of *Othello* would prove unrealistic. Such information, though anecdotal, paints an intolerant and depressingly ignorant picture of a university that is supposedly working to attract and admit a greater number of ethnic minority students.

I don't need to gaze up at a black face every time I visit the

ADC simply because I am half black. But in a university that boasts of a rich and diverse arts community, what I do need is to know that I can if I make the choice. And a black student auditioning for a part in *Romeo and Juliet* shouldn't be restricted to the role of Mercutio, simply because he was played by a black actor in the Baz Luhrmann production. He should be able to play *Romeo* in a production that makes the Montagues a black family because in one of the country's leading universities, no actor should be racially distanced from a work that is not, and never has been, racially specific.

There are no easy solutions. And perhaps I render myself as guilty as those I accuse of passivity and inaction by declaring that I have none. But a tiresome and unsolvable issue or not, to voice a defiance of its evils seems only fitting as we approach a month of cultural events dedicated to a celebration of the courage to do exactly that.

Due to a production error beyond Varsity's control, the above article did not consistently appear on page 16 of last week's issue.

Jo Mountain and Laura Draper ask: Are there enough opportunities for Costume Design in Cambridge?



With at least 5 theatres hosting student productions every week and around 15 dramatic societies, costume designers are constantly in demand. Adverts for appli-

cations are posted on www.camdram.net and also sent out to the techies list, which you can join by e-mailing soc-adc-techies@lists.cam.ac.uk. Normally an interview is required but experience isn't always essential as long as you're interested and know how to use a needle and thread. Sometimes the role is more 'Wardrobe Supervisor' than

'Costume Designer', but this depends on the director and the play. Some directors already have a set image of the exact costumes they want, so they reel off a list of clothes for you to find, whereas others focus on the broad concept of the design and let you take it from there.

It is a big job, but one really great thing is that, apart from the odd meeting here and there, you can do it in your own time.

If the thought of working alone is too scary, larger shows like the Pantomime at the end of the Michaelmas term have a team of 'seamstresses' who share the load.

As for where to find costumes, County Drama Wardrobe on Gwydir Street has a huge range from period to ethnic, which they hire out for a fortnight at a time. Homerton, Christ's and Darwin all have

wardrobes, and if that isn't enough, there are charity shops all over Cambridge, especially on Mill Road and on Burleigh Street by the Grafton Centre.

Jo and Laura have both done costumes for a number of shows in Cambridge, and worked together on the costume design for 'Macbeth: the Hour', returning from the Edinburgh Fringe to the ADC this week.

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McKinsey&Company



Dave King

More great gigs than you could possibly go to this week. The weekend kicks off on Friday night with **Klashnekoff** at Clare Cellars, and past experience suggests this will be a rowdy night, as one of the UK's most exciting rappers works the crowd up in to such a frenzy the walls will shake. For those who like to see upcoming bands, the **Unsigned Bands Night** at Selwyn will showcase some new talent including local band Sleepwalker. If you fancy something completely different, **The Trachtenberg Family Slideshow Players** at the Junction take old slides found at car boot sales and use them as a back drop for a musical comedy show which has got them gushing reviews from New York to London.

If you recover from all that in time, Saturday cranks the pace up yet further. People organised enough to have ticket will be enjoying **Bloc Party** at the Corn Exchange. For the rest of us, the Junction hosts two different events which both look exciting. Anyone who likes to feel their ribs shake to a filthy bass should head over to **Warning** for Cambridge's largest d'n'b night, featuring Shy FX, Fabio, Zinc, and Swift among others. Alternatively the **Cambridgebands.com 2nd Birthday** event should have some of the best local acts on show.

On Sunday, **Ladytron** at APU will be displaying their electropop moves and showing why they have managed to get such an obsessive following. The often controversial but always unique Radio 1 DJ **Tim Westwood** at the Soul Tree will be pumping out floor filling hip hop and maybe some gun shot sound effects. After public demand the Sunday Wish List slot sees the return of the **Scrath Perverts** at the Fez who will be showing off their turntable skills and making people throw down their best moves on the dance floor.

After that weekend everyone should be thoroughly exhausted, but if anyone still has the cash and enthusiasm **This Modern Love** at Po Na Na will carry on where the anarchic **Piss Up Look Sharp** left off, not forgetting singer songwriter **Brendon Benson** at the Junction.

stage



Macbeth: The Hour
Shakespeare's tragedy in sixty minutes, back from Edinburgh.
ADC, 7:30pm, £4/5, until Saturday 8th October

The Threepenny Opera
Brecht's bawdy musical, also back from Edinburgh.
ADC, 9pm, £4/5, until Saturday 8th October

under the blue, blue moon
The Footlights Tour show.
ADC, 11pm, £4/5, until Saturday 8th October

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer-prize winning play.
ADC, 7.45pm, £5-£8, Tuesday 11th October until Saturday 15th

Suddenly Last Summer
Williams' darkest work.
ADC, 11pm £3-£5, Wednesday 12th October until Saturday 15th

The Real Thing
Tom Stoppard's marriage comedy (left).
Cambridge Arts Theatre, 7:45pm, £10 NUS, until Saturday 8th October

The Winter's Tale
All-male ensemble performance of Shakespeare's passionate and haunting play.
Cambridge Arts Theatre, various times and prices, Tuesday 11th October until Saturday 15th

Ardol O'Hanlon
New stand-up show from the star of *Father Ted* and *My Hero*.

The Corn Exchange, 7:30pm, £17.50, Wednesday 12th October

Once On This Island
A calypso musical.

APU Mumford Theatre, 7:30pm, £6.50 NUS, Thursday 6th October until Saturday 8th

Bouncers
Comedy exploring the 80's nightclub scene.

APU Mumford Theatre, 7.30pm, £9.50/8, Monday 10th October until Wednesday 12th

Radio Play
One performer, many characters, live Jazz, comedy and film. Part of This Way Up Arts Festival.

The Junction, 8pm, £8/5, Tuesday 11th and Wednesday 12th October



screen

Arts Picturehouse

Friday 7th October
Night Watch (18) 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30
Pride And Prejudice (U) 1.00, 3.30, 8.30
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 6.30, 8.45
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 4.00, 6.00
Late Shows:
Night Watch (18) 10.50
Wedding Crashers (15) 11.00
Frankenstein (U) 10.40

Saturday 8th October
Night Watch (18) 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30
Pride And Prejudice (U) 1.00, 3.30, 8.30
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 6.30, 8.45
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 4.00, 6.00
Late Shows:
Night Watch (18) 10.50
Wedding Crashers (15) 11.00
Frankenstein (U) 10.40

Night Watch (18) 10.50
Wedding Crashers (15) 11.00
Frankenstein (U) 10.40

Sunday 9th October
Night Watch (18) 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30
Pride And Prejudice (U) 1.00, 3.30, 8.30
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 6.30, 8.45
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 4.00, 6.00
Repertory:
Taking Sides (15) 12.00

Monday 10th October
Night Watch (18) 1.45, 4.15, 6.45, 9.15
Pride And Prejudice (U) 1.00, 3.30, 8.30
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 6.30, 8.45
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 4.00, 6.00

Tuesday 11th October

Night Watch (18) 1.45, 4.15, 6.45, 9.15
Pride And Prejudice (U) 3.30, 6.20
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 8.45
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 4.00
All About Eve (U) 9.15

Wednesday 12th October

Night Watch (18) 1.45, 4.15, 6.45, 9.15
Pride And Prejudice (U) 1.00, 3.30, 6.45
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 9.15
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

Thursday 13th October

Night Watch (18) 1.45, 4.15, 6.45, 9.15

Pride And Prejudice (U) 2.20, 6.45
History Of Violence (18) 2.00, 9.15
Howl's Moving Castle (U) 12.00, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

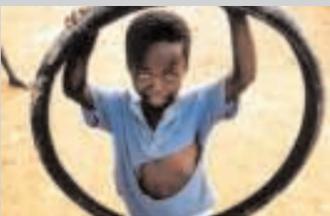
College Films

Christ's
Team America: World Police
Sunday 9th October 8:30 and 10pm

John's
Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy
Sunday 9th of October 2005 7pm & 10pm



exhibitions



Ways of Living
Contemporary sculpture from four internationally renowned artists. Each exhibit explores the relationship between art and life (above).
Kettle's Yard, free entry, 1st October until 20th November

Cambridge Illuminations
The largest and most comprehensive exhibition of illuminated manuscripts including ten centuries' worth from Cambridge collections.
Fitzwilliam Museum, free entry, 26th July until 11th December

Coveney: Island Identity in the Fens and Currency in Africa

Two of several small exhibitions in the Andrews exhibition gallery that explore the extensive reserve collections of the museum.

Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, free entry, 19th September until 1st December

The Real Madagascar

An exploration of the flora and fauna of the strange island of Madagascar, from pre-history to the present day.

Museum of Zoology, free entry, 19th July until 24th December

Naini

This one woman show explores the an Indian artist's output since she arrived in England in 1992.

New Hall, free entry, 10th September until 9th October

Misthu Austin: Batik

A show of textiles that proves there really is more to batik than tie-dying.

Clare Hall, free entry, 23rd September until 9th October

The Antarctic Photographs of Herbert Ponting

Photographs taken from the original negatives of the intrepid photographer who accompanied Scott's expedition to the Antarctic in 1910-1914 (right).

Scott-Polar Research Institute, free entry, 1st September until 31st March 2006

Being and Not Being Black

Part of Black History Month in Cambridge, curated by Hakim Onitolo.

Artspace Gallery, free entry, 4th October until 26th October

Currency In Africa

Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, 19th Sept - 1st March 2006; free entry



Life, ritual and immortality: Eating and Drinking in China

Special display of Chinese bronze, jade and ceramic vessels used for rituals and daily life
Fitzwilliam Museum, 4th October - 3rd January 2006, free entry

Drawn to Africa

Workshops including African fabric painting, Sona sand drawing, Kente cloths and African Indigo dye drawing.

Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, selected dates throughout October and November, free

The Trachtenberg Family Slideshow Players
wonderful pop-comedy
8pm £10
The Junction

Def Fly and Real
Klashnekoff and Terra Firma
9-1 £4
Clare Cellars

Generator
angular-fringe indie
9:30-2 £3
Kambar

Unsigned Bands Night
hip hop for townfolk
7:30pm £4
Selwyn Bar

Warning
drum'n'bass with Shy FX, Fabio, Zinc, and others
11pm £3
The Junction

cambridgebands.com
The Shivers, Sunday driver and others
7:30 £5
The Junction

The Indie Thing
sweatier rock and indie
11pm £3
Kambar

Bloc Party
rock genius
8pm sold out
Corn Exchange

Freshen Up
fresher's ent with Tim Westwood and DJs from This Modern Love and Spunkfunk
9-2 £8
The Soul Tree

Ladytron
beautiful electropop
8pm £12
APU

Scratch Perverts
dextrous hip hop DJs
9-2:30 £6
Fez

Sunday Roast
the opposite of church
9-1 £4 NUS
Life

Queen Adreena
goth dreams
7pm £9
The Junction

Fat Poppadaddy's
the 'alternative' alternative
9-2:30 £2 NUS
Fez

International Student Night
pohjanmaan kautta!
9:30-2 £5
Life

School Days
'free entry in school uniform'
9:30-2 £5
Ballare

This Modern Love
indie, electro, grime
8-12 £2
Po Na Na

Bad Timing
with Kevin Blechdom
8:30 £4 NUS
The Portland Arms

Top Banana
CUSU's weekly fruit-market
9-2 £4 NUS
Ballare

Unique
LBG night
9:30-1 £4

Rumboogie
the student magnet
9-2 £4 NUS
Ballare

MOBO student tour
with Sway live
9-2 £5
Soul Tree

International Student Night
na zdravje!
9-2 £4
Ballare

Ministry of Sound
it's all gone Pete Tong
10-2 £8
The Junction

Urbanite
with beatboxer Faith SFX
9-2 £3
Soul Tree

fri sat sun mon tue wed thu



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www.monitor.com

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 Auditions:
 Sat 8th: Chetwynd Rm, King's, 1-4pm
 Sun 9th: Keynes Hall, King's, 2-5pm
MALE ACTORS ONLY
 Info: iw224 / sap49

AUDITION NOTICE
'CAMERA OBSCURA'
 by Ned Beaman
 ADC Lateshow Week 5
 Winstanley Lecture Theatre,
 Trinity College
 Saturday 8th October 10am-2pm
 Sunday 9th October 11am-3pm

AUDITION NOTICE
'DEAD FUNNY'
 by Terry Johnson
 Corpus Playroom mainshow
 Week 5
 Green Room, Gonville & Caius
 1pm - 3pm on Saturday 7th
 3pm - 6pm on Sunday 9th Oct.
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http://li_chungwang0.tripod.com
 2. The Philosophy of Mechanics
<http://lcwangmech.tripod.com>

AUDITIONS for 'TAPE'
 by Stephen Belber
 Saturday 8th October: 9-12, 3-6
 Sunday 9th October: 9-3
 Green Room, Gonville & Caius
 Any Queries: jah96@cam.ac.uk

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 7.30pm, Friday 14th October 2005
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 will be holding AUDITIONS for their 2005/6 tour show
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 'The Room on R', Sidney Sussex College
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CLASSIFIEDS: HATS Presents UK Premiere of Pasolini's ORGY - Week 4, Playroom Lateshow. Auditions: O Staircase, Supervision Room, Pembroke College 08/10/05 and 09/10/05, 11AM - 3PM. Model 4 artists! £11 ph. Interesting, occasional work 4 m&f. Find out more: 01223 571816 www.derekbatty.com. Models Required: for life drawing, £11 per hour (inexperienced models are welcome). Contact: Mr Kourbaj, Visual Art Centre, Christ's College. Email: i@issamkourbaj.co.uk
 Don't forget to come to the VARSITY SQUASH! See the ad for details.

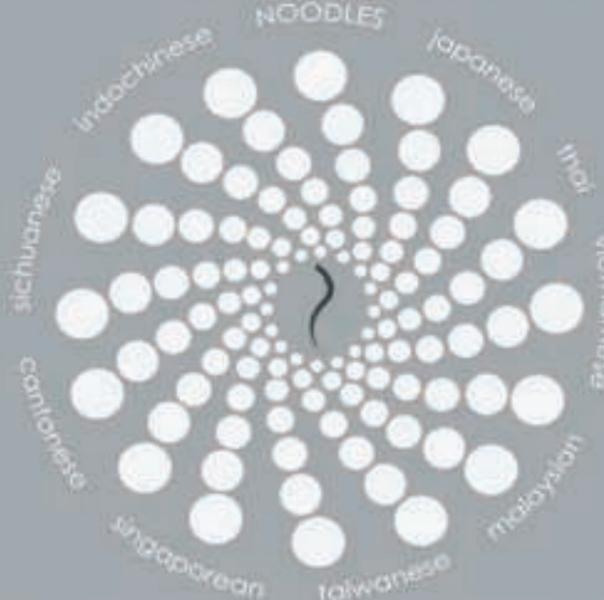
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Rugby league faux-pas in France

Varsity winners go down 32-26 to French University Champions in Paris

Jonny Lloyd

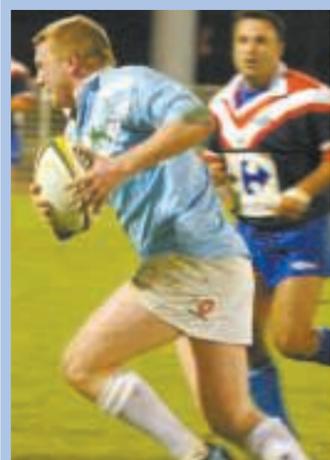
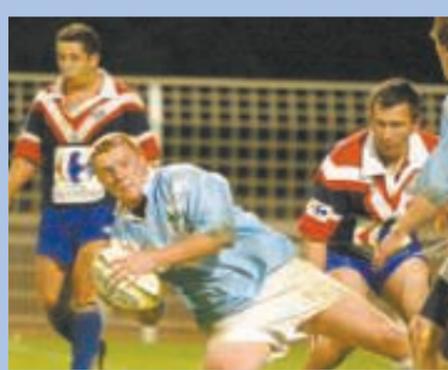
Last weekend the University's growing rugby league squad flew out to Paris to face Nanterre University in the first annual fixture pitting the winners of the Varsity match against the cream of French student rugby league. CUARLFC enjoyed a thrilling win over Oxford last March and the last minute victory so impressed the French side that an invitation to play soon followed.

Given the rather frenetic nature of this mini-tour, the squad only trained for 90 minutes on the morning of the match – for some players their first outing since the Varsity triumph. Worries that a summer spent packing boxes in warehouses or lazing on a beach would have dulled skills were unfounded however, with the morning's training revealing a remarkably well-drilled and composed side.

The match itself was surprising: French sides tend to favour a very loose style of play – throwing the ball around early in the tackle-count, taking risks with the wide pass and often running on the fifth tackle. Nanterre, bolstered by a fantastic Kiwi playmaker, seemed to take a more Anglo-Saxon approach by steadily making hard yards up the middle coupled with a conservative kicking game. The French side, with a month's training under their belt, executed their plan with confidence and took an early lead.

The Cambridge back-three struggled admirably to cope with this precision kicking, and all too often the boys in blue were forced to run from well within their own twenty.

Faced with such an unusual French attack, Cambridge responded with some ferocious and destructive defence around the ruck area. The first 40 minutes echoed some of the tenacity shown by the great Cambridge rugby league teams of the mid-eighties. Chairman of CUARLFC, Martin Woodcock, a player in three mid-eighties Varsity matches remarked: "I was particularly impressed by the way in which Cambridge kept their cool and did not allow their frustration to lead to conceding penalties, which should always be a key aim for Cambridge teams".



Cambridge push for win but fall just short in Paris

At half time the score was 18-14 to Nanterre. Although they were trailing, a solo try from Bobby Forrest late in the first half had given Cambridge momentum. The second half saw Cambridge lose a forward following a bruising tackle. Old boy Bobby Forrest, aided by Fitzwilliam stalwart David Bulley, continued his characteristically unselfish game, taking the ball up at every opportunity and forcing repeated line breaks.

The tries were scored at both ends,

entertaining the hundreds in the crowd and thousands watching on French television. The Cambridge players could not be faulted for their attitude, with most barely able to walk off the pitch at the end of the game. Nevertheless, largely thanks to an unavoidable lack of match preparation Cambridge eventually lost 32-26.

This season, the club will again take on some serious opposition, with matches confirmed against Wigan

Warriors Academy, London Broncos/Harlequins Academy and Warrington Wizards. While these high profile matches are very important in the club's Varsity preparation, the focus is undoubtedly on the BUSA league and cup.

With a squad of players committed to the game both on and off the field as well as further tours to the south of France and the USA planned, the renaissance of CUARLFC looks secure.

Why don't we have a pool?

Sophie Pickford

In 1892 the Cambridge Review observed that 'a swimming bath is now beginning to be considered as a necessity in most of our large public schools'. Consequently, the article continues, 'it seems strange that we are still without one.' This astute commentator of 113 years ago could, sadly, just as well have been writing this week, for the travesty continues – Cambridge University has no pool. Bath has one, as do, amongst others, the Universities of Oxford, Nottingham,

Loughborough, Warwick, London, Bristol, Southampton, Bradford, Aberystwyth, Chester and – wait for it – De Montfort, but somehow the gleaming spires and hallowed halls of our internationally renowned establishment have yet to house such a facility.

To be fair to the University, plans for a £38 million sports centre with a sports hall, squash and tennis courts, 50m pool and sports science centre are underway; architectural models have been built, a site chosen and fundraising has begun. But, as with the fabled Cambridge rowing lake, this has all been going on for rather

a long time and a new injection of enthusiasm, publicity or perhaps more importantly, money, must be the order of the day. In the meantime the University swimming and water polo clubs continue to use the Leys School pool for the most of their training, one of the University's less fine traditions stretching back to 1906. Parkside is also sometimes used, though the prohibitively high costs of hiring this council-run pool as well as with its limited availability severely restricts use by the University club. Every year thousands of pounds of student subs are being spent on booking these facilities – money that would surely be better spent running the University's own pool.

The sports complex envisaged by the powers that be would place Cambridge at the very top of its field in the country in terms of sporting facilities. Shockingly, the UK has in total only nineteen 50m pools. The 2012 Olympics build a further 50m facility for London, but often buildings erected for such large events result in the closure of other, smaller pools for financial reasons. The Cambridge University pool would become a focal point for swimming and water polo in the East of England, it could host major competitions and provide a cheap means of exercise for the University population as a whole. Even with a city leisure card the price of a single swim at Parkside is £2.20, similar to the cost of a college canteen meal. On a

technical note, a 50m pool would provide the opportunity for water polo to be played double-deep. Currently players are forced to scabble around in a pool that is too narrow, too short and too shallow, trying desperately not to touch the bottom, a particular embarrassment when visiting teams come for matches. It is a mark of the dedication of both University swimmers and polo players in the face of these adverse conditions that they regularly beat Oxford in the Varsity matches and reach the BUSA finals.

Yet, these are not the arguments that will ultimately win over the University, and it is to them that we must primarily appeal. Efforts are being made to raise funds (for that we are grateful) but the dominance of individually wealthy colleges and the lack of a powerful, centralised body makes raising money for these sorts of projects extremely difficult.

In Oxford's case it was an individual donor. As one of the world's leading Universities, Cambridge should take more immediate, personal responsibility for the building of a pool. Its absence suggests that Cambridge takes little interest in the well-rounded scholar, something that will only increase the rate of the 'brain drain' to the States and to other UK universities. Perhaps it is this more academic argument that the University will finally respond to.



Kelsey Kerridge Swimming Pool

Jamie Marland



A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF

Lilie Weaver - University Womens Rowing trialist

monday

Lie in - fantastic! Work keeps me busy during the day and spend the rest of the time not eating brownies and not drinking wine in a friend's room. This is going to take some getting used to.

tuesday

6am start, the crews have been mixed up again, so we're trying to learn to row together. We're done by 8:30am and I can't see how I'm going to stay awake during my 9ams this year!

wednesday

Today's evening session is an ergo [rowing machine] at Goldie boathouse. Then we have the pleasure of our first weigh-in and fat test. The female light-weights have to weigh 59kg by the boat races in March. I weigh 63.5 kg, which leaves four and a half to go - back to the salads and bowls of Fruit and Fibre then...

thursday

I try to appreciate the sunrise over the Cam, but it's shining inconveniently right in my eyes, and my legs hurt. The worst blisters and sore patches are covered up by rolls of hockey-stick tape, which makes the whole squad look like a bunch of mummies.

friday

The end of another week, nominally, anyway. In honour of this, I have two outings, then fall asleep. Pretty much the same as every other day then!

saturday

Wake up feeling quite ill, hoping it's just a lack of sleep. We only have one outing this morning, but it's not very good. Our concentration goes fairly quickly, followed by our technique and general ability to row. Have the afternoon off, so go to find my college children.

sunday

The day starts off with our racing pieces. We manage to knock a massive eight seconds off our time on the second piece, giving us the win overall. An exhausting, but enjoyable and rewarding week.



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Re-arrange the letters by rotating the discs to create six separate six-letter words leading in to the centre. Email your answer to: competitions@varsity.co.uk

Boxing the new Boat Race?

Boxing legend and CUABC Patron Chris Eubank talks to Adam Edlshain

Out of the blue Chris Eubank offered to help the university's amateur boxers by honing their mental toughness. The top boxer became the team's patron in December 2004 and advised them before last year's Varsity fight.

His record is impressive: world champion for five and a half years, changed up a weight division, then won a second world title, which he defended for a record 19 consecutive fights. Eubank attributes that success 'almost exclusively' to his mental toughness. Passing on these tips may have made a difference in Varsity boxing - Cambridge won their fourth consecutive match against Oxford with an emphatic 9-0 white-wash in March.

The former world middle-weight champion and television personality rarely commentates on the sport anymore and many assumed he was glad to see the back of what he once called the 'mug's game'. So Varsity sparred with the 39 year-old pugilist turned professor of boxing as he skipped through the sport, higher-learning and his plans.

"Philip Bonn [a friend] thought it would be a good idea, having been schooled at Cambridge, and understanding my background in intelligence and higher learning, of what boxing is about." Though lacking a university education Eubank feels that his experience can be useful to those who appreciate

the mental side of the game. "I don't do commentary or what I call analysing as most people only understand the basics, but at Cambridge they seem to appreciate the higher learning in the sport. I thought, yes, this I can do. I'm speaking to people who understand a higher learning, so when I've given mental seminars...I had a captive audience."

"The way I approach mental warfare in the four cornered circle has always been through experience and for me, the physical fight itself is not to be considered as important as the mental preparation. Once you've prepared you cannot fail. As the saying goes 'If you fail to prepare, then prepare to fail.' I spoke to [the Cambridge boxers] about body language and confidence. It's all about confidence."

But when passing on his tips the man with all the confidence showed little concern for a sport on the ropes.

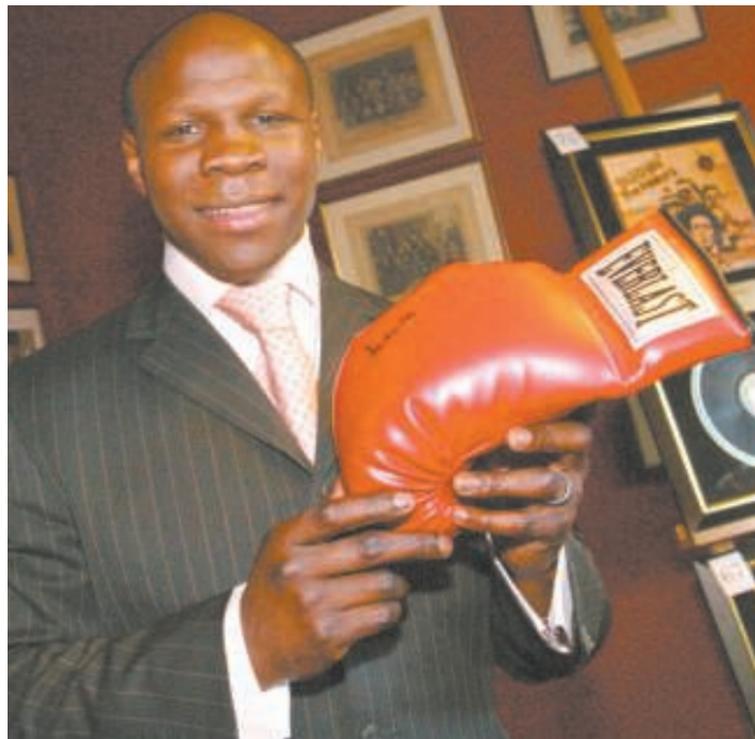
Two deaths in three months have made safety a concern for boxers and the public. Professional fighters Leavander Johnson and Martin Sanchez died this year due to injuries sustained in the ring. Despite these recent fatalities Eubank was adamant that at university level there was 'no risk whatsoever'. He indicated that at the top level of almost all sports there were accidental deaths.

"In sports accidents will always happen. A few weeks ago there was a death in the *Tour de France*, horseracing has deaths every now and again, Formula 1, even football - Marc-Vivian Foé just dropped down dead on the pitch."

"Of course it concerns me, but with the standard of [university] boxing and even the heavyweight division which was quite fierce, it is going to be pretty safe. It isn't professional, it's amateur boxing. It takes many years to learn how to punch with devastating consequences."

The risks of boxing are well-known to Eubank. In 1991 he fought Michael

"No one has ever knocked me out; a shotgun couldn't keep me down!"



An always picture perfect Eubank

Michael Derringer

Watson, who fell into a 40-day coma after the fight.

A second problem is the state of the female sport, which has low turnouts at fights and poor pay for fighters. Eubank says this is due to a lack of top quality female boxers. "Supply is going to be rather limited simply because as human beings women are commissioned to be dainty and delicate. We are now in the 21st century and also the fact that women are more involved is a good thing as it brings a different audience."

Chris Eubank, who bought the title Lord of the Manor of Brighton, is such a gentleman that he worries that his coaching gives Cambridge an advantage. "It isn't quite fair for me to have the experience that I have and that I've passed on and for them [Oxford] not to have anybody of equal status who can give them pointers."

Such a disparity not being entirely 'fair-play' Eubank says he will 'do some-

thing about that' and added that he had more ideas to make the centenary Varsity fight 'as big as the rugby and the rowing'.

Elevating the centenary Varsity match in the sporting calendar is one of Eubank's main objectives and hopefully Cambridge, with Eubank's support will win the 2007 bout. Perhaps his ambitions are fuelled by the recent break down of his marriage to wife, Karron, who left the family home in August. He is determined to make the centenary of the Varsity boxing match a big event, but it also appears that there are one or two other projects being worked on at present.

"I have a boxing product which I'm launching and I have a very big project that I'm working on. Cambridge could actually be a part of this, but I can't say anymore about this at the moment."

Eubank recently started working with East Anglia Children's Hospices. He hopes to raise money for EACH through the Varsity match and the Cambridge boxers.



Channel Hopper

The right thing to do when you have just got home a bit drunk at one in the morning is to have a glass of water and a long pee and then fall into bed. I know this. Nevertheless I am not asleep. I am watching **Quiz Nation**. (And, apparently, using the dramatic present. Crikey.) The names of a SINGER AND SONG are on screen except they are missing some crucial letters, so that they read xEYxNCx KNxxLxS "CxxZx lx LxVx".

That's Beyonce Knowles, Crazy In Love, I say to no-one in particular. Then there's a sound effect of a 'phone ringing and the well-scrubbed young man on screen says "Caller, you're through to Quiz Nation, what's your name?" And the caller says his name is John, and then he says the answer is Beyonce Knowles, Crazy In Love, and the presenter, who (it will later emerge) is called Tim Dixon, says "Is it right..." and there's a brief pause and then the letters fill in and John has won 50 quid! And he's obviously much, much drunker than I am!

This makes me sit up a bit. I concentrate. Another puzzle has appeared. PHRASE, it says at the top: NURKD SA A DOLR. "This is the first puzzle of many to come before 2am", Tim says. "Call if you haven't fallen asleep. Danny, where are you? Call back, Danny, get yourself another £100." Crikey, I think. Who's this Danny? And why should he get all the fun?

No, I reason. Don't be stupid. It's obviously a scam. Then the ringing sound effect blares out again. It's John from earlier. "John!" cries Tim, besides himself with glee; "Good to hear from you! What's the answer?" John is quiet for a moment. "I don't really have a clue, mate," he finally manages. Tim looks tense. "It's four words, John," he says, "Four words," and just as he's saying four words for the second time John says "How many words is it?" Tim, to his credit, doesn't miss a beat. "It's four words, John," he confidently replies. John mulls this over, and then, in a bright voice, ventures: "One of them's definitely DARK." Tim winces. I wince. John winces too, I expect, if his eye muscles are still working.

The hotlines are thrown open again, and now I am sorely tempted. No-one calls. Tim does the TV presenter's equivalent of treading water. "If you're still awake you're in with a chance," he points out, the old tempter; "There's a load of cash for you-oo!" Then he sings a snatch of the Bear Necessities, I think taking his cue from the way he pronounced that last 'you'. Then looks down and says "Ooh, what's that on my foot? Something's gone a bit wet, what's that?" which is the sort of thing you can do on Nation 217 at 1.45 am that you can't on primetime ITV and which Tim will need to keep an eye on if he's going to get anywhere in this business. And still no-one calls.

Finally I break. I call. I don't get through. I try again. I spend about £3. "Where are you all?" Tim plaintively asks. Then Danny calls back. "Drunk as a Lord", he confidently pronounces. "Danny, you're a huge winner!" Tim says. "That money will be with you within three to five working days, completely tax free!" I go to bed, and forget to drink a glass of water on the way.

This column would not have been possible without Sky Plus.

www.nation217.tv

Quiz Nation, Channel 217, 8am - 2am every day

fact file

Name: Chris Eubank
Born: 1956, Dulwich
Boxing Career: WBO Middleweight champion, WBO Supermiddleweight champion
Record: 19 defences of his title
Alias: Simply the best
Favourite fight: vs Nigel Benn
Boxer of all time: Mohammed Ali
Current boxer: Amir Khan
Restaurant: The Ivy, London
Food: West Indian
Philosophy: Common sense
Song: Bob Marley, Stir it Up

sport in brief

Cricket:

Freshers' cricket trials will be held on Nov 12th, 19th and 26th from 11am - 1pm. Book your place at the trials by emailing Tom (tes28) listing name, college and standard!

Tennis:

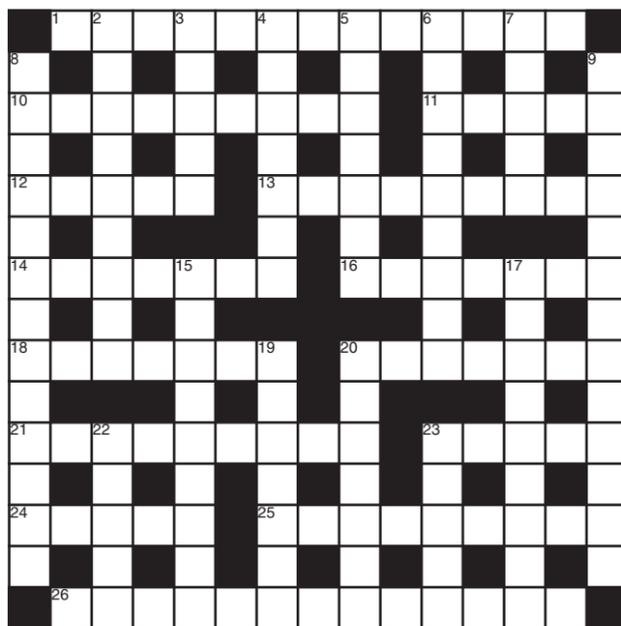
The Womens' Blues Tennis team won their Varsity match held during the summer on July 7th and 8th at Queens club in London 17-4 against Oxford. The score speaks for itself and the whole team played very well.

Water Polo:

University water polo trials will be held this Sunday, 9th October at the Leys School Pool. Ladies trials will take place from 11-12.30pm and the Men's from 12.30-2pm. See www.cuswpc.org for more details and a map.

Hockey:

The Blues dominated the second half after a tight first and forced Oxford to concede a penalty which Jamie Parker scored. Cambridge held the lead until the last five minutes when their concentration slipped and the side conceded two late goals to lose the match 2-1.



Across

- It's tedious to make Eastern string in tune (13)
- What the dark side think of the light? (9)
- Command for headless, confused Leftie (5)
- Hatred sparked when I'm mixed with duo (5)
- Replace article with interest compounded (9)
- Was last partner Edward? (7)
- Gull in meadow, confused and unending (7)
- Compensation regarding robe (7)
- Corrosive accountants is cut out (7)
- Donkey faced queen; old king grabbed it for the pot! (9)
- Main supply-line for a golden army? (5)
- Nell looks back to the east to see her (5)
- Fools trot foolishly at pouffe (9)
- Second rites in French displayed obscurity (13)

Down

- Void I fed one into to be invalidated (9)
- He prophesied human destruction (5)
- Came in as red net failed (7)
- Receding waters swept Debbie away with Tim's head (7)
- Bride's possessions philosopher put on tabletop (9)
- Sounds like she's a low point (5)
- Mad to no longer be a rolling stone (13)
- Unique place in blearier surroundings (13)
- Run to the East - simplifies to that (9)
- Well-known that common-sense with nothing added subdues lively riot (9)
- Ate quickly whilst mocked (7)
- Smoke of revolutionary origin (7)
- Make voles do puzzle (5)
- Sounds like our lad's fire-raising (5)

(c) Mathmo

POT BLACK

Instructions:

Complete the questions in order from red to black. The answer to each ball is integral to the following question.

- Which rising British tennis star just broke into the top 100?
- Which national team plays rugby at 'redball' field?
- "Yellowball's" flag is white and which colour?
- How many points do you get for potting the 'greenball' ball?
- Which football team have won 'brownball' European cups?
- Who captains 'blueball'?
- How old is 'pinkball'?



For answers to the crossword and Pot Black, contact:

competitions@varsity.co.uk



RUGBY UNION

Gown overpower Town

Blues defeat Cambridge City 41-0 at Grange Road



RUGBY LEAGUE

Beaten in French tour

French side Nanterre claim 32-26 Victory in Paris



HOCKEY

Cambridge 1 - 2 Oxford

Cambridge lose after leading in tight game against Oxford Hawks



INVESTIGATION

Where is our pool?

Special report on the lack of a university swimming pool



Sophie Pickford meets **CUBC President Tom Edwards**

This year, from late September through to the second of April, twenty men will train six days a week for four hours a day in pursuit of one goal. They will give up their social life, compromise on work, tear their hands apart, suffer from back ache, fall asleep in lectures and run themselves into the ground, constantly risking injury and illness. And what for? The Boat Race. Three short words that will rule their hearts and minds for the coming months. But what exactly makes the blues rowing squad tick? I met the new blues president Tom Edwards, who shed some light on this perplexing question.

Hailing from Tasmania and researching a PhD in Medical Genetics, Doctor Tom breaks the mould of the cranially-challenged sportsman. His rowing pedigree is impressive; he has represented Australia at under-23 level and, crucially, was also in last year's defeated Boat Race crew, something that provides a daily motivation for this year's campaign. There is 'no hiding' at CUBC, 'your personality is exposed through the toughness of the

"I would love to beat Oxford in every single race"

process', you are seen at your best and at your worst and this can result in the deepest of friendships. Earning the respect of peers both as a person and as a rower is high on his agenda for the athletes on this year's programme, an approach that will provide daily, tangible stepping stones for the squad members in a process that can often seem perpetual and harsh.

This attitude of respect and friendship stretches beyond the confines of CUBC to the women's and lightweights' boat clubs, who are being permitted this year to use the Goldie boathouse more than ever before. Tom would 'love to beat Oxford in every single race' and recognises the responsibility the club has for University rowing as a whole. A coaching course has been set up for college rowers, the development squad will continue to run and trialists will be encouraged to return to their colleges for the Mays. It is clear that CUBC is truly attempting to perceive the bigger picture, and is seeking an increased engagement with the rest of the University's rowing community.

Despite this, Tom's eyes remain firmly on the final prize of Boat Race glory. Throughout the process he retains a healthy respect for the opposition, for 'not to do so would be complacent and dangerous.' The Cambridge squad is certainly well stocked with internationals, and the long countdown to April 2nd, begins.



Andy Sims

McInroy stars in demolition derby

Joe Speight

Blues thrash lacklustre Cambridge City in 41-0 demolition

A glance down at the Cambridge University teamsheet before this 'Town vs Gown' encounter at Grange Road revealed the scale of the challenge facing the Blues this season. Of the fifteen who ran out at Twickenham for the 2004 Varsity Match, just three started against this second string Cambridge City side. Vastly experienced performers such as Ben Dormer, Simon Frost, Fergie Gladstone and Aki Abiola have moved on, as well as coaching legend Dick Tilley. But despite a disappointing winless tour to Japan during the summer vacation, the first home game of the season heralded some hope for the Light Blues in their 2005 Varsity conquest.

The University side lined up against their city counterparts in the battle for the 'Trevor Littlechild Cup' with a number of players injured, but still boasted stars such as Nic Alberts and the returning Ian McInroy. In fact, the early stages resembled a one-man show

on the part of the latter. Within a quarter of an hour the scoreboard could have read Ian McInroy 14-0 Cambridge City. Twice the outside centre ran in to convert flowing back moves from the Light Blue outfit. First after just eight minutes, a dynamic passage of running rugby in which both wingers Jo Ansbro and Dave Akinluyi ran City ragged the ball was popped up for McInroy to sprint in under the posts from fifteen metres. Shortly afterwards he burst through a gap in the line to sidestep around the static full-back Altus Laubscher to add a further five points to the University score. McInroy converted both tries to give his side a dominant foothold in the game which was never subsequently challenged.

The Blues were looking particularly impressive when passing the ball out wide, and Ansbro capitalised to add his

name to the scoresheet. Having been camped out in the City half, Akinluyi was tackled just short of the line having been thread through by captain Ed Carter, but the next phase of attack led to McInroy sending the ball wide to the 19 year old who bundled the ball over in the corner. The conversion hit the post but a further seven points took the score to 26-0 to the home side at half time following a powerful charge through the heart of the City defence by Alberts, showing great strength to resist a desperate last ditch challenge and slide over the beautifully lush Grange Road pitch to score under the posts.

With the game long since won and the opposition challenge dissipating, the second half became fragmented by an endless string of substitutions which killed any lingering hope of an exciting

spectacle. McInroy however sparked the game into life once again with a wonderful run from half-way deep into the City twenty-two, popping the ball inside for Carter to score the fifth try of the night. Further scores followed as the forwards decided to get in on the scoring act, first No.8 Ed Andrews grabbed a pushover try following a rolling maul and substitute Charlie Desmond's jinking run eventually resulted in prop Ed Kalman exploiting an overlap to score in the corner.

Despite the margin of victory, one should not get too carried away with hope and expectation. This was a very poor City outfit who posed few threats to the University side. Perhaps the most notable event of the encounter may prove to be the injury sustained to captain Ed Carter in the final minutes. He hobbled off at the final whistle wincing with pain clutching his left knee. With an inexperienced squad such moments of misfortune may be the difference between Varsity victory and defeat.

"Carter hobbled off wincing with pain and clutching his left knee"

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Bluff your way as Brideshead - our guide to champagne and sparkling wines

Punk Attitude?

Don Letts exclusive *Varsity* interview

p22-23<<

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"I used to think the best way to gain a barista's respect was to say the order absolutely correctly"

Quick Sudoku

The object is to insert the numbers in the boxes to satisfy only one condition: each row, column and 3x3 box must contain the digits 1 through 9 exactly once. What could be simpler?

	3		2					9
8			9			4		
	2	7		8				
	5						4	
3	2	1		9	7		6	
	6						9	
				1	2	7		
		3		8				4
4				2		6		